

# Madison's Big Secret: Table of Contents

Madison's Big Secret: Table of Contents.....	1
Chapter 1 – “Why Do I Keep Having These . . . Feelings?” .....	2
Chapter 2 – Potty Training = FAIL .....	4
Chapter 3 – Goodnites Mean Good . . . Presentations? .....	8
Chapter 4 – Presentations and . . . Peeing?.....	11
Chapter 5: Bounce, Squish... Bounce, Squish .....	14
Chapter 6: Leaky Auditions.....	19
Chapter 7: Maddie and Britney's Epic Sleepover .....	22
Chapter 8: Diapered at the Fair .....	33
Chapter 9: Daddy's Home! .....	45
Chapter 10: Surprises .....	51
Chapter 11: A New Dawn .....	58
Chapter 12 – Diaper Freedom .....	66
Chapter 13: Nightmare on Diaper St. ....	72
Chapter 14: Holiday Madness.....	84
Chapter 15: Dark Days.....	92
Chapter 16: Welcome HOME .....	106
Chapter 17: Full of Surprises.....	120
Chapter 18: Secrets Abound.....	138
Chapter 19: Worries and Fears.....	152
Chapter 20: “A History Lesson (For Maddie)” .....	168
Chapter 21: “I Just Like Them... They Make Me Feel Safe.” .....	180
Chapter 21, Part B: Emily's Dilemma.....	190
Chapter 23 – “My name is Maddie Jane and I'm THIS many...” .....	211
Chapter 24 - “ELEMENTARY DAZE” .....	226
Chapter 25: The Commercial.....	239
Chapter 26: Dancing in Diapers.....	251
Chapter 27: The Big Adventure – Getting There .....	263
Chapter 28: Madison, meet Madison, WI. Madison, WI – meet Madison Ludke. ....	282
Chapter 29: Scenes from a Mall .....	300
Chapter 30: “Don't Knock It till You Try It...” .....	317
Chapter 31: “Secrets Here, Secrets There. Secrets Everywhere” .....	337
Chapter 32: All Aboard!.....	357
Chapter 33: Wisconsin, It's Been Fun!.....	379

## Chapter 1 – “Why Do I Keep Having These . . . Feelings?”

Madison is a twelve-year-old girl, though if you passed her on the street, you may mistake her for a ten-year-old. She is short but sweet, shy but sassy. Her blue eyes capture the true spirit of innocence and playfulness. She has her own style but hates looking sloppy or boyish. She is a girly girl and enjoys pinks and purples. Her shiny dark brown hair is always done up nice, braided or in pigtails. She is starting a new school year, entering the seventh grade at Ridgeview Middle School. She has a mother, father, and an adopted younger sister. She is part of a typical American, middle-class family. Madison gets along better with her father and has always been a “Daddy’s Girl” since the day she could talk. She doesn’t mind her younger sister, but sometimes gets annoyed when her parents, her mom especially, baby her way too much. She becomes jealous at times when it seems like her little sister Alyssa is more important. She also thinks it’s somewhat silly that her four-year-old sister gets treated more like she is two. She is not potty trained and shows no interest in using the toilet. Madison often teases her younger sister and calls her a “spoiled brat baby.” Her mother’s excuse is that Alyssa came from a rough place and never really had a chance to be a baby when she was one. Some of the details are not known, but this is what Mrs. Ludke always says whenever anyone gets on her case for having a four-year-old “still in diapers.” Deep down inside, Madison becomes jealous of her sister, because she too never had a decent childhood. It’s not that her parents abused her, physically. She comes from a loving home. However, when Madison was growing up, her parents were always traveling and leaving Madison in the care of live-in Nanny’s and babysitters. Things are different now. Mrs. Ludke now stays at home and Mr. Ludke owns a large restaurant and is quite wealthy. But they try not to act like the typical yuppie, “stuck-up rich” family. They live in a middle-class neighborhood; not in a mansion.

We begin in September -- Labor Day. Madison is lying in her bed, bummed that school starts the next day. She starts to think about her sister and how ‘lucky’ she is. Alyssa will be going to preschool. What fun, Maddie thinks, it would be to be in preschool: playing with blocks, play-doh, and reading stories. She tries to remember when she was four but her mind draws a blank. Suddenly, she slips into a half-coma state as she enters a dreamscape. She finds herself in a big room with brightly colored walls, toys, activity tables, cubbies, and other items you’d find in a preschool or daycare. She is sitting down amongst other three and four-year old’s and a teacher is in front of them reading a story from a book. She looks around at some of the other kids. Most of them appear to be potty trained, but the girl next to her obviously is not, as she notices a strong scent emitting from the girl’s behind. She lifts up her pink sundress to find she herself is wearing a Pamper that feels to be dry. “What is happening?” she thinks. “Am I four years old? Did I switch places with Alyssa? Why am I wearing a diaper?” Some time passes and the teacher finishes the story. She announces it’s time for a potty break. The kids that are potty trained line up to use the bathroom. The teachers come and do diaper checks on the un-potty trained children.

“Madison, are you wet?” A teacher asks. Madison looks a bit confused and is startled. She finally shakes her head and lisps softly, “Nuh uh, I am dry.” The teacher smiles and goes to the girl who pooped and takes her to get changed. Madison gets up and walks over to a play area. She joins some other little girls and participates in a pretend tea-party. She finds herself laughing and having fun with the other girls, until she feels a strong urge from her bladder. She’s still a bit confused and is thinking “I should go potty,” but then remembers she’s wearing a diaper. She thinks to herself “I guess I just pee in my Pamper.” She stands still and concentrates and feels as if she’s about to pee.

### **BAM!**

All of a sudden, Madison comes out of her coma state and finds herself sitting up in her bed. She looks over her body and sees it’s her twelve-year old self again. Now she feels the strong urge from her bladder and is seconds away from having an accident. She gasps and dashes out of bed and into the bathroom. She just barely makes it to the toilet. As she’s relieving herself, she can’t help but be confused about her little dream. “Why would I dream something like that? It seemed so real. It was so fun. Oh, to be four again. But why was I diapered? And why am I sitting here on the potty now, wishing I could have just wet my diaper?” Madison cleans herself up and pulls her pajama pants back up. All these thoughts keep racing in her head. She goes back into her room and lays in bed, hoping that dream comes back to her. She wants to continue where she left off, as a four year old about to wet her diaper. But, to her dismay, that dream doesn’t come back. Instead, she has the

usual "going back to school" nightmare. Now her alarm is going off. She gets ready for school and eats her breakfast, nervous for the first day of seventh grade.

All throughout the first day of seventh grade, all Madison can think about is her dream from the night before. She wants to be that little girl. She wants to wear that Pamper. And she wants to wet it. These thoughts are beginning to scare her. She tells herself over and over – "get out of my head! This is stupid. I'm twelve, not four. And I don't wear diapers. That's sick! I need to stop thinking about this. It's over! It's done!" For a while, she is able to think about other things and hang out with her friends at school. But when the 3:15 PM bell rings and she gets on the bus, the thoughts come back. The bus stops and it's her turn to get off. She walks in the house to see her Mom changing Alyssa's diaper. Oh, what timing. She grumbles and says "oh, I see I'm *just* in time to see the brat getting her *baby diaper* changed!" Mrs. Ludke gives Madison "the look" and tells her to be nice to her sister. "Yeah, yeah, sorry!" She runs up to her room and shuts the door. Madison wants so badly to daydream and get that dream back, but nothing happens. "Stupid Alyssa! Why the heck do I have this desire to go steal one of her diapers...oh, they won't fit anyway!" Just then her train of thought is interrupted by a phone call. It's her best friend, Megan. This takes her mind off the regression and diaper desires, for now...

## Chapter 2 – Potty Training = FAIL

A few weeks pass by.

Madison is sitting in her desk at school. It is Friday afternoon and Mr. Donners, an English teacher, has just given an assignment for the class to work on. An oral report. Oh no! Madison has always had a history of problems giving oral reports. She does not enjoy public speaking or getting up in front of people. The rest of the afternoon passes by. Madison is walking home. She keeps trying to think about happy things, but is distracted by this oral report assignment. “Oh well, at least it’s Friday. I got the whole weekend to figure this out,” she thinks to herself.

As she opens the front door and walks in the house, she is greeted by her mother. “Oh good, you are home! I need to ask a favor of you. A big, big favor,” Mom says. Madison fidgets as she does a bit of a dance.

“Fine but can I go pee first?” She dashes upstairs and sits on the toilet. As she relives herself, she can’t help but have that thought in her head, wishing she could just pee in her pants and not be bothered with going potty. But that thought goes away and she again tells herself to stop with those silly thoughts! Madison finishes and goes back down by her mother. “Okay, now what is this favor?” Mom pauses for a moment.

“Well, you see... your father.... Well, something came up and he’s going to be out of town on business this weekend. But he needs me to come. Just me. No kids. That means... I need you to watch your sister.” Madison scowls and pouts for a few seconds.

“For how long!? A few hours? That’s about all I can take.” Mom sighs. “No, all weekend, until Sunday night. I know you’re only 12 but I’m in a bind and couldn’t find anyone to stay with you guys. I think you’re old enough, though. Besides, Alyssa is easy she’s a good little girl.” Madison half chokes on a fast gasp of air.

“Oh, yeah. She’s easy, except for the fact that I have to change her poopy and soggy diapers all day long. Seriously Mom, can’t you get her potty trained already?!” Madison exclaims. Her mother looks back at her sternly.

“Now Madison let’s not get in to this now. Please help me out here. I’ll pay you full babysitter rates, times two!” Madison thinks for a moment. Realizing she loves the sound of money; she agrees and nods her head.

“Okay, deal. But I’m serious. When you come back, I may have her potty trained.” Her mother just laughs and runs upstairs to go pack. Madison decides she’d better start making dinner for her and Alyssa. She goes through the cupboards and starts to find things that are simple to make. Mom comes back down and writes down a bunch of phone numbers in case of emergency.

“Okay now you know if there’s an emergency with your sister to call 9-1-1 first, then call me. Let’s see here, I last changed her around two o’clock. She’s got a Luvs on so she should be good till sometime after dinner, but you may want to check right before. “

Madison just laughs and says “yes Mom, I know. Have fun with Dad. We will be fine!” Mrs. Ludke smiles and gets her things. She gives Alyssa and Madison a hug and jets out the door. Alyssa gives her mother a wet, sloppy kiss on the cheek and says ‘bye-bye’ to her, then toddles in to the kitchen where Madison is.

“So, you gots watch me today an to-mow-woah?” Alyssa asks.

“Yes, that’s right. I’m in charge of you and you better be good. I’m making mac and cheese for dinner. If you are good and eat it maybe we can go get dessert later, “Madison informs her.

“I gonna be good, I wills. I gonna help you wif din-din,” Alyssa says. She proceeds to play with her pretend kitchen which has been dragged in to the real kitchen. Madison smiles and thinks to herself how nice it would be to be four again.

“Just a minute, before you get too busy, is your diaper wet?” Alyssa simply shakes her head for no. Of course, Madison knows her sister doesn’t always tell the truth when it comes to diaper status. She places her hand over her sister’s

bottom to see if it feels squishy but quickly goes back to making dinner. “Okay well you are a little wet but it can wait,” Madison says. Dinner time passes quickly. Madison cleans up dinner and puts the dishes in the sink for later.

“Okay well if we’re going to walk to get ice cream, we need to get out jackets on,” Madison says to her sister. It is not cold outside, but not warm enough to go without a light jacket. Alyssa leaves and comes back with her coat on. Madison zippers up her sister’s jacket and starts to head towards the door. “Oh... Do I need to bring a diaper bag? Nah, we won’t be gone that long!” Madison says out loud. They go out to the garage and find the wagon. Alyssa jumps in and sits down. She proceeds to sing songs that she has learned as Madison walks the half mile path towards a local ice cream shop. They arrive in about fifteen minutes. They get in the somewhat long line. Madison turns to her sister.

“Do you know what you want? We have to wait a few minutes.” Alyssa starts to fidget and looks up at her older sister.

“I dun know; not yet but I gonna -- fink about it.”

Madison sighs. “Okay well let me know soon, please. “The line slowly advances about an inch every half minute. As they wait Madison can’t help but think about her oral report assignment. She starts to think about what to do her report on and how she can do it without getting so nervous. It is one of those ‘demonstrate how to do a common procedure’ type of presentation -- like how to make cookies or how to fly a kite. As she is thinking about this, Alyssa appears to be daydreaming as well. She continues to fidget and can’t seem to stand still. It becomes such a distraction; Madison notices and looks down upon her sister.

“What is wrong Ally? Have you decided what ice cream you want yet?” Alyssa just continues her daydream and dancing and ignores her big sister. Madison observes her and realizes what’s happening. “If you don’t choose soon, I will order for you. Now can you please stop with the potty dance? You don’t go potty so just wet your diaper and I’ll change you when we get home.”

“I don’t gotta do that! And I wanna ba-nilla cone wif spin-kles!” Alyssa mutters. Madison sighs and looks at her sister.

“Okay...vanilla cone it is, with sprinkles. Please stop shaking and stand still!” The line moves and it’s now their turn to order. Madison orders a medium chocolate cone for herself and a kiddie cone for her sister. During the time Madison is ordering and paying, Alyssa is standing still and quiet. Her diaper is now heavily saturated and sagging in the back of her shorts, making a noticeable bulge. They go over to a picnic table nearby and sit down. Alyssa makes a funny face for a moment as she sits down and grabs her cone. Madison notices and asks if there is something wrong. Alyssa shakes her head and begins eating her ice cream cone. They both finish their ice cream and get up to go throw away napkins. Madison wipes her sister’s mouth and hands clean, then they walk over towards the wagon. As Madison walks, she notices her sister waddling more and the larger bulge showing around her bottom. She giggles a little. “Well, I see you finally decided to pee.” She pats Alyssa’s behind and gasps. “Dang girl, you seriously need to get potty trained. You’re lucky you aren’t leaking. You know what...we’re going to go over to Wal-Mart. It’s not far. We’re getting you some Pull-Ups!”

“So? I wet. Momma no care. Hey, what a Puww-Up?” Alyssa asks.

“Try more like soaking wet. Mom may not care but this weekend I’m in charge. Pull-Ups are training pants. To help you remember to go pee in the potty like a big girl.” Madison explains. Alyssa sticks her tongue out and pouts.

“I am a big giwl. Momma say I don’t gotta worry bout it!”

“Yeah, well Mommy is crazy. We are getting you Pull-Ups now. You’re almost out of Luvs anyway,” Madison says to her sister, sounding annoyed.

“Fine! I just gonna pee in dem wike a diapy!” Alyssa shouts back. Madison gives a firm look as she puts her sister in the wagon, “we will see about that!” They proceed to Wal-Mart which is only across the street. She places her sister into the front of the cart and they head towards the babies and toddlers’ section. “Gosh Alyssa you smell like pee. I should have brought that diaper bag. Oh well you’ll just have to sit in it until we get home.” Alyssa gives her sister a snide look, sticking out her tongue. They arrive in the baby section. Madison pushes the cart in front of the display of Pull-Ups. She examines the

different kinds and sizes and grabs a package of '4T-5T' for girls, with 'Learning Designs.' She places the package in the cart. "My gosh I bet I could fit in these. Not that I'd need to, but this is crazy. Do we need anything else, Aly?" Alyssa just shakes her head, still a bit mad at her sister. They go up towards the check-out counter. Madison places the package of Pull-Ups on the belt as the cashier rings it up. She looks over at Alyssa and then Madison.

"Oh, isn't potty training fun? I'm trying to train my daughter too but it's not working so great," says the cashier. Madison shrugs.

"Yeah, well I bet your kid is like 2 and a half? She's my sister...I'm the one starting to potty train her and she's going to be five next Spring." The cashier looks a bit surprised.

"Oh, wow. My daughter is going to be three soon. And I thought I had it rough. Best of luck to you, sweetie" the cashier says kindly as she hands back Madison's change and places the Pull-Ups in a bag. Madison smiles, "thanks, I'm going to need it." They walk out the store and put the cart away. Alyssa runs towards the wagon which is parked by the bike racks and hops in. This causes her diaper to squish against her bottom. "Uh-oh, I need-a-get tanged!"

"Yeah, you do. Into a Pull-Up when we get home," Madison says as they begin walking towards home. As they are about five minutes away from home, Alyssa begins to turn red in the face and make grunting sounds. Madison stops and turns to her sister. "I hate to ask but - what in *God's name* are you doing now?" Alyssa blushes but firmly says "poo poo!"

"Oh, yippee! I so can't wait to change you now," Madison says sarcastically. She begins walking faster until home is finally in sight. They get inside. Madison instructs her sister to go up to her room and wait to get changed. In Alyssa's room she has a toddler bed, purple walls with pink trim, and of course, a changing table. Alyssa hops up on the table and gets ready for her diaper change. Madison comes in the room, with a close pin on her nose. She knows it is going to smell awful and has prepared for the worst. She removes Alyssa's shorts and then un-tapes and opens her soggy and poopy diaper. "Oh my Gosh! How is one little kid capable of producing all of this?" Alyssa starts to giggle but Madison does not find it funny, at all. She rolls up the soiled, wet diaper and tosses it, then wipes her sister's bottom with plenty of baby wipes. She then opens up the package of Pull-Ups and pulls one of them out. "Okay, sit up," she instructs to her sister. Alyssa sits up on the changing table, just in time for Madison to pick her up and place her standing on the floor. She proceeds to slide the Pull-Up on over her legs. "See, it goes on just like underwear. You can do this yourself!" Of course, Alyssa is not impressed, slowly rolling her little eyes. She does examine herself with the Pull-Up on and likes the way they look. "Ooh, pink and it gots pwincesses!" Madison smiles and nods. "That's right. And the princesses will be mad if you pee on them. So, when you have to go pee you come tell me," explains Madison. Alyssa just shakes her head. Madison helps get Alyssa dressed in her night gown as it will be bed-time soon enough. All this excitement has caused a rush of urgency in Madison's bladder. She leaves Alyssa in her room to play, then excuses herself to the bathroom, taking the package of her sister's Pull-Ups with her.

Madison is reading the Pull-Ups package as she sits on the toilet, emptying her bladder. She begins to daydream and think to herself once again. She notices how the Pull-Ups are somewhat thick, just like a diaper. They probably can hold a full wetting. She then begins to wonder why she even cares, until suddenly the thought of her oral report comes up.

"Oh my...That's it! If these things fit me... I could just wear one that day for the oral report. Then I won't have to worry," she whispers out loud. She stands up and pulls her pants and underwear off, then takes a Pull-Up and puts it around her ankles and slowly pulls it up. It fits her, but very tight and she worries it will tear apart. "Darn, I'm going to have to think of something else. Or...maybe not? This is crazy. I'm twelve! I don't need diapers," Madison murmurs to herself.

A bit later on, Madison and Alyssa are in the living room on the couch, watching iCarly on TV. It is one of their favorite shows. Alyssa is getting sleepy, but still awake. She has managed to wet her Pull-Up since being on the couch and the little pictures on front are completely faded away. Madison decides to check on her. "Hey do you need to go pee yet, Alyssa?"

"Nuh-uh. I already did. And it hold-ed it just like my diapy. I like these pink diapies," Alyssa says with a silly grin.

"Seriously? Sure enough, your flowers on the front are faded and by how it feels you just recently went. Nice. Go upstairs and get another Pull-Up and bring it down here!" Madison yells. Alyssa does as her sister commands. When she

comes back down, Madison helps her put a new one on. The Pull-Up isn't completely soaked and looks like it may be able to absorb a bit more. After a half hour, Alyssa is now sleeping on the couch. Another commercial break comes on. An ad for Goodnites comes on, showing an older girl about age 9 who still wets the bed. The product looks almost exactly like a Pull-Up, but in a bigger size. It even has cute little girlish designs on them. Madison cannot help but glue her eyes to the TV during the entire commercial. Thoughts begin to race in her head, again. "I wonder if," ... she begins to daydream and realizes it's time for bed. She carries Alyssa to her bed and then gets dressed for bed and lays down.

While she is lying in her bed to try and fall asleep, Madison now starts to think about what she can give her oral report on. But as she tries to think, she can't stop thinking about going back to the store to look back in the diaper aisle. She has a flashback to last year when she gave her oral report. An unfortunate event took place then, and almost every time she had to stand up in front of her class. Because of this she never participates in plays or musicals at school. She can't let the same thing happen this year. She needs a foolproof plan. "Those things I saw on TV have to be the answer," she thinks. She just has to get them before her parents come back home. Now that this problem is out of the way, she gets an idea! "I know! I'll do a presentation on how to make my favorite recipe: chocolate-caramel gooey brownies!" Soon after this thought, she drifts off to sleep, hoping to have a nice dream.

## Chapter 3 – Goodnites Mean Good . . . Presentations?

Madison begins thinking about recipes and easy ways to do a demonstration for her school project. Time is running out and she must figure out a plan to get some Goodnights before her assignment is due. She thinks about Saturday and how she can walk back to Wal-Mart with Alyssa and pick up a package while distracting her little sister. It could work. But it could also fail. What if one of her friends from school sees her? It's the chance she has to take. Madison becomes consumed with all these thoughts and begins to fall asleep.

Saturday morning arrives with the bright sun beaming through the windows. Madison is awakened from the sound of birds chirping and strong pressure from her bladder. She gets up and goes to the bathroom, then walks by Alyssa's room. Alyssa is still asleep, laying in her toddler bed. Most of her covers are kicked off. She's laying on her tummy and snoring slightly. Madison immediately notices an odor in the room; the familiar smell of warm pee. She had forgot she left Alyssa wearing a Pull-Up, which is no match for a four-year-old who pees rivers during the night. Her pajama bottoms and bed sheets were completely soaked. "Darn it, this is hopeless. I give up. If Mom wants her to be a baby until she's 18, that's her choice."

Alyssa hears her sister ranting and rolls over. She yawns and smiles, "Hi sissy! It -- time to -- UH OH! I weaking, I all wet an icky!" the girl begins to cry and whimper.

Madison sighs. "I know baby... Let's get you changed. Back into a real diaper this time. No more potty training, I don't care anymore!" Alyssa smiles brightly and nods. Madison proceeds to strip Alyssa's wet clothes off and changes her into a fresh Pampers and gets her dressed for the day – a cute outfit consisting of purple shortalls with a pink shirt underneath. "Okay, time for me to go get dressed. Play in your room for a while, Ally." Alyssa starts to dig out some toys. Madison goes into her room and changes into some jean shorts and a purple t-shirt. Of course, now she has to spend a half hour doing her hair and looking pretty, even though they probably won't go anywhere except Wal-Mart. Madison has always been a girly girl who likes to look good. She goes in to Alyssa's room and takes her downstairs to have breakfast.

Morning passes by quickly. The girls spent their time watching Saturday morning cartoons and playing with Barbies. Yes, Madison does secretly enjoy playing little kid stuff with her sister, even though she won't admit it. During this time Madison never bothers to check if her sister is wet, because she knows her diaper can handle at least two full wettings – and Alyssa never asks to be changed unless she is soaked or poopy. She begins to think about getting those Goodnights again.

"Hey Ally, let's go out for lunch and then go to Wal-Mart. Sound good?" Madison asks.

"Yeah! Can we go to McDonald's?" Alyssa pleads. Madison nods her head for yes.

"Let's get your sandals on, sweetie." Madison rounds up her sister's pink sandals and helps put them on. She gets up and makes sure to pack a diaper bag this time. "Okay, let's go out and get the wagon." Alyssa looks a bit confused.

"Wait sissy. Umm, aren't you forgettin some-ting?" Madison looks around and thinks for a moment.

"No, don't think so. I have the diaper bag, money, my phone, and my shoes. What did I forget?" Alyssa giggles and blushes, then points to the front of her shortalls.

"Oh, I see. I forgot to check your diaper. Well I figured you were fine because you never said anything. Are you wet, baby?" Alyssa smiles and nods, obviously very proud of the *little* production in her pants.

"Uh-huh. You give me a wot-ta duice for bweak-fast..." Alyssa explains. Miranda just chuckles.

"Okay, I guess I should change you so you don't get a rash. Up you go!" Madison says, placing her sister on the couch for a quick change. Madison is pretty good at diaper changes and manages to change her sister in less than 30 seconds. She snaps Aly's shortalls back up and tosses out the very heavy diaper. "Okay, *now* we are ready." The girls go outside to the garage. Madison gets Alyssa situated in her wagon and they began walking towards the McDonald's (about a half mile away). Ten minutes pass and they arrive. Madison finds a spot outside to leave the wagon and they go in. Alyssa happily orders a Happy Meal and Madison orders a McChicken combo meal. Alyssa manages to finish most of her meal and slams down her



entire apple juice box. During lunch all Madison can think about are the Goodnights and how she's going to pull this off. She hopes Wal-Mart has the right size. "Okay Ally let's go to Wal-Mart. I need some things."

"I gets a tweek? I'll be good I prow-miss! Pweese?" Alyssa begs, sweetly with her big puffy eyes.

"Sure baby, if you are good. Let's go," Madison says and she helps her sister throw out their tray of garbage. They walk back outside and begin their journey across the street to Wal-Mart. They arrive inside the store and wow, is it ever busy! Madison looks around to see if there's anyone she knows. So far, the coast is clear. She places Alyssa in the cart and begins to walk fast towards the baby / diaper section. As she arrives in front of the diapers, Alyssa wonders why. "Hey, why we here? I no need any mow diapias yet..." Madison blushes and tries to come up with a quick story.

"No, you're fine. I'm here for a project at my school. Uhm, I have to just compare prices on these baby items. It'll just be a minute. Here, why don't you read this magazine while you wait," Madison says as she hands her sister a Nick Jr. magazine that is laying on a nearby shelf. This distracts Alyssa – giving Madison the chance to pick up a package of XL Girls' Goodnights and put them in the cart. "Good Lord - \$11.99 for a pack of 13? There goes the rest of my allowance money," she thinks to herself. She proceeds to get the heck out of the baby section and towards the checkout. This time, she decides to use the self-checkout to avoid any embarrassment from a cashier. At the self-check, Madison again looks around her to be sure no one she knows can see her. There's an older boy and his mom in line behind her, but no one she knows. She quickly takes the package and scans it across the scanner. The boy behind her can't help but notice, but luckily does not say anything out loud. He looks up at Madison and gives her a little smile, as if he's saying "it's okay... I do it, too." Madison just shrugs it off and quickly pays and bags her package, then books out of the store. She gets Alyssa out of the cart and puts her in her wagon, carrying the bag from Wal-Mart. She takes out the chocolate bar she got for Alyssa. "Here you go Ally. Thanks for being a good girl!" Alyssa smiles wide and starts to devour her candy. Madison seems to be in a hurry to get home. They arrive home just shy of 2:00 pm.

"Okay, I've got to go potty. Will you be okay down here watching tv for a few minutes?" Madison asks her sister.

"Uh-huh. When you gets back I gonna need a new diapy soon." Alyssa says with a proud grin.

Madison chuckles, "okay silly girl", then takes her package and runs up to the bathroom. She decides she'd better try one on and see how they fit. She pulls down her shorts and panties, then opens up the Goodnights package and pulls one out. "Wow these things are thick!" She pulls it on and it fits her perfectly. She walks around for a few seconds, noticing how they make a slight rustling sound, just like Alyssa's diapers. "Well, I think these things should work, but will they be noticeable?" she says out loud. Madison puts her shorts on over the diaper to see if they bulge out. Using the bathroom mirror, she turns to examine her butt. With these shorts on, it does appear she is wearing some kind of diaper. "I'm going to have to wear baggy pants or overalls that day; no problem, I guess." Just as she's about to pull her shorts down to take the diaper off, she remembers she has to pee badly. She figures she might as well see if this diaper can hold a full wetting. She sits on the toilet with the seat down, as if she was going to sit and go potty. Slowly she starts to feel a warm sensation as the diaper begins to absorb her flow of urine. "Oh my God this is so weird!" she screams to herself. She finishes relieving herself. Her Goodnight is wet and saturated, but not leaking yet. She gets up and feels around her wet diaper. "Wow, it gets squishy just like Alyssa's." For a few moments she actually seems to enjoy the sensation of a warm, wet diaper. "This really isn't so bad... when it's warm, anyway. I guess I get why Alyssa doesn't mind it so much." She decides after a minute she better take it off and hide it in the trash. As she cleans up and gets dressed, she can't stop thinking about what just happened. She wants to put on another one, but decides not to. It's too risky. Instead, she takes the package and hides it under her bed. She goes downstairs to check on her sister.

"Alright I'm back. Is your diaper soaked again, baby?" Madison asks her sister.

"Uh, no. No wet. But I gotta go poopies, I fink." Alyssa says. Madison sighs.

"Are you sure you don't want to do that in the potty?" Madison asks politely. Alyssa pouts.

"NO POTTY! No, no, no!" Alyssa protests. Madison smiles and gives her sister a big, loving hug.

“Okay Ally-Bear, just kidding. Go ahead and fill your pants. Just tell me when you’re done, “Madison says this because when Alyssa poops, she usually runs into the next room and hides under a table or behind a chair to do her business. She proceeds to do exactly that and is seen under the living room table grunting and having a bowel movement for a few minutes. She waddles back over to the couch and looks up at her big sister. “Otay, aww done.”

“Yep, by the smell in here I’d say you are. Let’s go baby girl...” Madison takes her up to Alyssa’s room to change her soiled diaper. As she’s changing her, she again imagines herself as a four-year-old... and begins to understand just why it is that little Alyssa still wants to hang on to this time of babyhood. She finishes the diaper change and they go back downstairs.

## Chapter 4 – Presentations and . . . Peeing?

“Madison Jane, get your butt downstairs this instant! We are leaving for school in 5 minutes!”

“Just a minute, Mom! I’m having issues with my stupid hair,” Madison replies. It’s Tuesday morning – the day of her oral demonstration report. She’s not really having issues with her hair. She’s putting on her protection and deciding what to wear to help hide it. She finally settles on her favorite pair of dark purple overalls with a pink shirt under it. She makes sure there is no diaper bulge. When she walks, she can still hear a slight crinkle, but she figures it’s just her own paranoia. Finally, she is ready to face the day. She walks down to the kitchen and greets her mother.

“Girl, you better get some breakfast quick. Oh, and – I know today is your oral report. Make sure you take your things. And, sweetie – if you have that problem again – you know... just, call me and I can bring you... you know.”

“Mom stop it! I am 12 I don’t do that anymore. In fact, I just **know** there will be *no* problems today!” Madison’s mother gives her a snide grin.

“That’s my girl. You will do just fine. Now, hurry and eat we’re going to be late!” Madison quickly has a bowl of cereal and slams down a tall glass of apple juice. She grabs her back-pack along with the items she needs and gets into the car. Her sister is already buckled into her car-seat. As the car rolls down the driveway, Madison tries to hold back her excitement; the fact that she’s sitting in her mother’s car, wearing a diaper! This hasn’t happened in over 8 years. She begins to think about the day ahead and her oral report. As they are driving to school, random thoughts enter Madison’s head.

“I sure hope this diaper will hold up. I think I drank a bit **too** much juice for breakfast. Oh my God I’m wearing a DIAPER. What the heck is wrong with me? Oh – nothing – it is going to allow me to prove all my friends wrong. No longer will I be called the “pants pissing baby.” Oh, how I can’t wait to see the looks on their faces when they *can’t* call me that! Bring on the day!”

Fast forward to English class – right before lunch. Madison’s Goodnight diaper is still dry, but she feels her bladder filling up as it gets closer to her presentation. The typical anxious tendencies are building up stronger and stronger. She’s glad she has a diaper on but still hates giving presentations in front of the class. As a classmate is giving their presentation, Madison begins to practice her presentation in her head. Ironically, her classmate Emily is giving a demonstration on how to change a diaper – using a baby doll and a real baby diaper. Of course, this just makes Madison’s mind race even more – but she tries not to let it distract her too much.

Applause can be heard. Emily’s presentation is done. It’s now Madison’s turn to give hers. “Very nice, Emily. Alright, Miss Madison – are you ready?” Madison nervously looks up at her teacher and shyly says “ye—yes, Sir.” She begins to get her things and starts setting up. As she is preparing her presentation, she hears whispers and snickering from some of the other 7<sup>th</sup> graders.

“10 bucks say her pants are wet before she’s done with her presentation.”

“This ought to be good.”

“Look how nervous she is. It’s bound to happen, for sure.”

Madison continues to set-up, and smiles a little – trying not to let the commotion get to her. She finishes setting up and gets her note-cards ready. “Hi. My name is Madison and today I’m goi—going to... sh...show you how... how to... umm... oh, how to – make these really awesome... brownies. Oh my GOSH they are... so good, trust me!” Of course, the stuttering is an unconscious reaction and usually it’s about this time that she’s trying to hold back the pressure from her bladder. But today, Madison doesn’t care as much about that. She continues her presentation and gets to the point where she’s about to spread the batter into the pan. It’s at this moment she feels the pressure become so strong – there is no holding back. As she is spreading the batter evenly across the pan, it gives her an opportunity to begin emptying her bladder. The Goodnight does

its job and is able to rapidly absorb the steady flow of urine streaming in. She sighs a little bit as a bright smile comes across her face. She has pulled it off! And she might just get an A on this report, for once.

“Okay, so now you just bake in a 375-degree oven for about 45 minutes. And the end result is... out of this world! Of course, with some magic – I have a pan of already baked brownies and am going to pass them out to you all to enjoy. Thank you, it has been a pleasure sharing this treat with you all today at the 7<sup>th</sup> Grade Food Network!” Madison says. She takes a bow and then begins handing out brownies to her classmates. As she walks, she can feel her diaper is pretty soaked, and hopes no one can hear it. She notices more whispering.

“Brad, you owe me 10 bucks! She didn't do it!” Madison looks at the boy and says “didn't do what?” The boy just looks down at his desk with a look of shame on his face. “Never mind, umm – your report was really cool.” Madison smiles and thanks him as she finishes passing out brownies.

“Very well done, Madison. I think you may have a career as a baker when you get older. These brownies are wonderful!” Her teacher praises. Madison blushes and takes her seat. As she sits down – she feels the sensation her little sister is so used to. A warm, wet, squishy diaper pressing against her bottom. Again, she can't help but enjoy it, just a little.

The bell rings. It's now time for lunch but Madison has a bit of a dilemma. She needs to get changed out of this soggy wet diaper, or it may start to leak. She needs to sneak into a non-busy bathroom to change. She goes into the nearest girls' bathroom outside of the English class, but it's packed full of other girls. Maybe the bathroom closer to the cafeteria will be less busy. Nope, it's packed, too. Drat, what is she going to do? She decides to go eat lunch and stay in the wet diaper, and just figure out what to do later.

Lunch time passes and now she's sitting in her sixth period math class. Her diaper is now cold and soggy, and starting to bother her. Not only that, but she has to pee again. She thinks about risking it and wetting it a second time, but it will probably leak. She decides to ask to be excused to go to the bathroom. During class the bathrooms are usually dead. Her teacher lets her go and she dashes off to the bathroom. She gets into an empty stall and unbuttons her overalls, then rips the sides off the Pull-Up style diaper. “Wow I can't believe it didn't leak!” Madison thinks to herself. “I need to get rid of this thing.” She quickly pees in the toilet and cleans herself up, then puts her panties on and re-fastens up her overalls. It feels so weird for her now, to not have a diaper on. She has to remind herself she is no longer wearing one or she'll have an accident! She slowly opens the stall door to be sure no one else is in the bathroom. The coast is clear; she takes the rolled up soaked diaper and buries it in a nearby trash can. She smiles and thinks to herself: “I can't believe I got away with this!” She goes back to her math class and tries to pay attention to the current lesson.

Later on in the day, school has just ended. Madison is at her locker getting her things packed up. One of her good friends approaches her.

“Hey, your report was awesome. But, umm, I have a question,” says Britney.

“Yeah, what's that?” Madison responds. Britney knows of Madison's stage fright issues. She has never teased her for it. Perhaps it's why she's one of Madison's best friends.

“Well, I noticed today you didn't... umm, you know...”

“I didn't pee my pants. You can say it. Everyone else seemed surprised, too.” Madison says proudly.

“Yeah! So, how did you manage that? You still seemed pretty nervous, at first anyway...” says Britney. Madison really wants to tell her friend the real truth. She almost does, but there are too many other kids around.

“I was ... but I guess I was just more prepared this time. I had a little trick up my sleeve, I guess. Maybe someday I will tell you,” Madison says confidently. Britney smiles and says “I hope you do! Hey, we should have a sleepover this weekend. Ask your mom, okay?” Madison smiles and nods. She would love to have a sleepover. She would also love to go home, lock herself in her room, and put another diaper on. “Oh my,” she thinks. “Why on earth would I actually want to **keep** doing this?”

All the way home -- she can't help but daydream about it. She just wants to be a little girl again. What's next, pacifiers and baby blocks? **No!** Thinking to herself as she enters the house: "Snap out of it, Madison Jane! You are 12 years old! C'mon!"

## Chapter 5: Bounce, Squish... Bounce, Squish

Madison enters the house after her short walk home from school. The usual noises of the TV blaring and Alyssa playing can be heard. Mrs. Ludke is in the kitchen, preparing dinner.

"Hey there, sweetie. How did your presentation go? Did your pants stay dry this time?" Madison smiles and is eager to tell her mother the good news.

"It was great, Mom! I gave the whole presentation without forgetting anything. I even cracked some jokes. Everyone liked the brownies and my teacher said I did great, think I got an A. And yeah Mom – I'm wearing the same outfit as this morning. No accidents. I told you I'm twelve years old. I've got it under control!" Madison says excitedly.

"That's great, sweetie. I am happy for you. Aww, my baby girl is growing up so fast!"

"Thanks Mom. I feel so good about this I was thinking about uhm, trying out for the school play that's coming up. I don't want to be the lead role or anything, but now that I've got this stage freight thing under control, maybe it would be fun."

"You really think that's a good idea? Don't get me wrong, sweetie. I am proud of you – but maybe today you just got lucky," Mrs. Ludke says.

"No, Mom! It's not about luck. It's just something I – uhh – outgrew. I'm gonna try out for it. Auditions are on Friday after school – so I'll be a little late coming home that day." Madison says with excitement in her voice.

"Okay, if this is what you want, I fully support it. Hey, can you go check on your sister? She's watching TV but probably needs to be changed. I'm going to be busy with dinner for a while." Madison nods happily and heads into the living room where Alyssa is sitting on the floor. She is wearing a short skirt with her soggy wet diaper in full view.

"Hi Sissy! You here to play wif me?" Alyssa asks impatiently.

"Not really – I'm here to change your soaking wet diaper." Madison says with a chuckle.

"I no wet! K, maybe a wittle but I don't need-a get tanged yet."

"Alyssa Anne, don't even try that with me today. Your diaper is about ready to explode. Let's go, on the double!" Madison says in a playful tone.

Alyssa starts to giggle, but she cooperates and lies down on the floor. Madison goes and gets a fresh diaper and some wipes. She un-tapes the very soggy Luvs and slides it out from under her sister's bottom. "Seriously when's the last time Mom changed you?" Alyssa shrugs and just looks at her sister as to say 'I don't know.' Madison finishes up changing her sister and sits down next to her to watch some TV. She's watching a show intended for preschool children but for some reason, she likes it – just a little.

An hour passes. Madison feels the pressure building up in her bladder. At this moment she wishes she could just let go and pee like her little sister does, but then she remembers she has no protection on. "I'll be right back, squirt. Be a good girl while I'm gone." Alyssa nods as Madison runs up the stairs. She goes to the bathroom and pees, but makes a stop in her room on the way back. "Screw this. I've got 12 Goodnights left, might as well use them," she thinks to herself. She grabs a fresh Goodnight and puts it on. She smiles admiring herself for a second, then buttons her overalls back on. For the rest of the day, she is going to be like her sister and just pee whenever she feels like it, in her diaper.

At the dinner table, the phone rings. Mrs. Ludke answers. It's a mother of one of Alyssa's friends.

"Oh, hi Joyce. How are you? Oh... is she coming? Well, sure... yeah, absolutely! Can't miss that! We'll see you at six o'clock! Bye!" \*click\* Mrs. Ludke immediately looks at her eldest daughter with that 'can you do me a big favor?' look in her eyes... Madison knows exactly what this means.

"Damn-it Mom, now what!?" Madison says with frustration in her voice.

"Madison Jane! You do not talk to me like that! Would you like to be grounded?"

"No, Mom, I am sorry. It's just... I know you forgot about something involving my baby sister and now I'm going to have to babysit her tonight, right?" She shrugs.

"Kind of. I totally forgot that it's Abby's birthday party tonight. It's over at Monkey Joe's, that bounce house place. "

"Yeah? And why can't you go with her? What the heck, who has a birthday party on a Tuesday night? How old is this Abby, 2?" Madison whines.

"No, she's 5 and she's one of Alyssa's good friends. I have something else going on tonight, sorry. I can drive you two there but you'll have to stay with her. Who knows, Madison – you might even have fun!" Carol jokes.

"Fun? Oh yeah, a blast. I'll be there with a bunch of 4- and 5-year-olds," Madison says sarcastically.

"Hey, it's not like you have to watch them all. Just keep an eye on your sister; she's easy. You don't even have to worry about asking if she has to go potty. Please, sweetie? I'll pay you! "Madison thinks for a minute. Not only will she not have to worry about taking Alyssa to the potty – but she won't have to take *herself*, either. She has always hated going in public restrooms. The money would be nice, too. She can use it to buy more diapers.

"Okay, fine. I'll do it. Because I love my baby sister. Oh, and I love you too, Mom. Sorry for getting snippy. Hey, can you put her in one of her overnight diapers, though? I don't want her leaking there. That would be embarrassing, you know?"

"Aww, thanks honey. Yeah, that's a good idea. Especially since she's now working on her third sippy cup of juice since before dinner."

"I know, Mom. She drinks too much juice. When I changed her before, it looked like you hadn't changed her since morning. Maybe she should wear those Happy Nights diapers all the time," Madison says. Happy Nights are a disposable diaper made by Fisher-Price that are thicker and designed for night-time use. They come in a size 6 and can withstand multiple wettings. Mrs. Ludke smiles and nods.

"Yep, that sounds like my little super-soaker!" Alyssa starts to giggle. Mrs. Ludke takes her upstairs to get ready and change Alyssa into one of her night-time diapers. She changes her outfit and dresses her in pink jeans with a care bears shirt. Of course, the top of the diaper is visible sticking out of her pants. The night-time diaper is also much thicker than Luvs and she waddles a bit more when walking in them – but this does not bother her at all. It just means she can pee more without interruption. Meanwhile, Madison is up in her room, making sure her protection is not noticeable. She figures if no one at school knew, a bunch of 4- and 5-year-olds won't, either. Wearing baggy overalls helps a little, too.

Off they go to Monkey Joe's. Mrs. Ludke drops them off at the door and tells both girls to be good. They have about two and a half hours to play. Alyssa immediately sees her friend Abby and they hug each other. Madison pays for herself and Alyssa and they enter the facility. To Madison's surprise, most of Alyssa's little friends are potty trained, including Abby. There is one girl about Alyssa's age that can be seen with a Pull-Up under her skirt, but Madison doesn't think much of it. She heads over to the "parents" area – where there are recliners, chairs, TVs, and computers. She sits down and starts to read a book, while occasionally glancing at the kids to make sure her sister is okay. Nothing out of the ordinary happens over the next hour. Alyssa is playing happily, only stopping occasionally to wet in her diaper. She has this habit of stopping dead in her tracks and saying "uh oh I gotta do something," flooding her diaper, and then going back to playing like nothing happened. After only an hour she's done it twice already. Madison knows not to say anything because she's wearing the most absorbent diaper ever and it can handle it.

Madison goes back to reading her book – when she herself has to pee. She's so used to the routine of being potty trained and forgets she's wearing a diaper, too. She gets up and walks towards the restroom but stops halfway there. "Oh yeah, I have a diaper on," she thinks to herself. What the heck – she's going to go join her sister and play in the bounce house. She decides

to wait and pee herself while she's playing. She wants to know what it's like to "pee in action." After all, this is still a learning experience for her. She goes over and finds her sister and asks if it's okay if she plays with her for a while. Of course, Alyssa doesn't mind. Madison decides to go down one of big inflated slides. As she's climbing up the stairs, she feels increased pressure and urges to pee. As she's sliding down the massive slide, she relaxes her bladder muscles and lets it all go. A heavy stream of urine flows into her diaper. She feels her groin area get wet and very warm. She smiles and giggles as if she is her little sister. As she gets to the bottom, she sits there for a few moments, making sure she is done peeing. The incredible feeling of being warm, wet, and squishy seems more intense this time and she likes it even more than when she did it at school. She gets up, smiles, and says "wow that was too fun! I'm gonna go again!" As she's climbing up the stairs, she can now feel her incredibly soaked Pull-Up squishing against her butt. She really flooded it this time, and hopes it is not leaking. She sits down on top of the slide to get in position. It is then she realizes just how soggy her diaper is. She can feel her warm pee, now in gel form, squishing against her bottom. It feels so good and she begins to feel something she's never felt before. *For the purpose of keeping this a PG-13 rated story, you will have to use your imagination to understand what's going on.* A kid behind her starts to become impatient. "Hey, are you gonna go down?!" Madison stops her little daydream and says "oh, yeah, umm, sorry." She slides down the big slide and promptly gets up. She decides she's had enough play-time for now and tells her sister she's going back over to the parents' area. As she's walking towards the area, she can hear her diaper crinkling. Something weird about Pull-Ups and Goodnights are, the wetter they get, the louder they crinkle. As she's walking, she can't help but put her hands over her butt. She checks to make sure there is not a big wet spot on her overalls. To her surprise, they are still dry. So now she takes a moment to feel around her butt and squish her diaper a bit. She smiles and almost squeals a little. It just feels so nice. This feeling is overwhelming and is something she has not felt before. She may not be fully aware yet as she is just starting puberty, but she has just had her first real orgasm. She thinks to herself: "damn, I wonder if this is what sex feels like. This is incredible!" She decides she better stop having so much fun before someone takes notice. She sits back down in the recliner, smiling and sighing to herself. "I hope I don't have to pee again before we leave. No way can this thing handle another wetting," she thinks to herself.

Finally, the play-party is over. Alyssa comes over by her big sister and gives her a hug. "I had fun, tha... thanks for, umm..." just then she pauses and starts to squat. "You're welcome sweetie. Finish going pee-pee, silly head," Madison interrupts. She watches as her little sister makes yet another production in her heavily padded pants. This is the third time she had peed herself. The child seriously drinks too much juice. Finally, Alyssa is done peeing. By the looks of her butt and how her diaper has become even thicker and more saggy, Madison can tell she's due in for a change soon.

"Okay, do you want me to change you here while we wait for Mommy or are you okay for now?" Madison asks her sister.

"I good for now. It no weaking," Alyssa says happily. Madison ponders a moment.

"Hey Aly Bear... Can I ask you something kind of, uhm, strange?" Madison says. Alyssa smiles and nods back at her big sister. "So... when you go in your diaper.... And it gets all warm... and then you pee more again, and it gets warm and squishy... Does that feel icky? Or does it feel kind of nice?"

"It's not icky. It's only icky when it cold and weaky." Alyssa says with a smile and a twinkle in her eye. Madison nods. "Yeah, okay. I thought so. Just checking. Okay let's go outside and wait for Mom!" The girls go outside and wait. Of course, Mrs. Ludke is about 15 minutes late. The car pulls up. Madison helps her little sister into her car seat, then hops in the front seat and buckles up.

"Sorry I'm late. Did you girls have fun? Any problems?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Yeah, it was fun, Mom. I even played for a while. You were right. I'd do it again. No problems. Alyssa just wet her diaper for about the 3<sup>rd</sup> time tonight, but she said she can wait to get changed at home." Madison says. Mrs. Ludke just chuckles a bit.



"Good thing she wore her over-night diaper, then. I'm glad she wasn't any trouble. How about you... I know you hate public bathrooms. Are you going to make it till we get home?" Madison squirms, trying not to let her soaked pull-up crinkle too much.

"Uhm, no – I'm fine. Actually, I did pee while I was playing..." Madison says, not realizing the way she just said it. Her mother looks at her with a concerned look on her face.

"You mean you had an accident? Are you okay, sweetie? You know ... if you need to wear Pull-Ups when away from home, I will totally not make fun of you. I know you hate going in public restrooms but seriously Madison – you shouldn't have to wet your pants and be embarrassed." Madison turns red in the face. How much she wants to tell her mom right now that she *is already* wearing a Pull-Up!

"No, Mom! I didn't wet my pants. Ha-ha, you're so funny. No... I mean, when I was playing, I had to pee so I quickly went to the bathroom. It sucked and the bathroom was nasty – but Mom, I am not a baby. I don't need diapers, or Pull-Ups, or whatever you call them," she says nervously.

"Okay, sweetie. Just checking..." They head towards home. The rest of the trip home is pretty uneventful. Alyssa ends up falling asleep a few minutes into the trip.

"Ally Bear, wake up sweetie. Let's go inside and get you in a dry diaper," Mrs. Ludke says while gently shaking her daughter. Alyssa yawns and rubs her eyes. "I sleepy Momma. I wanna go ni-ni," she says. Mrs. Ludke smiles and picks up her youngest daughter. They go out of the garage and into the house. As Madison walks up to her room, she can feel her cold, wet pull-up rubbing against her. She figures she'd better go change herself. She closes the door and locks it behind her. She takes off her clothes and is now standing in just a very wet pull-up. She tears off the sides and rolls it up. It is pretty heavy. She thinks to herself for a moment. "I should wear one to bed tonight. If I get up and have to pee, I can just pee in the diaper and not have to get up out of bed. How cool will that be. Okay, I'm going to do it!" Her mind is made up. She quickly pulls out a fresh Goodnight from her hiding place and slips it on. Now she needs to put on some pajamas, but ones that hide the diaper better. She finds a long night-gown. "Perfect," she thinks to herself. She goes back downstairs to watch some TV for a while before bed.

It's only nine-thirty in the evening but Madison is feeling very sleepy. She says "goodnight" to her mother and goes up to her room. She crawls into bed and gets comfy under the covers. She has neglected to do her usual routine of going to the bathroom before bed. She figures she has protection on so it doesn't matter. She falls asleep and sleeps solidly for about 4 hours. At 1:30 in the morning, Madison is awakened by the usual call of nature, but the pressure from her bladder seems more intense this time. As she is just about to jump out of bed, she stops herself. "Oh yeah, I got a diaper on," she thinks out loud. She sits up in bed and slowly begins to empty her bladder. She knows not to go too fast, or the Pull-Up will leak. She sits up in her bed, peeing. She smiles as her groin becomes warm and she can feel the SAP powder gelling up. When she is finally finished, she feels around the front and back of her diapered area. It is quite squishy and has become very saturated. "Wow why am I peeing so much?" Madison wonders. She lays back down and enjoys her warm, squishy diaper for a while as she falls back into a deep sleep.

It's now six o'clock in the morning. Madison has to get up for school soon. She is awakened by her alarm clock. Now her Goodnight is soggy and cold and she wants to go take a warm shower. As she gets out of bed and stands up, she can feel another strong urge to urinate. "Oh, what the hell? It wouldn't hurt to warm this diaper back up one more time," she thinks to herself. Madison stands very still with a concentrated look on her face. The same one her little sister makes when she's about to pee herself. Without even knowing it, she begins to fidget and tug on her nightgown as she is now flooding her diaper. She finishes and smiles. That smile soon turns to panic as she walks down the hall. She has peed too much for this diaper to handle. As she walks down the hall, towards the bathroom, a stream of pee is running down her legs. She lifts up her nightgown and looks at her completely saturated diaper. It looks as if it's about to burst open and is so heavy, it's almost falling off her legs. "Oh my God I have to get this thing off now!" She runs into the bathroom and quickly takes off her three-pound Goodnight diaper. She buries it in the bottom of the trash can and gets herself in the shower. As she is standing in the

shower, washing herself, she thinks to herself some more. "I need to find a diaper that holds more... I wonder how those Under-Jams are." She begins to daydream, until she hears her mother yelling from downstairs. "You're going to be late for school!!!" Madison quickly finishes and gets dressed. She wants to wear another diaper to school today, but figures she'd better not risk it.

Madison has a pretty uneventful Thursday, so let's skip ahead to bed-time. Madison has just gotten in bed. She is again wearing a Goodnight and has peed in her diaper the past two nights without getting up to use the bathroom. This evening as she drifts off to sleep, she enters the realm of dreams; the same dream zone as a few weeks ago where she dreamt about being a cute four-year-old girl who isn't fully potty trained. She's at the same preschool, but they've now held her back into the two- and three-year-old room because she's still in diapers.

**-- Begin Dream Sequence --**

*It is story time and all the children are sitting on the rug, listening to the story. Madison, however, is currently distracted. She has to pee so badly and is starting to get relaxed enough to let it rip. The preschool teacher who is reading the story happens to notice her fidgeting. She stops reading and looks at Madison. "Maddie, sweetie. Come on; let's try to do that in the potty this time." Madison protests and shakes her head. "NO! I wear diapy, I pee in diapy! "*

*"Now Madison. You are four years old. You're a big girl. If you go pee-pee in the potty, you can go back to the four-year-old room. Don't you want to be there with all your big girl friends?" Madison pouts and shakes her head again. "NO! Leave me alone!" Her teacher sighs. Madison ignores the teacher and begins to empty her bladder. The teacher grabs Maddie's hand and takes her into the bathroom. She doesn't do it forcefully, but insists that Madison at least sit on the potty." Madison giggles. "It too late. I already went pee in my diapy." The teacher sighs. "Okay then, let's go change that yucky wet diaper of yours then." Madison smiles and goes with the teacher to get changed. The care-taker lifts her skirt up and tears off the sides of her Pull-Up. As she reaches for another one, she stops and grabs for a diaper, instead. "Well Maddie, if you are going to pee and poop in your pants like a baby – you can wear a real diaper. They don't leak as much, too." She puts it on her and fastens the tapes. Madison smiles and claps. The care-taker just looks at her funny and shakes her head. "You are silly, Madison." Madison smiles and nods. They go back to story-time. Her dream continues up until the point where they are about to go outside and play.*

**-- End Dream --**

*Back to reality!* The alarm clock buzzes and it's time to wake up for the Friday morning routine. As Madison climbs out of bed, she notices her Goodnight is soaked. It is not leaking, but obviously had been wet very heavily; but how? She thinks for a moment. "I don't remember getting up to pee last night... Oh my God! It was that dream I had... I... if I didn't have this... diaper on ... I would've wet the bed! Oh no! And I'm supposed to have a sleepover tonight!? She's gonna find out I'm wearing diapers. Oh, damn-it! What have I gotten myself into?!"

## Chapter 6: Leaky Auditions

Madison finishes her morning shower and is about to get dressed. As she's looking in her closet trying to decide what to wear, she remembers that auditions for the school play are today after school. This means she should wear a diaper; in case she gets nervous again. She pulls on a Goodnight and then tries to find an outfit that helps to hide it. She can't just keep wearing overalls, but doesn't want to wear something too thin. She slips on a pair of comfy jeans and a pink t-shirt that is long and covers her waistline. She looks at herself in the mirror. No signs of being diapered are evident. She smiles and goes back into the bathroom to brush her hair and get ready for the day.

At the breakfast table, Alyssa is already eating French Toast and making a fine mess of things. Madison pats her sister on the head and giggles at her. "It's so funny to watch you eat French Toast," she says. Mrs. Ludke gives Madison a look of disapproval.

"Be nice to your sister."

Madison frowns. "I was just joking, Mom. Chill out! You know I love my baby sis." She sits down and begins to eat. She slams down a lot of juice. As she's just about ready to leave for school, she remembers something. If she's going to be diapered all day, she might want to take a few dry ones along just in case. She remembers she has math test and tests makes her almost as nervous as public performances. She runs up to her room and carefully slips two dry Goodnights into her backpack. There is a little pocket inside of her backpack that is a perfect hiding spot for them.

"Come on Madison, we have to go!" Mrs. Ludke shouts from downstairs. Madison bolts down the stairs and gets into the car. She reminds her mother as she's getting out of the car that she'll be late coming home because of the auditions. Mrs. Ludke wishes her luck as Madison bolts off to school.

The bell rings and now it's time for 4<sup>th</sup> period, Math. Madison can already feel pressure building up in her bladder. That sensation only increases as the teacher passes around the math test to every student.

"Okay, you have 40 minutes. Please take your time and don't rush." Madison sighs and writes her name on the front of the test. She begins reading the first question, but is highly distracted. She knows if she is going to have any chance of getting a good score on this test – she needs to get something out of the way first. She relaxes and re-positions herself in her seat. She concentrates and closes her eyes. After a few seconds, the slow but steady stream of pee begins to fill her diaper. She feels her bottom becoming warm and squishy, and can't help but enjoy the moment for a few seconds. It doesn't take long before she has emptied her bladder. It wasn't a big wetting, just average. She is now able to concentrate on her math test and completes it with about 2 minutes to spare. She feels good about the test, and even better about not having to go use the restroom.

The bell rings; she races off to her fifth period class. As she walks in the hallway, she can barely tell her diaper is wet. She figures she can keep it on till after lunch without issue. Skip ahead to lunch time. Her best friend Britney comes and sits next to her at the table she's at. "Hey! That math test sucked, didn't it?" Britney says.

"It was hard but I think I at least got a B on it. Hey, are you still coming over to my house tonight?" Madison wonders.

"Heck yeah, girl. I wouldn't miss it. I don't think I've ever been to your house yet. You always come to my house. What are we gonna do? Watch movies and stuff?"

"Sure. And I have a Wii; we could play games on that. And listen to music and stuff. Oh, my little sister will be there and knowing my mom we'll probably get stuck having to watch her for a while. I hope that's okay," Madison explains.

"Aww, absolutely. I love little kids. How old is she again?"

"She's four and a half."

"Oh, how cute. Well, I don't mind babysitting for a while. I'm an only child and I always wanted a little sister." Britney says.

"You want mine? I bet I can make arrangements..."

"Madison! That's not nice. You didn't really mean that. She can't be *that* bad..." Britney insists.

"Yeah, I was kidding. She's a sweet little girl... she just gets on my nerves sometimes. I guess that's normal, though." Madison tries to change the subject. "Hey, are you auditioning for the school play? The auditions are today right after school."

"No, I don't really have much talent for that stuff. Wait – you're going to try out? What about your –"

"Stage freight? I've got that under control now. I want to try out. I think I'd be pretty good. I think you can try out to be back-stage, too. Like they need lighting and sound techs, too. Or props people..." Madison explains.

"Oh, yeah. Maybe I could help out back stage. It would be cool to be in the play with you. Alright, I'll go with you and ask if they need backstage help." Britney says.

"Thanks Brit, you are such an awesome friend. Why don't we hang out more?" Both of them just giggle and chit-chat for a while as they finish their lunch. During lunch, Madison drinks an excessive amount of water. She tends to do this when she's talking. They finish eating and go back to their lockers to get ready for 6<sup>th</sup> period.

### The Audition

Madison and Britney are walking together towards the auditorium. Madison has that nervous feeling in her stomach, but knows not to worry too much. She has protection on. She has not wet her diaper since Math class, but does feel the need to pee. She wets her diaper a little bit as they are sitting in the audience, waiting to be called; she doesn't completely empty her bladder. Finally, Madison's name is called. She gets out of her seat and goes up on stage. She is handed a script and is told to recite the lines that are highlighted. Then they give her a song to sing. She starts to sing and the nervousness sets in. She can feel her diaper getting warmer as she sings. She can't help but wonder if the Goodnight is going to hold up – but there's no time to check now.

Madison finishes her song. The audience and teachers conducting the auditions clap loudly. "Very nice work, Madison. Thank you. Results will be posted on Monday after lunch. Be sure to check if you got a part. Okay, next up is Amy Lumis," a teacher says. Madison goes and sits back down next to her friend. As she sits, her soggy wet diaper squishes warm, wet gelled pee all over her bottom. She knows she is soaked and hopes she can make it home without leaking. "So, are you going to ask if you can help backstage?" Madison asks her friend.

"Already did. I talked to one of the teachers while you were singing. I'm going to be helping with props and painting the sets. It'll be fun!" Britney says. Madison smiles. "Oh, that is so cool. I hope I get this part! I want to do this, so bad." Britney nods and agrees with her friend. "Well, I guess we can head home now. Are you just coming home with me or do you have to go home and pack, first?"

"I'm walking home with you. My stuff is packed – there's an extra bag in my locker – just need to go get it." Britney says happily. They both get up and walk towards their lockers. Madison tries to walk carefully so her diaper doesn't crinkle so much, but with how wet it is, it's hard to walk without waddling a little. She hopes Britney doesn't notice, and tries to walk behind her so she can't see her butt. Madison gets to her locker and takes out her coat and backpack. Britney gathers up her things and they begin walking for home. It's about a ten-minute walk. Madison is having a hard time keeping up. Britney is walking rather fast. One thing Madison has learned: walking in a super soaking wet diaper is hard work! Britney starts to get impatient.

"Come on Madison, why are you walking so slow?"

Madison shrugs. "Sorry. I have to go to the bathroom really bad. I guess I should have gone before we left school." Of course, she doesn't have to go, but what else can she say? Britney slows down a bit.

"Sorry, I'll slow down. I'm just excited to have this sleepover... and to play with your sister."

Madison starts laughing. "Really? She's not that exciting. Oh, and there's something about her I should tell you..."

Madison says.

"What's that?"

"Actually, it's not important right now. You will find out soon enough!" Madison teases. Britney just laughs.

"Well, really, I am excited. I always wanted a little sister. We'll have fun... Oh, umm... Will we have like a bed-time?"

"Probably not. Tomorrow's Saturday we can sleep till whenever. Why?"

"Oh, just wondering. Not sure if your mom is strict with that..."

Madison shakes her head. "Nah, she doesn't care. As long as we are quiet after Alyssa is asleep."

Brittney nods. They finally arrive home. Mrs. Ludke greets both girls and begins to chit chat with them.

## Chapter 7: Maddie and Britney's Epic Sleepover

"Hey, Britney. How nice to have you over today. I want you to feel at home here. You can put your things up in Madison's room. It's upstairs and to the left. Hey Maddie – how was your audition today?" Mrs. Ludke says.

Britney smiles and says "thank you."

Madison is anxious to go and get changed out of her soggy diaper, but quickly responds to her mother. "It was good Mom. I think I'm gonna get a part. Will find out Monday. Sorry to cut this short but I have to pee like a race-horse. Be right back!" She says as she bolts upstairs to the bathroom – not even taking off her coat or backpack. Mrs. Ludke just laughs. "Britney, there's another bathroom down here right outside the kitchen if you need to go, too." Britney smiles.

"Oh, thanks. I'm good for now, though. But I can go keep Alyssa company while I wait for Madison. Is she awake?" Britney asks.

Mrs. Ludke chuckles. "Oh, yeah. She hardly ever naps anymore. She's in the playroom downstairs. Don't let her bug you too much, though." Mrs. Ludke says.

"Not at all. I love little kids. I think I want to be a teacher someday." Mrs. Ludke smiles as Britney walks downstairs to the playroom. She is instantly impressed with how big it is and all the toys. She also realizes how spoiled Alyssa is and is somewhat jealous. Alyssa notices someone new is standing in front of her.

"Who's you?" Alyssa asks shyly.

"Hi, I'm Britney. I'm one of Madison's friends. I will be staying here tonight. Would you like to play for a while? Madison is going potty so we have a few minutes." Alyssa opens up and nods with excitement.

"Yeah we pway. I just pwaying wif Pway-Doh. My...my name A-wiss-sa. I'm uh... four," she says, while fidgeting and twirling her skirt.

"Aww, nice to meet you. I love Play-Doh, too. You talk really well for being four. And look at what you've made so far. You are a very good little artist!" Britney compliments the girl. Alyssa blushes and starts to fidget some more.

"Th...thanks. Mommy say dat all da time. She ... uh... she gonna sell... my art and... get rich some...some-day," she stutters, obviously distracted. Britney laughs.

"How cute you are. Hey, sweetie, do you need to go potty or something?" Britney asks.

"Nut-uh!" Alyssa says firmly. She finally finishes wetting her diaper and sits down in her little chair. As she plops down an audible crinkle and squish sound can be heard. Britney notices and starts to realize what Madison was going to tell her earlier, about Alyssa. She decides not to say anything, for now – and continues to play with Play-Doh and talk to the girl as if nothing happened.

*Meanwhile – up in the bathroom...*

Madison closes the bathroom door. She takes off her backpack and coat and immediately puts her hand on her butt. It feels wet. She looks in the mirror and sees her jeans are soaking wet. Her diaper has leaked. "Oh no! Why didn't I change at lunch...? I have to remember to do that. These Pull-Ups are nice but not *that* nice. Damn. Now Britney is going to wonder why I changed my clothes!" Madison takes off her soggy Goodnight and buries it in the trash can. She then cleans up quickly, using some of Alyssa's baby wipes. She decides to not wear a diaper, for now and puts her underwear on. She laughs a little. "Wow it feels weird not to be padded now." She puts another pair of jeans on, but it's obviously not the same pair. She tries to think up excuses as to why she changed her pants. After a few seconds, she comes up with a few ideas. She goes down to the kitchen where her mother is busy preparing dinner.

"Hey Mom, where did Britney go?" Madison asks. Mrs. Ludke examines her daughter for a moment.

"She's down in the playroom with your sister. Hey, why did you change clothes?"

"Why not? I was sick of those jeans. I wanted to be more comfortable for tonight." Madison responds. Mrs. Ludke goes back to her cooking as Madison heads downstairs. She sees Britney playing with Play-Doh and tries to hold back from laughing. Britney takes notice.

"Hey, don't laugh! Play-Doh is fun. You can't tell me you never play this with her?" Britney pleads.

"Okay, maybe a couple times. I wasn't laughing. I guess I forget that you don't have any younger siblings. Anyway... what do you want to do now?"

"She is... is playing wif me!" Alyssa blurts out happily. Madison sighs and looks at her sister.

"I know that, Alyssa, but she's here to play with me. How about you play nicely for a while and later you can play Wii with us? Sound good, Ally-Bear?" Alyssa grins and coos. She loves it when her big sister lets her 'play Wii' with her. Britney finishes up her current Play-Doh sculpture and places it on the table for Alyssa to play with. Britney moves closer to her friend and starts to whisper in her ear.

"Hey, I think Alyssa might have to go potty and she just isn't telling me. She keeps fidgeting and stuff. I tried asking if she needed to go but she said no. Just don't want her to have an accident." Britney whispers. Madison starts to chuckle softly.

"Oh, don't worry about that. Remember when I said I had to tell you something about her?" Madison whispers back. Britney slowly nods and says "uh-huh."

"Well, she doesn't need to go potty. She needs her *diaper* changed. I'm surprised you didn't see it sticking out... It's pretty obvious." Madison whispers. Britney gasps and looks surprised.

"Wow, I didn't even think about that. Wow, isn't she like almost five?"

"Something like that. Four and a half I think. But yes, she's never been potty trained. Mom has attempted to but every-time it backfired she just decided it's easier to keep her in diapers until she is ready. Personally, I think my mom spoils her way too much – but, we try not to tease her too much," Madison explains. Britney can't help but be a little fascinated with all of this. The 'gears' in her head are turning really fast.

"So, like... she will just sit around in a soggy diaper all day?" Britney asks, still whispering.

"Yes, that is normal. She will pee 2 or 3 times before getting changed. Sometimes we have to convince her. She usually won't ask to get changed until her diaper is about ready to leak. "

Again, Britney looks dumb-founded. "What about... ugh, does she poop too?"

"Of course! She's not potty trained. I mean, she could be. She knows when she's going, but she does everything in her diapers. For poop, though, she usually won't sit in a poopie one for too long," Madison explains. Britney's eyes are wide open. She doesn't say anything, just has this look of awe on her face. "Well, are we going to keep talking about diapers, or do you want to go do something?" Madison asks, impatiently.

"Oh, yeah... Sorry. Why don't we go up to your room for a while? We can talk, listen to music, you know... big kid stuff," she says. Madison giggles and nods her head. They head towards the stairs.

"Okay, be good Ally-Bear. Oh, and make sure you ask Mommy to change you soon. Your looking pretty soaked."

Alyssa giggles and squirms around a bit in her chair. "O-tay Maddie. I see you way-ter!" Alyssa shouts.

The two girls walk up the stairs and arrive back in the kitchen. It smells really good in the kitchen. Britney notices, as home cooking isn't something she's used to.

"Oh, dinner smells awesome, Mrs. Ludke. What are we having?" Britney asks. Mrs. Ludke smiles and responds.

"Chicken stir-fry over brown rice. It's a family favorite. Is that okay?"

"Oh, that sounds perfect! I can't wait!" Britney responds.

"Hey Mom, we'll be upstairs. Oh, next chance you get – you may want to change the little super-soaker down there. Her Luvs are looking pretty droopy," Madison says. Mrs. Ludke laughs and nods. Britney grabs her over-night bag and the girls go up to Madison's room.

"You can put your bag over next to my bed. That's where your sleeping bag can go, too. Oh, forgot to tell you – bathroom is down the hall in case you need to go. Britney doesn't even realize, but she has to pee badly.

"Oh my Gosh, yes! I'll be right back!" Britney says as she dashes off to the bathroom. As she is away, Madison gets this burning desire to open up Britney's bag and peek inside. She decides against it, though. Britney is a good friend and she'd hate to ruin a friendship over a breach of privacy. She patiently waits for Britney to come back. She fires up her iPod touch and starts playing some music. Madison may act like the typical pre-teen, but the music she digs is not the typical "teenie bopper" pop music garbage that you'd expect a twelve-year old to enjoy. Instead, Madison's iPod is loaded with tracks from obscure artists like: Arcade Fire, The Decemberists, Radiohead, Mutemath, Sleeper/Agent, Awolnation, Airborne Toxic Event, Garbage, and Taproot. Britney shares similar interests as well, which is one reason why they both get along so well. A few minutes pass by and Britney has come back in the room.

"Hey, I love this song. Check your... Blood Pressure!" Britney sings along to the tune of 'Blood Pressure' by Mutemath. The girls spend the next hour in Madison's room. They pass the time listening to music and talking about school. Madison wants to share her little secret with her friend, but hasn't found the right moment to bring it up, yet. Little does Madison know; Britney may have a secret of her own to share. Britney also can't stop thinking about Alyssa and how she's still in diapers. The thought fascinates her, but she doesn't quite understand why. Just as she is daydreaming about it, Mrs. Ludke calls for dinner.

"Awesome. I am so hungry. You are going to love this dinner, Brit. It's my favorite. I asked her to make it for tonight." Madison says. The girls go downstairs and sit down at the dining room table. Alyssa is already sitting down in her booster chair, with her enormous sippy-cup in her hand. She is drinking from it like there's no tomorrow. Britney can't help but study her and watch her every move. During dinner, Britney also seems to drink an excessive amount of water. She enjoys the dinner that was prepared, and can't stop complimenting Mrs. Ludke.

"I told you it was awesome. Hey Mom, what's for dessert?" Madison asks.

"Oh, I didn't really prepare anything. I figured maybe we could go out for ice cream, later." All three girls get excited.

"Oh, that would be awesome!" Madison says with excitement.

"Well, don't get too happy with me. I will need you to keep an eye on your little sister for a while after dinner. Your father and I have some business to take care of." Mrs. Ludke says, fearing the worst. Before Madison can even respond, Britney chimes in.

"We don't mind, do we Madison? Actually, I think Alyssa is a pretty fun little girl. We promised her we'd play some Wii games with her later, anyway. If you don't mind, I'd like to be in charge of her. I think I'm going to be a preschool teacher when I grow up, so I could use the practice," Britney asks.

"Well, that's very nice of you to offer, thanks. There is one thing you should probably know about---"

"Mom, she already knows, it's okay." Madison interrupts.

"Great. Well then, I think we're all set. I'll clean up dinner if you two want to get her settled. I usually wait until she floods her diaper and then put her jammies and night diaper on at that time. She doesn't really have a bed-time tonight – just whenever she's tired." Mrs. Ludke explains. Britney nods. She goes over by Alyssa and helps her clean her face off.

"We gonna go pway with the Wii, now? I like dat dance, dance game. Can... Can we do that one?" Alyssa asks excitedly. Britney smiles as she lifts Alyssa out of her booster seat.



"Of course. Madison will help you get the Wii set-up. I actually need to go upstairs and get my jammies on first," Britney says. Alyssa runs towards Madison. Madison begins walking with her sister, but is a little puzzled.

"You're getting your jammies on now? Isn't it kind of early?" Madison asks.

"Not really. Usually at my house I go to the bathroom and get my PJs on right after dinner. It's always been that way, since I was like five. I guess I just got used to it. Besides, I like to be comfortable when I'm just lounging around at night. I won't take long, I promise." Britney explains with an occasional nervous tone in her voice. She proceeds upstairs while Madison and Alyssa go to get the Wii started.

Britney goes into Madison's room and opens up her over-night bag. She pulls out a few things. A pair of purple and pink blanket sleeper pajamas and a size L/XL girls' Underjams. She runs into the bathroom with these items in her hand and quickly undresses. She is in such a rush to get her Underjam and pajamas on, she forgets to actually pee on the toilet. She pulls the Underjam on and quickly puts her footed sleeper on over it. She examines herself in the mirror, trying to see if it is noticeable that she's wearing protection. It looks normal to her. One thing about Underjams verses Goodnights – they are a lot less noisy and barely make a sound when walking. They also hold about 4-6 ounces more fluid. She puts her clothes back in her bag and goes down to the playroom where Madison and Alyssa are. Madison immediately notices the choice of pajamas her friend is wearing.

"Oh, wow. I think I last wore jammies like that when I was about seven." Madison blurts.

"Hey, be nice. I know they're kind of childish but they are incredibly comfy and they keep me warm. They wouldn't make them in my size if they weren't popular," Britney explains.

Madison shrugs her shoulders. "Hey I wasn't making fun. Alyssa wears those all the time. I bet they are nice. Maybe I'll ask my Mom to buy me some but I think she'd think I was crazy," Madison says while giggling.

"You should! They are great. Anyway, I am all ready. Are we doing that Dance, Dance game for kids?"

"Yeah, it's all ready. Alyssa mostly just does her own thing, but it's really cute." Madison says. Britney gets down to Alyssa's level.

"Alright, cutie... are you ready? I'm gonna win at this game." Britney teases.

"Nut-uh! I gonna win. I always win dis game. You... you watch!" Alyssa says proudly. Britney giggles.

"Well, we will just see about that." The game begins and all three girls begin dancing and singing along. Neither of them cares how silly or stupid they look. Two of them also have no care in the world if they happen to pee in their pants from all the excitement. Madison is the only girl in the room who isn't wearing protection, though she is not aware of this, yet. Forty-five minutes of intense dancing competition pass by quickly. The song from round two ends. Madison quickly pauses the game. "Hey, can we take a break quick? I have to go potty. I suppose I'll go get my jammies on, too. Take five, you two."

Madison runs up and goes to her room. She, too is nervous about putting her protection back on. Hers is a little crinklier sounding and the only pajamas she has to put on that are clean right now consist of a long night-gown. She figures she will just have to be careful. She does indeed need to pee, and figures she'd better do that on the toilet one last time of the night. As she's peeing, she thinks about her friend. She realizes how much she drank at dinner and wonders why she doesn't have to pee really bad right now.

Back downstairs, Alyssa is cuddling with Britney on the couch down in the playroom. She is fidgeting and unable to sit very still. Britney opens up a story book and begins reading it to Alyssa. Alyssa listens to the story, but starts to show signs of being distracted. She relaxes and spreads her legs a little. Britney realizes what Alyssa is doing but continues reading the book. Just then, Madison enters the room, walking slowly so that her night-time protection doesn't crinkle too loudly.

"I'll let you finish the story... then we can get back to playing," Madison says. Britney reads the last page of the story to Alyssa.

"The End. Alright, now before we go back to playing, I know of a little girl who needs her diaper changed." Britney says. Alyssa shakes her head and says "nut-uh!" Madison looks at her sister with a stern look on her face.

"Now Alyssa – you need to be a good girl and listen to us. Your diaper is going to leak. Besides, we need to get you ready for bed. See, me and Britney have our jammies on. Now it's your turn." Madison explains calmly.

"Oh... Ota. But - I want Bitt-ney to tange me." Alyssa requests. Britney looks at Madison with a look of panic.

"Umm, I don't know how to change diapers..."

Madison giggles. "Oh, it's not that bad... I will help. She's only wet, it won't be so bad. Let's take her up to her room. That's where her night-time diapers are, anyway." Madison says. They all go upstairs to Alyssa's room. Madison instructs Alyssa to lay down on her toddler bed. She takes her clothes off and lets Britney get in position. "Okay, now just un-tape both sides of the diaper and gently slide it out from under her. She will lift her legs up for you," Madison says.

Brittney un-tapes the diaper and starts to slide it from under Alyssa's abdomen. "Wow, does she always wet this much?" Britney asks.

Madison nods and smiles. "Okay, now you need to wipe her with baby wipes... just so she doesn't get an infection. Since you're a girl I think you know where," Madison says. Britney nods and gently wipes the little girl clean. Alyssa squirms and giggles slightly as the wipes are cold and tickle. Madison hands her friend one of the size 6 "Happy Nights" diapers. They are blue and about twice as thick as a Luvs. Britney quickly unfolds it and slides it under Alyssa's abdomen. Madison is giving her instructions as she goes along. Finally, she tapes the left and then the right side and makes sure it is on snugly.

"There, that should get you through the night. Now, time for jammies. I know, you can match me and wear this pink footie sleeper," Britney says as she grabs the nightwear. She helps Alyssa get dressed and zippers her sleeper closed. Her diaper is so thick, it makes Alyssa waddle as she starts walking out of the room. Britney laughs. "She is too cute!" The girls go back downstairs in the playroom.

"I'm kind of sick of playing Wii games. What else should we do?" Madison says. Britney looks around, trying to think of something. Alyssa has become quite fond of Madison's friend. She cuddles up next to her and looks into her eyes.

"I wanna color. You wike to color in color books? I gots lot of dem." Alyssa asks, sweetly.

"Aww, well how can I say no to that? I love coloring. What about you, Madison?" Madison is somewhat annoyed, but she remembers that Britney doesn't have any siblings, and if her friend is having fun coloring, she's not going to stop her.

"Yeah, that's cool. I will draw my own pictures, though. I like drawing. I'll get out the crayons, markers, and colored pencils," Madison says. Britney and Alyssa sit down by the activity table in the corner as Madison gets the coloring books and supplies. She sets them down and then decides to turn on some Pandora to her "Madison's Cool Station" channel that she made. A song by *Foxy Shazam* starts the set. "Oh my Gosh I love this band!! Sorry, but I need to rock out for a minute." Madison starts dancing around like crazy. She completely forgets she's wearing only a night-gown and crinkly pull-up. With the music playing, however, noises like that can't be heard. Britney and Alyssa watch and giggle as Madison continues to dance. After a few minutes, the song is over. She sits down and sighs. "Well, that was awesome. Sorry about that. I love this band." She takes out a blank sheet of paper and begins to draw something.

Brittney giggles. "Hey it's your house. I do that too sometimes, don't worry!" Britney says. She thumbs through a coloring book and finds something to color. Alyssa has found a picture of a princess and of course picks out a pink crayon. For still being in diapers, she is very careful at coloring and can stay in the lines. Britney observes this for a while.

"Wow, you are really good at this, sweetie. Can you color me a pretty picture?" Britney asks. Alyssa smiles and goes back to coloring. Britney tries to concentrate on her own picture, but becomes distracted with intense pressure from her bladder. She starts shaking her legs and tries to hold it, not wanting to get up to go to the bathroom. Madison takes notice.

"Hey, you know the bathroom is nearby. We'll still be here when you get back," Madison teases.

"Ugh, I don't want to. You know I kind of get why Alyssa isn't potty trained. Sometimes it would be nice to just, umm, pee whenever you want." Britney says, turning a little red in the face. Madison just stares off into space for a minute. She can't believe what she's hearing. She thinks maybe this would be a good time to agree with her friend and tell her about the dreams she's been having... but she snaps out of it at the last second.

"Yeah, sure, I guess. You're a weirdo. Ha-Ha, just kidding. You know I'm just teasing. You don't have to go if you don't want to, just don't pee your pants," Madison says with a playful grin.

"Oh, I won't. I'll go in a minute... just want to finish this section first." Britney says. She is still trying to hold it in, her legs still shaking. Just then she remembers she *is* wearing a diaper herself. Within seconds her legs go from shaking to fully still. She leans over in her chair a bit and has a look of concentration on her face. She begins peeing in her Underjam like a pro. It's obvious she's done this before. After about twenty seconds, she sighs and sits back down, smiling as she goes back to coloring. Madison notices she has stopped shaking.

"Britney? Are you okay? Seriously I don't want you to have an accident." Madison says with a tone of concern in her voice.

"Yeah, just fine. Oh, that. Uhm, I guess it was a false alarm because I don't have to go anymore." Britney lies, somewhat nervously. Madison finds this to be rather strange. It sounds like something Alyssa would say when asked if she has to go potty.

"Oh, really? If I didn't know any better I'd say you just peed in your pants." Madison says.

"Seriously? Okay, well, come feel my butt. Is it wet?" Britney stands up. She is confident her diaper isn't leaking, but forgets that after just having wet her diaper pretty heavily, it is going to be *warm*. Luckily, Madison isn't interested in actually touching anything.

"I don't need to touch your butt. I can see you're not wet. I guess you just didn't have to go that bad. I'm sorry. Forget I said anything." Madison says. Britney smiles and sits back down, sighing in relief. As she does so, she can feel the warm, wet gelled up urine press against her butt. Just like Madison, she enjoys this sensation, and can't help but squirm around a bit and enjoy it. An hour passes. Alyssa has colored several pictures and Madison is just about done with her drawing. Britney hangs up all the pictures on the bulletin board on the wall. Alyssa is getting sleepy and lets out a yawn, but tries to hide it.

"Hey Aly-Bear, are you getting tired? I think it's about time we go upstairs and watch a movie." Madison says.

"Uh-huh, I wan Care Bears movie. And can you makes hot choc-wate?" Alyssa asks nicely. Madison smiles and nods. Britney takes Alyssa upstairs and gets her settled in while Madison starts making hot chocolate in the kitchen. As she's waiting for the water to warm up, she has to pee pretty bad, all of a sudden. She figures she's got a diaper on, why not use it. She almost instantly starts flooding her pull-up with a long, steady stream of pee. As she finishes, Britney walks in the room.

"Hey, need some help? Alyssa is all set. Uhm, Madison, are you okay?" Madison quickly pulls her nightgown down and starts to nervously tug at it. She walks over to get some mugs, and a thermal sippy cup for Alyssa. As she walks, her Pull-Up is now even louder than before.

"Yeah, just... waiting for this water to get hot... Oh, um, didn't you need to go pee?" Madison asks, trying to change the subject.

"Nope, I went already." Britney says. As she realizes what she just said, her face turns a pale red as she gasps.

"Really? When? I didn't see you go to the bathroom."

"I went... you know, when we were coloring... Uh, uhm, no, wait..." Britney just realizes what she said and it's too late to take it back.

"Wait...so you *did* pee when we were down there? But, your pajamas are dry so if you had an accident you'd be all wet... How did... are you... No... that's impossible," Madison ponders out-loud. Britney is almost in tears now. She doesn't know what to do. She thinks about trying to lie her way out of this, but she respects her friend too much. Besides, she suspects Madison may be wearing the same form of protection. Instead of telling another lie, she decides it's time to spill the beans.

"Okay. I'm sick of lying to you. If... If what I say freaks you out and you don't want to be my friend anymore... I... I'll..." Britney begins to cry and is unable to finish her sentence. Madison puts the glasses down on the table and goes to give her friend a hug.

"Brittney, you are like a sister to me. We all have secrets we keep from the outside world but I want you to know you can tell me anything. I've been keeping something from you, too. Please, just spill it. I promise I won't tell anyone. And I won't stop being your friend. I love you, like a sister; no matter what," Madison says while hugging her. Britney hugs her back and wipes the tears off her face.

"You... you really mean it? Cause what I'm gonna tell you is freaking weird. No one knows except my Mom. No one else. I'm afraid to tell you, I'm sorry." Britney says while trying not to cry again.

"Yes, I really mean it. You could tell me you like to smell my feet. I don't care. Remember, I got something to tell you, too; and I'm worried as hell to tell you, too." Madison explains.

"All right. So, here goes. When we were down coloring and I had to pee really bad; that was real. It didn't just go away. I kind of... uhh... I peed my pants. There, I said it. I feel so stupid," Britney says, expecting the worse.

"But, how? Your pajamas are dry. Are you going to tell me you went and put one of Alyssa's diapers on when I wasn't looking?" Madison says, trying not to sound too excited about that thought. She's had the same idea, herself.

"Well, no. But, umm... okay I'm just going to have to show you," Britney says quickly. She un-zips her sleeper, revealing the now wet purple and white UnderJam she has on." Madison's eyes light up and her jaw drops for a few seconds.

"You are wearing... woah... what kind of diaper is that? I'm not saying this to be rude but... you look really cute." Madison says. She starts to giggle, but not because she's making fun. Because of the irony of the situation. "I'm. I'm not laughing at you, sorry. It's just funny... because... this is just too unreal. Like, because, well – my secret is kinda..." Madison pauses.

"It's not a diaper. Well, I guess it is. But it's for bed-wetting. See, uhm, I wet the bed at night. And sometimes during the day I have accidents if I get too involved in things. So that's why I went and got changed after dinner. I put my Underjam on in case I got too excited and had an accident. I guess it's a good thing I did. I know you aren't laughing at me, but... why is this... too unreal for you?? Do you think I'm weird?" Britney questions her friend.

"No, not at all. Okay, it's confession time for me. But first can I just say something? And this comes from the heart. Britney, you are totally awesome! I could never ask for a better friend. You telling me what you just did makes it so much easier to tell you my secret!" Madison exclaims. Britney just looks at her friend with a puzzled look on her face, but is relieved to hear her say that. More tears begin to form in her eyes, but happy tears.

"You and me ... we're a lot alike. I don't know why we haven't hung out more. I guess it's because I always thought I had a weird family and no one would like coming here," Madison says.

Britney interrupts. "Oh my Gosh, I love your family! Your Dad isn't around much, but your mom seems pretty cool and I know this probably annoys you, but I just adore Alyssa!" Britney says.

"I know you do. She's the little sister you never had. I think it's great you two have hit it off so well. You are always welcome to hang out here, now that I know you don't think we suck. Most of my other so-called *friends* have told me we're all weird. I don't know why. I guess it's cause my Mom is so laid back about most things. And my almost five-year-old sister is still in diapers. I don't know," Madison shrugs. Britney smiles.

"Well, they aren't really your friends then. Your family is great. And who cares about Ally not being potty trained. Not all kids potty train by age 2. Look at me... I'm 12 and I still have to wear diapers sometimes," Britney says, blushing a little.

"So, you've always been a bed-wetter? Do... do you like wearing Underjams or do you wish you could get trained? It's okay if you don't want to say..."

"I've been wetting off and on at night since I was about five. I think I potty trained late, too. I will tell you the rest after you tell me *your* secret, Madison." Britney smiles and eagerly waits for Madison to reveal her secret.

"Fair enough. I'll make this fast and simple. I'm wearing a diaper right now, too. See?" Madison pulls her night-gown up so her Goodnights pull-up is exposed. Britney gasps and stares at her friend, in awe. "And yeah, when you walked in here, I just finished wetting myself. Only, well, it wasn't really an accident for me." Madison explains.

"So, you just wear diapers cause you... you like to? Are those Goodnights?" Britney asks. Her mind is full of questions to ask.

"Well, kind of. I still need to explain all of that. Yeah, they're Goodnights. They're okay but I wish I had something that held a bit more."

"Yep, Goodnights suck! I used to use those and they leaked just about every night. You so need to try Underjams. They are a bit thicker but my gosh they hold a river. I can probably pee in these one two or three more times before even feeling it much. So, wait... are you a bed-wetter? Sorry if I asked you that already. I just can't believe this... what are the odds..." Britney rambles.

"Okay... well you remember last Tuesday when I gave the report at school. And I was nervous as usual but I *didn't* have an accident? And I'm now signing up to be in the school play. Knowing my past issues with stage fright and peeing my pants – don't you find this all a bit odd?" Madison asks.

Britney stops and thinks for a moment. "Yes! It's why I asked you on Tuesday how you managed to give your report without having an accident. So, you wore a Goodnight to school that day?"

Madison nods and smiles. "Yes, and I totally soaked it. I was lucky it didn't leak. I wore one to school today, too. For the audition. Except I was stupid and wet it during my math test and then again while I was singing. When I got home and had to go pee – I really went to change. And it leaked, everywhere. So, you think an Underjam would have been able to handle two big wettings?"

"Yes, for sure. Like the one I got on now. I'll probably pee one more time before bed and then again when I'm sleeping. It won't leak." Britney says.

"Wow, they do sound nice. Uhm, how many do you have in your bag?" Madison asks as she starts to fidget.

"I always bring extras. Do you want one to change into?" Britney asks. Madison's eyes light up and she looks like a little girl excited to get a bunch of candy.

"Oh, yes! Thank you. I actually do need to wear at night now, too. The other night I had a dream and I ended up wetting my Goodnight. My Mom doesn't know I'm doing this. I snuck out and bought these myself. Do you think I should tell her?"

"Well, your mom seems pretty cool. You should. Maybe she'll buy you some Underjams," Britney suggests.

"Yeah, but I just worry my mom will take advantage of this. I mean I'm 12 but it's like she wants me to be like I'm 3 all the time. I want to be 12... but, I keep having these dreams where I'm four, like my sister... And I'm in diapers and stuff... And I don't know why but these dreams are fun. And now I find myself wearing diapers even when I don't need to. Like I went to a birthday party with my sister the other night and I wore there. I'm freaking weird." Madison explains.

"No weirder than me. Look at me, I'm wearing a diaper too. They call these things 'overnight underwear' but we all know they are diapers." Britney says.

"Yeah, but – you have accidents. You actually need them."

"It doesn't mean I don't also *like* them. Okay, another confession. When I peed before – it wasn't really an accident. I had to pee. I knew I had to pee. I then remembered I had a diaper on and I took advantage of it and I went potty in my diaper." Brittney says.

Madison giggles. "You went *potty in your diaper*! I love that, so cute! So, uhm, can I ask you something super personal?" Britney nods her head in approval. "Okay, so when you pee your diaper and it feels all warm and squishy... Uhm, does it kind of make you feel really good? I mean, like... in a way you've never felt... and you just want to squirm around and enjoy it for a while?" Madison asks while blushing, face beat red.

Britney's face turns pink. "Ye...yes. I thought I was the only one. Are we twins?"

Madison laughs. "We're sisters. Sisters from another mother. This is just too funny. You are definitely my best friend. Can we adopt you?" Madison asks, joking but wishing she was serious.

"Actually, I wish you could. My Mom isn't as nice as yours. Not even close," Britney says with a little frown forming on her face.

"Aww no, she doesn't beat you, I hope not..."

"No, she doesn't physically hurt me. But she picks on me for still needing diapers at night. I never hear the end of it." Britney says sadly.

"That really sucks. Well, we will never pick on you here! Heck, knowing my Mom, if she found out she'd probably offer to change you in the morning. Okay, that's kind of scary. I think we shouldn't tell her." Madison says while giggling. Britney nods.

"Hey, you'd better get changed before that thing leaks! And umm, should we give Alyssa her hot chocolate? She probably thinks we died in here." Britney says.

"Oh, yeah! I'm going to have to re-heat it now." She says. She zaps the hot chocolate in the microwave and takes it into the living room. She finds Alyssa laying on the couch, fast asleep. She covers her sister with a blanket and kisses her forehead. "Aww, looks like we wore her out. Let's leave her be and go upstairs!" Madison says. The girls head up to Madison's room. Brittney digs in her bag and pulls out a fresh XL girls' Underjam and hands it to her friend.

"Yeah, time to get out of this soggy diaper and into a new one." Madison pulls off her soggy pull-up and tosses it in the trash can in her room. She pulls on the new Underjam and walks around a little. "Wow, these things are really soft and comfy." Madison says.

"Oh yes. I could wear them all day," Britney says.

"Why don't you?" Madison says, half-joking.

"Well because I'd run out faster and my mom would have a fit about it. "

"So, I take it you never wear to school. Do you ever have accidents there?" Madison asks.

"I so wish I could wear to school sometimes. I've had accidents at school but luckily not recently. It's why I always ask to go to the bathroom just about every period. I hate it, but to make sure I don't have an accident when I'm not wearing, I have to." Britney explains.

"That's terrible. We need to come up with a way so we both can be diapered more. You know, with me being in the school play I'm going to need to get used to it." Madison says.

"That's a good idea. But we'd need to get jobs or something so we could buy our own Underjams to use during the day. And then there's the issue of being found out. Not sure if you noticed, but these diapers aren't exactly paper-thin." Britney responds.

"Yeah, but there are ways to hide that. We may have to change our outfits... But basically, don't wear tight pants. Wear jeans with long t-shirts that cover over the waistline. We can do this. And with these Underjams – I bet we could wear all day without having to change. I want to put mine to the test right now," Madison says as she starts to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" Britney asks.

"Downstairs to get a big jug of water. We're going to have a peeing contest. Whoever wakes up the soggiest wins. Are you with me?" Madison asks.

Britney giggles hysterically. "I'm *so* in!" The girls run downstairs and into the kitchen. Madison gets out two big water bottles (48 oz) and fills them both with cold water. She hands one to Britney.

"Pure water is the best way to make you pee. We're going to drink these before we fall asleep and we'll see if our diapers leak by morning." Madison says. The girls run back upstairs and begin chugging their water bottles. It only takes about ten minutes for them both to finish.

"Oh wow, I am SO full. What should we do now? Do you want to stay up and wait till we have to pee? Or are you tired?" Britney asks.

"We can stay up a bit. My Mom should be home soon, so I want her to think we're sleeping so she doesn't come in here. But we could read magazines and stuff. I got the latest issues of Spin, TeenBeat, and Alternative Weekly." Madison says.

"Awesome! I'm going to lay down on my sleeping bag and we can read and talk and stuff." Britney says.

Just then, Mrs. Ludke's car pulls up. Madison's parents are home. The back door opens and they enter the house quietly. Mrs. Ludke sees Alyssa asleep on the couch and smiles. She picks her up and carries her up to her room, tucking her in to her toddler bed. On the way out she walks by Madison's room and taps softly on the door. "Hey girls. We're home. Everything go okay with Alyssa?"

"Yes, Mom. She was awesome. She really likes Britney. They are buds now. Britney says if you ever need a babysitter, she'd be happy to help," Madison says through the door.

"Aww, bless her heart. I will probably take her up on that offer soon. Are you two getting settled for bed?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Yep, we're just laying down reading magazines. We'll be quiet. Goodnight Mom."

"Goodnight girls. See you in the morning. I'll make breakfast around nine-thirty."

"Sweet, looking forward to it," Madison says. Her mother walks into the master bedroom and closes the door. The girls go back to reading and talking quietly. Madison is still in awe that she now not only has reconnected with her best friend, but that they both share this weird obsession with being diapered. It's a dream come true.

A couple hours pass and it's now getting close to midnight. Madison is flipping through the pages of her magazine when she begins to feel very strong pressure from her bladder. "Holy crap, here it comes! That was fast. How about you, Brit?"

"Oh, I already peed a little, but it wasn't too much. I probably won't pee much until I fall asleep. But – go ahead. Put that new diaper to the test." Britney grins, encouraging her friend.

"So, like, this thing will be able to handle a major flood? Cause I seriously gotta pee **so** bad right now and there's no going slow." Madison says, her legs shaking profusely. She sits up in her bed and gets into a squatting position.

"Yes, if it can't handle it, there's a major problem. These diapers were designed for floods. Mine have never leaked once and I've been using these for about a year now." Britney says.

"Alright, well I can't hold it no more. Here goes!" Madison strains her face and concentrates as she stays in position. She relaxes and lets her bladder open. A strong, fast stream of pee is now flowing into the fluffy padding of her thick, soft Underjam. She has her night gown pulled up so she can watch her diaper expand and change colors. It is filling up nicely and so far, not leaking. She continues to pee until her bladder is finally empty again. She can feel an incredible warm, squishy sensation filling around her groin and buttocks area.

"Now, just stay still for about a minute. Don't sit down yet or make any sudden moves. Give the absorbent powders time to gel. I promise you it won't leak and you can probably wet it again in the morning." Brittney says. Madison does as she is told.

"Oh my gosh this feels incredible. Even better than my Goodnights. And look how **big** it's getting. I think it's twice as thick as it was." Madison says.

"Yep, this is why I'm worried about wearing to school. But if you think we can do it, I'm willing to try," Britney says. Madison sits down and feels as the wet gelled up diaper padding presses up against her butt. She just sits there, squirming around and smiling.

"This is awesome. I may never wear panties again." Madison says while giggling. Britney giggles along with her.

"See, it's not leaking. Not even close, right?" Britney asks. Madison stands up and feels around the area of her bed she was sitting. No wet spots, just warm. She feels the back and front of her diaper and also can not feel any wetness.

"Yeah, no wet spots. But damn is it nice, warm, and squishy inside." Both girls begin a giggle fit and giggle for minutes. "Okay, we better quiet down. Don't want my Mom coming in. I'm getting pretty tired. Want to call it a night? We'll see if you're soggier than me in the morning, but I doubt it!" Madison says as she lays down and gets under the covers.

"We'll see about that. Yeah, let's go to sleep. Goodnight, my soggy B-F-F!" Britney says as she lays down and gets comfy. Madison giggles and says "goodnight" back. They both fall asleep within minutes.



## Chapter 8: Diapered at the Fair

### The Next Morning ... 9:00 AM

Madison wakes up to the bright sun glaring at her face. It is obvious to her that she wet her Underjam even more during her sleep, but amazingly, her sheets and night-gown are dry. Her diaper is so wet, it's about ready to explode. It must weigh about four pounds. She lays down and enjoys pressing her fingers against the warm, squishy diaper. As she is enjoying her soaked diaper, Britney sits up and looks up at her friend.

"Oh, good morning. So, who won the contest? You seem to be enjoying something..." Britney says while yawning and stretching.

"I think I won. My diaper is so wet it's gonna explode. But it didn't leak! These things are amazing." Madison says rapidly.

"Yep, I told you. Uhm, wow. I think you did win cause umm... My Underjam is still just a little wet. I don't think I peed in my sleep... woah, but umm... I have to PEE REALLY BAD!!!" Britney says, all of a sudden feeling intense pressure from her bladder.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Fill that thing up!" Madison says while giggling.

"Yeah, that... won't...be...a.... problem... uhm, I'm going.... Can't ... hold ... it ... anymore..." Britney stutters. Without her control she begins filling her diaper with a solid stream of pee. She is in a squatting position to make it easier. As she continues to fill her UnderJam, it begins to swell up, making it even more bulky under her blanket sleeper. Finally, she is finished. "Wow I am soaked. This is going to be a close one." Britney lays down for a while and enjoys the intense feeling of a warm, soggy, squishy diaper. Both girls take a few minutes to enjoy their wet diapers before even thinking about getting breakfast.

"Well, umm, should we get changed?" Madison asks.

"I don't want to, but I guess we should. Your Mom might notice if we walk around in soaking wet diapers," Britney says.

"Yeah, you're right. Hey, are you going to just change into another one?" Madison asks.

Britney sighs and makes a little pout face. "No, I can't. I've only got one left and I can't go home wearing one. Trust me, my mom would notice and she'd get mad. I'm only supposed to wear them at night for bed."

Madison thinks for a moment. "Well, you said you sometimes have daytime accidents, right? Especially if you're away from home... I think we're going to go to the fair today. I'm going to wear a Goodnight because I sure as hell don't want to pee in a porta-potty. You should wear one, too. We can get you changed back into underwear before we take you home." Madison says in her most convincing tone.

"Yeah, I do have accidents sometimes. It would be fun to be secretly diapered ... you and me ... but what about your mom? Won't she think it's weird that we don't need to go to the bathroom all day?" Britney asks.

Madison shakes her head. "I don't think so. Even if she does find out, she won't care. My Mom has been trying to get me to wear diapers when away from home anyway. You should have seen what she said to me the other night when I went to Alyssa's party at the bounce house place. She's crazy. Don't worry about her." Madison says.

Britney laughs. "Okay, well I'll go change quick in the bathroom. Uhm, should I just bury the wet one in the bottom of the trash can in there?" Madison nods. Britney gets out her last dry UnderJam and her clothes and goes into the bathroom. While she is in there, Madison changes into a new Goodnight and gets dressed. She forgets that she is wearing a bulky diaper and dresses herself in non-baggy Capri pants and a pink shirt. The top of her Goodnight pokes out a little, if her shirt gets lifted up it would be visible.

Brittney comes back into Madison's room wearing jean shorts and a t-shirt. Her Underjam is noticeable and makes her butt poke out a bit. She too was not expecting to be diapered today. She looks at Madison and has a look of shock on her face. Madison looks back at her friend with a curious look on her face.

"What's the matter?" Madison asks.

"Oh, nothing. You... You look cute." Britney says. Madison looks over herself in the mirror.

"Oh, crap. I totally forgot I was wearing today... You can tell I'm diapered, right?" Madison asks.

Britney nods. "Yeah, umm, your butt bulges out a little and you can see the top of your diaper through your pants. But you know I bet mine is showing too. Does it matter?"

"I don't know why but this is kind of exciting. I feel like a five-year-old who's still in Pull-Ups! Let's do it!" Madison says. They begin to comb their hair. Britney starts to think about the concept of being diapered all day.

"So, umm, we won't be able to change till we get home. You think our diapers will last?" Britney asks.

"Mine won't but yours probably will. If I'm soaked and have to pee, I'll just have to hold it... not a big deal." The girls both nod and finish combing their hair. After a few minutes, they decide they look good enough. They proceed down the stairs and sit down at the kitchen table for breakfast. Mrs. Ludke is there, preparing bacon, pancakes, eggs, and fresh fruit.

"Perfect timing, girls. Breakfast is ready. Your sister is already eating, she couldn't wait." Madison looks at her little sister, who is still in her footed sleeper and wearing an obviously soaking wet diaper.

"Yeah, I can see that. She's still soaking wet." Madison says. Mrs. Ludke gives her eldest daughter "the look." Madison knows she better quit if she wants to have a good day at the fair. "Sorry, Mom. We'll help change her after breakfast." Madison says. Her mother smiles and begins to serve up breakfast. All three girls drink a lot of juice, like it is going out of style. They finish their meal and it's now time to get Alyssa ready for the day ahead.

"Hey Aly, do you know where we're going today?" Madison asks her sister. Alyssa shakes her head for no.

"We're going to the state fair. They have games and rides and a petting zoo and yummy food. Remember we went last year?" Madison explains to her younger sister.

"Oh yay! I like dat pwace," she says while squirming and poking at the front of her squishy diaper.

"Yeah, let's go get you changed." Madison says as she lifts Alyssa down from her booster seat. She takes her hand and they go up to Alyssa's room. Madison lays her sister down on the changing table and starts to unzip her sleeper.

"I wan Bitt-ney to t-ange me!" Alyssa demands. Madison smiles and looks over at her friend.

"Aww, sure sweetie," Britney says as she removes Alyssa's sleeper and un-tapes her soaking wet over-night diaper. "Goodness girlie, you peed a river in here." Britney teases playfully. Alyssa giggles as Britney cleans her with wipes and slides a new Luvs diaper under her. She brings it up through Alyssa's legs and gently fastens both tapes. "There, all nice and dry. Now, what do you want to wear today?" Britney asks while rolling up the heavily saturated diaper and tossing it in the trash. Alyssa lays down and thinks for a few seconds.

"I wanna wear pink skirt." Alyssa says. Britney goes over to the closet and looks through Alyssa's clothes. She finds a cute short pink skirt and a white t-shirt with a pink heart in the center.

"This will be cute. Umm, does she wear tights under it, to... you know ... hide her diaper?" Britney asks, looking at Madison.

"Nah, it's too hot for tights today. She certainly doesn't care if people know she's still in diapers. It's cute, anyway." Madison says. Britney nods and gathers up the outfit and some purple socks. She helps Alyssa get dressed and then lifts her down.

"Aww, you look adorable. Want me to braid your hair?" Britney says. Alyssa nods and smiles. They go into the bathroom and the two older girls make Alyssa look like a cute little doll. They take her downstairs to show Mom.

"Aww, is that my little princess? Don't you look super cute! What do you say to Madison and Britney?" Mrs. Ludke asks Alyssa.

"Tha...Thank yous!" Alyssa says softly. Both girls nod and say "you're very welcome."

"Alright, it's just about time to go. Last call for the bathroom for those who need it. It's about a two-hour drive to the fair-grounds," Mrs. Ludke says. Both Madison and Britney look at each other and try to hold back from giggling too much.

"We're fine, Mom. And Alyssa obviously doesn't need to go. We'll go get her buckled in her car seat for you," Madison says. Mrs. Ludke smiles. She runs upstairs and gets Alyssa's diaper bag – the girls forgot to bring it down. By the time she gets out to the car, all three girls are buckled up in the back seat and ready to go.

Two hours pass by and they are now pulling into the parking lot. Alyssa is asleep. Britney and Madison are both listening to music on their iPods. Madison is still dry, but Britney accidently wet herself a little bit without even realizing. The car comes to a stop and Mrs. Ludke opens the doors. "Wake your sister up and help her out, please." Madison gently shakes her sister to wake her up. She helps her out of the car and all three girls are standing in a row, waiting for further instructions. "Okay, diaper check for Alyssa. Are you wet, sweetie-pie?" Alyssa is a little damp, but of course she says no. Luckily, the stroller is in the trunk. Britney helps Alyssa into the stroller and they proceed to the fair entrance. Mrs. Ludke pays for all the kids and gives each their tickets. "Okay, so I know you girls will want to hang out and do your own thing for a while. So, for a few hours me and Alyssa will do all the kiddie rides and you and Britney can go off on your own. But you must stay together. And we will meet back here for a late lunch at 2:30 PM. That's two and a half hours from now. Deal?" Mrs. Ludke says.

"Sounds good to me, Mom. Thanks. Oh, can we have some cash for drinks and stuff?" Madison asks.

"Sure, sweetie. Here you go. Don't spend it *all* on junk, okay?" Mrs. Ludke says as she hands her daughter \$40 in cash.

"Yes, Mommy. Thank you! We'll be good. Have fun Aly... See you later!" Madison says. The girls run off, waving as they go. They head over to the rides for older kids. However, Madison is thirsty. They walk right in front of a beverage stand. "I want an iced coffee *so bad*. How about you, Brit?" Madison asks.

"Yeah, I could go for something. But I dunno about coffee – it goes right through me." Britney says. Madison gives Britney a funny look.

"So what? Did you forget what you're.... umm... wearing?" Madison whispers.

"Oh, yeah. I guess you're right. Okay I'll take a large iced Chai," Britney says. Madison grins wide. They go up to the counter and both get large iced Chai Lattes. It is the best summertime treat. The girls go over to a picnic table and sit down, enjoying their drinks. Madison drinks hers pretty fast, while Britney is taking her time. "You better be careful. You're gonna have to pee really bad if you keep that up," Britney says. Madison giggles.

"Oh well. I'm not too worried." Madison says.

"Just don't leak. Remember you can't flood yours as much as I can mine." Britney says, looking around to be sure no one is listening. Madison nods and takes a final gulp of her drink. She gets up and tosses it in the trash.

"Well, let's go get in line for The Scrambler. Looks like about a twenty-minute wait," Madison says.

"But I'm not done with my drink," Britney whines.

"So, take it in line with you, silly. You haven't been to the fair before, have you?" Madison says.

"No, not really. I'm lucky if my mom takes me to a movie," Britney says, looking down at her drink with sad eyes.

“Well, we’re gonna have fun! The Scrambler is the best. Heck, it might just make you pee your pants.” Madison says. Both girls break into a giggle fit. They stand in line and wait about ten minutes. The line has managed to move, but just a little. The girls talk about “normal” things for a while like music, tv shows, and school. As they get closer in line, Madison starts to fidget. She’s so used to the whole routine of knowing she has to pee, holding it, and waiting until she can get to a bathroom. So, the ‘pee-pee dance’ and fidgeting is an unconscious motion. She is talking about the school play and how she hopes she gets a big part. Britney interrupts her.

“Umm, that’s awesome but, I think you need to stop and umm ... take care of something?” Britney says.

Madison looks down at herself and now understands what her friend is trying to tell her. “Oh, wow that Iced Chai really did go right through me. Uhm.... Alright.... Uhm, I need to just chill for a minute.” Madison says. She proceeds to squat just a little and starts to concentrate. She is just about to fill her diaper when the people on the ride get off and it’s now their turn to get on. “Oh, great. It can wait, I guess.” They run over to the Scrambler and find a car to sit in. Madison sits down quickly and is now shaking her legs in desperation. Britney looks over at her.

“Maddie, just go already, but do it slowly...” Britney says. Madison nods and begins to relax. She closes her eyes and begins thinking about running water. This always does the trick. Soon after, she begins to feel a warm stream of pee entering her diaper. She remembers to pee slow enough to give the Goodnight time to absorb. Just as the ride is starting, Madison finishes her first major wetting. Britney looks curiously at her friend.

“Ahh, that’s better. I think it held up, too. I guess we’ll find out when I get off the ride. Here we goooooo!” Madison says excitedly. The ride starts and goes around faster and faster. They both scream and giggle. Britney is enjoying herself, and while the ride is in motion, she wets her Underjam a little bit more, without even knowing. After a few minutes, the ride comes to a complete stop. The girls climb out of the car and walk towards the exit gate. As Madison walks, her Goodnight diaper is now swelled up and makes a louder crinkle-swish sound as she walks. She tries not to draw attention to herself. “Hey, let’s go on another ride. Something more intense?”

“Oh, umm, sure. What’s that over there?” Britney asks. She points at a ride about 200 feet away. It’s one of those “swinging ship” rides. Madison laughs.

“Oh, that one will make you pee your pants, for sure. Let’s go!” Madison says as she starts walking faster. Her diaper is wetter than she thinks and it’s now quite obvious she’s wearing. The top of it is also poking out from her shorts. Britney catches up with her and they stand in line for the next ride. Madison can’t help but feel how squishy her diaper has become, but she doesn’t want people to see her. Britney looks at her and whispers in her ear.

“Hey, maybe you should get changed soon. You might leak if you pee again.” Britney whispers.

Madison shrugs, “I can’t – I didn’t bring anything to change into. I’ll just have to be careful.” After about ten minutes they board the swinging ship ride. It gets up really high and is about to sink back down, but there’s that 5 second pause to get everyone all excited. At this point Britney feels more pressure from her bladder.

“Oh, my Gawd I’m gonna pee!!!” Britney screams, out loud, forgetting there are other people around. Other kids around them just laugh. Suddenly, the ship descends and plunges down. Britney loses all control and completely floods her Underjam. It is not leaking, but she can feel it has become warm and squishy within a few seconds’ time. “Weeeeeeeeeee,” she screams. She is enjoying the ride, but enjoying the warm, soggy diaper even more. Finally, the ride slows down and it’s time to exit the ride. As they are leaving through the exit line, the ride attendant is paying close attention to both girls. He has been staring at both of them since they got on. As they walk past, he speaks up.

“Hey – you there! I recall you saying you were going to pee. Did you get my ride dirty? Do I need to go disinfect the ride before the next group gets on?” The rude, middle-aged man says sternly. Britney blushes, and tries to think how to get her way out of this.

"Umm, no, sir. Your ride is dry. I didn't pee on the seat. Umm... at least I don't think I did." Britney says as she places her hands over her bottom to feel if her shorts are wet. Luckily, they are dry, but she knows her diaper is quite wet. The ride attendant continues to stare both girls down.

"Yeah, okay. What about your friend, here? How old are you, princess? I could have sworn I saw a diaper sticking out of your shorts when you got on." Madison gasps and her face turns pink from embarrassment.

"I'm not wearing a diaper, you pervert. What are you doing looking at my butt, anyway? I... I'm twelve. I'm in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. We were just enjoying the ride. Mind you...your own bus...business," she stutters. Brittney is now very concerned for her friend. She knows that when Madison stutters, it's because she's nervous... and she may wet herself again.

"Madison, never mind. Just ignore the bastard. Umm, let's go get a snack.... Far, far away from here." Britney says, tugging on Madison's arm and running along. The ride attendant gives Brittney the finger.

"Whatever you say, pee-pants girl! If you messed up my ride, I will make you clean it!" Britney turns around and gives him an evil look, then runs along with Madison and stops near a picnic table.

"Maddie! You need to calm down. You're stuttering.... Are you... umm... is it too late?" Britney whispers.

Madison is standing there, a little disoriented. She started peeing when talking to the rude man and now can't stop the rest of the flow. She can feel all the remaining SAP powder turning into over-saturated gels and is pretty sure the second she puts any pressure on her butt, it will leak. She just stands there for a moment, trying to give the diaper time to absorb her second flood. Finally, she speaks. "Yeah, pretty sure I'm gonna leak now. Freaking Carnies, I hate those freaks! I guess I should have had a small Chai Latte. How about you?" Madison says quietly.

"I did kind of pee a lot on that ride, but my Underjam held it all. I'm soaked, but not even close to leaking yet. I wish I could have given you another one of these to wear but I only had one left in my bag." Britney whispers back.

"I know, it's not your fault. Heck, I should have worn one of Alyssa's Luvs under my Goodnight as a stuffer. Should have thought of that. Those Luvs hold a ton. Anyway, umm... I might have a chance of not leaking, but I can't sit down for a while... What do you want to do?" Madison asks. Brittney stands and thinks for a moment.

"Well, it's 2:00 pm now, we have to be back at the kiddie rides by 2:30. Is there a show going on somewhere that we could stand and watch?" Britney asks.

"Yeah, I think so. It's like over there somewhere... way down. I'm gonna have to walk slow. Hey, can you... umm. I mean... does it look obvious that I'm like, really soaked?" Madison asks. She starts to walk slowly as Brittney follows. Her tight shorts do not help hide a squishy, over-saturated Goodnights diaper. The loud crinkle-squish sound is also quite evident. Amazingly, there is no wet spot, yet, but it is obvious she's not wearing panties. Britney catches up with Madison and walks alongside her.

"Yeah, if you stare long enough it's pretty obvious. Just... umm, try not to think about it. Let's go watch the comedy show and try to forget about it," Brittney whispers.

"Can we stop and get a drink first? I'm dying..." Madison says, like she's asking her mother.

"Are you kidding me? You really want to take the chance of peeing again?"

"I won't pee. I'm so dehydrated it'll all come out as sweat." Madison says.

"Ugh, okay. I guess. I'm not having anymore, though. I'm wet enough I don't wanna risk it." Britney says. They walk up to the soda counter and order a 20 oz bottle of water for Madison. As she is paying the clerk and reaching over to give her money, her shirt lifts up, exposing the top of her shorts – and the diaper sticking out on top. A boy about her age standing behind her takes notice. As she turns around and takes a drink of her water, the boy continues to stare.

"Hey little girl... by the looks of things I don't think you need to be drinking anymore water!" The teenage boy says to Madison.

"Excuse me? Who are you calling little? I'm 12!" Madison shouts.

"Twelve? Ha! Are you sure you're not two? Did you lose your Mommy? She needs to come change your soggy wet *diaper* – baby!" Madison has had enough, but she doesn't know what to do. She runs over by Britney as her eyes fill up with tears. She starts to cry as Britney gives her a hug. The boy continues to taunt them. "Aww, two little diaper babies... Isn't that just sweet. Do you need help finding your Mommy?" Britney stands up and pushes the boy away.

"Leave us alone! So what she's wearing a diaper! Maybe she has a disability... stop being such a jackass! Get out of here or I will call the cops!" Britney screams.

"Ooh, I'm so scared of a couple of babies crying for the police." The boy says.

"Seriously?! Okay, I tried to be nice," Britney says. She runs at the boy full force and gives him a swift kick in the balls. The boy immediately falls to his knees and is wallowing in pain.

"Wha...What the? You little bitch!" the boy squeals.

"I told you not to mess with me or my friend! Serves you right! Come on Maddie, let's get out of here!" Britney shouts. They run off into an area where not many people are. Madison is still quite shaken up from what happened, but starts to calm down. Not thinking about her soggy diaper, she sits down on a bench. As she does so, she can feel the gelled-up liquid squish all over her bottom and groin. Normally she'd enjoy this, but she's too upset to think about that right now. She's more impressed with what her best friend did – to stick up for her.

"You...you didn't have to do that. But... umm, tha--thanks. Where did you learn to be so tough?" Madison says while wiping tears from her face.

"You are my best friend. I'm not going to let some lowlife jerk talk to you like that. I'm usually not like that. I'm pretty shy usually but he just ticked me off. I'm sorry I didn't mean to scare you. Hey... we have to get back and meet your Mom and sister! It's two twenty-five," Britney realizes.

"Oh, right. Okay... umm, walk slow, okay... where do we have to meet them? ... uhh... umm... oh no!!!!" Madison says as she stands up and realizes her shorts are completely soaked. Her diaper has leaked everywhere. Britney notices right away.

"Oh no, you're soaked. What... what are we going to do?" Britney panics, looking around frantically.

"I don't know. These stupid Goodnights! I should have gotten Underjams. Darn it. I'm gonna have to stay like this... and tell my Mom the truth I guess," Madison says, trying not to cry again.

"Hey, your water bottle still has some water in it. Can I have it? I have an idea!" Britney says. Madison slowly hands the water bottle to her friend. Britney opens the cap and quickly splashes it over the front and back of her shorts. Madison gasps.

"What the heck are you doing?!" Madison shouts.

"Now we both have wet pants. We can say that we got scared and I accidently spilled water all over the both of us. It'll work, I think..." Britney says.

"For a few minutes, yeah, but I don't think my mom is ready to go home yet. And if I stay in this soggy leaky diaper, my shorts will never dry. Mom's gonna notice, I just know it." Madison says nervously. Britney starts to conjure up another plan.

"Okay, I have another idea. I bet Alyssa has a wet or poopy diaper by now... We will offer to change her while your mom waits outside. Take her diaper bag in with us. I'll change her. You go in a stall and take your pull-up off. Take one of Aly's

Luvs and see if you can get it to fit. It might be tight, but I bet it would fit good enough to wear the rest of the afternoon," Brittny explains.

"It's worth a try. I've never really tried one of her diapers on me. I tried a 5T Pull-Up once and it fit but was tight. I guess it's my only chance. Let's go meet up with them..." Madison says. The girls walk back over to the kiddie play area and arrive promptly at 2:30 pm. Mom is there waiting as Alyssa is playing in the sandbox. At first glance it is obvious her diaper is loaded.

"Hey there you two... did you have fu---oh goodness! Did you both have accidents?" Carol asks with a familiar worried motherly voice.

"Umm, no, Mrs. Ludke. It's my fault. We were sitting down watching a show and I got startled and spilled my drink all over our laps. It'll dry soon enough." Britney explains. Mrs. Ludke isn't so sure if that's the real story, but she decides not to pursue any further. She just nods and says "oh, alright then."

"So, Mom... it looks like Aly has been running around in the same diaper since we got here. Brittny and I will go change her for you. Come on Alyssa, let's get you in a fresh diapy." Madison says.

"I was kind of waiting because I think she's going to poop soon," Carol says.

"If you don't mind me asking – how do you know?" Britney asks, very curious.

"Well after a while you just get to know what her schedule is. And she usually makes these little gestures. And just before I asked her if she wanted her soggy diaper changed and she said 'no Mommy, not yet,' which is her way of saying she's got to poop soon. I'd bet money on it." Madison nods in agreement.

"Okay, never mind Aly... you can play for a bit." Madison yells to her sister. Alyssa is now going up and down the slide. She's about to climb back up the ladder when she stops and runs over to a corner by the baby swings. She squats down and begins to make little grunting sounds. Alyssa almost always runs and hides when she is about to poop. Madison takes notice. She starts talking like a play-by-play sports announcer. "And here she goes. Looks like it's going to be a big one! You sure you can handle this, Brit?" Madison says, trying to lighten the mood. Alyssa continues to have a bowel movement in her diaper as the girls talk.

"Yeah, how bad can it be...I'll just cover my nose." Britney says. Both girls giggle a little bit. They watch as Alyssa continues to fill her diaper. After a minute she stands back up and slowly walks over to the slide. She tries to act like nothing is wrong, but after sitting down on the slide and mashing the poop all over, she makes a disgusted face and quickly goes down the slide. She runs over by her mom and sister, looks at them and says "I poopy, I wanna get tanged, peeze."

"Aww, would you like it if me and Maddie help change you?" Britney asks her. Alyssa nods happily and lifts her arms up to be carried. Britney carries her as Madison grabs the diaper bag. They head towards the restrooms. Britney takes Alyssa over to the changing table. Madison quickly sneaks a diaper out of the diaper bag and rushes into a stall, closing the door. As Britney changes Alyssa, Madison quickly takes off her leaky Pull-Up. She's in the big handicapped stall which has a trash bin inside. She tosses it in the trash and starts to mess around with the Luvs size 6 diaper. She can barely get it on, but it will do the job for now. She pulls her damp shorts back on and walks back out to see Britney wiping Alyssa's messy bottom, holding her nose and gasping for air.

"How's it going? Ready to throw up, yet?" Madison asks, in a joking tone.

"Ha-ha, nah; it's not so bad. We're almost done. Umm, you okay now?" Britney asks. Madison slowly nods as she watches her sister getting changed. She wishes someone could change *her* like this, but the thought quickly vanishes from her head. Britney pulls up Alyssa's skirt and lifts her down off the changing table. "All set, kiddo. Let's go back by your Mommy," Britney says. Alyssa holds Brittny's hand as they walk back over to the play area.

"That was quick. Everything go okay?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Both Madison and Britney nod their heads.

"Mom, we're hungry. Are we going to get something to eat now?" Madison whines.

"Yes, sweetie. And then we're going to ride the train – I promised your sister. "

"Sounds good, Mom. Let's go!" Madison exclaims. Mrs. Ludke puts Alyssa in her stroller and they head over to the main eating area. There are various vendors around selling hotdogs, burgers, and pizza. The older girls decide to get some pizza, while Mom and Alyssa opt for burgers and dogs. They all meet back at a picnic table. Mrs. Ludke helps Alyssa get situated and fills her sippy cup with more juice. Madison and Britney have huge sodas they got with their meals. Britney guzzles her soda down, forgetting that she is already very wet and should be careful. Madison tries to take it easy and not drink as much.

"So, what are we doing after the train ride? Going home?" Britney asks.

"We probably should. It's a two-hour drive back and I'm sure you Mom wants you to come back home at some point, right?" Mrs. Ludke says.

Britney grimaces and shrugs. "Yeah, I suppose so. Well, I just want you to know that I had a lot of fun and I hope I can come back many more times. Madison is like a sister to me... I... I mean that," she says, almost crying.

"Aww, that's sweet. I wish you two could be sisters. I'm glad you like hanging out with our crazy family," Mrs. Ludke says while chuckling. They finish lunch soon. Britney takes her big soda with her on the way to the train ride.

"Okay we go on twain ride now, c'mon!" Alyssa says. Mom decides to let her out of the stroller for a while. She runs off. Britney quickly runs after her.

"Hey sweetie, slow down. We don't want to lose you. Can you hold my hand?" Britney says sweetly. Alyssa smiles and gladly takes Britney's hand. Mom and Madison are walking, about ten feet behind them.

"I have to say, Maddie... you picked a really good friend. She's just so... good with Alyssa. Ally needs more people in her life to look up to. So, anytime you two want to hang out – she's always welcome here. Okay?" Mom says seriously.

"Thanks, Mom. She's an only child so I guess she's always wanted to be a big sister. She'll even do Play-Doh ... I'm glad she's having fun with Ally. Maybe she can be our babysitter when I get sick of watching her all the time?" Madison says – in a not so serious tone. Mom laughs.

"Actually, that's not a bad idea. I'd trust her with Alyssa, anytime. She passes the test, too. Most babysitters refuse to change diapers for a four-year-old!" Mom says.

"Yeah, she doesn't mind at all. It's kind of sad Mom; I don't think she has a very good home life... She's not in a big hurry to get home today," Madison says quietly so Britney doesn't hear. Carol becomes concerned.

"I hope you don't mean she's getting beaten and hurt," she says.

"No, nothing like that. Just, I dunno, from what she tells me I guess her mom isn't very nice to her. I don't know a whole lot – she doesn't talk much about it to me – she just gets really sad about it, you know?" Madison says.

"What about her dad?"

"I don't think she has one. She never mentions a dad. But then well, my Daddy isn't... uh. never mind." Madison says while looking down at the ground.

"Madison... your father loves you and Alyssa very much. He's gone a lot but it's not because he doesn't love you. It's so we can have a good life. "

"I know Mom... but does work always have to be so important? I can't remember the last time we did something together, just me and Daddy... And if I get in this play at school – will he be able to go? Probably not. It... it sucks Mom," Madison says, trying not to cry. Mrs. Ludke can tell Madison is upset and feels bad for her.



"Oh sweetie, I am sorry. I never knew this bothered you so much. I will talk to your dad. Sometimes I don't think he understands how much you girls need him," she says while stopping to give her daughter a hug.

"Thanks Mom. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything. I'll stop. "

"Nonsense. You can always talk to me. We can talk about this later. For now, I think we'd better catch up with Alyssa and Britney." Carol says. Madison nods and they run up to get closer. After a few minutes they arrive at the little train station and wait in line. Britney sits down on a bench. Alyssa follows and plops down on her lap. Britney plays a game with her by randomly tickling Alyssa's tummy and watching as she giggles and squirms. They go on like this for a while.

"Be careful, too much tickling leads to soggy wet diapers," Madison jokes.

"No worries, she's well protected," Britney says while giggling. As she continues playing, her legs start to shake a little. Madison knows what this means, and needs to warn her friend.

"Umm, Brit, can Alyssa go by my mom for a minute? I need to talk to you in private... quickly," Madison says. Britney nods and lifts Alyssa off her lap. The two girls walk far enough away so they can talk.

"Brit, I don't even think you realize it, but you have to pee." Madison whispers.

"Oh, yeah maybe just a little. I was just gonna go in my... you know." Brittney says, having a hard time saying the word *diaper*.

"Yeah, but you're already pretty wet. I don't want you to leak like I did. "

"I know, but I'm not going to be able to hold it much longer. I'm gonna end up going in the car. I guess we just hope I don't leak. I really...don't even want to go home. I wish I could sleep at your house another night." Britney says with a sad tone in her voice.

"I do, too. You're my best friend. What you did for me today ... I owe you so much," Madison says. The girls hug.

"You owe me nothing. That's what best friends do. I wish we were sisters. I know you think your family is messed up but I love your family. I wish I could live with you all the—darn! Now I'm gonna cry," Britney says, sobbing. They continue to hug each other, not caring who sees or how stupid they look.

"Maybe on the way home you can text your mom and ask if you can stay another night? I know My mom won't mind and Alyssa... she's got a new big sister." Madison says, trying to get Britney to smile. Britney cracks a smile.

"It's worth a try but... I don't have any, uhm, you know... any of those left. And I really need them at night. I'd use your Goodnights but I know they'd leak. I guess I can ask my mom to bring some more over. She's going to be so mean about it, though." Britney cowers.

"Try not to think about that now. Let's go, the train is coming! Oh, do you still have to pee?" Madison asks. Britney looks down and feels around her shorts. They are dry, but she can tell she did wet some more.

"I... I guess not. I must have gone while I was crying. Oh well, I should be okay then. Let's go!" Britney says. The girls run over to the platform and board the train. Alyssa sits in Mom's lap while the two friends sit together. As the train takes off, Brittney gets out her cell phone and starts typing a text message.

"Hey Mom. Just sayin hi. We r havin a lot of fun. Wuz wonderin if I can stay one more night. Please Mom. Madison is just 2 fun."

She finishes and hits send. Madison wonders who she is texting, but figures it must be her mom. About a minute passes and Britney's phone beeps. She opens the message, it's from her mom.

"Glad u like it there more than home. I need u here 2nite. Besides u r out of diaps, right?"

Britney sighs and shakes her head. Madison turns to her friend and whispers in her ear.

"Did she say no?" whispers Madison.

"Yeah and of course, she was mean about it. She says she needs me at home. Why? It's not like I have to babysit my little sister. I don't have one. She's just being her mean old self. It's nothing new. Sorry I guess I have to go home tonight." Britney whispers, looking annoyed. She responds to the text message.

Brittney: "Yea but I was gonna stop by and get some more. Plz Mom? Maddie's Mom already said yes."

Brittney's Mom: "Too bad. You're out and I didn't get to buy more yet. U can stay but you're going to have to risk wetting the bed. Have fun w/that."

Brittney sighs again. "She's so mean! I can stay but she says I'm out of Underjams and she isn't buying more so I can just wet the bed tonight. I... oh my Gosh, I hate her... she..." Brittney says, unable to finish as she begins to cry. Madison gives her friend a hug.

"Hey... We can get some for you. You're not having any accidents tonight, okay? Besides, I want to wear some, too." Madison whispers. Mrs. Ludke notices Britney crying and gets concerned.

"Hey, what's wrong? Did you get stung by a bee or something?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"No, Mom. It's okay. Her Mom is just being mean to her... But she can sleep over another night. Cool, huh?" Madison says.

"Yeah, that's great. Britney, if there's anything we can do to make your stay more comfortable, just let me know." Mrs. Ludke says. Britney wipes the tears from her eyes and slowly nods her head.

"There's an awful lot of whispering going on between you two. Are you sure there's not something I can help with?" Mrs. Ludke asks curiously. Britney looks at Madison with a look on her face as if she's asking 'should I tell her?' Madison shrugs her shoulders and is not sure what to say. Britney thinks for a moment but decides she's going to confide in Mrs. Ludke, who has been more of a 'mother' to her the past 24 hours than anyone.

"Okay, well the thing is... I was going to stop home quick and pick up some --- thing I need for the night. But my Mom says I don't have any left and she's not buying any more..." Brittney starts to explain as her face turns red.

"Sweetie, I think I know what you're getting at. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. We will stop at the store on the way home and get whatever is it that you need. My treat." Mrs. Ludke says. Britney's eyes light up. She smiles from ear to ear as tears begin to form.

"Thank you so much. You... wow, you are an awesome mom. I wish... I really wish.... I could just stay here forever," Britney says. The train comes to a stop and it is time to get off. As they are leaving, Britney goes over to Madison's mom and gives her a big hug. "Seriously, thank you. It means a lot to me. Uhm, but, you... are you sure you know what I'm talking about?" Britney says while still hugging.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure. I am more than happy to help out. It's a shame your mother is so mean to you about it. I would never be mad at Maddie if she ever needed to wear protection at night." Madison just about chokes when she hears this. She laughs inside, thinking to herself, "I already do, Mom." They walk back to the car and get buckled in. Alyssa is pretty tired from all the excitement and quickly falls asleep in her car seat. Madison and Britney begin to play games. Britney plays on her cell phone, Madison on her iPod Touch.

An hour into the trip home, Madison has to pee, and there is no holding it. She knows she's got one of her sister's Luvs on, but still worries about leaking. After all, they're designed for 3-4-year-olds, not pre-teens. She nudges at Britney to get her attention.

"What is it?" Britney whispers.

"Umm, I have to pee, really bad." Madison whispers back.

"So? Go. You got a D...dia...diaper on," Brittney says with hesitation.

"Yeah, I just don't want to leak again."

"Just go slow. Not so much at once. It'll be fine," Britney says. Madison takes her friend's advice. She puts her game down and concentrates on peeing in her diaper. The stream starts but she strains and tries to make it a slower stream. This takes some time, and Madison can be seen from the rearview mirror. Mrs. Ludke notices the look on her daughter's face.

"Maddie? Are you okay? "

"F---Fine Mom... I... just have to... p---pee... But umm, I'll be okay." Madison says. Of course, what she's really doing is peeing as she says this.

"Are you sure? I can stop. There's an exit in two miles."

"Uhh... no I... I don't have to go any...anymore. False...alarm," Madison says slowly.

"Interesting. You know you used to do that when you were three and I was potty training you. You'd tell me you didn't have to go anymore but then your Pull-Up would be soaked. Are you *sure* you're, okay?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Yes, Mom. I'm fine." Madison says. She squirms in her seat and can tell her diaper is pretty soaked. It is warm and very squishy feeling. She enjoys the moment, trying to hide any signs of pleasure or emotion. Britney notices, however.

"You must be soaked, huh?" Brittney whispers." Madison nods and giggles softly. The rest of the trip is pretty quiet. The car stops and they are now at Wal-Mart.

"Okay, we're at the store. Madison, I suggest you go to the bathroom when we get inside." Mom says. Madison gets out of her seat and helps get Alyssa out of her car seat. She is a little groggy from sleeping the past two hours. She stretches and yawns. "Did you have a good nap, sweetie?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Uh huh. Oh, I gonna pee. Hold on..." Alyssa says. She stands and squats a little, filling her Luvs with a steady flow of pee. Of course, one of the signs of being "ready" for potty training is staying dry during a nap. Madison can't help but giggle, but quickly stops, not wanting to upset her mom today. Alyssa finishes and takes Britney's hand. "Come on, we go to store. Maybe if I good I get a sucker," she says as if nothing just happened. Her diaper sags and crinkles as she walks, but she pays no attention to it. Mrs. Ludke just smiles and continues on. As Madison walks, a similar thing is happening to her diaper, although it is more noticeable. With her choice of shorts, the thicker, soggy diaper bulges out around her bottom and makes a loud crinkle noise as she walks. They arrive inside the store. Mom places Alyssa in the front of the cart and walks towards the bathrooms.

"Okay Maddie, go potty. We'll wait for you out here," Mrs. Ludke says as they arrive in front of the bathrooms.

"Mom, I told you, I don't have to go anymore. I'll be okay." Just then, Britney feels like she has to pee a river. She knows this time she will leak if she doesn't do it in the bathroom.

"Umm, I have to go too. C'mon Maddie, come with me. Just try – I bet you'll have to go, too. "Madison can sense what Britney is trying to tell her so she agrees to go in with her. As they get inside, Britney looks at Madison with a concerned look on her face. "Are you crazy? Your Mom is going to figure out you're wearing a diaper. I really do have to pee, but you need to umm... pretend like you went in here, too." Britney says as she walks into a stall. She pulls her shorts and soaked Underjam down, sits on the toilet, and pees. As she pulls her soaked diaper back on, she sighs. "Oh, I really need to get this thing off soon. I'm gonna get a rash." She pulls her shorts up and walks out.

"Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking. But look how open and nice my mom is being with you." Madison says.

"Well, she thinks I just wet the bed. She doesn't know I'm wearing one now. I don't think we want her to find out. Do we?"

"I don't know. I mean at this point I don't really care. I don't think she'd be mad at me. Maybe confused a little. I dunno." Madison says.

"Wow. If my mom caught me wearing during the day, she'd probably kick me out." Britney says, looking sad again.

"Stop thinking about her! We're going to have fun tonight, okay?" Madison says as Britney is washing her hands.

"Alright, sorry. Let's go back by your mom and get my... Underjams!" Britney says happily. They come out of the bathroom.

"Okay, all better. I did have to go, you were right," Madison lies. Mrs. Ludke smiles.

"Good job. Okay, let's go get what Britney needs," Mrs. Ludke says. They get over to the babies and toddlers' section, where the Underjams are sold. Britney stands in the diaper aisle and just looks at everything, in awe. She knows she needs Underjams for girls, XL, but is distracted by all the other packages of baby diapers and Pull-Ups. Finally, she reaches for the package of Underjams and puts them in the cart.

"Is that all you need?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Britney nods and smiles.

"Alright. I think Alyssa is almost out of Luvs," Mrs. Ludke says as she places a case of Luvs size 6 in the cart." Alyssa sees this and instantly smiles and claps. Madison giggles and taps her sister on the head. "You're so cute sometimes," she says.

## Chapter 9: Daddy's Home!

The car pulls in to the driveway. Madison immediately notices that her Dad's car is parked out front. This is a very rare occasion. The man works a lot and often refers to work as his 2<sup>nd</sup> home. Madison smiles and bounces up and down in her seat, like a little girl.

"Mom! Daddy's home?! I thought he was working all night. Did he get fired?" Madison says quickly.

"No, sweetie. He's home because he told me he misses us. I knew all day but I wanted it to be a surprise. He got someone else to watch the business for a while. We're all going out to dinner tonight. Brittney too. Can you girls get dressed into something nice? Brittney can borrow one of your dresses, okay?" Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Oh, this is so cool. I love going to fancy places, they have the best desserts. Let's go get dressed. How long do we have?" Madison asks.

"About thirty minutes. I'll get Alyssa ready while you girls are getting dressed. Go inside first and give your Dad a hug." Madison runs to the back door and opens it up as fast as she can. She completely forgets who she is at the moment or that she's wearing a wet diaper. She sees her father in the living room. He is standing up looking at the mail. She runs towards him and jumps up into his arms, leaving him no choice but to hold her and carry her. Something he has not done since she was about seven.

"Daddy! You're home! How are you? I... I missed you. Sometimes... it's like I think I don't have a dad. Please, can you not work so much... please?" Madison says as tears begin to roll down her cheeks. She is completely in the moment and doesn't even care if she's being a little immature right now. She hasn't seen her father for more than five minutes in the past two weeks.

"My goodness, Maddie. You haven't wanted me to carry you like this since you were a little girl. It's nice, but you're also not as light as you used to be. I love you, sweetie-pie. I'm sorry I've been at work so much. I swear that place would fall apart if I wasn't there so much. But I am trying to fix that. We are going to hire someone who can oversee things. All this business talk means is... I will be home more, pretty soon. Did you have fun at the fair, today?" Mr. Ludke asks his eldest daughter. Madison just keeps hugging her father and doesn't say a word. More tears fall and she just enjoys this moment like it's the best thing in the world. A girl doesn't realize how much she needs her father ... until he's gone. Brittney is standing in the kitchen, looking in. She is happy for her friend, but at the same time feels deep sadness inside. She doesn't have a father. He's been gone since she was five. Suddenly, she begins to cry. She decides to go back outside and see if Mrs. Ludke needs help with Alyssa.

"Hey. Umm, do... you need any help getting Alyssa ready?" Brittney says. Mrs. Ludke is holding Alyssa in her arms and the diaper bag in another.

"Sure, but don't you need to get ready with Madison? Oh, can you grab the bag from Wal-Mart? It's in the trunk." Brittney nods and grabs the bag of her Underjams.

"Yeah. Madison is kind of having a reunion with her daddy. She's crying. I don't want to get in the way of that. I can get ready after she's done in the bathroom," Brittney says as more tears roll down her face. Mrs. Ludke, being a mother, can sense something is wrong.

"Let's go inside and talk while I get Alyssa changed. You need someone to talk to, and I am here. Okay?" Brittney just nods her head and follows Mrs. Ludke into the house. They pass by Madison and her father. She is still in his arms, sobbing and holding on tight for dear life. Mrs. Ludke just smiles. "Hi honey. We'll be in Alyssa's room for a while. This is Maddie's friend, Brittney." Mrs. Ludke explains. Brittney waves at him shyly.

"Hi Brittney. We just need a moment here. Madison will be up to get dressed soon." Madison doesn't even notice anyone else is in the room. She also wets her diaper a little bit, without even feeling it. Brittney follows Mrs. Ludke upstairs to

Alyssa's room. She closes the door as Mrs. Ludke places Alyssa on her changing table and begins to undress her. Britney sits down at the end of Alyssa's bed. She tries to hold back more tears, but is unsuccessful. She sits and cries, silently as Mrs. Ludke begins to change Alyssa's diaper.

"So, what's the matter honey? You can tell me anything. I won't even tell Madison. Think of me as a therapist. Actually, I have a PhD in psychology. Many people don't know that." Mrs. Ludke says.

"You don't have to. It's not a big deal. Really, I don't want to trouble you with my stupid issues. I'll be okay," Britney says softly. Mrs. Ludke finishes taping up the new diaper and tosses out the old one. She leaves Alyssa on the changing table for a moment and goes and sits next to Britney.

"Nonsense. You are a very special friend to Madison. Any friend of hers is like a daughter to me. I already am grateful to you for being such a great friend to both Madison and Alyssa. They both need you in their lives. And I want to help in any way I can. No problem is stupid. Please don't talk like that." Mrs. Ludke says as she rubs Britney's back.

"I love Madison and Aly like sisters. And I wish they really were. Your family is awesome. I don't care what Maddie says, but you guys are so cool. Even if her dad is at work a lot. At... at least he... he's here in her life. And... he, he cares. And he... doesn't---" Britney begins to cry and is unable to finish explaining. Mrs. Ludke gives the sad girl a hug.

"I think I understand. You just look so hurt; I can see it in your eyes. Does your Daddy hurt you?" Britney takes a few moments to try and calm down. She starts to speak again, reluctantly.

"He used to. But he's been gone since I was five. Just left one day and never came back. He could be in jail right now I don't know. It still hurts, though. I only have a mom, and she's just as mean. She doesn't beat on me but she's always yelling at me and making me... feel like I'm ... Like I'm some idiot. I... I've been a bedwetter since... since Daddy left. And she always makes fun of me. Keeps saying if I can't stop wearing dia - diapers at night... that she's gonna get me a crib and make me act like a baby. She, she tells me... when she gets really mad... That.... Uhh, I'm sorry... this is too hard. I can't say anymore. She's gonna find out and I'll be in more trouble." Britney says while trembling.

"My gosh. All of this is going on and you're still such a strong girl and great friend. I'm not going to say anything to your mom. I feel so bad for you, though. No one should have to live like that. What does she say when she's really mad? Are you ever scared to go home?"

"Ki...Kind of. Not because she will hurt me but because of what she will say. She hates me, I swear. When she gets real mad, she'll tell me that my daddy was right when he said I was a ... mis...mistake... and I should have never been...born." Britney says. She immediately begins to cry again. What she doesn't know at the moment, is Madison is standing by the doorway, listening to this. She went upstairs to go get changed but couldn't help but hear her mom and Britney talking. Mrs. Ludke continues to comfort the sad girl.

"That is horrible. I don't understand how anyone could say that about their own child. Honey, your mom may not be physically abusing you, but emotional damage is far worse. What she is doing right now would qualify as child abuse." Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Sometimes I just want to run away. I've thought about coming here, but she'd find me. I'm sorry. I know that's wrong. But that's why I wanted to stay here another night. I just don't want to go home. I've only known you a short time and already I feel like you know me better than my own mom. And you just... got me my night diapers like it was... nothing. Why are you so... nice?" Britney says while wiping tears off her face.

"Well, there are some things I did when Madison was just a tot which I am not so proud of. I used to work just as much as her dad and I think Madison saw more of her nanny than she did me. I can't take those years back, but I'm trying to make up for it, now. So, when I hear about girls like you being treated this way, it just breaks my heart. And you wetting the bed – I just don't know why anyone would get mad about it. You can't help it." Mrs. Ludke says.

Brittney thinks really hard for a moment. She wants to tell Mrs. Ludke 'part two' of her little secret: that she sometimes has accidents during the day. She would like to wear a diaper when out tonight, just in case – and she's getting tired of having to lie about it. She wonders if Madison would be mad at her for telling and is unsure of what to do... Just then, Madison knocks and walks in.

"Hey, we have to get ready. Is everything okay in here? I heard crying," she asks curiously.

"Oh, we were just talking. Lost track of time. I need to finish getting Alyssa dressed. Britney, we can continue this talk later, okay sweetie?"

"Yes, tha... thank you. Madison, your mom is awesome," Britney says to her. She stands up and goes into Madison's room as Madison follows. They close the door. Madison goes over to her closet and pulls out a fancy purple dress.

"Do you like purple? I think this will fit you. We're built the same." Madison says while handing her the dress.

"Yeah, love it. Oh my... umm, I better get this diaper off I think it's finally leaking." Brittney gasps. She quickly takes her shorts off and rips the sides off the Underjam. It has just started to leak a little. She puts it in the trash and puts a towel around her waist. "I need to take a shower quick."

Madison giggles. "Hey look, your first leaky Underjam. I think my Luvs is about there, too. I'll get dressed while you shower. Umm, are you gonna wear one to the restaurant tonight? I'm not sure what else daddy has planned." Madison says with excitement in her voice.

"Yeah, the bag is on your bed. I'll grab one quick. You can wear one, too – if you... if you want," Brittney stutters.

"Hey, are you okay? You seem sad. What were you and my mom talking about?" Madison asks.

"I'm okay. Just a little sad about something but... I don't want to spoil your excitement. Your daddy is here and I am so happy for you... I am. It's just... hard for me cause..." Britney stops because she doesn't want to make her friend sad.

"Cause why? You can tell me, we are BFFs, remember? "

"Okay, because I don't have a daddy. Really, it's okay. We can talk more later. I Just want to have fun now. I'll be back in 5." Brittney says as she runs off to the bathroom. She puts her Underjam on the counter and places her towel over it, then gets in the shower. Madison is in her room picking out what to wear. She wonders what exactly her friend talked about with her mother. She only heard part of the conversation. The thought vanishes when she realizes she's still standing in a soaking wet diaper. She kicks her shorts off and puts them in the clothes hamper. Then un-tapes the saturated diaper. It is not leaking, but very soggy. She then wipes her area clean with baby wipes that she stole from Alyssa's room. She takes an Underjam from the bag, unfolds it, and pulls it on. It fits perfectly, of course. She smiles and looks down at herself. "Daddy's home, my best friend is here, I'm wearing an awesome diaper, and we're going out to eat. What a great weekend!" She thinks to herself.

*Meanwhile, back to getting dressed...*

Madison finally picks out a cute, red fancy dress. It is not a skirt, but rather short for a dress. Therefore, in case of any accidental exposure, she decides to wear purple tights, to hide the fact she is once again in a diaper. She wonders if Britney will do the same. She is now brushing her hair as Brittney walks in wearing her purple dress.

"Do you think I should wear tights, just in case?" Britney asks. Madison giggles.

"I was just thinking about that. Yeah, I'm wearing tights. You can borrow another pair of mine. Here," she says while tossing a pair of white tights over to her friend. Brittney smiles and puts them on. They help each other with their hair and are now ready to go. They walk into Alyssa's room. She is dressed up in a cute pink princess dress and her hair braided. Britney immediately smiles.

"Aww, you are so pretty, just like a princess," Britney says to Alyssa.

"Tank you! I like being pwetty. You is very pwetty, too," Alyssa says while blushing.

"Thanks. So is Madison. We're all ready to eat. Are you happy your daddy is home? Did you give him big hugs yet?" Britney asks. If there's one thing that makes her feel better, it's this. Alyssa can hardly contain her excitement.

"Daddy home!! I'm gonna go find him!!" Alyssa blurts out while running down the stairs. She finds him sitting in his easy chair. She toddles at full force and jumps into his lap. "DADDY!!!!" Alyssa cuddles in her father's lap and keeps saying his name over and over again.

"Aww, there's my princess. You look so cute today. I missed you so much, too," Mr. Ludke says while hugging his youngest daughter tightly. "All ready to go out, sweetie?"

"Uh-huh daddy. You gonna be home tomorrow, too?" Alyssa asks after kissing her father's cheek.

"Yes, princess. I'm going to try and be home more often, real soon," he assures. Alyssa smiles and continues to cuddle until everyone else comes down. It's now time to get in the car. Britney and Madison walk out to the car and get buckled in next to each other. Britney is not used to going out to dinner at such fancy places and hasn't been this dressed up in a long time. She is a little nervous about it, and is glad to be wearing protection.

"Britney, you okay?" Madison asks as they wait for her parents and little sister to get in the car.

"Oh, yeah I... I'm fine. Just never really done this before. My Mom doesn't have much money. When she gets any extra money, she never spends it on me," Britney says while frowning a bit.

"That sucks. Well, it's nothing to be nervous about. You'll have a good dinner, that's for sure. And hey, if you do get nervous it's no big deal, right?" Madison says while pointing at her legs.

"Yeah, that's true. I'm going to drink a lot of iced tea. I love iced tea." Britney giggles.

"Really? So do I! I wonder what we're doing after dinner. Daddy won't tell me. Oh well, guess we'll find out," Madison says. Just then Alyssa runs up to the car as her mother helps her in to her car seat. She is excited and is swinging her legs up and down.

They arrive at the restaurant. The girls walk out. Britney walks up the parking lot slowly. She is awe-struck over the size of the restaurant and how elegant it looks. Once inside, everyone is dressed in suits or dresses. Children are allowed, but must be with adults at all times and must also be dressed appropriately. The host seats them at a large, fancy booth. Britney and Madison sit next to each other. Alyssa gets a booster seat and sits between her mom and dad. The server passes out menus to each of them. Britney begins to look at hers and is again amazed; not only at the dinner selections, but the prices. \$34.99 for a steak dinner! "So, I can order anything I want?" Asks Britney.

"That's right, sweetie," Mrs. Ludke smiles at her. Britney examines the entire menu for a while. She is unsure what to order as the menu is so complex. She's used to the typical Mom and Pop diner where there's maybe six items to choose from. After some time, a waiter wearing a formal suit comes over and introduces himself. He begins to take drink orders. Both parents order a glass of fine wine. Madison orders a large cranberry juice while Britney decides on a large iced tea. The drinks arrive not even a minute later. Both Britney and Madison begin taking big gulps of their drinks, like they haven't had water in hours. Alyssa is happily drinking from her large sippy cup filled with juice. Finally, it's time to order. Madison chooses a breaded pork dish, while Britney decides to go for a nice steak; medium well.

"This is going to be so good. I haven't had steak in... uhm, never?" She says excitedly. Madison nods in agreement.

"The steak is great here, you will enjoy it," Mr. Ludke responds. Suddenly, the conversation changes and the family begin talking about the upcoming musical that Madison has auditioned for. Madison is somewhat uncomfortable, because her father is full of questions. "So, your mom tells me you want to be in the school musical this year? What made you decide that? You haven't been in a play since, what was it, 3<sup>rd</sup> grade?" Mr. Ludke asks. Madison shrugs her shoulders and tries to think of what to say.



"Yeah, well I'm older now and I guess I got re-interested. It just looks fun this year. Is that okay?" Madison asks nervously.

"Sure, pumpkin. It's just... well, aren't you worried about your little stage-freight issue? Or have you outgrown that?"

Madison gets this nagging feeling in her stomach. She hates lying to her dad, but she doesn't really want to tell him how she *really* overcame her stage-freight wetting problem, so she decides she has no choice. "Yes, daddy. I didn't get to tell you but the other day I had a presentation in school and I did the whole thing and well... nothing happened. And I got a B+ on it. "Madison says proudly. Mr. Ludke raises his chin and smiles.

"That's great! I guess you are really growing up. All the more reason for us to celebrate tonight. So, do you think you'll get the part you want, in the play?" Madison smiles but at the same time has this uneasy feeling. She hates lying, especially to her dad.

"Yeah, I did pretty good at the audition. We'll find out on Monday, I think. So, not to change the subject, but... What are we doing after dinner tonight?" Madison asks curiously.

Mr. Ludke smiles and chuckles a little. "That's still a surprise, Maddie-Anne." Of all the ridiculous, silly names her father calls her, none of them bother her. She eats it up, as it reminds her of when she was little. Just then Madison goes into another daydream for a few minutes. During the entire school musical conversation, she managed to nervously drink almost her full glass of juice, not even realizing it. Rapid consumption of cranberry juice always leads to a full bladder. She daydreams about being four again, only this time she's with her father, outside at the park, in front of a constantly flowing water fountain. The whishing and whirring sounds of the water only make the urge to pee even stronger. Without even thinking, Madison begins to wet her diaper steadily. It's not until she begins to feel the warmth along her bottom that she snaps out of her dream. She gasps and squirms a bit. Her mother notices.

"Everything okay, sweetie?"

"Uhh, yeah, sorry. Just got the chills for a minute. I guess I'm just excited about tonight. And I'm starving. Oh... where did all my juice go?" Madison says softly. Britney looks over at her with a look on her face as if to say "I know where the juice went." She gives her friend a wink and a smile, knowing exactly what just happened. Britney looks over at her large glass of iced tea and sees that it too is almost empty. Her diaper is still dry, though. Finally, dinner arrives. Britney looks at the plate placed in front of her and is in awe. She digs in to her steak dinner and can't help but act like a kid in a candy store. This is a real treat for her. Everyone eats and the table is quiet for a while. The waiter has brought out more refills and both girls manage to guzzle down more juice and tea. Madison is confused as to why she keeps having these daydreams that are now causing her to have accidents. She just figures to herself that it was all the juice she drank so fast.

As dinner is done, Mrs. Ludke picks up Alyssa and takes her into the restroom to get cleaned up. While they are waiting, Britney and Madison sit closer together so they can whisper about certain things. Mr. Ludke is busy checking e-mails on his phone and not paying much attention. Britney begins the conversation.

"Hey Maddie did you...umm, I mean, are you wet?"

Madison blushes and grins, then proceeds to whisper in her friend's ear softly. "Yeah, umm, I was daydreaming and next thing I knew my butt was getting warm. I guess it's all that cranberry juice. But I've never had accidents before. Only when I'm nervous."

"Well, maybe you were kind of nervous, talking about the school play and all. I guess it's a good thing we both got diapered. I'm gonna be wet soon I think; had two glasses of iced tea," Britney whispers while giggling. "Madison smiles and nods.

"Hey, I wonder what we're doing now. You think our diapers will hold up all night?" Madison whispers.

"I think so. We should be fine. I'm excited to find out what's going on, too." Brittney says. Just then, the waiter brings out the check. Mr. Ludke pays as Mrs. Ludke comes back with Alyssa.

"I'm sorry that took so long. As we were cleaning up, this little stinker decided she had to do a poopy." Mrs. Ludke says. Mr. Ludke perks up.

"Oh yeah? In the potty?" He asks. Mrs. Ludke laughs.

"Not exactly, but maybe someday..." They both laugh. Mr. Ludke stands up and gets his coat on.

"Alright, time to go. Let's get in the car and we'll begin the surprise. "

Madison and Brittney quickly get their coats on and run out to the car. Brittney helps Alyssa in to her car seat, saving Mrs. Ludke the hassle. The car begins to roll and off they go to an unknown destination.

## Chapter 10: Surprises

After a short drive, the car pulls into the parking lot of Family Video, a video rental store. Madison notices the big sign and knows exactly where they are, but is a bit confused.

"Daddy, did we have videos to return?" Madison asks curiously. Her father shakes his head.

"Nope, sweetie. We're here to pick up some movies. I suppose it's time to reveal the big surprise. I'm sorry it's not more exciting but it's all your mom and I could come up with on such short notice. Here's the deal. You and your friend both pick out your favorite movie. After we're done here, we're going to the grocery store to pick up your favorite ice cream. Then we're going home and you two girls get to have an all-night pajama, movie, and ice cream party. It'll be like old times. This was always your favorite thing to do on the weekends, remember?" Madison's father explains with great enthusiasm. A big smile comes across Madison's face and she begins to get excited, like a little kid again.

"Oh, yes Daddy! This will be so much fun. You are the best. Come on Brit, let's go find a movie to watch," Madison squeals with excitement as she unbuckles her seatbelt and jumps out of the car. Britney slowly gets out, being careful not to disturb Alyssa, who has already fallen asleep. Mrs. Ludke asks her husband to stay behind so they don't have to wake Alyssa up. He nods in agreement. Upon entering the video store, Madison and Britney quickly separate from her Mom and go towards the "family" movie section. Britney begins to look at the movies on the wall, but seems partially distracted. Madison takes notice, but decides not to say anything about it, yet. "I think I'm going to get 'The Parent Trap.' The one with Lindsey Lohan. She was a good actress when she was a kid, before she got all crazy and drugged up. What about you, Brit?"

Britney is still staring off into space, not really paying attention. After a few moments she finally comes back to reality. "What? Oh, um... I'm not sure but I'll probably get an old Disney cartoon. I know, sounds silly, right? "

"No, not at all. I love Disney cartoon movies, too. Uh, are you okay? I'm not an expert or anything but I think you just wet your diaper a little. Did you?" Madison asks persistently.

Brittney looks down and runs her fingers over her now squishy and soaked Underjam. She blushes and slowly nods her head. "Yeah, and I didn't even realize it till you said something. It's like I said, sometimes I... I have accidents. I guess it's a good thing I wore one tonight or I'd be standing in a puddle. I didn't just wet a little, I went a lot," Britney says while giggling nervously.

"Hey, don't be embarrassed. It's me you're talking to. I'm about to be soaked pretty soon, too. We're going to have so much fun tonight! Hey, can I change into another one of your Underjams when we get home?"

Brittney grins and nods. "Of course, you can! I just hope I don't leak before we get home. I peed more than I thought I would," she says softly. The girls grab their movies and go back to find Madison's Mom. Mrs. Ludke looks at the movies and smiles.

"The Parent Trap and Finding Nemo. Two modern classics," Mrs. Ludke says as she hands them to the clerk.

"I know that's like a little kid movie but it was my favorite when I was little and I guess it still is," Britney says while blushing.

"This is your night, girls. There is nothing to be ashamed of or embarrassed about. Just have fun. That's the only rule. Alright, now let's get to the store. Think about what kind of ice cream you want while we drive there," Mrs. Ludke explains.

Minutes later, they arrive at Wal-Mart. Mr. Ludke once again stays in the car with the sleeping Alyssa so they don't have to disturb her. They arrive inside the store and both girls immediately charge towards the ice cream aisle, but get distracted as Madison sees the infant and toddlers' area. "Hey, wait! Let's go over here for a minute," Madison says as she tugs on Britney's arm. Britney runs over to the diaper aisle with her friend acting as leader. Madison just stands there, in awe, looking at all the different diaper packages. She spots a package of size 7 Pampers Cruisers diapers. They feature Sesame St. prints, stretchy

sides, and are designed to fit older children over 45 pounds. "Oh wow! These would be perfect. Stretchy sides and bigger than Alyssa's size 6. I bet these would fit. And the prints are kind of cute," Madison says while blushing slightly.

Brittney giggles. "You... actually want to wear real baby diapers? "

Madison nods her head immediately. "Yes. I think they'd fit better, too. Come on, admit it! If you could buy one of these packages right now, what would you want? Underjams are fun but they're still not *real* diapers."

Britney thinks for a moment and looks at the packages. "Okay, yeah. These Huggies Supreme with the Winnie the Pooh designs look pretty sweet. Maybe someday I can convince my mom to get me those. Yeah, right," Britney says sarcastically. "Hey, we better get over to the ice cream section!" The girls quickly run over to the ice cream freezers and start to look around. They're now looking at all the Ben & Jerry's flavors. Once again, this is a real treat for Britney, whose mother never spoils her like this. Madison suddenly feels a strong sensation of having to pee and begins to do a little 'pee-pee dance.' For a moment she forgets what she is wearing under her dress. Britney takes notice and leans over to whisper in her friend's ear.

"Hey, just go in your diaper before your mom notices and sends you to the bathroom!" Britney whispers.

Madison gasps. "Oh yeah, I forgot. Oh, my Gawd though; I have to pee so freaking bad! Okay, here goes." Madison squats just slightly and pretends to be looking at ice cream flavors. She concentrates and relaxes her bladder muscles as a warm, steady stream of pee begins to fill up in the padding of her Underjam. Brittney whispers and reminds her to go slow so it doesn't leak. Finally, after about a minute, she is done. Her Underjam is now heavily saturated, warm, and getting squishy. She stands still for a moment and a smile comes across her face. She still loves the feeling of a warm, wet diaper, no matter how much she tries to fight it. She then opens the freezer door and grabs a pint of Cake Batter ice cream. Brittney just looks at her and giggles, then grabs a pint of Cherry Garcia. They run over to Madison's Mom and hand her the two pints of ice cream. They are about to head to a checkout, when Britney interrupts.

"Um, Mrs. Ludke? I kind of... need something else for tonight, if you don't...mind?" Brittney asks nervously.

"Sure, what is it sweetie?"

"Well, in case I have an...accident and I need to change I... I usually use baby wipes to freshen up, you know...." Brittney stutters.

"Of course, I totally forgot about that. Why don't you go over and get your favorite brand and meet us back here at the self-checkout," Mrs. Ludke says with a smile. Britney smiles and nods. She quickly runs back to the infants and toddlers' section and grabs a container of Huggies scented wipes, then runs back to the self-checkout. As Mrs. Ludke scans and pays for the items, Madison takes a moment to feel if her diaper is leaking. She quickly puts her hands under her dress and feels around her butt. Luckily, she feels no wet spots. She quickly pulls her hands back out, but for a split second in the corner of her eye, Mrs. Ludke notices. As they are walking out of the store, Madison tries hard to walk normally, but can't help but waddle slightly with a very heavily wet diaper swishing between her legs. Mrs. Ludke decides not to say anything, but is starting to wonder why her daughter has been acting a little different today.

Finally, the car pulls into the driveway. Alyssa is still asleep, so Mrs. Ludke gently carries her inside. Her diaper is also soaked, of course. The girls make their way inside. Mrs. Ludke takes Alyssa upstairs to get changed and tucked in. The girls put their ice cream in the freezer.

"Okay you two. Go upstairs and get changed and go to the bathroom if you need to, and then come back down and we'll have your treats ready. Ice cream and pop-corn and whatever drinks you'd like. Meet back down here in 5 minutes," Madison's Dad says. The girls carefully walk up the stairs quietly, knowing that Alyssa is sleeping. They go into Madison's room and quietly shut the door. Madison begins to take her tights off, and then removes her fancy dress. She is now standing in just her soaking wet Underjam. Britney smiles at her friend as she takes her dress off. She is also standing in her soaked Underjam, which is just slightly soggy than Madison's. Madison looks at her friend and softly giggles.

"Looks like you won this one. But wow; anymore and you'd have leaked. I guess we lucked out this time," Madison says. Britney smiles and nods her head.

"We better get changed. Oh, um, I don't have any clean jammies, though. Can I borrow something of yours?" Britney asks.

"Oh, yeah no problem. You can wear a night gown just like me. We'll match." Madison tosses a longer, purple night gown to her friend. Britney looks a little un-easy.

"Isn't it kind of dangerous to be wearing diapers under a night gown?" Britney asks, looking a little worried.

"Nah, not really. My Mom knows that you need to wear for night-time anyway. And I'm not worried about them seeing mine. I'll just be careful," Madison says as she takes off her soggy Underjam and grabs some baby wipes to clean up with. She tosses it in the trash, then grabs a fresh Underjam and slides it up on her after wiping herself clean. She smiles and admires herself standing in the dry, soft Underjam. "Oh, I just love these things." Britney giggles as she wipes herself and slides on a fresh Underjam. Both girls put on their night gowns in unison and admire each other.

"There, we're twins tonight. And I can't tell you're wearing one. Can you tell I am?" Madison asks. Britney looks at her friend and then firmly shakes her head back-and-forth. "Great, then we're all ready. Let's go!"

The girls go downstairs and into the living room. They sit down on the couch next to each other. Madison's parents are sitting together on the adjacent loveseat. The ice cream and sodas are handed to the girls by Madison's father.

"Okay, time to start the movie. Who wants to go first?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"We can watch Brittney's first since she's our guest," Madison says while taking a big gulp of grape soda. Her mother can't help but smile.

"Aww, that's very nice of you, sweetie. Okay, Finding Nemo it is. Here we go! Enjoy. Oh, and Britney if you need anything or have to go potty just let me know and we can pause it." Britney smiles and nods. Madison whispers something into her friend's ear, saying "that won't be necessary." They both giggle softly for a few seconds as the movie begins to play. The girls begin working on their ice cream, taking drinks of their sodas in-between.

Finding Nemo is now an hour in and getting exciting. Both girls have finished their ice cream. Both sodas are empty but refills are promptly brought out. Britney is glued to the TV like a little kid. She knows every line to this movie by heart but still enjoys it as if it was her first time. She begins to fidget and her legs begin to shake. She has to pee, but is not even aware of what's going on. She's more fixated on the movie than bothering to respond to the pressure from her bladder. Mrs. Ludke notices. She knows Britney has her "night time" diaper on in case she falls asleep, but feels as if she should remind the girl to get up and use the toilet. She, of course, does not know that Britney actually intended on using the diaper while still awake, or that this is something she enjoys doing. She hits the 'pause' key on the remote.

"Britney, sweetie... I think you need to go pee. We can wait for you, okay?" Mrs. Ludke says softly.

Brittney comes out of her half-dazed state and suddenly realizes how bad she has to pee. "Oh, um, yeah. I guess it was all that soda. Um, excuse me I'll be right back!" She gets up and dashes into the bathroom. She actually does pull her Underjam down and pee in the toilet. She isn't quite ready for Mrs. Ludke to know that she sometimes wets her diaper on purpose, nor does she want to get her friend in trouble. Madison is slightly annoyed at her mom for even noticing, but decides not to say anything. She has another issue to deal with right now. Hearing Britney go tinkle in the bathroom down the hall has caused her to need to do the same. Just as she begins slowly filling her diaper with pee, her parents begin to kiss passionately on the loveseat. Madison looks over at them and says "Eww, gross" as she finishes peeing in her diaper.

"Oh Madison, someday you will understand. It's not gross, it just means we still love each other," Mr. Ludke says proudly. Madison just shrugs her shoulders and enjoys her warm, wet diaper, without drawing too much attention to herself.

Just then Britney comes back in the room and lies back down next to Madison. Both girls take a gulp of their second can of soda.

"There, all better. You can un-pause the movie now, th—thanks," Britney says shyly. Mrs. Ludke smiles and resumes the movie.

Finding Nemo is now finished, and so are both girls' second cans of soda. Mrs. Ludke decides the girls need to take a break, get up and stretch, and have a snack before starting the next movie. It also gives her parents a chance to take a break for themselves. "Okay girls, intermission. Get up, stretch, use the bathroom, whatever you need to do. We'll be back in about ten minutes to start the second movie," Mrs. Ludke says as both she and Madison's dad leave the room. Brittney gets up to stretch and starts to yawn a little. Just then she feels an uncontrollable urge to pee. There is no making it to the toilet this time.

"Oh, my gosh! This orange soda goes right through me. Um, I'm like totally peeing right now and I can't stop!" Britney exclaims as she continues to flood her diaper. Madison giggles and cheers her friend on, jumping up and down on the couch. "Go Britney, you can do it. Soak that Underjam! Don't be ashamed! You go girl!" Madison says. She stands still and begins having a fit of giggles. As she is doing so, the excitement catches up to her and she wets her Underjam a little more. It is now heavily saturated, but not yet leaking. She sits down and feels the warm gels and padding squish all over her bottom. Britney does the same. "Nothing better than the feeling of a warm, wet, and squishy diaper, huh?" Britney asks her friend. Both girls laugh and giggle until Madison's parents come back in.

"Well, it looks like you two are having fun. Here's some more sodas for you. Are we ready to start the next movie?" Mr. Ludke asks. Both girls nod and take sips of their third sodas. The lights dim and *The Parent Trap* begins playing.

#### *Chapter Ten, Part B*

After about 45 minutes, Madison's Dad decides to turn up the excitement level a bit by playing a game he used to do when Madison was about six or seven. He's trying to make up for all the lost time with his daughter. He also senses that Britney is a bit depressed and wants her to forget about her troubles for the night and have some old fashioned fun. He sneaks up on Britney first and starts to tickle her. "Mr. Tickle Monster is here! I will not stop until I hear some giggling." Britney absolutely loves this game and eats up the attention. She immediately begins laughing and squirming hysterically. Madison giggles along with her; not only because it's funny, but she's happy to see her friend having such a good time. Her father can be real fun when he is around. Britney is at the point where she is out of breath and cannot take anymore. In-between gasps, she begs Madison's dad to stop. Of course, he stops, and then moves on to his next target. Madison is laying on her tummy watching the movie as her dad quietly sneaks up behind her and begins to tickle her on her sides and tummy, her most ticklish areas. Madison begins to scream and giggle, squirming violently. Pressure from her bladder was already getting strong as she was watching Britney get tickled, and now she's at the point of no return. The flood gates open and she begins completely flooding her diaper. She is peeing at a rate way too fast for the already soaked Underjam to keep up with.

As Madison continues to giggle, squirm, and pee, the Underjam begins to leak. Pee begins to leak out between her legs. As she continues to squirm and kick, a wet spot begins to form on the back of her nightgown near the leg openings. Britney notices what's going on, and tries to warn her best friend.

"Maddie!! I think you need to go potty! Hurry," she shouts. Madison continues to giggle, but blurts out "no, he-he, really I'm gonna be...fine!" More wet spots appear in the back of her gown as more pee continues to run down her legs. Madison's father stops tickling her and notices the sight and smells of what appear to be an accident. He stands up and looks down at his oldest daughter.

"Madison Jane! Did you have an accident?!" Just then and without even thinking, she lifts up her nightgown and looks down at her soaking wet, leaking diaper. She leaves her gown lifted up one second too long, and both her parents can now see her standing in a leaking Underjam. She gasps as panic sets in, trying to pull her gown back down quickly to hide the leaking diaper. Madison now has that sinking feeling in her stomach. She is terrified and wonders what her dad is going to do

or say to her. She stands there, stunned and fearing the worst. Not knowing what else to do, she turns beet red in the face and begins to cry. Both parents look at each other and somehow communicate without using words. They both nod in agreement with each other. Madison's mother decides to speak, because her father is too furious to say anything at the moment.

"Madison, sweetie – I think it'd be best if you and Brittney go upstairs and retire for the night. You don't have to go to sleep but just try to be quiet so you don't wake Alyssa up. Please get cleaned up, okay? Your father and I need to talk about this. We will talk about this with you after breakfast," Mrs. Ludke explains calmly. Madison is still crying and trembling in fear. Britney says goodnight and quickly goes up to Madison's room.

"Come on, Maddie. We can talk upstairs," Britney whispers as she passes her on the way to the stairs. Madison nods and tries to collect herself. She looks up at her father and can see he is furious. "Daddy, pah-please don--don't hate me! Please don't go back to work for three weeks because you don't love me anymore. Plea---"she says, unable to finish. Mr. Ludke looks at his daughter and sighs.

"I don't hate you. I love you, but we can't talk about this now. I need to talk to your mother. Please just do as she asked. Get cleaned up, get some sleep. Goodnight, Maddie," he says softly, trying not to get any more upset. Madison slowly nods her head. Looking down in shame, she slowly makes her way up the stairs. She enters her room and goes in her closet to get a fresh pair of pajamas and a pair of underwear. Britney has already managed to change into a new Underjam and is lying down on her sleeping bag, playing with her cell phone.

"I'm gonna go take a shower and stuff. I'll be back soon," Madison says, trying to hold back more tears.

"Yes, go take a shower, you'll feel better. I'll be here when you get back and we can talk. Please don't worry too much. Your parents are nice; I'm sure things will work out okay," Britney says quietly. Madison just nods her head as she leaves and heads into the bathroom. She takes off her wet nightgown and carefully removes her leaky Underjam. As she rolls it up, she is amazed how heavy it is. She thinks to herself "I need to get some real diapers... that is, if I can still wear them tomorrow." She tosses the leaking diaper into the trash and gets into the shower. Madison stands there with warm water flowing over her. She has so many thoughts and fears going through her mind. She tries to forget about that right now and starts to wash herself with body wash. In the corner of the tub she sees a bottle of Alyssa's baby shampoo. Not even thinking, she grabs it and lathers her wet hair with it. "It smells so good," she thinks. For a moment or two, she is enjoying this and completely forgets about what just happened. After about 30 seconds she rinses off her hair and turns off the water. She steps out of the shower and dries herself off, but skips the hair dryer. Her hair can dry naturally, she figures. She quickly pulls on her underwear, and then slips on the new, dry nightgown.

Back in her room, she hides her wet nightgown in her closet. Brittney is still lying on the floor. She's awake, playing Angry Birds on her phone. She notices her friend is back in the room and puts her phone down.

"Hey there, do you feel any better?" Britney asks.

Madison nods. "Yeah, the shower helped calm me down a little," Madison says as she sits on her bed and lies down. "I just worry about what my dad is thinking. He must hate me right now. My mom.... I know she doesn't care as much. I think she's known all along. But my dad... he's going to hate me. I bet he hates ever coming home. I don't blame him if he wants to stay gone at work all the time, again." Madison explains as more tears form in her eyes.

Britney sits up, deeply concerned about her best friend. "Maddie, come on... You know that's not true. Your daddy loves you. No matter what you do, I can tell he loves you and always will. You are so lucky to have that. He doesn't hate you. I think he's just shocked. And maybe he is upset, be...because... umm, I dunno exactly. But he doesn't hate you.

Madison sighs. "He's upset because I lied to him, and Mom. I lied to them about how I no longer have stage freight. I was sneaking around, wearing diapers when I could have just been honest and told them. But I was too afraid. And I -- I didn't want to tell my mom, because she's always wanted to baby me like she does my sister; and I don't know if I want that. It's silly but it was like I was fighting all these things. When I got the idea to wear a diaper to school that day, I thought I was crazy. I

used to think my sister was stupid and annoying for being four and still in diapers. But after I started wearing them, I started to like it. I kept it a secret because I... I just didn't want my Mom to feel like she had 'won'. I don't know if this makes sense. I had dreams about being a little girl again, in diapers. They were awesome and I would daydream about it at school. It's crazy, though. I'm 12. I shouldn't be like this. I shouldn't want this. I should have told my parents about wearing diapers to school. But now I've hurt my dad. We've always had this close relationship –even when he was away at work. I've always been able to talk to him about things. And I don't know why...when he came home; I didn't just tell him the truth. I guess I was ashamed of all this."

Brittney listens and thinks about what Madison just said. She gets up and sits next to her on the bed, giving her a little hug. "Listen, I don't think you are crazy. We have more in common than you think. I really wish we were sisters. Why do you think I'm still in diapers at night? It's not just because I'm a bed-wetter. If I really tried hard enough, I could stay dry at night, and not have occasional accidents during the day. I just don't *want* to. It's the only thing I have right now that makes me feel secure. The 'being a little girl again' feeling – I've been there, and done that. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Maddie. I think your parents would have understood if you told them. But I also think they are going to be okay with this now, too. Your daddy will get over this. You might get punished for lying, but they both still love you. I think it'll be okay. Just know that whatever happens, I'm always going to be here for you. You can call me, anytime." Madison cuddles with her best friend and starts to cry a little.

"Thanks, Brit. You really are the best. I wish we were sisters, too. Gosh, you look tired. You can sleep in my bed tonight, okay? I'm not gonna sleep much anyway; just too much on my mind. But you get some sleep. I love you. Not in that weird way, but you know. I love you so much right now," Madison says while continuing to hug her friend. She slowly crawls out of bed and lies on the floor where Britney was earlier. She finds her iPod and puts her ear buds in, turning on some music to try and calm all the never-ending thoughts racing through her mind. Britney rolls over and quickly drifts off to sleep. Madison tries to sleep, but can't help but think about what's going to happen in the morning.

---

*Meanwhile, in the living room.... Mr. Ludke is in his easy chair while his wife is sitting across the room.*

"So, what do we do with her? Do we send her to a shrink?" Derrick Ludke says out of frustration.

Mrs. Ludke sighs. She knows why her husband is upset, but tries to convince him to go easy on their daughter. "Derrick, I know you are upset, but can you try to set your anger aside for a moment? Your daughter doesn't need a shrink. She needs *you*. She needs a father who is around more than 25 minutes a week. She's twelve and she's going to be going through a lot of awkward things soon. But the one person who she's always looked up to, to get her through these hard times, is you. She's always been a daddy's girl but lately I think she feels as if you don't have time for her. I know you love her and I know you care; but I don't think *she* knows that anymore. She misses you. She broke down crying earlier today when she thought you were going to be gone all weekend. She needs her father right now, more than ever."

"I understand that, Carol. But even when I have been so busy at work, she knows she can always e-mail me. I know she's feeling disconnected from me, but I guess it hurts that she had to lie to me and had to sneak around. I don't quite get why she started wearing diapers, but I really don't care about that so much. If she would have just told me up front, she was having accidents... we could have talked about it. She's always told me everything. So, yeah, I'm upset with her. I feel like I've lost her already," Derrick explains.

"You haven't lost her... but she thinks she is losing you. E-mail is a great tool, but not when it comes to your own daughter. She isn't a client at work. She's your kid; your first-born child. Doesn't she count a little more than that? I'm not trying to make you feel bad, but you have to admit you've been a little distant lately. I'm not saying I've been the best mother lately, either. But the girl needs two loving parents who are involved with her life. We've made our share of mistakes, but now would be a great time to fix them. I'm not saying you don't deserve to be upset with her, but... please forgive her, too. She's lonely and confused right now. She's at that stage where she's not quite a teenager, but she's not a "little kid" anymore,



either. She's fighting with these things. She wants to be independent and on her own, but at the same time her inner child is lost and lonely and wants to come out. I understand what she's going through, and I think we both need to be there to support her right now. "Carol responds.

Mr. Ludke starts to get a little annoyed. "So, what exactly am I supposed to do? Quit the business so I can be home with the kids all day? I can't do that, unless you want to sell the house and move into a dumpy apartment!?"

Mrs. Ludke shakes her head. "No! Are you kidding me? I know work is important. I'm not asking you to give up your professional life. Just – be home more. The company can afford to hire someone so that you aren't there 70 hours a week. Just make it happen already. You've been putting that off for years. Work a 40-hour week and be done with it. Leave work AT work. That's all I'm asking. And be there to support your daughter. Show her you love her and want to be around. Be involved in her life! She's so fragile right now and needs her daddy."

Mr. Ludke is silent for a few moments, thinking about what his wife just said. "I know, you are right. A lot of this is my fault. I'm going to talk to HR on Monday and get another project manager hired so I don't have to be there all day to hold everyone's hand. I will commit to that. But, what do we do about this diaper thing?"

"Nothing. We support her. We ask her why she started wearing. We ask her to tell us the truth. But if after all of that she still wants to wear them, I'm not going to say no. You don't have to understand why she does it or even like it, just please don't make it look like you disapprove or are disappointed. That won't help her feel better about herself. If you think about it, this may be a cheaper alternative if we just try to understand her and be there for her." Mrs. Ludke explains.

"I don't have a problem with that. I am still upset that she lied to me and I do think she needs to at least be punished for it. Extra chores and babysitting Alyssa a few nights so we can have date nights?" Mr. Ludke asks.

Mrs. Ludke nods in agreement. "Yes, sounds fair to me. Let's go to bed, it's late. We'll talk to her in the morning after breakfast." Mr. and Mrs. Ludke get up and make their way up to the bedroom.

## Chapter 11: A New Dawn

Sunday morning arrives after what seems like an eternity to Madison. She has gotten very little sleep, but is anxious to find out what her parents now think of her. Alyssa is the first to awake at about 8:00 am. She is hungry and knows her mommy will be in the kitchen, making breakfast. She jumps out of her toddler bed and toddles slowly down the stairs, not paying any attention to her soaked diaper crinkling behind her. She enters the kitchen and says good morning to her mother.

"Well, good morning, Alyssa. I'll bet you're a hungry baby, huh?" Mrs. Ludke says while preparing some scrambled eggs. Alyssa nods her head rapidly and rubs her tummy. Just then, Mr. Ludke enters the kitchen and gives his wife a kiss.

"Well this is a first. Alyssa up and ready at eight o'clock on a Sunday? It must be your mommy's awesome cooking that work you up, huh?" he says while giving her a little tickle on her tummy while she giggles.

"Uh huh, I'm so hung-wey, daddy. Momma making Fwench toasts?" Alyssa asks as her father places her in her booster seat and gives her a sippy cup of juice. Mrs. Ludke nods, causing Alyssa to smile and clap her hands.

Back upstairs, Britney is brought to consciousness by a beam of warm sunshine staring her in the face. She rubs her eyes and lets out a yawn. She reaches down and feels around her Underjam to see if it's wet. Of course, it is soaked, but not leaking. She decides to get changed later. She looks over by where Madison is.

"Hey, Maddie? Did you get any sleep at all?"

Madison sighs. "Not really. I don't wanna go down there. Can I just hide in here all day?"

"Probably not. I'm sorry you didn't sleep but really, I think you are going to be fine. Let's go see what's for breakfast. I can smell it and I'm starving. Come on, Maddie. I'll help you up," Britney says. She walks over and reaches out her hand. Madison grabs on and slowly stands up. They go down to the kitchen. Britney leads the way, with Madison following reluctantly behind. She is not looking forward to what will happen at the breakfast table, and hopes her parents don't discuss things out in the open, in front of Britney.

"Good morning, Britney. Did you sleep okay?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Yes, just fine, thanks. Breakfast smells awesome. Uhm, where should I sit?"

"Next to Alyssa will be fine, thanks." Britney takes her seat next to Alyssa and says good morning to her, as well. Finally, Madison enters the kitchen. She drags her feet and sits down next to her friend, looking down at the table, trying not to make eye contact with her parents.

"Well, good morning to you, Madison. What would you like for breakfast?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Madison shrugs and mumbles, "I don't care, anything." Her father starts to get irritated.

"Madison, that's enough. Pick your head up and speak clearly. Your mother has been nice enough to make us all breakfast. So, try again. What would you like for breakfast?" Mr. Ludke says.

Madison lifts her head up but still cannot look at her father. She can tell he's still mad and all she wants to do now is disappear. Holding back more tears, she speaks up. "Sorry, Mom. I'll have some eggs, please. And orange juice. Oh... and thanks Mom," she says very slowly. Moments later, a plate with scrambled eggs is placed in front of her, then a tall glass of orange juice. Mrs. Ludke serves everyone else, and finally sits down at the table to eat. The next few minutes pass by with awkward silence. The tension between Madison and her father rises quickly. Madison eats, but very slowly. She drinks more juice than her actual breakfast. Alyssa begins playing with her French toast and making a syrupy mess.

In a stern voice, Mr. Ludke glares at his youngest daughter. "Alyssa, you sure seem to be having fun, but food is for eating, not playing..."

Alyssa frowns and stops playing, scared that her father is mad at her, too. "Sowwy daddy. How come Maddie sad? And you and momma mad at her? I being bad giwl, too? I gonna be in twouble?" she blurts out.

"No, sweetie, you're not in trouble. Something happened last night but it'll be okay. Please eat nicely, okay?" Mrs. Ludke responds. Britney looks over at the child and can't help but giggle a bit.

"Finish eating, and I will help clean you up... then we can go play," Britney says. Mrs. Ludke smiles at her as a way to say thanks. Alyssa smiles and begins eating her breakfast gracefully. A few minutes pass and Alyssa finishes her breakfast. Britney cleans her face and hands off while making funny noises. This gets her mind off what's happening and puts her in a better mood. Carol is proud of how good Britney is with small children and gives her a little pat on her head.

Madison takes a few bites of her eggs and shoves her plate in the middle of the table. "Thanks, Mom. It was good. Um, can I be excused? I'm gonna go lay down I don't... I don't feel good."

"You're not going anywhere, young lady. We need to talk first," Mr. Ludke interrupts. Mrs. Ludke glares at her husband and gives him 'the look'. Britney knows this is her queue to leave. She quickly thinks up a diversion.

"Hey, Alyssa... I bet you need a diapy change, huh? Want me to help you get dressed? Then we can go play for a while. How about that?" Britney asks her.

Alyssa nods her head. "Uh huh, diapy wet. We go play after? In my room?! Yay!!" Alyssa bounces in her seat. Britney helps Alyssa out of her seat and takes her up to her room to get changed. This leaves Mom, Dad, and Madison at the kitchen table. Madison now has her head down on the table, trying not to let them see her cry.

"Madison Jane Ludke, we need to talk, and you need to look at me. What is your issue today?" Mr. Ludke says with a slightly elevated voice.

Madison slowly lifts her head and looks in her father's direction.

"What's MY issue? Gee, I don't know. I got no sleep at all because I was afraid of what you're gonna do to me today... and cause now you hate me... and you'll probably... go away again and never want to be around me... cause I'm - screwed up and weird and stupid," she says as tears roll down her cheeks while crying hysterically. Madison's mother is about to say something but is interrupted by her father.

"Madison, sweetie. Come here. Come on, sit in my lap," her father says, in a more loving tone. Madison slowly gets up and reluctantly sits in her father's lap. She buries her head on his shoulder and continues to cry.

"I'm so sorry, daddy. I'm so, so sorry."

"I am sorry, princess. I shouldn't have snapped at you like that. But we do need to talk, okay? I don't hate you; I don't think you're stupid. It hurts me to hear you talk like this. I'm also not going anywhere. I'm working things out with the business to where I don't have to be there 80 hours a week. I'm going to be home more, because I want to. And I love you and Alyssa more than anything in the world. Would you like it if I was home more?" Mr. Ludke says, while hugging and rocking his daughter, gently. Madison un-buries her head and wipes the tears from her eyes and face.

"Yes, daddy! Oh - Em - Gee, yes! Wait, you really don't think I'm messed up? I feel like such a freak... "

"You are not messed up. You are a very special girl. There are some things I don't understand, but I am more hurt than anything. And that's what we need to talk about. I'm not mad at you because you wore a diaper yesterday. We'll get to that in a minute. I was upset because you lied to me and your mother about it. You lied to me about your oral report at school and how you no longer have accidents when speaking in front of a group. I know I haven't been around much, but you used to tell me everything. I loved that. What happened to that? "

Madison shrugs and thinks for a moment. "I'm sorry, Daddy. It's just... I got this idea about wearing a pull-up to school so that when I had an accident no one would know. I was so proud that I didn't wet my *pants* that day. And I just wanted you to be

proud of me for something. I mean I don't see you all week and then you finally are around and I just felt like I had to impress you so you'd... so you'd want to... stay home more," Madison explains. She begins to cry again.

"Oh Maddie-Cat... you really think I don't enjoy being home with you? That's not true, at all. "

"I'm sorry but it kind of seemed like that. Since I was like 7 you've been at work more than home and I just thought maybe it's me and he'd rather be at work than be with me." Madison hugs her father, holding on tightly and not wanting to let go. She wipes more tears from her eyes. "I'm so sorry, daddy. I just wanted you to be proud of me. And I messed that up. I think you should send me to one of those head shrink doctors or something." Mr. Ludke continues to comfort his daughter.

"Madison, baby... you are not messed up. We're not mad at you about the diapers so please stop worrying about that. I understand why you're doing this. But what your father said is true. He was more upset that you lied to us. If you were afraid of having an accident at school, you should have just told me. I'd have gladly bought you some pull-ups to wear," Mrs. Ludke says. Madison looks a bit surprised.

"I know, Mom. But it was daddy I was worried about. I was afraid he'd think I was weird for even wanting to wear a diaper. I mean it's bad enough Alyssa is still in them; you don't need two kids in diapers. And, um, I'm 12. I don't want to be a baby... I mean, not a baby. Maybe a little girl sometimes, ugh! I don't know." Madison says. Deep inside, she does like the idea of regressing...

"Wearing a pull-up to school so you don't have a visible accident doesn't make you a baby. But, forget about that. There's something I don't quite understand, sweetie. Your school report was last Tuesday. Why were you still wearing pull-ups last night, and using them? Does having me home make you nervous?" her father asks.

Madison blushes a little. "No, Daddy. I love when you're home! I was so happy about that. But, okay... I guess I can't lie to you anymore. I mean, I know I can't. So, I wore that pull-up to school on Tuesday. And when I had my accident in it, I kind of... liked it. It's so weird, I know. So, then I wore another one on Friday because... they were having auditions for the play. So, I was like well now I can just wear pull-ups and I can be in plays and stuff. Friday night when I got home from school, I changed and decided to wear another one. And then I found out that Britney needs them at night... and I don't know... we kind of bonded. I told her about my accidents and how I wore them to school. And I wore one all weekend, because it gave us something to share. We've really become good friends; I mean even better than before. I think it makes her feel better that she now has a friend that wears them, too. But the weird thing is... I still like them. I like wetting them, even when I don't need to. I keep having these dreams, too. Where I'm like four and I'm in diapers. And they are so nice. But then I wake up and I'm like what the hell is wrong with me? I'm twelve, not four. See, I am messed up!"

Mr. Ludke comforts his daughter some more, then looks her in the eyes. "No, you are not. We love you very much. If wearing pull-ups or diapers occasionally is what you need and makes you happy, I'm not going to say no. Sure it's a little strange, but it's not hurting anyone and hey it's a lot better than if you'd be using drugs or alcohol. I think your mother has more to say about this to you later. But for now, we do need to discuss your punishment."

"Punishment? You mean talking about this and hugging you isn't enough?" Madison says, trying to look extra cute, as if she was her sister's age. Mr. Ludke laughs a little.

"Nice try. Cute, very cute... but yes, you are old enough to know what you did, lying to us was wrong and need to be punished. So, for the next two weeks you will be babysitting your sister whenever we need to get out, and you won't complain about it. You will also have some extra chores to do around the house." Mr. Ludke explains.

"Okay, daddy. I guess that's fair. But, what about... umm... Do I have to throw away all my pull-ups and never wear them again?"

"Absolutely not! Like your father said – this new found interest of yours isn't hurting you or anyone. And, actually, it was quite clever what you did to avoid another embarrassing moment at school. Now you have found you enjoy them, too. I

think it's important to let you continue, as long as it doesn't interfere with your schoolwork. You already have a great friend who knows about it and cares about you. So, I think this is something we need to support you with," Mom explains.

"But, you're not gonna like change me and make me act like a baby and stuff, are you? I'm sorry but I just have this feeling like you want to treat me like you do Alyssa, Mom, don't take that wrong. Not saying that to be mean. I know you love Ally too and want her to be happy and are just waiting for the right time, but you do kind of 'baby' her at times," Madison explains.

"I understand, sweetie. But no, there will be a few rules. If you decide to wear diapers while you're at home, I will want to change you. I just think it'd be better that way. And it doesn't have to mean I'm treating you like a baby. But putting your own diapers on could be tricky. I know you've been doing it by yourself up till now, but those were pull-ups." Her mother says.

"Wait...dia...diapers? You mean... umm..." Madison is unable to finish.

"Yes. It's obvious you can't keep wearing pull-ups. They aren't meant for heavy wettings like that of a 12-year-old. So, in a few minutes I am taking Britney to the store and bringing you home a surprise. Now, about the babying thing - I only ask that you let me change you, most of the time. I'll only baby you if you want me to. I'll admit, I wouldn't mind that sometimes. I feel like it would give us both a chance to reconnect what we lost when you were Alyssa's age. But I promise not to force it on you, okay?" Madison is in shock. Deep down, she wouldn't mind a little regression time, but of course is too "grown up" to admit that right now.

"Yeah, Mom, that sounds good. Why are you... being so nice? I really thought you and daddy were gonna send me to one of those child-psycho people..." Madison's parents both laugh in unison.

"Because we love you and we just want what's best for you. Just no more lying or sneaking around, okay? Know that you can always come to Mom or Dad if you have any kind of issue or problem," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Okay Mommy, I promise. I love you!" Madison says while giving her mother a big hug.

"Aww, love you too, sweetie. Okay, I'm going to go up and get someone to help me at the store. While we're gone, you and Alyssa get to stay here and play with your daddy. I think it'd be really sweet if you play a game of Candy-land together." Mrs. Ludke says. She gets up and goes upstairs.

*Meanwhile, upstairs in Alyssa's room...*

Brittney is playing with Alyssa in her room. She has managed to get her changed and dressed, along with her hair done up in pigtails. They are playing with her doll house. Britney, however, is still in her night-gown and soaking wet Underjam. She is starting to get uncomfortable. Just then, Madison's mother pops in.

"Aww, Alyssa looks so cute today. Thank you so much for getting her dressed and playing with her. We just needed to talk to Maddie about a few things. All is good, now. Hey, I was wondering if you'd like to go to the store with me, quick. I need some help getting some things Madison needs," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Sure, I'd love to. Umm, can I go get...changed and dressed first?" Brittney begs.

"Of course, you can. I'll be in Alyssa's room." Britney dashes off into Madison's room. She takes off her night-gown and then removes her cold, wet Underjam, then wipes herself with some baby wipes. She so badly wants to put on another Underjam, but knows she has to stay dry today because she'll be going back home, soon. She reaches into her overnight bag and gets out a pair of clean panties and puts them on. She then dresses herself in a simple pair of jeans and a purple t-shirt. After her hair is combed, she brushes her teeth.

"Okay, I am ready," Brittney shouts as she passes by Alyssa's room.

"Alyssa, sweetie, let's go downstairs. You are going to play a game with Madison and your daddy!" Mrs. Ludke says.

"What bout Bit-ney?" Alyssa asks.

"She's going to help me for a little while at the store. But we'll be back soon. Come on, let's go," she says while lifting the child in her arms and carrying her. They go downstairs. Madison is still in her pajamas and has just finished using the bathroom. Alyssa runs over to her father and clings to his side, excited to get to spend time with him and her sister. They begin setting up the game of Candyland while Mom and Britney sneak out the door and get into the car.

--

At Wal-Mart, Mrs. Ludke is with Britney in the diaper aisle. "So, this is what I need help with. I'm thinking there has got to be some kind of diaper that will still fit her. Last night when we were here, you girls dashed off to this section. Was she showing you some diapers she wished she had? Don't worry, no one's in trouble. I just want to get her what she needs." Mrs. Ludke asks. Luckily, this particular section of the store is currently deserted.

"Oh, yes! She was looking at these... Pampers Cruisers size 7. She wouldn't really say she wanted them, but I could tell by how she kept staring at them," Britney says, trying not to sound like she'd like them for herself, too.

"Perfect. She's going to need wipes, too." They put a whole case of size 7 Pampers in the cart and a four pack of Huggies wipes. As Mrs. Ludke is busy with that, Britney finds herself fixated on another item. She sees larger sized girls' pink pacifier. For some reason she wants to ask Mrs. Ludke to buy her one, but is too shy. Mrs. Ludke notices what Britney is looking at.

"Pacifiers? Well, as cute as that would be, I don't think Madison wants anything like that; at least, not yet. We'll hold off on that," Mrs. Ludke says. They walk up to the checkout and pay for the items, then get back in the car. Britney is happy for her friend, but deep inside can't help but be a little jealous, too. In the car, she starts to think about that pacifier she saw at the store. Just like Madison, Britney is unable to understand why she suddenly wishes to do babyish things. Just then, her cell phone vibrates. It's a text message from her mother.

Britney's Mom: "Hey brat. Did you forget where you live?"

Britney sighs and rolls her eyes. She decides not to text back. It's just not worth it to fight with her mother right now. Moments later, the car arrives in the driveway. Mrs. Ludke grabs the box of diapers and wipes and they walk towards the back door. Inside the house, the girls have just finished a game of candy-land. Alyssa just made the winning move and is running around the house, jumping up and down. She runs over to her mom as they enter through the kitchen.

"Mommy, mommy, guess what?" Alyssa shouts. Mrs. Ludke places the items on the counter and squats down to be at eye level with Alyssa.

"What, what sweetie-pie?"

"I won. I finally won!" Alyssa says proudly. She gives her mom a big hug.

"That's great, sweetie. Hey, can you go tell your big sister to come in here, please?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Alyssa toddles back into the living room and tells Maddie to come over by Mom.

"Hi Mom, hi Britney. How was the... oh my gosh! Umm, those are for Alyssa, right?" Madison says as she notices the big box of Pampers.

"No, silly. These are for *you*. Would you like to start wearing them now? It's up to you," Madison's mother asks. Madison stops and thinks for a moment. She has been dying to try these since she saw them the other night. She can't resist and starts nodding her head, forgetting her age at the moment.

"Yes, Momma. And you can even help me get dressed..." Madison says. Britney smiles and looks over to see where Alyssa went. She senses Madison needs this time alone with her mother.

"Hey, I'm going to go play with Alyssa for a while, okay?" Britney says. Both Madison and her mother nod. Madison then runs up to her room and lies down on her bed, waiting for her mother to come in. The box of Pampers is placed in her closet, along with the wipes. Mrs. Ludke takes one diaper out and unfolds it. She helps Madison take off her underwear and night-gown, then carefully lifts her legs up and slides the new size 7 Pampers under her. She pulls it up through her legs and begins to fasten the left side tape.

"Oh, these are going to fit perfect. You look so cute. I'm sorry, but you do. Are you still sure about this, sweetie?"

Madison just lies there, slowly nodding her head. She watches as her mother fastens the other tape. The diaper fits great, and feels even better than the Underjams. Madison sits up and examines herself. She starts to giggle. "This is so silly. I'm twelve... How do they make diapers that fit me?"

"Because kids of all sizes sometimes still need diapers. Are you having second thoughts, Maddie?"

"No! Just umm, we aren't gonna tell Alyssa, right?"

"Not today, but you know eventually she will figure it out. Are you okay with that?"

Madison nods. "Sure, I guess. Umm, mommy?"

"Yeah?"

Madison blushes. "Can you, umm. Get me dressed? I don't wanna be twelve today. Don't get used to this but, I guess I'm saying you can, umm, sort of... 'baby me' now."

Mrs. Ludke smiles and gets all giddy. "Of course, baby girl. I think you'd look really cute in this pink skirt today with baby blue t-shirt. It'll be easier to check if you're wet, too. You're going to go to the park soon. How does that sound?" She gets out the skirt and shirt from the closet. As she's in there, a faint smell of urine is noticed. "Sweetie, how come it smells like pee in here?"

Blushing slightly, Madison remembers last night. "Oh, sorry. I put my wet night gown in there last night. With all what was going on I kind of forgot to put it in the wash. I'm sorry, mommy." Mrs. Ludke smiles.

"It's okay, sweetie. I'll take it to the wash on my way down. Now, let's get you dressed. She begins to dress her daughter, as if she was two again. Madison kicks her legs in excitement.

"The park sounds fun. Britney going, too?" Madison asks rapidly. Her mother nods and smiles as she puts socks on the girl, then some cute Mary-Jane style shoes.

"You look so adorable. Get up and go look in the mirror," Mrs. Ludke says.

Madison jumps off her bed and walks over to the mirror on the back of her door. As she walks, a more noticeable crinkle sound can be heard from her diaper area. She admires herself in the mirror. "I love it, Mommy. Thank you so much for being so... umm, cool – about all this. Are you sure daddy isn't gonna be mad?"

Mrs. Ludke hugs her daughter tightly. "You're so welcome. Don't worry about your father. He loves you just the same. Okay sweetie. Since this is your first time in a real diaper, I think you need some time alone to, oh, get settled in. I'll send Britney up to come get you when we're ready, okay?"

Madison is a bit shocked that her Mom is being so nice to her about this, but eats it up. "Okay Mommy, bye!" Mrs. Ludke closes the door and goes downstairs to see what the others are up to.

She enters the living room to find Alyssa and Britney playing hide and seek. As the girls are playing, Mrs. Ludke goes into the study where her husband is reading the Sunday paper. She takes a section of the paper and they talk to each other for a while as the girls play.

Back in Madison's room, she is sitting on her bed, holding on to a stuffed teddy bear. Madison has had to pee since her mom brought her up to get her first diaper on. She becomes very excited and her heart begins to race. "Just wet it, what am I waiting for!" she thinks to herself. She squeezes her teddy bear tightly and spreads her legs open, relaxing as much as possible. "The waterfall is strong and gushing water all over the place." She repeats this sentence to herself about five times until she can feel a mass of warm urine getting wicked away in the diaper's padding. It feels even better than the Underjams. She doesn't hold back and floods the diaper, staying still for about thirty seconds. The warm, squishy feeling down below becomes more and more intense. Being at a point in her life where hormones are running wild, she begins to feel an overwhelming sensation come over her. She remembers this same feeling from the night at the bounce house, but this time it's even better. Almost instinctively, she begins rubbing her hands down the front of her diaper, making her way lower. As she does so, the gels squish all over the place. This is the first time she's actually had this intense of a reaction. Having been through sexual education in school, she has a feeling that what's happening may be her first real orgasm, but at this point doesn't really care. It feels so good, she just goes back to her dream of being a carefree toddler soaking her diaper like there's no tomorrow. Remembering the rest of her family is just downstairs; she grabs a pillow and puts it over her face so she can scream without noticing. The tensions from Saturday night's miss-adventures have got to come out, somehow. "Oh, my GAWD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" "And other various phrases are screamed through her pillow as she continues to pleasure herself.

Meanwhile, Britney has just finished finding Alyssa from behind the couch. She notices Alyssa fidgeting and knows she probably has to pee soon. She thinks to herself, "I wish I could pee in my pants right now, too." She decides to start tickling the little girl to see if it'll make her pee. Alyssa's diaper is already wet, but can withstand another flood. Britney turns it into a game.

"I spy a little girl who's about to pee in her diaper." Britney says, pointing at Alyssa. Alyssa giggles and stops fidgeting for a moment.

"Nut-uh! On-we if you can catch me! You can't catch me!" Alyssa says while running around the couch. Britney chases her for a while, then gently grabs her and begins to tickle-attack her until she has no choice but to wet her diaper.

\*Intense giggling \* "O-tay, o-tay. You gots me! No... No more tickles. I gonna... I'm... uh oh..." \*more giggling and peeing\*

"See, I told you." Would you like me to change you, sweetie?" Britney asks. Alyssa's diaper is now completely soaked and in desperate need of a changing. Alyssa is still giggling, but nods her head in agreement. Britney swoops her up and takes her into the bathroom to get changed. As they are done, Mrs. Ludke enters the living room.

"Hey, I think it's time for you and Maddie to go to the park now. Alyssa could use a nap, so we'll keep her here, okay? Why don't you go up and get Madison ready?" Mrs. Ludke explains to Britney.

Britney is about to go up the stairs when she realizes SHE has to pee pretty bad. "Uhm, sure but first I better go potty. Oh, Aly was just changed, by the way!" Britney dashes into the bathroom and pees. Finally, she makes her way back upstairs. She is just about to open the door to Madison's room, wondering if she should knock. "Nah," she figures, and opens the door.

Madison is still laying down, recuperating after her little moment of soggy-diapered, self-induced pleasures. She looks like she just ran a marathon and is all out of breath. Britney gasps, trying not to giggle. She knows exactly what she just walked in on.

"Oh, um, sorry... I guess I should have knocked. Uhm, do you need more time to finish up? Or, umm, would you like some help, baby?" Britney jokes. She begins to giggle now so Madison knows she was kidding. Madison turns red in the face.

"Oh my gosh! Um, no actually I'm done... Uh, wait... how did you know what I was...um... doing?!" Madison asks, somewhat shocked.

Brittney giggles and blushes a little. "Oh well you forget I've been in diapers at night since I was five. You don't think I do the same thing sometimes? I totally understand. It's normal. I'm glad you had fun. The new diapers hold up, okay?" Brittney asks.



"Oh, hell yes they do. This is crazy, but; I think I know why Alyssa doesn't want to get potty trained," Madison says while blushing a little more. Both girls giggle. Britney pauses for a moment as she gets an idea.

"Hey baby girl... you are soaked. Want me to change you so we can go to the park and play?" Madison giggles into a fit of laughter.

"Are you... \*giggle\*; are you babying me?" Madison asks.

Britney grins from ear to ear. "Yeah, I guess I am. I just got done changing your sister. How much different can it be? If you aren't comfortable that's fine... I can get your mom."

"Um, *no!* I want you to do it, please."

Britney smiles at her friend. She goes over and gets the wipes and a new diaper. "Okay, lay down and lift your legs up." Madison complies as Britney carefully un tapes the loaded diaper and slides it off. "Wow, you weren't kidding." She tosses it in the trash, then very gently wipes her clean with several baby wipes. Carefully, she unfolds the new size 7 Pampers and positions it under Maddie's butt. She slides it up and tapes both sides snugly, then pats the front of her diaper gently. "There, all clean. Now, I bet you are thirsty!"

Madison giggles. "Very. I'm gonna go grab a 20 oz soda on the way out to the park!" Britney goes into Alyssa's room and gets a spare diaper bag. She packs a few diapers in there for the trip to the park.

"Okay, I think we are ready. Let's go!" Britney exclaims happily. They run down the stairs to go find Madison's mother.

## Chapter 12 – Diaper Freedom

The girls arrive downstairs. Alyssa is now playing with her father, getting in as much time with him as possible. Madison's mother is in the study, reading the paper. Madison heads towards the kitchen. "Go tell my mom we're leaving, I'm going to get something to drink quickly," she says to Britney.

Brittney walks in to the study. She is happy for Madison but can't help but be a little jealous at the same time. She gets an idea, but isn't quite sure how to ask for it. She stands in front of Mrs. Ludke for a few seconds, contemplating in her head what to say. After a while, Mrs. Ludke puts her paper down and looks at Britney with a curious look in her eyes.

"Oh, hi sweetie. Is there something you need?"

Brittney begins to play with her hair, something she does when nervous. "Oh, umm – we are going to the park now. But, uh, well... could I possibly... umm..." Britney stutters, unable to communicate what she wants to ask.

Mrs. Ludke looks at the girl, sensing she is uncomfortable with something.

"Britney... You don't need to be afraid to talk to me. You are Madison's best friend. You are like family here. You can talk to me. What is it you need?"

"Okay, sorry. Well, I just wanted to say... Maddie is so happy now. I mean, she really seems happy to be wearing, uh, her new diapers. I kind of... wish I could be that happy, too. I mean, umm... could you maybe...." Britney's face turns beet red as she tries to continue explaining. Just then Mrs. Ludke finishes the sentence for her.

"... put you in a diaper, too? Sure, but are you doing this because you think Madison wants you to? I know you want to be a good friend but you don't have to do something you don't want to, either."

Britney shakes her head. "No, actually, uh... I want to. She told me about how you diapered her, like she was two again. I dunno, it kind of sounds fun. And, well, I sometimes have accidents during the day, too. I was just gonna put a pull-up on, but; seeing how happy Maddie is, I kind of want the same thing right now," Britney says, almost starting to cry.

Mrs. Ludke smiles. "Come here, sweetie. Come sit on my lap." Britney slowly walks over and crawls up into Mrs. Ludke's lap. She gives her a hug and trembles slightly as tears run down her face. She doesn't really know why she's crying, but asking to be babied has triggered something inside her. She keeps wishing that Maddie's mother was her mom. She thinks about having to go back home soon, but all she can do is cry. "Shh, it's okay Britney... It's going to be okay. Do you just need a moment? Get it all out, sweetie. Then we will go and get you diapered, okay?"

Brittney nods and continues to cry and hug Madison's mom. Madison is standing at the doorway, looking in on this dramatic moment. She decides to wait and give them some time. It's obvious to her that Britney needs this special time and attention, and doesn't want to disrupt it. She goes back into the kitchen to have a snack, making sure to drink her soda rapidly. After a minute, Britney stops crying but continues to cuddle in Mrs. Ludke's lap.

"Are you ready to get changed? Let's go up to Maddie's room quick." She helps Britney get down and they walk up to Madison's room. Britney lies down on Madison's bed and tries to wipe the tears off her face. Mrs. Ludke gets a fresh diaper and begins to unfold it. She carefully removes Britney's jeans and underwear, and then asks her to lift her legs up. She just lays there and relaxes, lifting her legs up. The diaper is slid under her bottom and then brought up between her legs. Mrs. Ludke fastens both sides snugly, and then smiles at the girl.

"How does that feel, sweetie?"

Brittney loves every minute of this. She smiles and lifts her head to admire her new diaper. "It's great. Tha—thank you. I'm sorry I'm being such a baby... I dunno why I want this but...I just..." Britney begins to say as she is interrupted.

"You don't have to explain, sweetie. From what you told me the other day; I have a pretty good idea. Anytime you need this, you just come find me. Even if you just want to sit and cry. I'm here for you, okay?"

Britney smiles. "Thank you. Sometimes I really wish you were my mom. Oh, uh, I guess I need my pants on," she says with a giggle.

"Oh, heavens, yes. Here we go," Mrs. Ludke says as she pulls Brittney's jeans back on and buttons them for her. Britney gets up off the bed. She doesn't even check to see if her diaper is noticeable. She's so happy to have had this special moment, and to be in a real diaper. She now understands exactly why Madison likes it so much. She gives Mrs. Ludke one last hug.

"Thank you so much! I better go find Maddie now she's probably half way to the park by now," Britney says. She runs downstairs and finds Madison sitting in the kitchen. "Hey, umm, I'm sorry about all that. Are you ready to go?" Britney says to her friend.

"Sorry about what? I was just having a snack and a soda. Yep, all ready."

"...About taking so long. Um, I'm gonna grab a soda, too. I can drink it on the way. Did I tell you that your mom is totally awesome?" Britney says while grabbing an orange soda from the fridge. Her face is literally glowing.

"Yeah, about a million times," Madison says sarcastically.

"No, I really mean it. You are so lucky, Maddie. I know you think your mom is crazy sometimes but... oh, never mind. Let's just go."

Madison examines her friend for a moment. "I'm glad you like my family. I guess I am pretty lucky. I mean I thought after last night my life would be over but look at me now... I'm wearing real diapers and my mom is okay with it. Say, are you wearing one, too?"

Britney blushes and lifts up her shirt, revealing the back of her diaper sticking up through her jeans. "I just thought, well... you are wearing one and we're going to a park with no bathrooms and, well... you know."

Madison giggles. "You are so silly. I don't care. I kind of figured it out when I saw you talking to my mom. It's cool. We can play together and not worry about having to leave to go potty. I'm so glad we're friends. And I really mean that, too."

Britney smiles and nods. "Hey, umm should I bring a diaper bag?"

Madison thinks for a moment, and then shakes her head. "Nah. It's not like we'll be gone all day. We'll be fine. We got Pampers on!" They both giggle and head out the door. Britney manages to polish off her soda by the time they arrive at the small neighborhood park. Being a Sunday morning, there are no kids playing at the park. Most kids who live nearby are at church with their families. The girls look around and decide to do something they haven't done since they were little. Madison begins climbing up the large, tall slide. "Come on, Britney, this'll be fun. When's the last time you played on a slide?"

Britney runs over and starts climbing up behind her. "Ugh, not since I was like 5. Hey, I can see your diaper; how cute!" Both girls giggle as they climb up the slide. They go up and down the slide several times, until Madison spots the jungle gym nearby.

Madison completely forgets her age at this point and toddles over to it. She starts to climb up on the jungle gym. Of course, as she is hanging around, her diaper is visible under her skirt the whole time. The girls play there for a while until Britney wants to play on the swings.

"Hey, we should go on the swings and have a race. See who can go higher. Maddie?" Britney says. Madison is hanging from the monkey bars, staring off into space.

"Oh, yeah! Um, let's go do that," she says while blushing. Britney figures out what's distracting her.

"Uh oh, did little Maddie go pee-pee in her Pamper?" Britney says in a joking tone.

"Uh huh, still going... I be-- done soon," she says while straining her face. Her diaper begins to swell up between her legs and is becoming warm and squishy. The 20oz soda she had at home went right through her, as usual. Finally, she finishes

and quickly jumps down and runs over to the swings. She promptly plops her butt down on the swings, giving her a warm, squishy wet feeling in-between her legs. She sits there for a few seconds, almost paralyzed, as a big smile comes across her face. She coos and giggles a little. "Oh, this is so awesome. Just wait till you pee, Brit. Seriously, these diapers feel even better than Pull-Ups," Maddie says as she begins to pump her legs and swing. Britney sits down on the swing next to her and starts to pump.

"Oh, I can't wait! Alright, now I think I'm gonna win this swing contest!" Britney says while pumping faster.

Madison shakes her head. "Nut-uh! I'm gonna win!!! Swinging in a wet diaper gives me the advantage!" Madison says. She knows that makes absolutely no sense, but can't stop from laughing now. Britney giggles, but keeps swinging vigorously.

"Ha ha, that is the funniest thing I've heard all day! You crack me up. But, I'm still gonna win!" They giggle together while swinging. After a while, Britney is just barely swinging higher. Madison begins to get tired, and begins to slow down.

"Okay, you win! I give up. Good game. Hey, we should go do something really ridiculous. When's the last time you were on a teeter-totter?" Madison asks while slowing down and dragging her feet in the sand to stop.

Britney giggles. "Yay, I won! Umm, probably not since I was five, again. "She begins to slow herself down, too.

Madison jumps from her slowly moving swing. "Well, let's be five again and go play on it!" She runs over to the teeter-totter and sits down on one end. Britney quickly follows her and sits on the other end.

"Teeter-Totter. I wonder how it got that name. It sounds funny," Britney says.

"Yeah, it's like some guy was drunk and decided to make this thing... I dunno. Do you remember how this works?" Madison asks.

Britney thinks back to when she was five but draws blanks. All that comes in her mind is her father, and right now she does not even want to think about him. "Uh, not really. Don't I just push up and it makes your end go down, and then you do the same and my end goes down? And we kind of bounce in our seats?" Here, I'll go first." Britney puts her feet on the ground and pushes upwards, causing Madison's end to go down. Then Madison does the same motion, causing her end to go up high. Eventually as they go faster, it causes Madison to bounce her butt on the seat. Doing this with a wet, soggy diaper and the constant rubbing against her bottom once again arouses certain areas. She begins to feel that sensational feeling down below. She begins to breathe heavily for a few seconds, and then lets out a few squeals of delight. She sighs and starts to twitch a little. Britney watches in awe.

"Wow, Maddie! Twice within two hours? You must really like these new diapers, huh?" Britney says while giggling. She knows exactly what her friend is feeling, but can't help but kindly tease her a bit.

Madison nods and giggles. "I can't believe I am here at the park in a diaper. This is just too fun!" she screams. The girls play on the teeter-totter for a few more minutes until getting bored. "Let's play tag. You're it!" Madison says as she taps Britney's shoulder. Britney hasn't played like this since she was a little girl, and again loves every minute of it. She begins chasing after Madison, who runs and runs all over the place for several minutes. Finally, Britney catches up to her and tags her back, but not in a traditional way. She lifts up Madison's skirt and taps the back of her wet diaper, feeling how squishy it has become.

"Squish tag! You better be careful, that thing is soaked!" Britney says, giggling hysterically.

"Oh, it's not that bad. I can wet it again. No worries! Okay, I guess I'm it! You better run, girl!" Madison says as she begins to chase after her. The girls run around and giggle until Madison finally tags her friend. She decides it's been a while and Britney is still dry. She wants change that, so Britney can experience a wet Pampers, too. She gently tackles her friend and brings her to the ground. "Guess who? It's Tickle Monster! I'm coming to get you, and I'm not gonna stop till you pee in your

diaper!” Madison says while tickling Britney. She lifts up her shirt and tickles her on her tummy and her sides, her most ticklish areas. Britney giggles and squirms hysterically.

“It...It’s not gonna... take.... very.... much.... Hehe... you know.... I did... this same...thing to....to Ally before when you were.... In your room.... Hehe... I kinda.... feel like.... her.... right---now. Uh-oh! Here it comes!!!” Britney says. Madison giggles and continues to tickle her friend, watching as she relaxes and begins to fill her diaper with a rapid flow of pee. Madison stops tickling her and decides to let Britney have her little moment. “Gosh; I’m still going. What’s in that soda that makes me pee so much? Ah, who cares! Maddie, you are so right... It feels even better in a real diaper. Oh man...” Britney says while catching her breath and blushing a bit.

“I told you! I think we need to go back on the teeter-totter!” Madison shouts.

Britney giggles as she squirms around a bit. “No need for that. I’m doing just fine where I am. “

Madison blushes. “Okay, well let me know when you’re done because you’re still IT and you gotta catch me!” She begins running around like crazy. Britney gets up and puts her hands around her butt, gently squishing her diaper around. It’s heavily soaked, but not even close to leaking. She smiles and enjoys the moment for a while, then starts chasing after her friend who is now running towards an old sign post. She gets closer to her and realizes that Maddie is about to run into the sign.

“Madison! Look out!” Britney shouts. Madison ignores her and continues to run. She misses the sign, but the pocket of her skirt snags up against a nail that is hanging from the wooden post. As she continues to run full force, it rips her skirt, causing her to stop and notice what just happened. Her skirt is almost completely falling off, just hanging on by a thread. Her sagging wet diaper is completely visible. She gasps and starts to panic.

“Oh—my -- Gawd! That stupid sign post ruined my skirt! Oh no... Is there anyone looking?! What do we do!?” Madison screams while panicking. Britney gets closer to her friend so they don’t have to shout.

“Umm, I guess we better get back home and hope no one sees us. I’ll walk in front of you and you follow me. Kind of hold your skirt up, I guess. We’ll have to run!” Britney says. They begin running to the path towards Madison’s house. A couple hundred feet down the path, Britney can see an elderly couple up in the distance walking their dog.

“Oh, great! There are some people up ahead. Here, let’s slow down. Hold your skirt up and walk slowly, okay? I’ll try to hide you if you walk behind me,” Britney says. Madison stops running and tries to hold up her skirt as she walks. They walk past the elderly couple with the dog, trying to look like normal kids. The old lady kind of glares at the kids, but says nothing as they walk by. They keep walking until the couple is out of sight.

“Phew, that was close. We’re almost home now,” Madison says.

“Did you know those people?” Britney asks.

“No, I think they are new here. That old lady kept glaring at me, though!” Madison gasps. They finally arrive in the back yard of Madison’s home. Knowing she’s in the clear, she stops holding up her skirt and is now walking with just a saggy diaper and t-shirt. She quickly opens the back door, hoping they don’t have any guests over. Her father is in the kitchen, preparing some lunch for Alyssa (who is playing in the living room). Madison stands still at the doorway, not sure what to do. She wants her mom, but not sure where she is at the moment. She shrugs and looks over at her father. “Hi Daddy, we’re home.” Mr. Ludke looks at his half-naked daughter standing there in just her saggy, wet diaper.

“Hi Princess. Is there something wrong?” He asks. Madison shrugs, and then slowly holds out her ripped skirt. Her eyes start to swell up with tears, but she is unable to say anything, thinking she may be in trouble again.

“It’s okay, sweetie. Your mother is in the laundry room. Why don’t you go in there, I’m sure she can help you? I’ve got to get Alyssa’s lunch ready,” he says. The girls walk past him towards the laundry room. Madison’s father taps her on the head as she passes, letting her know he’s not angry. As they leave the room, he chuckles a bit and says to himself “how does she

keep her balance walking in such a saggy diaper like that?" Britney overhears, thinking it's funny, but doesn't giggle out loud because she doesn't want Maddie to think she's making fun of her.

As they are walking to the washroom, Madison says to her friend, "I'm sorry I ruined our day at the park," while pouting a bit.

Britney stops and gives her friend a hug. "You didn't ruin anything. It was an accident. I had so much fun! More fun than I had in years. I hope I can play here more, if my stupid Mom lets me. Come on, let's go get your mom." Madison and Britney run over to the laundry room, which is adjacent to the first-floor bathroom. Madison enters wearing just her soggy diaper and baby-blue t-shirt. Mrs. Ludke immediately notices.

"Oh, dear. What happened, baby?" she says to her daughter. Madison tries not to cry.

"I...I'm sorry, Mommy. We were playing and running and I brushed up against that stupid sign post and my skirt ripped off. So, we came home... Am I in trouble?"

Mrs. Ludke kisses Madison's forehead. "No, not at all. It was just an accident, sweetie-pie. Do you want Mommy to help get you dressed?" Normally, Madison would be bothered by this, but again she is feeling the need to be babied, and eats up the attention. She slowly nods her head.

"Yes, Mommy. Umm, I also... I think I... I'm wet," she says while blushing. She can't believe she is saying this, but at this point doesn't really care. Mrs. Ludke smiles.

"Well, I figured you would be. Good thing you had a diaper on, huh?" Madison nods her head. Both girls follow Mrs. Ludke up to Madison's room. Britney waits as she helps Madison get changed into another size 7 Pampers, and then dresses her into a cute pair of jean shorts. "There, all done. Now, is there another little girl in the room who may need a diaper change?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney blushes and slowly raises her hand. "Uh huh. Maddie and I got into a tickle war. The tickle monster won," she says while giggling. She climbs up on the bed and looks over at her friend, smiling at her.

"I'm so glad you two are such good friends. You are welcome to sleep over every weekend if you want, sweetie," Mrs. Ludke says as she takes Britney's jeans off. She un-tapes her diaper and gently slides it out from under her. "Goodness, I think you are more soaked than Maddie was. Must have been that silly tickle monster," she says as she rolls up the soggy diaper and tosses it in the trash. Britney smiles and blushes, nodding her head proudly. She notices Mrs. Ludke getting another diaper.

"Uhm, I... I can't... I have to go back home soon... My Mom would have a fit if I come home wearing that. I... I wish I could just stay here," Britney says while frowning.

Mrs. Ludke quickly puts the diaper back and wipes Britney with a few baby wipes. "Oh, that's right. I wish you could stay here, too. But we don't want to upset your mom. I hope you had fun being a baby for a few hours, though. You know I don't mind, kiddo." She speaks. She then helps her put her underwear back on and her jeans on.

"Thanks. If My Mom lets me, I will be back next weekend, for sure!" Britney says as she buttons her jeans back in place.

"Well, I suppose we should get you back home, now. I'm sure your mom is wondering where you are," Mrs. Ludke says. Britney sighs and looks down at the floor.

"Yeah, she's been texting me all morning. I had so much fun, though. Thank you again so much!" Britney gives Mrs. Ludke another hug.

"Aww, you are welcome here anytime. Any friend of Maddie's is a friend of mine, too. Alright, Madison - let's go take your friend home." The girls run outside and get buckled in the backseat of the car. On the way, Britney and Madison talk about their awesome weekend. Both girls wish Britney didn't have to go home. The car pulls up to Britney's house.

“Well, back to reality. I’ll see you at school tomorrow. Are you gonna, umm... you know?” Britney asks curiously. Of course, she was referring to Madison wearing a diaper to school.

“I’m not sure, yet. I’ll think about it. By the end of the day, I might be completely un-potty trained,” she says while giggling. Britney gives her best friend a hug and slowly walks towards the front door. Madison stands outside of the car, waiting until her friend is let inside.

--

“Well! Look who finally decided to show up. Lunch was ready an hour ago, you little brat!” Ms. Ross screams at her daughter. Britney just stands there, trying not to cry.

“Yeah, nice to see you too, Mom. Sorry I’m late but unlike here, I actually have fun at Madison’s house!” Britney screams as she stomps up to her room and slams the door. Britney’s mother continues to scream at her and yell awful things at her. Madison can’t hear it all, but hears enough to know that Britney’s mother is a complete bitch. As she gets back into the car, she has an uneasy feeling about her best friend and wishes she could come back home with her. At this point, she realizes just how lucky she is to have two parents that love her and support her for who she is.

They arrive back home. Madison gets out of the car and follows her mom into the house. As they enter the kitchen, Mr. Ludke and Alyssa are there, just about ready for lunch. Madison runs to her father and gives him a big hug and kiss. She then does the same to her mother, and; finally, her sister.

“Thanks, sweetie. What was that for?” Mr. Ludke asked.

“Just, because. I love you. And I need to say it more. Thanks for being the best-est parents in the world. And Ally – you’re pretty cool, too!” Giggles and laughter are shared between the family for a few moments.

---

Author’s Note: Chapter 13 will skip ahead about a month and a half to the week before Halloween. Nothing of importance is happening over the next month or so, so let’s hop into the time machine. See you at chapter THIRTEEN for some Halloween tricks and treats.

## Chapter 13: Nightmare on Diaper St.

*October comes fast. We now find the girls at school, on the day of Halloween. Madison and Britney manage to survive a boring day at school. Both girls were diapered at school today and could not wait for the bell to ring. Britney was allowed to stay over at Madison's house for the weekend. She was able to convince her mother to let her by saying "well if I stay home, we will have to buy candy and pass it out to the trick-or-treaters." Her mother hates Halloween, just like most other holidays. The plea bargain worked and her mother reluctantly let her go directly to Madison's house after school on Friday, the day of Halloween.*

Friday afternoon's school day comes to a close. The girls are walking around the school yard, towards the path to Madison's home.

"So, what's the plan for today?" Brittney asks.

"Oh, we'll go to my house first and have a light snack and then play in my room until it starts to get dark, then we will get our costumes on and go trick-or-treating," replies Madison.

"That sounds great! I can't wait," Britney squeals with delight. As the girls walk to Maddie's house, they see other kids in their costumes already. They see everything from ghosts and ghouls to princesses and fairies. Once they arrive at Madison's house, Maddie opens the front door and shouts, "I'm home!" Mrs. Ludke; who is in the living room, is watching one of her many soap operas while keeping an eye on Alyssa, who is sound asleep. She turns to the girls, welcoming them home.

"Did you girls stay dry today?" Mrs. Ludke asks. As if they were the same person, both Maddie and Britney giggle and say "nope!" Mrs. Ludke asks the girls if they need her help but Madison replies "no thanks, we got this one, Mom" as they both rush upstairs to Madison's room. Once inside, both girls begin to peel away their clothes one by one until both are standing wearing only their heavily soaked diapers.

"Wow Maddie, you really filled yours up! I'm surprised it hasn't leaked yet!" Britney states with a shocked look on her face.

"You're not exactly dry, either." Madison replies with slight sarcasm. They both giggle more. Britney points at the bed. "Okay you know the routine Maddie." Maddie wobbles over to the bed and plops down. This time, a cold, damp wetness is felt in-between her legs. Something she doesn't care too much for.

Brittney un-tapes the diaper starting from right to left. After she's done, she carefully pulls back the diaper and gasps. "Wow, you were in that wet diaper sooooo long you look like a shriveled peach! Be careful you don't get another rash like you did last month," Britney explains.

"I know, it sucked. It hurt to walk and I missed two days of school and I smelt like baby powder three days after that. Maddie replies. Madison lifts her legs up so Britney can pull out the diaper. Britney grabs the wipes and carefully cleans her from top to bottom while making "woo" sounds. This makes Madison laugh a bit. After Britney is done cleaning her friend up, she pulls out a new diaper and some baby powder. While Madison's legs are still up, she slides the new diaper under her and tells Madison to set her butt down and then begins to sprinkle baby powder on her.

"Remember to use this more often, it helps soak up moisture and will help prevent rashes when you're in a wet diaper for too long", Britney explains.

"Yeah, I know; I just don't like how you can smell it even after you're done" replies Madison. After Britney finishes up and straps the diaper on, she goes on to tell Maddie about unscented baby powders on the market. Madison, with a confused look on her face responds, "Really? I only thought there was one kind of baby powder because it's the only one I ever see at the store."

"You just have to order it online or go to a specialty store like Babies R Us to get it," Britney replies as she pats her on the head.



"Awesome! I'll tell my mom next time so she can get it. Now, let's get you changed," Madison retorts.

While standing, Britney pulls off her Pull-Up and tosses it in the trash. "I see a shriveled peach as well" Madison says to Britney while giggling. She grabs a few wipes and helps Britney clean herself up. As Britney reaches for a clean Pull-Up from the pack she leaves in Madison's room, Maddie suddenly stops her. While holding one of her size 7 Pampers in her hand, she says: "You're going to be here for a while, why not wear one of mine. I'm sure you will have to pee before we leave. So, there is no point in using yours. "

Britney smiles, as she falls back onto Madison's bed, "okay but you have to put it on me!" She starts giggling and acting more childish. Madison nods as she starts to diaper her friend, the same way Britney did just minutes ago. After the girls are diapered, they spend a little time admiring each other's diaper before putting on only a short t-shirt. Knowing Alyssa will be asleep for a while; this gives the girls the rare opportunity to strut around the house with their diapers fully exposed. The girls head downstairs. Britney heads to Madison's mother while Madison heads to her father's usual spot in the kitchen, drinking tea and reading the paper. He seems to favor his Capitan's chair there more than any other place in the house. As Madison turns the corner, Mr. Ludke sees her and greets her.

"Well, if it isn't my little, big baby! How 're you doing, hun?"

"Okey-dokie, daddy!" Madison replies in a 'little kid' voice. She runs up to him and gives him a big hug and kiss. Mr. Ludke pats his daughter on the head.

"Are you ready for tonight?" he asks. "It's going to be a long night so me and your mother want you and your friend to eat something before you leave to keep up your energy."

"Okay daddy, is it okay for me and Britt to have a 'PB and J' sandwich?" Madison asks sweetly.

"Sure thing! And before you ask," Mr. Ludke butts in, "I already put some sodas in the fridge for you two; they should be cold by now. We have about three hours before we have to get moving so eat your food and have some fun around here for a bit."

"Mmm-hmm," Madison nods as she heads over to the cupboard to get out the peanut butter. She makes the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, cut in half for each of them, and calls Britney over to help her. "Britney, could you get the bag of chips and two sodas for me and meet me on the couch?" Britney nods and gathers up the items. Once on the couch, the girls put on a special episode of 'iCarly' that was recorded the night before on the DVR. The girls spend the next hour watching the show and eating their food. As the show is over, Madison gets up, stretches and looks around. Seeing that her mother is reading a book and Alyssa is still asleep, she asks Britney if she wants to play out back for a while. Britney agrees and without giving it a second thought, the two diapered middle-schoolers head out back.

The girls decide to play a game of tag and run around for a while. After about 30 minutes of playing, the feeling that Maddie knows all too well hits her. She instantly stops where she is at and squats down. She clenches for a bit then relaxes as she lets out a torrent of pee. The stream is so loud this time; Britney can hear her going from two feet away. Maddie is having so much fun with this. Knowing she doesn't have pants on to ruin, she decides to try and pee more to make it leak this time. She begins squeezing extra hard. Doing so caused an unintended reaction to occur. With a shocked look on her face, she can feel something hot sliding down her butt, but not pee. All of a sudden, she feels like someone is watching her. She turns her head and notices Britney glued to the back of her diaper. Britney is stunned in awe and watches as the back of her friend's diaper pushes out and folds back in. After a few seconds, Madison looks at Britney with a shocked look on her face. "I ... I... thi ... think I just... poo – poo -- pooped myself!"

Britney snaps out of her gaze, puts her fingers on her nose and shouts "eww, P-U! Maddie, I can smell that from here."

Madison blushes and stutters, "I... I don't know what hap--- happened. I just tried to pee more, but when I pushed, I guess I pushed out the ... wro - wrong end. And, eww this feels so nasty! Eww!"

"It's okay, Maddie, I've done it once or twice without meaning to, too. It's no big deal. Accidents happen. Let's go to your room and I'll change you," Britney replies, somewhat distracted. "Uh, but first..." Britney stands where she is and pauses. Madison watches as Britney relaxes herself and begins to pee in her diaper. The diaper starts to form a yellow tinge just below the front. After a few moments, the entire area between her legs turns a dark color and her diaper begins to sag.

"Wow! Britney, you sure filled that one up fast," Madison says with a few giggles. As they head back Madison walks like a penguin with an egg, careful not to press her legs together. Little do the girls know, Mr. Ludke was washing his cup and saw the whole thing from the kitchen window. Once the girls reach the kitchen, Mr. Ludke thought it would be funny to mess with his stinky daughter. After all, he has to make sure she is being honest. He calls Madison over and proceeds to pick her up having her butt rest on his arms. This, of course, sends the mess in the diaper squishing all around. Madison begins to fidget, making funny faces.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Mr. Ludke asks.

Madison starts to stutter, being as she's somewhat embarrassed. "Yes, daddy I'm ... Uh ... fine!" Knowing his daughter is trying to hide the obvious smelly mess, he shifts his hands around causing the mess to smear more.

"Are you sure nothing is wrong?" Mr. Ludke asks again.

"Um... I... I guess...there is... I... um... seem..." Madison tries to speak but is overly embarrassed. She eventually works up the nerve. "I ACCIDENTLY POOPED IN MY DIAPER AND IT STINKS AND IT'S NASTY AND IT'S SO EWW, EWW, EWW and not only that, but DADDY; YOUR SMEARING IT AROUND!!!" Madison screams as she calms down, letting out a few huffs and puffs.

"Well sweetie, you shouldn't be keeping secrets like that now, should you? Besides, I could smell you from a mile away. Go take a shower and get cleaned up, your costume is on your bed; I'll tell Britney to meet you in your room." He puts her down and kisses her forehead.

Madison blushes while nodding her head. Okay, Daddy," Madison responds softly as she waddles up to the bathroom. Britney walks in and tells Mr. Ludke that she overheard and will be waiting for Maddie in her room. Once in the bathroom, Madison turns on the fan and unfastens her diaper. After she takes the tabs off, she notices the diaper still sticks to her. Madison thinks to herself, "eww this is like butt glue!" As she peels it off the stench becomes more apparent and stronger, filling up the room with a foul odor. Madison starts to choke and gag from the stench. She quickly tosses it the trash, then sprays some air freshener and hops in the shower. She quickly takes her shirt off and starts the water. From Madison's room and even the kitchen, everyone could hear "eww, eww, eww, eww, eww!" and everybody knew what had happened.

About fifteen minutes pass. Madison opens her room door. She notices Britney lying on her bed with her legs spread wide open, sleeping like a baby. Madison thinks to herself, "Brit sure can fall asleep easily; and she's been doing it a lot lately at school, too. I hope everything is alright with her at home." She then grabs one of her diapers and the baby powder. As she does this, a thought occurs to her. She stares at Britney's diaper. For some reason she is compelled to feel it. Something about feeling someone else's wet diaper just fascinates her at the moment. She sets the dry diaper and baby powder down and slowly walks towards her friend. She reaches her arm out. Nervously, she opens her hand and presses against Britney's lukewarm diaper. She quickly notices something that startles her: a vibration feeling. After a few seconds her heart skips a beat. "Did Brit just pee herself?" Madison thinks to herself. She then watches as the already full diaper starts to leak, creating a wet spot on the end of her bed. Madison goes to wake up Britney, but before she is able to, Britney whimpers.

"I'm sorry mommy, I'm sorry." Britney mutters. Madison pauses for a second, then attempts to wake Britney up.

"Hey Britney, wake up... you're a leaky little baby, aren't you? Madison says softly.

"Ugh... sorry, I wet mommy. Ugh... don't be mad. Ermmpf..." Britney mumbles as she starts to wake up. Madison hears this but decides to keep it to herself for the time being. Britney soon snaps out of her daze and feels something she hasn't felt in a long time. In-between her legs are wet and so are the bed sheets. Britney puts her hands over her mouth and gasps. She then looks at Madison, about ready to cry. "I... so... so, sorry! I ... I didn't mean to... please don't be mad at me.

Please, you're the only friend I have! I'll be good," she cries. Madison starts to freak out a bit. She yells Brittney's full name, like a parent does when trying to get the child's attention, and grabs her shoulder, telling her to calm down. She reassures her that everything will be okay. Britney starts crying. "But I ... I ... I wet your bed... I made it messy... and your mom... Oh my God, your mom! What will she think?" As Britney continues to cry, Madison rubs her best friend's back.

"Brit, come on, you're my best friend in the whole world! Do you think I would be mad at an accident? And my mom would never be mad at you. She loves you almost more than I do. You're going to be just fine. No one is mad at you." Madison states as she tries to consolidate her friend.

Britney sniffs and sobs some more. "Are ... are you sure? I've never done this at anyone else's house. Please, Maddie don't tell your mom; and don't tell my mother. I'll get...." Britney stops.

Madison looks concerned. "What Brit, you'll get what? She asks.

Britney pauses and looks around the room as she tries to come up with a reason. "I'll get in trouble," Britney responds nervously, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Don't be worried. I'll tell you what; let's get you out of that diaper and you can take a shower really quick that should help you feel better. We still have about 45 minutes before we leave, so it'll be okay. While you're in the shower, I'll get ready to go and you can just call for me when you get out, okay? Madison says calmly.

Britney wipes the tears from her eyes and un-tapes her diaper quickly. She lifts her butt up carefully as Madison pulls it out, and tosses it in the trash. Britney then walks out of Madison's room and goes straight into the bathroom. A few seconds later, Britney calls Madison's name. "MADDIE, can you come here please? Madison rushes over to see what the problem is. Britney is in the shower. As she leans out, she has one hand pinching her nose. "Could you do something about that?" Britney points at the waste basket which still contains the messy diaper.

Madison blushes. "Oh sorry, I forgot all about that. I'll empty it right now. And just in case, I'll also spray a little air freshener for you as well." Madison takes the waste basket outside of the bathroom and closes the door. She then heads back to her room so she can put her Halloween costume on. Madison opens her door and grabs a diaper. She proceeds to diaper herself, making sure not to forget the baby powder. When she's done, she dries her hair and slips on the top of her costume. It's a short blue and white sleeveless shirt that has a triangular pattern on it with the letters MHS on the front. She then slips on a mini-skirt that matches her top. The skirt covers her diaper but if she were to bend over for any reason or sit down, her diaper would be exposed. She starts to ponder if she should wear shorts under or not. As she continues to wonder, she remembers she has more important things to do and quickly forgets about it. She walks over to the bed and takes her covers and bedding off. She takes them down to the washroom and runs back upstairs to empty the waste basket. On the way back in she stops and asks her mother if she could put her hair in two pigtails to match her outfit.

"Sure hun, just have a seat right there. You know, Maddie, I was a cheerleader when I was in high school. It wasn't anything spectacular. But woo, was I a hit with the boys!" Mrs. Ludke exclaims. This causes Madison to blush and Mr. Ludke to become a bit annoyed. Mrs. Ludke sees this and hears him ruffle his newspaper. "Relax, dear I was only joking. You're the only man I've ever been with and you know it," she re-assures. Madison laughs. As she continues to get her hair done, Maddie tells her mother what had happened with Britney and with her bedding. Her mother promises Madison she will not speak a word of it to Britney's mother. They also both agreed that Madison was the one that made the mess so that they don't hurt Britney's feelings any more. After Madison's hair is finished, Britney calls out to Madison.

Madison dashes upstairs and hands her friend a towel. She helps dry her up and escorts her to her bedroom. "Are you alright? Do you feel better?" Madison asks.

Brittney nods. "Uh – huh," Brittney replies with a smile. She looks at Madison's bed; suddenly, her smile transforms to a frown. "You told your mother, didn't you? After you said you wouldn't!"

Madison interrupts quickly. "Yes and no. I told her I was the one that did it, before I got into the shower. She believes me so everything is okay. The bedding will get washed tomorrow so tonight we sleep in our sleeping bags. Lay down on my mattress and well get you into your costume." Maddie pulls out a fresh diaper and the baby powder. She also takes out a folded piece of clothing. After Madison diapers Britney, she unfolds what appears to be a shirt. After putting it on there are 4 little snap-on buttons at the bottom. "Wow," Madison replies. "I can't believe they make onesies in your size. What's more amazing is that you're going as a baby for Halloween. I don't think I could ever be that audacious."

"It's better to hide a tree in the forest than out in the city," Britney responds, with a grin on her face. She makes this grin when she knows she's being 'smart.'

Madison giggles. "You and your silly philosophy," Madison teases. She quickly pulls out the next piece of Britney's costume, a pacifier, and gives it to her. Britney's eyes light up as a big smile comes across her face. How did they know she wanted a pacifier? This thought quickly vanishes from her mind as she quickly starts to suck on it as if she was trying to melt an ice pop. The girls are now finished getting dressed and head downstairs where Madison's parents are waiting, along with a now groggy Alyssa kitten. Britney thanks the Ludkes once again for buying her a costume. Her mother was too cheap and only bought things that were needed for her and nothing more.

Finally, the moment has arrived. The girls head outside and get into the van.

"OH GIRLS!" Mrs. Ludke shouts. "Your pillow cases are in the back and so is a diaper bag in case you need it. It's fully packed, but could you double check it for me while I get Alyssa in her car seat?" Both girls say "yes" in unison. After a few minutes of checking, they confirm the contents and proceed to shut the door and buckle up. Mr. and Mrs. Ludke get in and Mr. Ludke starts the car. They then begin the drive over to the rich neighborhood, just past the hospital.

After about a half an hour, the van stops. Madison and Britney know it's their stop and begin to unbuckle their seatbelts. Mrs. Ludke turns back from the front seat to talk to them.

"Okay, you and Brittney can start out on your own. You are old enough this year. We'll come back to check on you two in about an hour and a half. Your father and I will be taking Alyssa around. Have fun and be safe!" Madison's mother says. Alyssa is a little confused as to why Madison isn't going with her. Previous years, it's always been that way.

"Wait! Maddie and Bitt-ney not going wif me?" Alyssa cries out. Madison looks at Britney, as to say "it's okay, I got this." She then leans over and looks at her little sister.

"No, Ally. This year I'm older and I can go with the older kids. You will be with Mommy and Daddy for a while. It will be lots of fun and you'll be around kids your age," Madison explains.

Alyssa pouts and frowns. "But I wanna go wif you, too!" Mrs. Ludke decides to take over with this.

"I know you want your big sister, sweetie. But she's getting older now and wants to be with her friends today. Hey! I hear there's a house this year that is giving out lots and lots of tootsie-pops!" Mrs. Ludke says with plenty of enthusiasm. This gets Alyssa's mind off of what was bothering her. She smiles and starts kicking her legs in excitement. Tootsie-pops are her most favorite candy, since she's been old enough to eat them.

"Really?! I wanna go there first, Momma! Let's go!" Alyssa squeals happily. Madison gives her sister a kiss on the forehead as she gets out of the van. She looks over at Britney and starts to giggle. The van drives off as her parents wave at them.

Britney looks back at her friend. "What's so funny?"

"I just can't get over how cute you look. I'm not making fun; you just look super cute and you are rocking this. I still can't believe you have the guts to do it." Madison says. As she walks forward, she notices her skirt seems just a tad big and is falling down a bit. She has to keep pulling it up, on occasion.

"Well, I haven't been trick-or-treating since I was five and I don't think we will run into any one we know here. Even if we do meet someone, it's Halloween, costumes galore; and as for you, you can be a baby cheerleader! Let's just have fun tonight and not try to worry so much," Britney says, putting the pacifier back in her mouth. Madison nods her head in agreement. The girls look around at all the houses. Some are decorated festively for the frightful holiday, while others are barely decorated at all. A few houses are completely dark and appear to have no one home. Suddenly, Britney points at a house across the street. "Let's go here first," she says, somewhat slurred as her pacifier is still in her mouth. She begins running towards it. Madison follows, making sure her skirt stays on. They get up to the house and wait their turn in line. There are several children around, all in various costumes. Finally, they approach the front door. It's an elderly couple handing out various pieces of candy. Britney is standing in front of Madison and says, with pacifier still in mouth, "twick or tweet!" She sounds just like a cute little toddler.

The old lady (sitting on the porch) smiles and gasps. "Well, aren't you the sweetest little thing? Here you go, baby girl!" She places two pieces of assorted candy in her candy sack. Britney giggles and blushes, then moves aside so Madison can have her turn. She holds out her sack and decides to be really silly and really get into her costume. She starts dancing like a cheerleader and says "Gimme a T, gimme an R, gimme an E, gimme an A, gimme a T! What does that spell? TREAT!" She then bows and giggles some more. During this entire routine, as her skirt is moving up and down, it exposes her diaper for brief moments. Some of the children behind her notice and can be seen pointing and whispering amongst themselves. Madison doesn't notice, but Britney does from the corner of her eye. She decides not to say anything and again figures they will think it is part of her costume. The old lady is amused at Madison's performance, once again.

"How adorable you are. A cute little cheerleader! Here's two pieces of candy for you, too!" Madison smiles and says thanks. The girls quickly skip along and head to another house. "This is going to be great. We're going to have so much candy; everyone thinks we're so cute. I bet they also think we're about eight years old!" Madison says with a few giggles. Britney giggles along with her as they run to the next house.

The two girls continue to do their 'cutie-duo routine' for several houses. It's been about an hour in to their candy-acquiring adventure. Bladders are beginning to get full, but so far both girls are dry. Before going up to the next house which has a very elaborate display throughout the whole yard, they decide to stop and check out their candy stash.

"My gosh, our bags are over half full and we're not even close to being done. These rich people are, um... aw...awesome!" Madison says while starting to fidget a little. At this point she knows she has to pee, but is trying to hold it until the moment is right. There are way too many kids around to just start squatting and making a scene. She decides to hold it for a while and see where Britney wants to go next. They don't follow a set path of where to go. It's like a game of spin the bottle. They randomly go from one house on the corner, to another house in the middle of the neighborhood. Britney begins running towards the next house as Madison follows.

Finally, they arrive at a large house that has a few fake tombstones in the front yard. Nothing overly exciting, but at least they tried to get in the Halloween spirit. Many homes had no decorations at all and it was a little disappointing for the girls to see. Britney runs up first to get her candy, asking ever so sweetly for candy. Madison follows her, doing her little dance routine while again exposing her diaper. As she finishes, Britney shouts from behind her, "can you guess who she is for Halloween?" The middle-aged woman at the door examines her and thinks for a moment.

"Hmm... A cheerleader of some sort... but there's something about her that seems different. Oh, yes – I got it. She's a baby cheerleader!" The lady says. Britney claps.

"You got it!" Britney giggles. Some of the kids in the background snicker and giggle, but seeing as it's Halloween, they don't give it too much thought. Madison blushes, realizing that as she does her dance routine, her diaper can be seen. She shrugs it off, though, as no one seems to be making fun of her. "Come on, Maddie, let's go to another house. This one is way at the end of the street. See if you can keep up," Britney says while dashing down the sidewalk.

Just as Madison begins to walk down the front steps, the pressure from her bladder increases and she is almost in pain. She tries to walk faster, but is now holding her lower stomach, trying to hold in it. As they run along, she spots a driveway with two cars parked. The cars belong to a home that is all dark; probably people who don't celebrate Halloween. She sees this as a good place to relieve herself without other kids noticing too much. She calls out to Britney. "Hey Britt, come over here by me, please. I gotta show you something!" Madison is still holding her tummy. Britney notices, and has a pretty good idea what's going on. Madison stands in-between the two cars, making it look like she's hiding, to play a prank on Britney. As she waits for Britney to come closer, she's actually relaxing her bladder muscles, allowing for a slow, steady stream to warm up her diaper. She is almost finished as Britney gets closer to the cars. She yells out "BOO!" as she finishes peeing and starts to giggle.

"Ha-ha, nice try. I knew you were there! Britney shouts. Some kids nearby were watching the display, but quickly run past to go find more houses to trick-or-treat at. Britney comes closer to her friend and whispers in her ear. "Okay, it's just me now. Are you done peeing?" Britney asks. Madison nods her head and giggles, then dashes off and goes up to the sidewalk of the next house.

The girls run around and go from one random house, to another. About a half hour of this passes and Madison remembers there's one awesome house they have not yet been to. It's about a five-minute walk away. She instructs Britney to follow her, that there is a house in this neighborhood she just has to see. Britney eagerly follows her friend, but by this time – she too now needs to pee, badly. Having no good place to hide, she decides to hold it until after they see this totally awesome house. They are now within sight of it. As they get closer, Britney takes in all the sights and sounds. The entire front yard of the house is a grave yard; except there are zombies and monsters half in the ground, looking as if they are trying to escape. There are fake bats hanging all over the front porch, along with cob webs and giant spiders hanging in them. Handing out candy on the front porch is old man Johnson, only he doesn't appear to be human. He is wearing hideous make-up that makes his face look pale and dead. Blood is running down from his eyes and his arms and legs are colored vomit-green. He's wearing raggedy old clothes that smell moldy and are soaked in (fake) blood. As the girls enter the front sidewalk, Britney starts to walk slower. She clutches hold of Madison's hand and hides behind her.

"You go on ahead. I'm... I'm gonna wait here." Britney says, stuttering. Madison turns around and faces her friend.

"Oh, come on. It's just for fun. None of this is real! I go to this house every year. You'll love it." Madison says happily. Britney, however, continues to look a little un-easy. Madison sighs. "Okay, fine. I'll go first... but you're going up after me! Mr. Johnson, the guy who looks like a zombie; he's really nice. He just likes putting on a show every year. You'll see. When I come back alive, will you go up there?" Madison asks.

Britney lets go of Madison's hand and slowly nods her head for yes. Madison runs up to the front porch and says "TRICK OR TREAT, dead guy!" She has no fear, whatsoever.

"Mmmphf... You look good enough to eat, little one! Err, I mean... Help yourself to a treat or two!" Mr. Johnson says, in a dead-man, mummy sounding voice.

Madison giggles and picks out a candy bar from the dish. "Thanks, Mr. Johnson. Hey... see that girl over there dressed as a baby? Do me a favor and get her real good, Mmmkay? She's my friend and hasn't been trick-or-treating in a while. I want to show her what Halloween is all about," Madison whispers into his ear. The old man nods his head and grins. Madison runs towards her friend. "See, I made it out alive. Now it's your turn. Go on, don't be afraid!" Madison says as she gives Britney a gentle push from behind.

The old man stands super still, pretending to be dead as Britney slowly approaches. She is now holding her tummy, feeling the urge to pee get stronger and stronger. Finally, Britney climbs up the steps to the front porch, puts her pacifier in her mouth, and sweetly says "Twick or..." but is interrupted by the zombie who starts to sway and moan. He quickly jumps out in front of her, grabs her shoulder, and moans louder. "Mmmm, BRAAAAAAINS!!!" the zombie man shrieks. Britney falls to the floor and starts screaming hysterically. She has lost all control of her bladder and begins flooding her diaper so fast, the diaper is not

able to absorb fast enough. After a matter of seconds, a small puddle is now noticeable on the floor where she sits. She notices the leak and now begins to cry from the embarrassment. During this time, a rather small girl in a fairy princess costume with an unusually thick bottom takes notice. In fact, she is staring at the wet, terrified girl sobbing on the ground.

Britney quickly gets up and runs over to where Madison is, on the sidewalk, with pee running down her legs. She practically runs into her and starts crying on her shoulder. Madison feels bad, not quite wanting her friend's 'scare' to be this severe. She hugs and comforts her friend.

"I'm so sorry, Brit. I didn't mean for this to happen. I just wanted you to have some fun. I feel bad. Will you forgive me?" Madison says while hugging her. Britney calms down a little and wipes the tears from her eyes. She sucks rapidly on her paci, not saying a word, nodding her head and hugging Madison, signaling she's not mad at her friend. "I'll call my mom so they can pick us up and get you changed, okay? Shh, it'll be okay. I promise." Madison says.

Meanwhile, the little fairy princess goes up to get some candy from the haunted house. Mr. Johnson leans over and says to the girl... "Here, give 3 candy bars to that baby over there. Please tell her I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to scare her that bad. Can you do that for me, sweetie?" Mr. Johnson asks. The girl nods, taking a candy bar for herself and three to give to Britney. As she approaches the two girls, she stops and listens in on Madison's phone call to her mother.

"Yeah, Mom... Umm, Britney kind of had an accident. Can you get us so we can get her cleaned up? We're at Mr. Johnson's house. Yeah. That's fine. Just try not to take too long, okay? She's kind of embarrassed. Okay! Love you, too, bye!" Madison says as she hangs up the cell phone and puts it away. Her mother explained to her that she was walking with Alyssa a couple blocks away, but she'd finish up and get back in the van and swing by soon. The girls go to the curb and stand out of the way as they wait for Maddie's parents to arrive.

Just then, Britney feels a gentle tap on her back. She turns around to see the little fairy princess girl, with the unusually thick bottom. She holds out three candy bars. "Here, these are for you. They're from Mr. Johnson, the zombie who scared you so bad. He says he's really sorry," the girl says, a bit shyly. She can't help but continue to stare at Britney and her costume, now complete with leaky diaper. Britney notices the girl staring, but doesn't say anything but a quick "thanks" as she puts the candy bars in her bag. The girl snaps out of it and begins to introduce herself. "Oh, my... my name's Emily. This house is always scary. They get a lot of kids like this every year. So, you got nothing to worry about, it'll be okay," Emily says, trying to be friendly. Britney smiles and the two chit-chat a little about the house and even though it was scary, how cool it was that it was so carefully decorated and realistic.

After a few minutes, Madison grows impatient with her parents. She stomps her feet and growls. "WHERE IS HE?!" she shouts. Emily takes notice and has a sudden realization.

"Oh, hey! Do you girls go to Lionel S. Middle School?" Emily blurts out. Both Madison and Britney look at each other, somewhat shocked. In unison they both respond with a "yes." Emily continues on. "And you have Ms. Gurbik for second period science and Mr. Hall for fifth period math?" Madison and Britney's heart skip a beat.

"Ye-yes, why?" Madison stutters.

"I knew it, I knew it. I'm in those classes, too. Seeing you stomp like that reminded me of the time the boys made fun of you in class," Emily explains. She looks over again at Britney, admiring her. "I still can't believe you, though. I love your costume but I can't believe you would actually wear the diaper, too. But I guess it's a good thing you did, not that it gave you much help this time," she says, talking 100 miles per minute. She pauses for a few seconds, getting up the courage to ask something. "Um, can I follow you guys around a bit? I don't have to check in with my mother for a few hours as she's at her friend's house. She really doesn't care about what I do too much." The girls see this as a chance to make a new friend so they agree to let her tag along.

A few more minutes pass and they are still waiting on Madison's father. As they wait even longer, Emily starts to twitch around; something both Madison and Britney notice. Emily then begins to look around frantically. She looks at Britney and Maddie asking them to cover for her. Confused by what their new friend is up to, they agree and go along with it. They stand

in front of the somewhat tiny girl. Emily then drops her bag and squats to pick it up. She stays like this for a few seconds before sighing. The two girls have their suspicions about what is happening right now, but are reluctant to believe it. It's not until they go to give Emily her bag that Madison asks if she could look at the candy bar she had gotten from Mr. Johnson.

Emily, too engrossed in thought at the moment, agrees. As soon as Madison opens her bag, she notices a diaper sticking out the side, almost hidden. As she goes to reach for it, Emily snaps out of her daze and frantically snatches the bag out of Madison's hands. She asks Madison, "Did you see it?" Madison truthfully tells her yes, but not to worry. Emily starts to cry and whimper. "You're not going to tease me or tell anyone, are you?"

Madison smiles and shakes her head. "No, of course not. Wait a sec, I think my daddy is here!" The van pulls up, with Mr. Ludke driving. Emily becomes distracted by more screams coming from the Johnson house and immediately the girls open the side door of the van. They ask what took so long but after seeing a very cranky Alyssa, they already know the answer and say "never mind." They introduce their friend, Emily.

Madison asks her mother if Emily can tag along with them as their new friend. Mrs. Ludke agrees. However, both parents look at each other for a moment, looking somewhat concerned.

"Are you sure that's a good idea? I mean, you know..." Mrs. Ludke says, hinting about the fact they are both in diapers and could be exposed. Madison replies in a reassuring voice, "yes, Mommy." Emily then hops into the van and they drive to the nearest deserted street. Once they stop, Madison, Britney, and Emily get out. It is then that Madison tells Emily that they share the same secret, and that they are going to get changed.

Emily's heart skips a beat as she stutters, "cha -- changed? You don't ... mean ..."

Just then Madison lifts up her skirt, revealing her wet diaper. "YEP!" Madison replies, "We wear diapers also and we wouldn't ever think of teasing anyone else that wears them, for whatever reason. Do you get it now?"

Emily smiles and nods her head quickly, "uh huh!" After Madison and Britney get a quick change, Britney is left with her back-up costume; just a pink T-shirt and long socks. "Gosh, won't you be cold, Brit?" Emily asks while smiling.

"Nah, it's okay, if I get too cold, I can put on my pajama bottoms," Britney says confidently.

Madison leans over to Emily and tells her, "I know that you are wet, why not change yourself, after us?" Emily blushes but eventually agrees. The girls finish up and they drive back to the Johnson's house. The girls go up to Mr. Johnson and tell him not to worry; that everything is fine now. Britney perks up and says "I'm glad my baby costume could soak up most of the mess." They spend a little time talking and joking around before they leave to trick or treat some more.

After about ten minutes, Mr. Ludke suggests that the girls get back in the van and head back to their neighborhood. They still have the large apartment building to hit before the night is over. Right before they leave, Emily decides she'd better call her mother and let her know what she's doing. She asks to borrow Madison's cell phone. Emily only being ten and a half does not have one of her own yet. She dials the number and waits for an answer.

Emily's Mom (sounding somewhat drunk and disoriented): "Hallow?"

Emily: "Hi Mom it's just me. Umm, I met these two girls and they want me to go with them to another neighborhood for a while. Can I go?"

Emily's Mom: "Sure, whatever. But I can't come and get you; I'm partying right now... so if you go too far, you're walking your little butt home, you got it?"

Emily: "Oh this girl I met; her parents are gonna bring me home. Don't worry about it."

Emily's Mom: "yeah, alright. Sounds good. Can I go now?"

Emily sighs, "yes, good-BYE Mom. Don't party TOO much!"

Emily's Mom: "Don't YOU tell ME what I can and can't do. That's MY job!" \*click\*



Emily hands the cell phone back to Madison and sighs, shaking her head. Madison looks at her, concerned.

“Is everything okay? Did your mom say it’s okay?”

Emily nods. “Yeah, I can come, but your dad’s gonna have to take me home later. I live across from the elementary school. It’s not too far.” Madison smiles and nods, saying that would not be a problem at all.

During the half hour ride back into town, the three girls talk amongst themselves and play silly ‘bored in the car’ type of games. *I spy, ad-lib*, and silly *ghost stories* are among the list of things they do to keep entertained. Alyssa tries to join in, but ends up falling asleep within minutes of driving. Emily is in the middle of telling a ghost story when Madison feels a slight pressure from her bladder. This time, there’s no reason to wait.

“Hold on a second. All this excitement ... and that soda that Mr. Johnson gave me are starting to catch up with me. Keep going with the story... I can go pee and listen at the same time,” Madison says. This causes all three girls to giggle. Emily continues with the story, keeping an eye on her new friend as she fills her diaper. Seconds later, Madison sighs and smiles. “Ahh, that’s better. Okay, continue!” Mrs. Ludke laughs from up front and exchanges a few smiles with her husband. Both parents are happy to see their daughter having so much fun, and making new friends along the way.

Finally, the van arrives in the old neighborhood, in front of a large two-story apartment complex. “Okay, we’re here. Hit the first floor first, then go up to the second. Most everyone should be home tonight, but there may be some that don’t answer. I’m going to wake up Alyssa and take her upstairs first. We’ll meet back down here in about 30 minutes,” Mrs. Ludke explains. The three girls jump out of the van and run towards the first floor and Mr. and Mrs. Ludke stay back to get Alyssa. They gently wake her up. Knowing she’s tired, they get out the umbrella stroller and push her around in it for the remainder of the evening.

Madison, Britney, and Emily manage to complete the first floor rather quickly. The apartment homes aren’t nearly as exciting as the rich neighborhood, but Madison knows the other girls are having loads of fun, and besides, it’s a chance to get even more candy, so she can’t complain. They begin going up the stairs to go to the second floor. Britney and Emily run up quickly, but Madison straggles behind. She is starting to get tired and decides to take her time. Finally, she reaches the top floor. She follows along with her friends, walking slower and slower as they go along. Eventually, the other two start to get just as tired. They’ve gotten just about all the apartments, and decide to head back down to meet up with Madison’s parents.

Britney gets one last burst of energy and decides to get playful. “Last one down to the van is a rotten egg!” Britney giggles and starts to run down the stairs. Emily is right behind her. Madison is dragging behind, but runs down the hallway faster to catch up. Her skirt begins to fall lower around her waist. She takes a few steps down the stairs as her skirt falls a little lower. Finally, she reaches the last two steps. To catch up, she decides to jump over the last set of stairs. She leaps into the air and lands firmly on the ground. Her skirt has now completely fallen down and is around her ankles. Britney is in the lead and almost at the van. She yells from a distance “better hurry, Maddie!” Madison giggles and steps right out of her skirt, now running in just a slightly wet diaper. Some other kids who are still trick or treating see her and start to taunt her.

“Oh my God! Look at the little diaper baby! Did you lose you Mommy? Where’s your bottle, baby!” a boy about her age taunts. Others join in and continue to tease her. Madison now realizes what has happened. Her giggles turn to crying as she stands still, frozen in shock from being completely humiliated. Britney, wondering where her friend is, walks back over toward the landing of the steps to see what’s going on. Madison just stands there in shock, tears running down her face. She begins to wet herself as a result of shock and trauma of the moment. As the diaper becomes a dark shade of yellow between her legs, the boys take notice and begin to tease her some more. “Aww, did the little baby piss her pants? Go cry to your Mommy, little baby.” Britney, having seen enough, walks in and raises her voice.

“Knock it off, jerks! It’s Halloween and my friend here was dressed as a BABY CHEERLEADER. It was kind of a joke. Her skirt fell off. Big deal! Leave her alone or I---” Britney shouts as she’s interrupted by one of the older boys.

“Or you’ll WHAT? From the looks of it, you’re just as much of a wimp as she is,” the punk says while laughing. His pathetic buddies join in.

"You don't want to know! Now go on, get out of here! I know someone in this building who has a tazer! Would you like me to taze your ass?" Britney says. Madison looks up at her friend and gasps, shocked to hear her talk like that!

The punk backs off and signals to his gang that it's time to go. They run off like a pack of rats. Britney goes over to Madison and gives her a hug. "Come on, let's go back to the van. I think we've had enough excitement for one night, huh?" Britney says. Madison picks up her skirt from the ground and wipes the tears from her eyes. "Where did you...how did you... umm... Is there really a tazer in one of the apartments?" Madison says frantically.

"No, silly. I just made that up. Where did I learn to talk like that? I don't know. Too many stupid cop drama shows that my mom watches, I guess. You are my friend. When you're in trouble I stand up for you. That's what friends do. Now come on, let's go find your mom. I won't tell her what happened. Let's just tell her your skirt fell off." Britney explains. Madison nods as they run along towards the van. Her diaper is now sagging and squishing behind her as she walks. Some other kids take notice, but just stop and stare, not causing any more commotion.

"There you two are. Okay, we should get your new friend back home. Get buckled in, girls." Mrs. Ludke says. As Madison gets in, she hands her skirt to her mother and just looks at her like 'I dunno what happened.' Mrs. Ludke just laughs and gets in the front seat. Alyssa is buckled in her car seat, overtired, but excited about all the candy she got.

Emily explains to Mr. Ludke where her house is. They make their way towards her house, and arrive a few minutes later. Emily unbuckles her seatbelt and jumps out of the van. She looks towards her two new friends. "I had so much fun. I hope we can be friends and hang out sometime soon. Thanks Mr. and Mrs. Ludke!" She runs off and goes inside her house.

"That's a very nice little friend you met there. Perhaps she can sleep over someday soon, huh?" Mr. Ludke remarks. Madison smiles and nods at her father, saying "yeah she's pretty fun. She's in sixth grade but you'd never know it looking at her." They all laugh as Mr. Ludke heads towards home.

Alyssa is in her car seat, sucking on a tootsie pop. She is excited to tell Madison about her night. Madison plays along, knowing her sister misses her.

"Did you get lots and lots of awesome candy, Ally-Kat? I sure did," she says while tickling her sister's tummy.

Alyssa giggles and nods her head. "Uh huh I gots so much, my bucket over-flow-did." Alyssa says rapidly.

Madison giggles. "That's awesome! I see you got a lot of your favorite tootsie-pops. Glad you had fun. We did, too." She says. Mrs. Ludke smiles and turns around as the van drives off towards home.

"Glad you girls had fun. So, this girl you met... she wears diapers, too?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"I guess so. She didn't really say much about it. But of course, it doesn't bother me, any. She's a nice girl and we like her so that's all that matters." Madison says.

"That's great, Pumpkin. I'm glad you are starting to meet new friends. Well, I'd say let's go out for ice cream but... We have a much worn-out kitten in here that is also in desperate need of a diaper change, if you haven't noticed. So, we're going to head home. Is that okay?" Mr. Ludke says. Madison nods, letting out a big yawn.

Britney giggles. "Uh oh. Did Ally-Kat make a stinky?" Alyssa blushes but tries to deny it.

"No stinkies. Just wet a wittle. Dat's it!" Alyssa blurts out, blushing some more.

Britney smiles and plays along some more. "I bet you two tootsie pops that you are poopy. Now what do you think?" Britney is having too much fun with this.

Alyssa gets a serious look on her face. She will not lose even one tootsie pop! "Oh, all-wight. I did a poopy. Now, gimme back my tootsie pops!" She giggles. Britney gives them back to Alyssa and gives her a kiss on the forehead.

"Here you go. I was just playing with you. You're still my special friend. So, after we all get changed, I will tuck you in and read you a story. How's that sound?" Britney says softly.

Alyssa smiles and nods. "Any stowwy I want!?"

"Yep, any story you want." Britney smiles at her. The van arrives home and the girls all get out. Mrs. Ludke carries Alyssa in and immediately starts changing her diaper and getting her pajamas on. Mr. Ludke heads to the kitchen to brew some coffee for the evening. Madison comes by him and gives him a hug.

"Thanks, daddy. Tonight, was awesome! Thank you for being home more!" Madison says.

Mr. Ludke lifts Madison into his arms, as if she was still three years old and gives her a big hug. "You are very welcome, my adorable little pig-tailed, cheerleader baby. I see you made good use of that diaper this evening. Do you need any help changing?" he teases.

Madison blushes and giggles. "Nah, Brit and I have it under control; but thanks, Daddy. I love you!" she says as she kisses him on the cheek. He lets her down. The girls run up to Madison's room to get changed out of their soggy, wet diapers. Before they get changed, they open their huge sacks of candy and start to look through it. This, of course, is a common Halloween night tradition. They pick out a few pieces to eat before bed, then close the sacks and set them aside.

As the girls are busy getting changed upstairs, Mr. Ludke goes into the living room to help with Alyssa, who is already changed and in her pajamas. She runs to him and hugs him. Mrs. Ludke smiles at her husband.

"You see... your girls are so much happier when you're around," Mrs. Ludke says with a smile.

Mr. Ludke nods and cuddles with his youngest daughter. "Yes, and I love them so, so much," he says while giving Alyssa some tummy tickles, causing her to giggle and squirm. She kisses her father on the cheek and starts to rub her eyes, signaling she's ready for bed. He continues to cuddle her for a few moments, gently rocking her in his arms.

A couple minutes pass. Britney comes down in her pajamas and takes the sleepy child up to her room to read her the story she promised her, giving the two parents a chance to have some alone time. Within five minutes, Alyssa is sound asleep. Britney stays in Alyssa's room for a while, watching her sleep. "She is so lucky," she thinks to herself. After a few minutes, Britney is almost asleep herself. She quietly gets up and leaves the room, closing the door carefully. She goes into Madison's room. "Alyssa passed out and I think I'm ready to do the same," Britney says. Madison has just finished setting up two sleeping bags on the floor.

"Me, too; all diapered and ready for bed. We just need to brush our teeth, quick." Madison says. They both go into the bathroom and brush their teeth together. Once back in Madison's room, both girls plop down on their sleeping bags and get under them. Britney pops her pacifier in her mouth and begins sucking on it rapidly. Madison has her favorite teddy bear by her side. "Did you have fun today?" Madison asks, barely able to speak. Britney smiles at her friend and nods, then rolls over and passes out within a few minutes. Madison smiles as she watches her best friend fall asleep, sucking her paci and laying comfortably in the fetal position. Soon after, she drifts off into dreamland, too.

## Chapter 14: Holiday Madness

**Warning:** The events that occur in this chapter have scenes of violence and strong language. They are not in here because I enjoy such things, but to illustrate the trouble in Britney's life. Also, this chapter sends a message that child abuse, no matter what the reason, is sick and wrong. Please make sure you grab a box of tissues (for crying) before beginning this chapter. There are funny and cute parts in-between. It's not ALL bad.

Close to a month passes by. It is now the end of November, just three days after Thanksgiving. The school play that Madison tried out for is over with. Madison did not get the part, but there is a chance to audition for the Holiday play that is coming up right before Christmas. Auditions for the play are posted on the bulletin board in the front hall of the school. Being more confident about wearing diapers during school, Madison and Britney decide to audition some roles in the new play. Since the play is only three weeks away, auditions will be conducted the next day. After two days, the girls find out they did not get any acting roles in the play, but they were offered to be in the choir because they both have such beautiful singing voices. After finding this out, both girls rush to their homes to tell their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ludke are thrilled to have their daughter sing and offer to let Britney stay over for a week so the two girls can practice together. Ecstatic, Madison tells Britney about it the next day at school as they are eating lunch together. Britney wants to be more excited, but is unsure if her mother will let her stay gone that long. "I hope my mom will let me. It would be awesome to live at your house for a whole week!" Brittany says, daydreaming a little bit.

Later that day, Brittney arrives home to find her mother sitting on the couch with a blank expression on her face while watching television. Britney goes on to tell her mother that she is in the school choir and will need to practice her singing. Suddenly, Ms. Ross snaps out of her trance and gives her daughter a disgusted look. "I better not hear you in or around my house singing. The last thing I want to hear is the sound of birds dying!" Having heard this, Brittney's eyes fill with tears as she runs up to her room. Saying no words, she slams her door, lays on her bed, and buries her head in the pillows, crying herself to sleep. She stays in her room the rest of the night, only coming out to eat a cup of soup for dinner.

The next day the girls are sitting through another typical day at school. As the dismissal bell rings, Madison is at her locker, waiting for Britney to come to hers. As she arrives, Madison asks her if she can stay the whole week, like they talked about the previous day. Britney looks down and sighs. "I don't want to get my hopes up. My Mom made me so upset last night I hid in my room until bedtime, I forgot to ask her. I guess I can call her now and see," Britney explains. She dials the number and waits for her half-drunk mother to answer the phone. Finally, the phone picks up. Britany goes on to ask if she can just go home with Madison and stay all weekend and into next week. Her mother pauses for a second, then tells her to come home and they will talk about it then. Britany hangs up and sighs. "She says I have to go home first and talk to her. I'll call you later and let you know. Keep your fingers crossed, I guess." Britany says, looking a bit sad. Madison nods, saying she will be waiting for her call. She walks with her out of the school until they split paths on the way to their homes.

Britney walks into her house, noticing an odd and funny smell filling the air. She finds her mother sitting on the couch, in a complete daze. She asks her again if she can spend the week at Madison's house. Her Mom, hardly conscious, nods her head, and starts to mumble something about packing enough diapers cause she's sure Madison's mother won't want to deal with 'pissy sheets' all week. Britney ignores her and happily runs up to her room to start packing. She immediately calls Madison on the phone and tells her she can come. Madison explains they will be over to pick her up shortly.

Twenty minutes pass by. Madison and her mother arrive, honking the horn to let Britany know of their arrival. Just as Britney finishes, she heads out of her room, taking her time while thinking of all the fun she will have at Madison's house. She walks past her mother and towards the door but before she can leave her mother glares at her starts yelling.

"Get the fuck out, I am tired of looking at your face! This week will be a godsend from dealing with your pissy ass every night!" Ms. Ross says in a raspy, mean voice. Britney's smile turns to a frown with more tears forming in her eyes. She runs out the door, slamming it behind her and crying all the way to the van. She gets in, trying to make it look like everything's fine, but Madison knows her friend better than that. Madison looks at her with a look of deep concern.

"Britt, what is wrong? Are you crying?" Madison asks.

Brittany shakes her head, but is still deeply upset and angry with her mom. "No, I'm fine. It's just my allergies. My Mom is smoking again, it umm... it makes my eyes water." Britany lies, not doing a very good job at it. Madison frowns.

"Britney... You are my best friend and I can tell when you're lying. You know I got in trouble for lying a couple months ago. What's really going on? You can tell me. I love you like a sister. Remember?" Madison says sincerely. This causes Britney to completely lose it. Her friend is right and she knows it. The tears fill up in her eyes and she sits there, crying hysterically, trying to get up the nerve to speak.

"Okay... it's my mom. The things she says to me... she treats me like garbage. It hurts so bad... I... I'm sorry... I'll be fine let's... let's just go," Britany says as she continues to cry and tremble. Mrs. Ludke sighs, feeling sorry for the troubled child.

"Well don't you worry, sweetheart. For the next week, I am your mother and we will take great care of you. I don't know why anyone would treat you so badly. You're such a sweet, caring young girl." Mrs. Ludke says as she drives off. Britney dries off her tears and starts to calm down, pulling out her favorite pacifier from her overnight bag.

"Th...thanks Mrs. Ludke. You are the best." Britney says. She begins sucking on her pacifier like there's no tomorrow. Mrs. Ludke smiles back at her as they make the short drive to their house.

The week goes by. The girls go to school each day, come home and have diapered fun, all while practicing singing for the school holiday program. Brittany returns to her home after a week-long absence. She wishes she could just stay at Madison's house forever, but decides to give her sad excuse for a mother one last chance. She walks into the house, again smelling an odd odor that is not cigarette smoke. She starts talking; reminding her mom that the play will start the last night of school before Christmas break, at 8:00 PM. Of course, Ms. Ross pays no attention to her daughter and goes on as if she's not even in the room. Britany sighs in disgust and stomps upstairs to her room where she again spends the entire evening.

Two weeks pass by. We find Britney in the living room of her home, again reminding her mother that the play is now tomorrow at 8:00 PM. "Mom! The play is tomorrow night at 8. Please, I'd love it a whole lot if you could come and watch me sing. Please?" Britney asks sweetly. She has to ask a few times in order to get other mother's attention.

Ms. Ross glares and gruffs. "Fine, I'll go, now leave me alone!" Britney smiles just a little and runs up to her room. She calls Madison and talks to her for a while, then decides to go to bed early so she can rest up for the big day. Secretly, Britney has been falling asleep with her pacifier at night. Her mother never checks on her, so she doesn't get caught with it.

The big day comes and it's almost time for the play to start. All the parents are getting seated and all of the kids are getting ready, doing last minute rehearsals. Before the play starts, Mr. and Mrs. Ludke set up their camcorder so they can record the performance. The play is made up of three segments. The first is the typical Christian play about the three wise men and their journey to visit the new born baby Jesus. As the play goes on, the choir will sing all of the songs that go along with the play, the most famous being "Silent Night." The second segment will consist of "The Nutcracker," giving the choir time to rest their vocal chords. The third and final segment will be "The Night Before Christmas." The choir will end this segment by singing "NOEL."

During the first segment of the play, Madison and Britney look into the crowd to find their parents. Madison finds hers, smiling and waving at them to say "hi." Britney continues to look for her mother, but is unable to see her. This makes her a little sad, but she tries not to let it bring her down, and continues to sing with the same energy and focus as she had been doing during rehearsals. The first segment comes to an end. The choir exits the stage and clapping can be heard during the short intermission. As the second segment is going on, the girls decide to go get some cold water to drink. They down the first bottle of water within thirty seconds. They were both thirsty from singing. They both open a second bottle and polish them off within minutes. Britney leans over and whispers in Madison's ear. "If you need to pee, do it now while no one can notice. You don't want to be recorded doing the 'pee-pee dance,' do you?" Britany says with a slight giggle.

Madison agrees and tries to pee in her diaper. She pushes and pushes but nothing comes out. "I guess I don't have to go, yet," she says while giggling. A few minutes pass as the girls continue to talk about various 'girl things.' Soon after, it's time for the third segment to start. Although this play is 'by the book,' the school decided to have the choir accompany the story with their

voices. During this time, Madison is waving to the camera while singing, but this time she starts fidgeting, a lot. All that water has hit her faster than a jackrabbit in winter. Within a few more minutes, Madison stops and looks around while still singing. Moments later she starts to fidget again. Mr. and Mrs. Ludke, realizing what just happened, look at each other and laugh a bit. Maddie just wet herself and they got it all on camera. It reminds them of when Maddie was a toddler, she'd do this all the time. Britney pays no attention to Madison or what she is doing. Instead, she is busy combing the isles with her gaze, looking for her mother who is still nowhere to be seen. Saddened even more, she keeps up her act and continues to sing.

The closing act of the play begins as the choir is singing "NOEL." The parents sit, in awe, admiring their daughter and her best friend singing to the best of their abilities. After the song is finished and the curtains close, all the parents get up to clap and cheer. It is now about 9:30 PM as the girls meet up with Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. Britney asks the Ludkes if they had seen her mother around. They tell her no, and offer sympathy to the saddened girl. Mrs. Ludke offers to take Britney home after she picks up Alyssa from the neighbor's house and drops off Mr. Ludke and Alyssa at the house. Britany agrees, following them to the van.

After dropping off Mr. Ludke and Alyssa at home, Mrs. Ludke and Madison take Britney over to her house. When they arrive at Britney's home, Mrs. Ludke walks Britney into her house, leaving Madison in the van as not to show her daughter her mean side. She is extremely upset with Ms. Ross for not caring enough about her only daughter to be at the play. Britney walks in first. Before Mrs. Ludke can say anything, Britney beings yelling at the top of her lungs.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU COME? YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD!!" Of course, the waterworks begin to roll down her face as her feelings have yet again been hurt and her heart, broken. Her mother gets up and slaps her daughter in the face with enough force that it sends her to the floor.

"If you EVER, and I mean EVER raise your voice like that again, you will be lucky not to lose a tooth," the drunken mother screams. "I WAS there and your singing was so bad that I got up and left because I was embarrassed to have a talentless little shit as a daughter!" Britany continues to lay on the floor, paralyzed and trembling in fear. There is really no need to say it, but she has also completely soaked her diaper as a result of the shock and trauma.

Ms. Ludke, having seen enough, tells Britney to quickly go upstairs, pack a bag, and go get in the van. Britney calms down enough to do just that, running up to her room, moving faster than the roadrunner.

Mrs. Ludke turns her head to Britney's mother. "Miss Ross, don't you DARE move. You are to sit there and wait for your child to leave. After which I will have a few choice words with you." Mrs. Ludke shouts. Once Britany is out of the house and in the van, yelling can be heard from inside the house. A few minutes later, the sound of glass breaking can be heard, and then minutes later a shoe comes flying through the window of the living room.

After a few minutes pass of the girls waiting in the van, the shouting and noises stop. Mrs. Ludke walks out of the house with tares around her shirt and pants. She has some cuts around her face and a big gash on her arm. She picks up her shoe lying in the yard and drives off with the kids in back. No one says a word the entire ride home. After they pull up in the driveway and the van stops, Madison immediately gets out and runs into the house, yelling for her father.

"DAD – DAD! DADDY!? WHERE ARE YOU!? COME QUICK – THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! MOM IS HURT BADLY!!" Madison screams as she begins to cry. Mr. Ludke jumps off the bed, where he was soundly asleep. He runs downstairs in his robe and sees Madison crying and shaking in fear. He asks Madison what's wrong.

"I don't know... we ... Brit ... home... breaking.... BLEEDING.... MOM!" is all Madison can say as she's crying in hysterics. Mr. Ludke tells Madison to try and calm down and to please look after Alyssa. He then runs out the door to find his wife, still in the driver's seat. He sees Britney this late at night with a suitcase and immediately gets a sinking feeling in his stomach. He sees his wife breathing heavily and holds her arm, checking her pulse. He turns around to look at Britney, who is still pretty shook up over everything that happened.

"Go inside and lock the doors. Make yourself at home. I am rushing Mrs. Ludke to the hospital. I will call Madison once everything is settled down. And, sweetie – I am so sorry. Please know that you can stay with us as long as you need.

"Mr. Ludke says. Britney clears her eyes and simply nods her head slowly. She gathers her things and runs into the house, locking the door behind her. She then runs straight to Madison and starts crying in her arms.

"I am... so...so sorry. This is all my fault your mommy got hurt... I... I'm never gonna forgive myself... I'm such a bad friend. I... I should have just walked home... I'm so... so..." Britney stutters, unable to finish. She begins crying so hard it causes her stomach to hurt. Madison rushes her friend up to the bathroom to try and calm her down. Once they enter, Britney vomits all over the floor, unable to make it to the toilet. She continues to cry, saying over and over again how sorry she is. Madison runs out of the room and into the kitchen to get a glass of water. She comes back in and tells Britney to drink it, so she can try and calm down. Britney drinks the water, but is still hyperventilating and in hysterics. Madison starts the shower with cold water and puts her friend in there, clothes and all. This shocks Britney into calming down enough so that Madison can talk to her.

"I am only doing this because I love you, SO much. We will talk later but for now get your clothes off and take a warm shower. I will clean up the bathroom floor. Please, try to calm down. I'm not mad at you, okay?" Madison says softly. Britney nods, taking her clothes off and hopping in the warm shower. Madison mops up the floor as her friend cleans up. Thankfully during all of this, Alyssa is soundly sleeping after a busy day of playing with the neighbor kids. Britney finishes her shower and gets out, allowing Madison to help her dry off. They go into Madison's room. Britney sits down on the bed and there is nothing but silence for a few minutes. Britney's eyes again start to swell up with tears and she starts apologizing, again. Madison does her best to play the "mommy" role for her friend and comes and sits next to her.

"Just a minute, Brit... can you hold back the tears for just a bit... we need to get you dressed." Madison says. She gets Britney's overnight bag and pulls out her pacifier. "Would you like to wear a Pull-Up or one of my diapers tonight?"

Almost immediately, Britney says "diaper." Madison smiles and tosses Britney her pacifier. Britney sucks on it rapidly as Madison proceeds to diaper her, making sure to use baby powder. After Britney is diapered, Madison sits next to her on the bed and gives her friend a warm hug.

"There, there. Everything is okay with you and me. I am not mad at you. This is not your fault and don't you ever let anyone make you feel that way. Yeah, I'm worried about my mom, but I'm more worried about yours. I know my mom is tough and will make it through. I once saw her take on a drunken biker at a festival when I was nine," Madison explains.

Britney takes her pacifier out of her mouth so she can talk easier. "Don't worry about my mom. You know if she was dead right now... that would..." Britney says, again unable to finish. She immediately starts crying again. Madison holds her friend tightly and rocks her for a while.

"Shh, Britney... I know you hate your mom right now but... you don't want her dead..." Madison says.

"Fine, but I don't wanna live with her anymore. She makes me feel like crap. She needs to go to jail," Britney says while sobbing and shaking.

Madison nods. "I dunno what's going to happen but if we could be sisters, you know I'd want nothing more!"

Britney smiles at her friend, and then remembers what Madison's father said earlier. "Oh, yeah... Your daddy said he's gonna call once he knows what's going on. I... I'm so tired... can I just rest right here?" Britney asks. Madison gets up and smiles back at her.

"Yes, of course. I'm gonna go to the bathroom, check on Alyssa, and then I'll come back in here. Goodnight, Britie." Madison says. Britney, wearing nothing but a diaper, rolls over and covers herself, and finally curls into the fetal position. Madison goes to the bathroom to brush her teeth, and then checks on Alyssa who is still soundly sleeping. After doing these things, she opens her bedroom door, finding Britney passed out with tears in her eyes, sucking on her pacifier. Madison then proceeds to change herself out of her soaking wet diaper. She carefully and quietly changes herself into a dry Pamper, and then gets out her new footed pajamas that her mother got her a few weeks ago. She puts them on and admires herself. She looks more like her little sister now, than a twelve-year-old, but is feeling a little overwhelmed and just wants to be a little girl

for the rest of the night. As she walks towards her dresser, she finds another pacifier in her top drawer. She decides to try it while she waits for the phone call. She puts it in her mouth and suckles it as she walks down to the kitchen. "This IS kind of comforting," she thinks to herself. She grabs a soda from the fridge and goes into the living room, turns on the TV, and finds a movie playing that she enjoys, "Lilo and Stitch." She begins watching the movie while she waits for the phone call.

*Meanwhile...*

Mr. Ludke is driving, on the way to the hospital to get his wife checked out. She is feeling dizzy and starting to slur her words. The gash on her arm is definitely big enough for stitches. Twenty minutes go by as Mr. Ludke floors it to the hospital. He goes 90 mph on a 65mph highway. He then goes 60 mph on a 45-mph city street running two red lights in the process. Luckily, no other cars are coming from the other direction. After arriving at the hospital's emergency room, the nurses rush Mrs. Ludke into an operating room. They give her emergency treatment for the blood loss and have her wait in the waiting room to be fully screened. While they treated her, some blood samples were rushed to the lab with level 1 priority.

About thirty minutes pass and it is now 11 pm. Mrs. Ludke's mental state is clearing up and is able to not only comprehend the situation but is also able to feel the full extent of the pain. She is now taken to the back operating room where she gets eighteen stitches and an interview on what caused her to become so beaten up.

She begins telling the story at the point where they brought Britney home after the school play. She mentions that she witnessed Britney's mother slap her in the face with so much force it knocked the child down. She explains how she told Britney to get spare clothes and get in the van. "Upon hearing that, the child's mother started to get aggravated. After the child left the house, her mother became hostile, telling me 'You have no right to tell my daughter what to do, now get out of my house! I'm going to go into the van and drag my daughter out and beat her some more for listening to you.' After hearing this, I stood in front of her door and told her if she took one step towards her daughter before I left, I'd lay her ass out." She pauses for a second and drinks some water.

"I told her she was lucky I hadn't already called the cops on her ass. Upon hearing this, the child's mother sprinted up from the couch towards me and pushed me to the floor. This is when the altercation started. While on the floor, the woman got on top of me and began flailing her arms. I simply grabbed her shirt, pulled her to my face and head-butted her. I then pushed her off me and got up. As I went to turn around the woman sprang up with a knife that was covered in a white substance... flour, maybe? I put my arms in front of my face and was slashed on the arm from the knife. After that I kicked her in the ribs, causing her to fall, and embarrassingly I used enough force for my shoe to fall off my foot and go through the front window. Seeing that the woman was now on the floor crying, I waited a bit before leaving to make sure she wouldn't attack again. She then began screaming at me to 'get the fuck out of my house you bitch and take that mistake with you. I don't want to see you or her again. And if I do, you'll both be sorry.' After that, I left her house, got my shoe, and proceeded to take the girls home. I did not feel a thing. Once I pulled up to the house, I blacked out and the only thing I can hazily make out is me getting this blood pack, IV, and this gauze." Mrs. Ludke finishes her story.

A nurse comes back in from the lab and asks Mr. Ludke if his wife has ever done any kind of drugs in her past or is known for drug abuse. This comes as a shock and causes some tension. Mr. Ludke says "no, not at all. Why is this of any importance?"

"Well, the blood tests came back and she not only tested positive for heroine, but also had a low amount in her blood which translates to much more before all the blood loss." Both husband and wife are shocked and wondering how this is possible. The doctor asks if Mrs. Ludke would willingly be subjected to a full body check for any track marks. Mrs. Ludke agrees and begins to undress. After a fifteen-minute inspection and a re-count of the story, the doctor comes to the conclusion that knife had heroin on it. How and why do not matter though. Before they leave, he has the Ludkes send in the police officer that is down the hall.

They finally make it outside and back to the van. It's now just after midnight. Mr. Ludke remembers he was going to call Madison once everything was alright. He calls home, putting the cell phone on speakerphone. The phone rings at the Ludke



home. A half-asleep and dazed Madison answers the phone. "Herow? Yahhaw, Ludke residence," Madison says in a groggy voice.

"Hi sweetie, it's Daddy. I'm sorry for waking you and not calling sooner but we lost track of time. Everything is okay. Your Mom is doing better and was treated for her blood loss and wounds. She got eighteen stitches, but will be just fine. We both love you very much. Go back to sleep, princess. Tomorrow we will all go out for a surprise, okay?" Mr. Ludke says, softly. Madison, still half asleep, replies in a childish voice, "Okay Dawd-ie. I lof you gu-iz too," hanging up the phone. The line goes dead. Mr. and Mrs. Ludke turn to each other and laugh a little.

Minutes later, they arrive home. Mr. Ludke opens the door and escorts his wife inside. As they enter the living room, they see Madison asleep on the couch with a pacifier in her mouth. They pause at the sight of their adorable little girl as Mrs. Ludke softly says "aww," then they head upstairs. Mr. Ludke helps his wife get in bed, then goes to put Madison in her bed. First, he walks in to Madison's room to find out where Britney is. He finds her asleep with a pacifier in her mouth, too. He smiles, taking in the cute moment, but also feeling bad for the heartbroken little girl. He makes his way to the couch, gently picking up his daughter and carrying her up to her bed. He tucks both girls in the same bed and gives them both a kiss, as if they were both his kids. Britney's pacifier falls from out of her mouth, so he gently places it back in. He whispers "goodnight" and slowly closes the door, then retires to his wife and bed for the remainder of the morning.

*Later that morning...*

A police squad car pulls up in front of Miss Ross' house. The police officer gets out of the cruiser and knocks on the front door.

"What the hell do you want?" Miss Ross says, opening the door just a crack.

"Good morning, Ma'am. I am here to investigate an incident that was reported last night. May I come in and talk for a while? I just need to ask you a few questions," Officer O'Bradley says.

"I'm sorry but you cannot come in. My house is a mess right now and besides, you do not have a search warrant. We can talk outside, I'll be right out," Miss Ross snaps. She opens the door and walks outside, closing the front door behind her. "Alright, ask your questions, but make it quick I have things to do today.

The police officer takes out his tablet computer to take some notes. Miss Ross stands across from him, tapping her feet.

"I understand there was a fight here last night. It involved a Mrs. Ludke, the mother of a friend of your daughter's. Is this correct?" Officer O'Bradley questions.

Miss Ross sighs a little. "Yes, that is correct. I was having a little argument with my daughter. You know how disobedient a pre-teen girl can get sometimes. Anyway, that woman just charged in here and started yelling at me, telling MY daughter to go get in her van because apparently, she thought I was going to hurt my own child. "

"I see," says the officer. "So, you're saying the fight started out of self-defense?" What kind of argument were you having with your daughter?"

"That's correct. The woman was talking about how she was going to kick my ass. I don't remember exactly why I ended up cutting her, but she was out of control. The argument with my daughter started because she was dropped off here from her school play and she was screaming at me because I didn't go see her sing. I was really sick and wasn't able to drive, so I stayed home. I was just mad at her for yelling at me. Then that crazy woman came in and started going ape-shit on me. And from there things remain blurry," Miss Ross says, completely lying out of her ass.

The police officer continues to write things down in his tablet. "Okay, almost done here. At the hospital they found traces of heroin in Mrs. Ludke's blood. The doctors came to the conclusion that the knife she was cut with had heroin on it. Mrs. Ludke does not have a history of drug use. Do you have any insight on this, Miss Ross?"

"Good heavens. I have no idea how that could have happened. I don't even remember having a knife around. I assumed she got cut from my finger nails. It doesn't surprise me, though. As crazy as she was – I bet she was on drugs. "

The cop jots everything down. "Okay, so you're saying there was *not* a knife in the room during last night's fight? Mind if I look around quickly?" Miss Ross starts to get annoyed.

"Sorry, but I don't know anything about a knife. I don't do drugs if that's what you're asking. I do know my rights, though. And without a search warrant, you cannot look anywhere in my home. Are we about done here, now?" Miss Ross asks, looking annoyed.

"Yes, just one more thing. Where is your daughter, now?" Officer O'Bradley asks.

"She's staying over at a friend's house for the week. After the fight I thought it'd be best if she stays somewhere else for a while. We both needed some time to cool off," Miss Ross explains.

"Very well, then. Thank you. Just keep in mind that you are being watched as you are still a prime suspect in this case. You are to remain in the area for the week. If something comes up or Mrs. Ludke decides to press charges, we will be back. Oh, do you wish to press charges against Mrs. Ludke?"

Miss Ross laughs. "I'm not going anywhere, don't worry. Pressing charges won't be necessary. What's done is done. I was sick and she was just crazy, but I'm over it. It was a big misunderstanding. No harm done. Thank you, officer. Have a nice day now," she says as she goes back inside and slams the door. Immediately after the cop leaves, Miss Ross goes to where she hid her stash and gets out her drug paraphernalia. She puts all of her drug related items into a box and peers out the front door, making sure the police officer is gone. Seeing she's in the clear, she goes out back and heads to the garage to get a shovel. She buries a huge hole in the back yard, right at the property line, then tosses the box in and covers the hole back up. "Those bastards will never find it back here," she thinks to herself.

*Later that evening...*

Two police cruisers pull up in front of the Ross house. This time, it's an officer and a K9 drug unit. There is a loud set of knocks on the front door.

"Mrs. Ross, open up! This is the Oak Pine PD. We have a search warrant and will need to search the premises," Officer O'Bradley shouts from behind the door. Miss Ross quickly picks up the loose garbage and sprays some cheap air freshener all around, then opens the door.

"Oh, perfect timing; I was just starting to pick up the house. You aren't going to find anything, but sure, be my guest!" The police barge in and begin looking around the house, rummaging through anything that gets in their way. Officer O'Bradley goes upstairs first while his assistant checks the downstairs area. A few minutes pass and from upstairs, Officer O'Bradley shouts "all clear up here!" The assistant shouts back saying he found nothing except a barrel filled with hard liquor and beer bottles. He gets on the radio and goes outside. The K9 unit brings out the drug sniffing dog which sniffs around the front yard, then the back. The dark starts barking at a certain spot, so the cop starts digging. However, nothing is found. After about a half hour, the officers come to the conclusion that there are no drugs to be found. They go back inside to speak to Miss Ross.

"Alright, ma'am. I guess you are in the clear, for now. But remember, we are still keeping an eye on you. As of now we have no word if Mrs. Ludke plans to press charges, but we will keep in touch if she does. Good day. We will let ourselves out." Officer O'Bradley explains.

"Yeah, you do that. Thanks for wasting my time and messing up my house!" Miss Ross shouts as she slams the door closed. She starts picking up the house and begins mumbling to herself. "If that bitch even tries to press charges, not only will my little shit of a daughter not ever see the light of day, but neither will that bitch Ludke."

*About a week passes by. Christmas vacation is almost over and it is a Sunday evening. Miss Ross has managed to stay sober and drug-free for the week, and the police have found no other reasons to hold her suspicious. In talking with the Ludkes, they agree not to press charges, and feel that Britney should be able to return home. Thinking they are giving Miss Ross a second change to shape up and provide for her daughter; they decide to release Britney back into her mother's care.*

*Britney is very reluctant to go at first, but Madison and Mrs. Ludke reassure her that everyone makes mistakes, and deep down inside, her mother does love her. After some hours and several tears, talking it over, Britney agrees to go back home and is released back to her mother. Miss Ross puts on another act as Britney comes home, being really nice to Mrs. Ludke and even apologizing. The Ludkes see this as a positive change and feel a lot better about the situation. But as they say... "Old habits die hard."*

## Chapter 15: Dark Days

*A quick recap of the events up until now... It is now January, right after Holiday Break. Halloween: the girls had some frightening experiences and made a new friend. Thanksgiving: the girls had a lovely meal with family. Christmas: the whole Ludke family was thrown into a tussle after an altercation with Miss Ross. For New Year's, all three girls (Maddie, Britney, and Emily) stayed up at the Ludke house and celebrated.*

Christmas break is now over. The girls are back in school. Madison, Britney and Emily hang out during their class time and during lunch and sometimes after school. Emily is now part of the 'group' and has even spent the night with the two girls on a few occasions before school started.

Friday rolls around as the girls meet up after school. Madison and Britney are waiting outside of the school to get picked up by Ms. Ludke when out of the blue they hear a loud voice call to them. "MADDIE! BRIT! There you guys are."

"Hey, Em. Is something wrong?" replies Madison.

"Yeah, uh, actually I have some bad news. It seems a friend of my mother's is on his death bed. They give him a week to live. So, my mom is going to pulling me out of school for a few weeks so we can visit him. I'll be back early February, though. It's too bad I won't make it to the sleep over.

As Brittney hugs Emily, she tells her, "Aww, it's okay Em. Call us when you get back, okay? We'll be sure to have a nice welcome back party for you." Madison nods her head in agreement. Emily runs to the office where her mother is filling out paper work, waving good-bye to them as she runs off.

As the girls wait for Mrs. Ludke, a loud screech fills the air, followed by numerous honks of a car horn. Britney already recognizes the horn but is too scared to look away. A minute of honking goes by, with Britney continuing to ignore them. An aggravated Miss Ross gets out of the car and walks furiously towards Britney. Britney grabs Madison's hand while clenching it, not wanting to let go. Before Britney can say anything, her mother grabs her by her arm and yanks her away. As she walks away with her mother dragging her, Madison over-hears Miss Ross shouting at her daughter.

"YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT. I TOLD YOU BEFORE YOU LEFT -- YOU NEEDED TO WASH THE DISHES AND TAKE OUT YOUR PISS BASKET! DIDN'T I?!"

Britney, scared for her life, starts to snivel. But...but, Mom you woke me up late and I didn't have..."

SMACK! Miss Ross smacks Britney's face and tells her to shut up. Madison grabs her cell phone and calls her mother, frantically. As the argument between Britney and her mother continues, Madison pleads and begs Miss Ross to stop hitting her best friend.

Miss Ross pauses and then faces Madison. "You..." she tells her in an angrier tone, "you dare tell ME what to do? You dare tell ME how to handle MY own daughter? Just because you're a spoiled little bitch doesn't mean you can get ahead of yourself. So what if your mom kicked my ass once. I still gave her stiches. And I'll give you some too if you don't get the hell out of here!" Miss Ross screams, almost foaming at the mouth.

Madison gasps and starts to shake in fear. "I'm going to get an adult so you better stop it!"

Miss Ross turns to Britney and tells her to get in the car. "I'll deal with you at home. First, I'll deal with your bitch of a friend," she says sarcastically. Just then, Mrs. Ludke pulls up to see her daughter getting struck by Miss Ross. As she gets out of the van, school security and staff rush out to assist the situation. Mrs. Ludke goes after Miss Ross but she quickly jumps in the car and rushes off, leaving tire marks on the road.

Mrs. Ludke's attention immediately turns back to her daughter. "Are you okay, sweetie?"

Madison hugs her, crying with tears rolling down her face. "Yes, I'm okay. But you need to... you... need to save Britney! Her mother is going to beat her!" Mrs. Ludke tells the school staff and security to call the cops and have them go to

Britney's house. She then rushes Madison into the van and gives chase. She begins driving the van like an Indy driver, not letting anyone or anything get in her way.

Madison looks at her mom with a worried look in her eye. "I hope Britney will be okay. Her mom said she was going to deal with her at home. Mommy, I'm so scared for her, it makes me sick." Madison says as she begins to cry some more, feeling so bad for her best friend. She knew Britney's mother was mean, but never knew she was *this* bad.

Mrs. Ludke doesn't know how to respond to the worried child at the moment, but tries to reassure her. "I will do everything I can to help her just as soon as we get there. I won't let anything happen to her. I need you to be brave for me, though." Madison continues to cry, but slowly nods her head in agreement as the van races down the road.

Meanwhile, Miss Ross pulls up to her house and gets out of the car. She opens the passenger door and grabs her daughter's hair, dragging her into the house, kicking and screaming.

Once inside, Miss Ross tosses her daughter on the floor and begins to scream at her. "You think you are better than me, you worthless piece of shit?! Just because you have friends that 'love' you don't mean you are better! You were a mistake your father and I made and don't you forget that!"

Britney is trembling in fear, but is angry and furious at the same time. "Then why am I even here, you could have aborted me or you could have given me away!" she screams back.

Miss Ross, now completely furious, starts to rip off Britney's clothes; beginning with her shirt. She then yanks off her shoes, socks, and pants, leaving her in a wet Underjam. She then proceeds to hit her all over her body while she continues to scream at the top of her lungs. "Don't you ever raise your voice to ME! You're garbage. The only reason you're here is because your "precious daddy" loved you more than. Yeah, that's right. I know all the things he did to you. And I hate you for it, you little whore. Ever since you were born you took my darling from me. And when you were four, I happened to come home early to see you both naked on MY bed, of all things. The worst part is, he didn't even cover it up, or deny my accusations. Then you little shit, on your 5th birthday -- you seduced him again. This time though, I caught you guys in the act. After that -- he simply got his things and left the next day."

Britney screams more and more. She kicks her legs and flails her arms as her mom keeps beating her.

Miss Ross continues to scream. "Whore! Bitch! Skank!" At this time, Britney happens to land a kick on her mother, causing her to topple over onto the floor. This gives Britney enough time to get up and run out of the house. Not caring what others may think as she is in too much pain and shock, she runs down the street and waits by a tree on the corner. Not even a minute later, Mrs. Ludke turns the corner, spotting the badly beaten child. She opens the Van and tells Britney to hop in.

"Don't worry, you're safe now," Madison tells Britney as she tries to comfort her. Mrs. Ludke tells the girls that Mr. Ludke is on the way to pick them up in his car and to wait in the van until he arrives. The girls agree as Mrs. Ludke parks the van next to the sidewalk while locking the doors. She proceeds to walk to Britney's mother's house. Mrs. Ludke doesn't even have to walk the length of two houses to see Miss Ross chasing at her with a knife in her hand.

The girls, being able to see what is happening let out screams. Mrs. Ludke thinks fast as she grabs a rake that was left in someone's front yard and breaks the handle off of it. She times Miss Ross' movements just right, and before she can even attack, Mrs. Ludke swings the wooden pole with all her might, hitting Miss Ross right in the wrist, shattering it.

As Miss Ross falls to the ground, Mr. Ludke arrives and grabs the girls. Without a second to spare, he gets them in his car and drives off, leaving his capable wife behind. It doesn't take Miss Ross more than four minutes to get back up and start her attack again. This time she is without her knife. Mrs. Ludke takes the initiative and tackles Miss Ross to the floor and gives her a few punches to the ribs. Miss Ross in return yanks on Mrs. Ludke's hair, managing to pull a handful out. While on the ground, Miss Ross spots the knife next to her and manages to grab it, taking a swing at Mrs. Ludke's throat. Mrs. Ludke falls back to avoid this and before Miss Ross can attack again; she begins to twitch violently, again dropping the knife. It is now that

Mrs. Ludke's adrenaline starts to dissipate and sirens could be heard. As she looks over, she can see Miss Ross lying on the ground, stunned after being tazed. An officer helps her up and escorts her to the squad car.

The cops get Britney's side of the story, while Mr. Ludke gets the 'okay' from the cops to keep Britney for a bit until they can get a CPS worker to their house and assist her. Before she leaves, Mrs. Ludke asks if the cop can escort her into the house so she can get some of Britney's belongings. The police officer agrees and walks her in. To both the officer and Mrs. Ludke's horror, there is trash all over the house. Broken bottles can be seen in some parts and even crusted, rotting food with mold growing over it. Sadly, that's not all. As Mrs. Ludke gets some clothes out of Britney's room, she discovers the old and torn mattress that Britney was sleeping on, with no blanket in sight. She also notices just three pair of underwear and a bunch of dirty clothes all over the floor.

Before Ms. Ludke is allowed to leave, the officer tells her to wait in the room as they have discovered several baggies of heroin and a pound of weed on Miss Ross' dresser. As they bag it and tag it, they get Mrs. Ludke to sign a report stating that she was a witness to the number of drugs seized from the room. After taking another look at Britney's room, she decides to bag up all of her cloths and anything else she could find and take them home with her. On the way to her van, her cell phone rings. Hoping to hear good news, she picks up the call right away. However, to her horror, Britney has been rushed to the hospital after she became unresponsive.

Mrs. Ludke tells the officer she will be in the children's ward of the hospital because she just heard of Britney's collapse. The officer radios the other police car and requests him to give Mrs. Ludke a police escort to the hospital.

Once at the hospital, Mrs. Ludke rushes to her family's side, inside Britney's hospital room. Before she can get a word in, the doctor enters. Mr. Ludke then tells the doctor everything that happened from when Britney was taken to their house after she was beaten. Mr. Ludke begins to tell the story, from the beginning.

"After I got the call from my wife, I grabbed my youngest daughter Alyssa, put her in the car and took off to meet my wife. Once I arrived, I found Britney Ross, my daughter's friend, to be severely beaten, wearing nothing but her pull-up. She had red marks and a few burses all over her body and she was in hysterics. She kept saying something about her daddy and how she was a 'whore'? I quickly transferred the girls into my car and left my wife to deal with Britney Ross's mother who was going berserk," Mr. Ludke says, pausing to take a drink of water.

"After I left the scene, Britney began acting strange. She took her seatbelt off and balled up into the fetal position as she started to suck her thumb. After about ten minutes of rambling, she just stopped talking. We called out to her and tried to move her around. But it was as if she lost all will to live. She went limp only keeping enough strength to keep her thumb in her mouth. I pulled over to try and get her attention and even shook her a little bit and still nothing; not even tears. Knowing this was bad, I turned the car around and rushed straight here, doctor. I would like for you to do a full body check and any scans that are needed. I will pay for the medical costs myself. Please, just save this child." Mr. Ludke finishes, almost crying himself.

The doctor only agrees on the check-up but cannot do anything as Mr. Ludke has no power of attorney over Britney. The doctor tells him, "The longest they can hold her is 24 hours. After that we'd need to either have legal documentation stating you have guardianship; or we'll contact next of kin. If none of these options are available, then the state will step in and she will be placed in foster care."

After hearing this, Mr. Ludke has no choice but to comply with the doctors and staff at the hospital. After this whole ordeal, it is only 6pm. Mr. Ludke gets out his cell phone and calls the private number of his family lawyer, Mr. Williams. After ten attempts to connect, he finally gets through. He persuades Mr. Williams to get adoption papers and lawsuit papers ready overnight and have them ready at his house by 5am. As soon as Mr. Ludke gets off the cell phone, he gathers his wife and kids who are all saddened at what has become of Britney. Madison is the last to leave. She stands at the doorway of the hospital room and looks at her motionless friend. Knowing that Madison needs a moment alone to say goodbye to her friend, Mr. and Mrs. Ludke stand out in the hallway, keeping Alyssa occupied for a few moments.

Madison walks up to Britney's hospital bed. She gently holds her friend's hand, and stands there, crying. She knows the girl is not fully conscious, but is hopeful that she can still hear her. "I am so sorry this happened to you. Please know I'm always with you, no matter where you go. Please get better, Britney. You are my best friend. I love you more than you know," she says softly as more tears roll down her face. She lets go of her hand and slowly walks out the door, looking back at her one more time. She joins her family and walks out with them towards the van.

Before Madison goes to get into the van with her mother, Mr. Ludke warns Madison not to say a word until they get home. Mr. Ludke then puts Alyssa in her car seat and buckles her in his car. He gives Mrs. Ludke a kiss and tells her he will meet her at home. Madison and Mrs. Ludke quickly get into the van and begin their long, silent trip home.

Once they arrive, the home is silent except for a few sounds coming from the kitchen. Madison cuddles up on the couch next to her mother while her father goes into the kitchen to prepare something quick for dinner. Alyssa is placed in her booster seat at the dining room table, given a few pages to color on as they wait for dinner. Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Ludke comes out of the kitchen with a big pot of soup. He made something easy both to cook and to eat. They all sit down at the table, still not talking much. Madison eats a few spoonfuls before the tears start rolling down her cheeks. Mrs. Ludke reaches over and tries to comfort her. Not even a second later, little Alyssa asks her father, "where Bit-ney at? Why did she not come here with us? Dat why Maddie so sad?"

Hearing this, Madison breaks down and begins crying while hugging her mother. Mr. Ludke quickly grabs Alyssa and tells her that Britney is still sleeping at that special place and she will be there for a while. Alyssa starts kicking and crying.

"No, I want Bit-ney! I want Bit-ney. Bit-ney can sweep with me if she tired. I want Bit-ney, now..." Alyssa starts to bawl and cry, having a fit. Mr. Ludke rushes Alyssa out of the room, taking her to the living room. He picks her up and holds her in his arms, comforting her and telling her it'll be okay. He tries to explain to her that Britney is sick and needs to get better first, being in the best possible care. After a while, he is able to calm her down. Madison continues to cry and cuddle with her mother.

An hour goes by as and the family is still shaken at the events that have occurred. Mrs. Ludke tells Madison to put Alyssa in her bed and sleep with her. "Alyssa is going to need her big sister tonight. Can you please have a sleepover in her room? Her bed is big enough for the both of you." Madison hugs her mother, and doesn't even contest her orders. She understands how close Britney is to Alyssa, and also doesn't want to sleep alone. Before Madison leaves and walks up the stairs, her mother looks at her and says, "Your father and I have a lot to talk about tonight, hun. So, try and get some sleep with your sister. You're going to need your strength because tomorrow is going to be a very long day."

Madison can sense the tension between her parents and decides to leave it at that. Once in Alyssa's room, Madison changes Alyssa out of her wet diaper and puts her into her favorite pajamas. She then reads her a bed time story and even sings to her so that she can fall asleep. Once asleep, Maddie then takes out a fresh diaper from her closet and her pajamas. Fearing that Alyssa could wake up and catch her changing, she takes her items and heads to the bathroom. On the way she can hear some rambling from her parents. She doesn't want to make the situation worse so she decides it's best for her to get changed and go to bed.

While the girls are sleeping away in Alyssa's room, Mr. and Mrs. Ludke are downstairs in the living room discussing today and tomorrow's events. They already know Miss Ross is being detained at Oak Pine PD and will be transferred to the county jail the day after. They spend some time giving suggestions and options to each other.

"We can adopt Brittney, Mrs. Ludke states.

"This is a possibility, she already loves this place, Maddie is her best friend and she adores Alyssa." Mr. Ludke responds.

Mrs. Ludke now has a concerned look on her face. "Should we let her go into foster care? The girls would be devastated but it could be the best option for her."

"God, no! Not after the recent news reports about some families abusing the kids to exploit the pay checks. I would never forgive myself if Britney were to be abused even further," Mr. Ludke says, showing great amounts of emotion and almost crying again. "We could adopt her. I mean, we have more than enough money to support another member of the family. It's just that mother of hers. I don't know if she will be willing. I do have a plan though," Mr. Ludke states in a reassuring voice. "I'm having Mr. Williams meet with me tomorrow morning at five. I plan to go visit Miss Ross in her holding cell before she can get transferred. I will then serve her two separate folders. One will be papers to give up full guardianship of her daughter and to pass it on to us and to strike a deal to get her charges down to a misdemeanor. The other is a folder containing all the charges we will press on her making sure she gets time in prison, in which she will never see her daughter again."

Mrs. Ludke gasps. "Are you sure this will work? Knowing her, she would rather see her daughter rot than to let her have a better life. Perhaps you can give her some persuasion to get her to sign the papers."

Mr. Ludke sighs. "I don't know. We'll negotiate but who knows how this will turn out. For now, honey, let's get to bed. Tomorrow while I'm dealing with this, I want you to take the girls out to do something fun with them. Alright, now let's try and get some sleep". The day comes to the end with tear covered pillows and uncertainty ahead.

Day breaks as Mrs. Ludke wakes up Maddie and Alyssa. She hurries them into the bathtub, telling them they are going to spend the day together, then visit Britney. Madison, not in the mood for anything, reluctantly listens. Alyssa is cheerful this morning and forgets what had happened the night before. As the girls take their bath, Mr. Ludke kisses his wife as he prepares the kitchen table. Not even a minute later there is a knock on the door. Mrs. Ludke answers and invites Mr. Williams in, directing him to the kitchen where Mr. Ludke is waiting. He sits down, across from Mr. Ludke. He begins opening his briefcase and setting papers down on the table.

"If you'll excuse me, I need to go upstairs and get the girls ready for the day. We'll be out of your way very soon," Mrs. Ludke says with a smile. She goes upstairs to find Madison and Alyssa still in the bathtub. Usually, Madison would help her sister and have her dried off and dressed by now. But this morning, Madison is just not into it. She wants nothing to do with being a twelve-year-old. She's sitting in the tub, playing with some of Alyssa's bath toys. Of course, Alyssa loves the attention and plays along with her sister. Mrs. Ludke can't help but smile at her two adorable children right now.

"Aww, I'm glad to see you having so much fun with your little sister," she says. Madison blushes, but quickly smiles back at her mother. "It's fun sometimes. Mommy, are we gonna go to McDonalds for breakfast?" Madison asks in a childish voice. Her mother nods, causing both girls to splash and giggle in excitement.

"Alright...you two. Let's make sure you actually get cleaned up before we get out. I'll wash you as you play, okay?" Madison nods. She can't remember the last time she took a bath and had her mother wash her. Usually this would be off limits, but today she actually wants the extra attention. Mrs. Ludke carefully washes Madison, then her little sister. She gets Alyssa out first and dries her off, then quickly diapers her. Putting a t-shirt on, she takes her to her room and tells her to play for a little while as she needs to go help Madison. Alyssa kneels in front of her toy box, happily looking for something to play with. Mrs. Ludke goes back into the bathroom, lifting Madison out of the tub and gently drying her off with a soft pink towel. She towel dries her hair, then picks her up and carries her into her room with the towel wrapped around her. She places her on her bed and lays her down.

"I sense that you'd like to be babied today. And I totally understand, sweetie. Mommy will take care of you today. Let's start with a nice, comfy diaper, okay? No need to worry about going potty today," Mrs. Ludke says as she grabs a Pampers and some baby powder. Madison just sighs and smiles up at her mother, giving her mother the "okay" to baby her. Mrs. Ludke slides the size 7 Pampers under her daughter's legs and bottom, gently sprinkling some baby powder before fastening both tapes snugly. "What should you wear today, sweetie-pie? It's going to be warm and sunny today."

"I dunno, Mommy. I want something light and comfy. Make me look cute! I want piggy tails, too." Madison says. Mrs. Ludke goes over to Madison's closet and picks out an outfit which will make her look more like a little girl than an almost



teenager. A pink tank-top blouse with purple leggings shorts. There is no hiding her padded behind with this outfit. She proceeds to dress her daughter, standing her up when she's all done. Madison looks over herself and nods in agreement. Mrs. Ludke then quickly does up Madison's hair into two pigtails, tying them up with cute pink and purple hair ties. Madison stands in front of her mirror and giggles. "Perfect, thanks Mommy!" Madison says as she gives her mother a big hug.

"Aww, my pleasure. We're going to have lots of fun today. I hope you don't mind doing little-kid stuff, because Alyssa will be with us." Mrs. Ludke explains. Madison doesn't care at all and just giggles and jumps around in excitement. "I need to go get your sister dressed. Why don't you play in your room for a few minutes? Oh, and pack a few of your diapers in the diaper bag," Mrs. Ludke says as she rushes off to Alyssa's room.

Madison not only puts a few of her diapers in the bag, but gets out her pacifier. She's about to put it in the bag when she decides to pop it in her mouth. She tries to keep her mind off of her friend, but can't help but wonder what she's going through at the hospital at this moment. She wonders if she has regained consciousness. She lies down on her bed, sucking her paci rapidly and cuddling up with her favorite teddy bear. "I hope Britney is okay. I should have never let Mom and Dad send her back home. I knew her mother was no good," she thinks to herself, starting to tear up a bit.

#### *Meanwhile... in Alyssa's room*

Mrs. Ludke is about to enter Alyssa's room when she notices her daughter is squatting down under her play table, having some kind of moment. Of course, she knows what is going on. She slowly enters the room.

"Hey sweetie, we need to get you...oh... do you need a moment?"

"Momma! I... I still... can you go for a minute? I need be a-wone a minute. I... I call you when I done!" Alyssa says. Mrs. Ludke can't help but laugh, thinking this is pretty funny.

"Alright... I'll give you a minute to finish pooping," she says with a chuckle. She's glad Alyssa decided to do this at home verses out in public. After a few minutes, Alyssa shouts "Mommy, I done!" and Mrs. Ludke enters the now foul-smelling room.

"Well, I was going to say let's get you dressed, but first we need to change that stinky diaper, huh?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Alyssa giggles and lies down on her bed, getting ready to be changed. Her mother quickly changes her and dresses her in one of her favorite pink shortalls with Strawberry Shortcake on the front. Alyssa's hair is also done up cute, but to make things different, it is braided. "There, all ready to go. You tell Mommy if you need a dry diaper, okay?" Alyssa nods as Mrs. Ludke picks her up and carries her. They enter Madison's room, seeing her laying there, clutching her teddy bear.

"Is everything okay, Maddie?"

Madison quickly pops the pacifier out of her mouth and rolls over. "Yeah, I... I'm just worried about Brit. Do...do you think she's gonna be okay?" Madison asks, drying some tears from her cheeks.

"Britney is going to be just fine. The doctors and nurses are going to make sure of that. We will go visit her later. Please no worrying today, let's just have fun. Britany would want you to."

"I know, but I can't stop thinking this is my fault." Madison says, using a sad tone.

"Madison Jane. You have nothing to do with this. I know you think we should have kept Britney here over the holidays. But legally, we couldn't. Your father and I would have been charged with kidnapping unless we could have proved that Miss Ross was hurting her daughter. That's just the way the system works. It's not always right, but the good news is... your Daddy is downstairs talking with our best lawyer. And he's trying to get Miss Ross to agree to let Britney stay here."

A smile quickly comes over Madison's face. "You...you mean... like she'd be my sister!?" Madison asks excitedly.

"Yes, we want to adopt her as our own. Now, don't get too excited. Nothing is official yet... but your Daddy is doing the best he can. Now, let's get a move on. I'm starving for some eggs and pancakes!" Mrs. Ludke says. Madison follows her mother downstairs, grabbing the diaper bag and tossing her pacifier in it along the way.

They enter the kitchen where Mr. Ludke and Mr. Williams are going over paperwork. Madison runs over to her father and sits in his lap, putting her arms around his shoulder and giving him a hug and kiss. "Bye Daddy. I love you. I love you so much. I know what you are doing and I just think it's so great. You really are the best!" Madison says, as more tears roll down her cheeks. Mr. Williams puts down his pen and takes a break, allowing Mr. Ludke this special moment.

"I love you too, princess. Mr. Williams and I are doing the best we can. Hopefully later we will have some good news." Mr. Ludke says as he kisses his daughter's forehead. "You girls have fun today!" Madison smiles and jumps out of his lap. Alyssa blows kisses at her father as they leave through the back door.

Mr. Williams sits back down and jots down some notes. "Well, it is obvious you and your wife are great parents. Your children adore you. This will make things easy to present to the court. We may need Madison to give a statement about what she thinks of you as a parent... but obviously that won't be a problem," he says. Mr. Ludke nods and smiles. They continue to go over the proper forms and start discussing possible options.

Meanwhile, the girls are buckled into the backseat of the van. Mrs. Ludke starts the car and heads towards McDonald's. The girls both decide on pancakes to eat, with orange juice. Mrs. Ludke orders the big breakfast, sharing some of her eggs with Madison. They all eat quickly, not saying much to each other. Alyssa asks if they can play at the play area. Madison actually likes the idea and agrees to go play with her. She can certainly get away with it today, as she is dressed and acting more like an eight-year-old. She runs after Alyssa to the play area. They go down the slide and engage in a few games with some of the other children there. None of them pay any notice to the fact that Madison is diapered, except for an older teenage boy who can't help but look at her every so often. Madison ignores him and continues to play happily.

Mrs. Ludke reads a book as the girls play for about an hour. They become eager to go somewhere else and come back over to the table she's sitting at. "Where would you two like to go next? We have a while before the movie starts," Mrs. Ludke asks. Madison thinks for a moment.

"Can we go to the mall and play video games and maybe... oh, I wanna... get something special for Britney. Please, Momma?" Madison asks sweetly. Alyssa nods and begs along with her sister.

"Well how can I say no to those two adorable faces? Of course, we can. But first, anyone need to be changed?" Mrs. Ludke whispers. Both girls shake their head. "Alright then, off we go!" Mrs. Ludke has both girls walk alongside her, holding both her hands. They walk out to the van and make their way towards the mall. By the time they get there, it is 9am and the mall is just opening for the day. Mrs. Ludke gets out the stroller and places Alyssa in it. Since the mall will involve a lot of walking, she knows Alyssa will get tired. The arcade doesn't open for a half hour, so they decide to go look for a get-well soon gift for Britney. They find a gift shop. Madison starts looking at the "get-well" cards, while Mrs. Ludke and Alyssa look at cute little toys and stuffed animals. Madison finds a cute card and brings it over to her mother.

"This card is nice, Mommy. Umm, Britney really likes dolphins. Can we get her a big stuffed one like these over here? She will know it's from me...when she...wakes up. I just want her to smile again, Mommy." Madison says softly. Mrs. Ludke smiles proudly at her daughter.

"I'm so proud of you. Britney really is lucky to have you as a friend. I think you just might save her life. If she likes dolphins then that's what we'll get. Let's go check out." They pay for the items and make their way towards the arcade, which is actually in the lower level of the mall. It's more like an indoor amusement park with separate sections for kids of all ages. Mrs. Ludke arrives at the counter and buys enough tokens for a few hours of fun. She parks the stroller by the coat counter and helps Alyssa out. "Okay, I'm going to take Ally over to the kiddy section. You can go play pinball. I know that's your favorite." Mrs. Ludke says. Madison smiles and runs over to the nearest row of pinball machines. She picks one at random and pops a few tokens in. She is actually pretty good at the game and can spend hours on one machine. She concentrates on her game and manages to keep it going for over an hour on the same token. She's on ball 3 and has two left. A teenage girl to her right has been watching her for some time, amazed at her skill.

"Wow, you are really good at this! How old are you, about nine?" The teenager asks.

Madison, not even looking away, nods her head. "Uh huh, I love pinball!" She says. If people want to think she's a little girl today, she's fine with that. She goes back to her game but begins to fidget a little. It's that time where her bladder is filling up. Without giving much thought, she begins slowly wetting her diaper, while still engrossed in her pinball game. She can feel her bottom becoming warm, causing her to smile and sigh, but she continues with her game, not wanting to lose concentration. She's about ready to beat the week's high score. "Good thing I got a diaper on now," she thinks to herself as she continues her game. A few minutes pass. Madison is unaware that her mother and little sister are behind her, watching her. Finally, Alyssa starts to cheer her sister on.

"Go Maddie Go! You good at dis game!" She says from behind. Madison quickly turns her head.

"Oh, hi. Oh, wow I've been here a long time, huh? Are you ready to go, Mom?"

"Oh, not at all. Your sister misses you. She'd like you to ride on the train ride with her." Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Aww, I'd love to! I'm almost done here..." Madison says. She's on her last ball and about ready to quit. She's reached the high score and happy with the game she played. Finally, the game ends. "Over 5 million points! I still got it!" She says with a giggle. She turns around and takes her sister's hand. "Okay, come on Ally Bear! Let's go ride the train. You wanna sit on my lap?" Madison offers. She can tell Ally needs some attention from her, and is starting to like hanging out with her a little more now. Alyssa smiles and runs towards the train, pulling on Madison's arm. They run over to the line for the train as Mrs. Ludke follows. The train ride runs on a track which goes around the whole parameter of the arcade. It's about a five-minute ride. They give the ride attendant their tokens and find a seat on the last car. Madison sits down first, allowing Alyssa to climb in her lap. Mrs. Ludke stays behind to take pictures as they go by. The train starts to move.

"Are you having fun today, Ally? What have you played on so far?" Madison asks.

Alyssa responds but is fidgety and unable to sit very still. "Uh huh. Lotta fun... I went on da carousel wif Mommy and uhh... played wif some kids... an... oh we play-did laser tag... and uhh... just a ... minute," Alyssa says as she pauses and concentrates for a few moments. As Madison's lap begins to feel warm, she knows what her sister is doing. She giggles, knowing that she did the same thing a little bit ago. Alyssa finishes, and her diaper is now completely soaked. "What so funny, Maddie?" Alyssa asks.

"Oh, nothing much. But I know a little girl who had a bit too much juice for breakfast. It's okay, sweetie. I'm just teasing. But I think you'll need a diaper change soon." Madison says. Alyssa shakes her head.

"Nut uh. I no wanna tange now." She says firmly. Madison giggles and nods her head.

"I understand. Just make sure you tell Mommy soon, or you're gonna leak." Alyssa giggles. They enjoy the rest of the train ride. As Alyssa gets off and walks towards her mother, she waddles a bit as she realizes how soggy her diaper is. Madison takes her over to one of her favorite games, ski ball. They take turns tossing the ball to try and win tickets. They spend about a half hour there and earn enough tickets to go redeem for candy. Now, Alyssa's diaper is getting cold and starting to bother her. She picks out her candy and gives it to her mother. Madison's diaper is only damp, so she decides not to tell her mom she needs changed yet. She can barely feel it.

"Well, it's 11:30. I think we should go get some lunch, then head to the theatre," Mrs. Ludke says as she places Alyssa in her stroller. This causes her soggy diaper and the cold gels to press against her bottom. Alyssa makes a funny face and starts to squirm.

"Uh oh... Mommy, I need-a be tanged." Alyssa whispers softly.

Mrs. Ludke smiles. "I kind of figured that. With all this excitement this morning, I bet you are soaked. There's a family restroom right outside, let's go." She pushes the stroller out of the arcade and walks towards the hallway with the restrooms. As they walk, she whispers in Madison's ear. "How about you, sweetie?"

Madison shakes her head and whispers back, "I'm okay. I'll wait out here," she says. Mrs. Ludke takes Alyssa in the restroom to change her. Within two minutes they come back out. Mrs. Ludke is an all-star diaper changer and gets faster every time. "Wow, Mom that was fast. Feel better now, Ally?" Madison asks. Alyssa nods her head up and down and smiles at her big sister. "Tummy hungwey!"

"Yes, let's go to the food court. There's a nice family restaurant there," Mrs. Ludke says. They are seated, and presented with menus. Alyssa orders her usual kids' grilled cheese with fries. Madison wonders if she can order from the kids' menu, too. The menu says "kids under 12," but since other people today had her mistaken for a little kid, maybe the waitress will, too. She decides to give it a try. The waitress comes over to take the orders. Mrs. Ludke orders her meal first. Since her children were old enough to talk, she's always made it a point to let them order themselves. Alyssa loves this, as it makes her feel special. Alyssa happily blurts out that she wants "gilled teese." Now it's Madison's turn to order.

"Hi. I... I wanna get the chicken fingers and umm... apples. No fries. Oh, and a big glass of chocolate milk, please. Thanks Ma'am," she says sweetly. The waitress smiles.

"Well, aren't you cute. How old are you, sweetie?" the waitress asks.

Madison carefully holds out eight fingers. "I'm eight!" she says, giggling. Mrs. Ludke gives Madison a look, but decides to let it slide today. The waitress nods and smiles.

"Okay, I have a bacon cheeseburger for Mom, grilled cheese, fries, and apple juice for the toddler, and chicken fingers, apples, and chocolate milk for the polite little eight-year-old here. Anything else today?" the waitress recites.

"Nope, that'll be it. Thank you, ma'am." Madison says. The waitress leaves to get the drinks.

"Madison... you really don't need to order from the kids' menu to save me money. I've got this," her mother says.

"I know, Mommy. I wanted to order from the kiddie menu! How often do I get to anymore?" Mrs. Ludke nods and decides to agree with her this time. The waitress comes back with the drinks and places them on the table. Madison's chocolate milk is in a large glass. She pops a straw in and begins rapidly drinking the milk. "Mmmm, this is sooooo good!" She says, acting completely childish. The waitress and Mrs. Ludke laugh.

"She's too cute. You have adorable girls, Miss." Mrs. Ludke smiles and thanks her as she walks off to tend to other tables. Madison continues to drink her milk rapidly, almost finishing the glass. Seeing this, Alyssa mimics her and starts drinking her juice really fast.

"Girls... you need to slow down or you're going to get a tummy ache," Mrs. Ludke says in a caring tone. Madison stops drinking, not wanting to get in trouble today.

"Sorry, Mommy. Oh, so... what movie are we gonna see?" Madison changes the subject to avoid an awkward moment.

"Well since Ally is with us it has to be rated G. But there's a new cartoon movie out. It's by the same people who did Spirited Away. Remember that one?"

"Mom! That's like my favorite movie, ever! Of course, I remember. Wow, this is going to be fun. Thanks for taking us out, Mom. Really.... Thanks. Oh, can I have Britney's card while we wait? I want to sign it." She asks. Mrs. Ludke reaches into her purse and pulls out Britney's get-well card and slides it across the table, along with a pen. Madison writes a little note inside the card. It reads:

*You are my sister and best friend, forever. No matter what happens, I am always going to be with you. You are so special, and don't ever let anyone tell you differently. Love, MADDIE.*

Alyssa looks at what her sister is doing and wonders what she's up to. "Who dat card for?"

"It's for Britney, sweetie. We're going to give it to her, later. It's to tell her we want her to get better soon," Mrs. Ludke explains.

"I wanna sign it, too. Pweeeese, Maddie?" Alyssa begs.

Madison smiles. "Aww, of course. I know she's your friend, too. Can you sign your name yet, or you need help?" Madison asks. Alyssa has learned how to write her name with the help of her mother.

"I knows, watch, I do it." She says proudly. Madison hands her the card and the pen. Alyssa carefully draws a heart for "love" and then writes her name, saying each letter as she writes. "A—L—Y—S—A. There, aww done!" She hands the card back to Madison, looking very proud.

"Wow, that's really good. This will make Britney smile. I can't wait till she sees it." Madison says. She gives the card back to her mother, who also signs it, after reading what Madison wrote. She can't help but be choked up a bit.

"Aww, that is so sweet. Britney will be better in no time. She has many people who love her," Mrs. Ludke says. She puts the card back in her purse. Just then, the food arrives and is placed on the table. The waitress brings a refill of chocolate milk for Madison, too. The table becomes quiet as they all eat, being quite hungry from a morning of playing.

Madison takes her last bite and finishes her second glass of milk. She rubs her stomach. "Oh, I'm so full; ready to go relax and watch a movie, now!" she says while giggling. Alyssa rubs her tummy, too, saying her food was very yummy.

"Mom, please leave her a nice tip. She was super nice and the food was great!"

Mrs. Ludke agrees and leaves a tip on the table, puts Alyssa back in the stroller, and pays the bill at the counter. They exit the mall and get back to the van. Madison gets in and buckles herself in. As they drive to the movie theatre, she thinks about how much she had to drink. She hopes her diaper can hold up, knowing she's going to have to pee very much in about an hour or two.

They arrive at the theatre. Since they just ate lunch, not Madison or Alyssa wants any snacks. They sit down towards the middle of the theatre. It's still early so there aren't a lot of people sitting. After a few minutes of previews, the movie begins. Madison is sitting on the end, next to her mother.

The first hour into the movie passes by. Both girls are enjoying the animated story and are both kept interested up to this point. Madison begins to feel pressure from her bladder. Knowing she drank so much; it doesn't surprise her. Out of habit, she almost tells her mom she needs to get up and go potty, but then remembers she has a diaper on.

She relaxes in her seat and stops shaking her legs. "I gotta go slowly," she thinks to herself. Unfortunately, she has to go so *badly*, there is no going *slow*. As she relaxes her bladder muscles, the pee comes flowing out rapidly. She can feel her diaper swelling, feeling an incredible warmth surround from between her legs into her lower bottom. Just when she thinks she is done, one last stream gushes out. Even the almighty absorption qualities of a Pampers cannot keep up with the constant flood and the diaper leaks, completely soaking the front and back of her shorts. Madison squirms and feels around her lap area, immediately noticing it is soaking wet. She gasps, but tries not to call attention to herself. She decides to finish the movie as she sits in her soaking wet, leaky diaper, shorts, and seat.

The movie ends. Alyssa claps and giggles. "I liked dis one a lot! Thanks Momma," she says, giving her mother a hug. Madison agrees. Knowing she's soaking wet; she slowly stands up. As they walk down the aisle way and into the hallway where it is lighter, Mrs. Ludke notices her daughter's soaking wet shorts, and bulging diaper poking out. Madison stands there in shock, looking as if she's about to cry.

"Oh goodness. It's okay, sweetie. Accidents happen. Let's get you cleaned up," Mrs. Ludke whispers. Some other kids walk by pointing and laughing, but Madison tries to ignore them and is too embarrassed to look. "Come on, Alyssa, come with Mommy. I'm guessing you need to be changed, too?"

Alyssa puts her hands on her butt and feels her somewhat squishy diaper. "Uh huh, I pee-did a wot," she says.

"But Mom... I don't want... Umm... I can clean myself up... Really, it's okay." Madison says, trying to get out of her sister finding out her secret.

"Madison Jane... what did we talk about earlier? I'm here to help. Don't worry, everything will be okay." Mrs. Ludke says firmly. Madison sighs and walks behind her mother. Alyssa follows them into the nearby private family restroom. She pulls down the large changing table on the wall and carefully lays Madison down, pulling off her shorts first. Alyssa stands behind her mother, watching her older sister getting her diaper changed. She looks in amazement, and then has a look of confusion on her face.

"Sissy wear diapy? Maddie big girl? She no wear diapy?" Alyssa questions. Madison covers her face, completely embarrassed. She goes back into her baby mode and pretends not to care.

"Yes, Alyssa. Madison is a big girl but lately she's been having some accidents so she wears diapers sometimes, just like you. She's still a big girl, though. You know not to make fun of her. Just like she doesn't make fun of you, right? Can you be a nice sister and keep this between us?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Alyssa nods her head slowly. "Yes, Momma. I no make funs. It otay, sometimes even big giwls have ack-a-dents," she says. She looks at her sister and smiles. "It's okay Maddie. I no make fun. "

Madison smiles a little. "Thanks, lil' sis." She looks up at her mom who has managed to get her back in a dry diaper. "Umm, Mommy? Did you bring any extra pants for me?" Madison asks.

Mrs. Ludke checks the diaper bag. There are diapers and clothes for Alyssa, but none for Madison.

"I'm sorry sweetie, we must have forgotten to pack extra clothes for you. You're going to have to walk out wearing just a diaper and your shirt. I'm really sorry. You can walk behind me and Alyssa can walk behind you, okay?" Mrs. Ludke explains. Madison sighs, but tries not to let it ruin her day. She hops off the changing table and waits while her mother changes Alyssa. Mrs. Ludke changes Alyssa's wet diaper and is about to put her short-alls back on, but Alyssa shakes her head. "No, Momma. I wanna wear just my diapy and t-shirt, too! Like Maddie is," she insists. Mrs. Ludke doesn't see any harm in that and lets both her daughters run around in just their diapers and t-shirts.

They quickly exit the restroom. Mrs. Ludke leads, Madison follows, and Alyssa hides behind her sister. They quickly run past the front entrance and dash out to the van. A few people notice Madison wearing just her diaper and stare at her, but nothing bad comes of it. The girls get situated in the backseat and they pull out of the parking lot.

"Well, we should probably stop home and get you some dry clothes to put on before we go see Britney. Off we go!" Mrs. Ludke says as she heads down the road. Madison relaxes and ends up falling asleep during the short drive home. She is awakened by Alyssa tickling her tummy.

"Maddie, we home time to get dressed and den we go see Bitt-ney!" Alyssa says as she tickles gently.

Madison giggles and squirms. "Okay, I'm awake! Thanks Ally." She unbuckles her seatbelt and gets out of the van, running to the backdoor to see if her father is home. She looks around, finding the house completely quiet.

Mrs. Ludke walks in, carrying Alyssa. "Looks like your father is busy with the adoption process. Let's hope he has good news for us later. Okay, let's go get you some pants, sweetie-pie. Is your diaper still dry?" She asks.

Madison giggles. "Yes, Mommy. I'll go get dressed quick, you can get Alyssa dressed. I'm just gonna put jeans on," Madison says while dashing up to her room. She quickly puts on a cute pair of jeans with sparkled flowers on the legs and back pockets. Her diaper pokes out a little bit, but only if she lifts her shirt up high enough. She starts to think about Britney and hopes she is doing okay. Walking past Alyssa's room, she sees her mother has put Alyssa's short-alls back on her. "Are we ready, Mommy? I wanna go see Britney now. Do you think she's awake yet?" Madison asks impatiently.

"I don't know, Maddie. With what she's been though there's no way to know for sure. But even if she is asleep, she can feel us there; and our love will help her get better. Her card and gift are still in the car. Let's go!" Mrs. Ludke says.

Madison smiles and takes her sister's hand, leading her down to the back door. She takes her out to the van and puts her in her car seat, then buckles herself in. She's eager to go see her best friend.

*Meanwhile, we find Mr. Ludke sitting down next to a sleeping Britney in her hospital room. He takes the girl's hand and begins to speak softly at her.*

"Britney. I am proud and honored to tell you that you are now my daughter. I will love and care for you just as if you've always been in our home. You soon will not have to worry about your abusive mother anymore. I know this is going to be an adjustment for you ... and you may have a hard time accepting me as your daddy... I understand you may need some time to adjust. But I want you to know that I already love and care about you a whole lot. Your new mother, Mrs. Ludke, will care about you just the same. Welcome to our family... Looking at your beautiful, angelic body.... I just don't know how anyone could treat you the way Miss Ross did. But that is all over, now. "Mr. Ludke says as he continues to hold her hand, tears rolling down his face. Moments later, Madison enters the room, seeing her father sitting next to Brittney.

"Daddy! What are you doing here? How is she? Did she wake up yet?" Madison asks, speaking at 100 miles an hour.

"Hi, princess. I'm here because I have some good news. I was just introducing myself to the newest member of our family. She's still asleep, but I know she could hear me," Mr. Ludke explains.

Madison immediately runs to her father and jumps in his arms, forcing him to hold her. She hugs him tightly as tears of joy fall down her cheeks.

"You mean... you got to adopt her? She... she's gonna live with us?! Whoa! Can see share rooms with me? Are we gonna get bunk beds?! Yeah?! Oh my gosh, no way! I just, I hope she wakes up soon," Madison says, still talking fast with much excitement.

Mr. Ludke hugs and kisses his daughter on the cheek. "Yes, baby... she's your sister now. We'll talk later about sleeping arrangements, but the important thing is – now we are able to save this child. The doctors can now give her their full attention and help her to recover from this traumatic experience. They said she's doing well, physically. When she does wake up, she may not quite be herself. She will still be under a lot of emotional traumas. But we will all be here for her to love and care for her," he says while setting Madison down.

"Mommy, Daddy? Can me and Ally have a few minutes alone with Britney? We got a card and a gift for her.... But I just need a few minutes... Okay?" Madison says as she grabs the card and stuffed Dolphin from the bag her mother is holding. The two parents agree to give the girls some time alone with their new sister and step out into the hallway.

*In the hallway, Mrs. Ludke asks her husband how he pulled off getting Brittney adopted...*

"It wasn't easy, believe me. Mr. Williams and I met Miss Ross in her holding cell at the county jail. From the moment we walked in she looked like she wanted to kill us. We sat down in an interrogation room and presented the options to her. She started out being completely unreasonable, wanting nothing more but for her 'miserable excuse of a child' to live a horrible life. I have never met such an evil, hateful person like that in my life. The first round of negotiations was a total failure. We ended up having her brought back to her cell and took a break, discussing more tactics over lunch," Mr. Ludke explains, pausing to take a sip of coffee. "After lunch we made another attempt to negotiate with Miss Ross. She kept bluffing that she'd rather accept a full prison sentence than give up rights to her daughter. After another hour or so of this, Mr. Williams and the police officer in the room became frustrated. They offered her one last chance to make a bargain. As we were about to send her back to her cell, she finally came to an agreement with us. However, she wanted to be sure I paid for her to go through rehab after her initial release. Her sentence is still long enough for her to be punished, but the plea bargain we used did shave off a few years." Mr. Ludke again pauses to catch his breath and drink more coffee. His nerves are just about shot for the day. Mrs. Ludke continues to listen to his explanation as he continues. "Of course, I agreed to pay for rehab. It's a small price to pay to save the life of this child; who is now our daughter. Do you think this will be good for her?" Mr. Ludke explains and asks his wife.

Mrs. Ludke pulls her husband close and begins passionately kissing and hugging him. She whispers in his ear. "Yes, and I am so proud to be married to such an outstanding man. You are already a great father to Maddie and Alyssa. Britany is going to adore you, too."

"Thanks honey. I just worry about her adjusting to me, though. I mean, the only father figure she's known was a drunken, abusive pervert." Mr. Ludke says with concern in his voice.

"It may take her some time, but she'll come around. She's already seen how you interact with your existing children. You just have to be patient with her," Mr. Ludke says. She pauses, looking in through the window at Britney's hospital room. "Aww, look at your daughters in there... they are so concerned about that little girl. It's like they've been sisters all along," she says, looking in through the window. They both hug and watch as their children try to interact with Britney.

*Inside Britney's hospital room, Madison is sitting in a chair at Britney's side, with Alyssa in her lap.*

Madison opens the "Get well" card and begins reading it out loud to Britney. She gets to the part she wrote, about how she will always love her like a sister... Just as she reads this, she begins to choke up with tears rolling down her face.

"I wrote this before I knew... but we're really sisters now, for real. You're gonna be so happy when you wake up. I still can't believe it. I think we were just meant to be in the same family. I hate that you had to go back with your mom... I wish I could have helped more. But... My Daddy and his awesome lawyer.... Did all the hard work. You are going to love him. Get better soon, Brit. We miss you so, so much," Madison says while sobbing.

Alyssa starts to cry a little, too. She doesn't quite understand what's all happening, but is sad because her big sister is sad. She gets up and gently kisses Britney's arm. "Get better, Bitt-ney. I wuv you too. You we-mem-ber when you did play-doh wif me? I hope we can do dat again soon. It's my fab-or-wite," Alyssa says.

Madison scoops her sister back up in her lap and hugs her while crying some more. "I love you, Ally Cat. Britney is our sister now. What do you think about that?" Alyssa smiles and wiggles with excitement.

"I gots two big sis now. I wike dat.... A wot!" Alyssa squeals. The two sisters continue to hug and cuddle for a while, until Mr. and Mrs. Ludke come back in the room. Mrs. Ludke picks up Alyssa and holds her, giving her a hug and kiss.

"I know you'd like to stay longer but visiting hours are almost over for the day. I think we've all had a long day. Let's go home and have some dinner, then I think we'll have a lazy night," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Aww, can't we stay just a little longer?" Madison whines.

"No, we really need to let Britney get her rest. I know you miss her, but we can come back tomorrow. Come on, sweetie." Mr. Ludke says, extending out his arm for Madison to hold on to. She holds his hand and they walk out of the hospital.

Once home, Madison decides to play with her little sister down in the playroom as her parents prepare dinner. She has enjoyed being a little kid for the day, and now doesn't mind playing with Alyssa more. Dinner is done within a half hour and the girls tiredly go up to the dining room to eat. As Madison takes her last bite of her dinner, she stretches and lets out a big yawn. Alyssa does the same.

"Aww, I see we have two very tired little girls. I think we should make it an early night."

"Madison nods, continuing to yawn. She looks at her mother, with a certain adorable look on her face. No matter how much she tries to fight it inside, she has become fonder of her mother's special attention and care today. Normally she'd go get her own pajamas on, but tonight is different. She has one last desire to completely regress, as the next few weeks she is going to be the one taking care of her best friend.

Mrs. Ludke can sense what her daughter is trying to ask, without even hearing her words. She looks over at her husband. "Hon, why don't you take Alyssa and get her ready for bed. I think little Maddie needs her Mommy tonight." Mrs. Ludke says with a smile.



"Alright, come on Ally Cat. Time to ride the Daddy Express! Up we go," he says while scooping up the preschooler and whipping her around like an airplane. She giggles, enjoying every second. "Say goodnight to your sister and Mommy," he says. Alyssa blows kisses at both of them as her father "flies" her upstairs.

"Alright, it's just you and me now, kiddo. What can I do for you?" Mrs. Ludke asks Madison.

Given how tired and emotional Madison is right now, all she wants is for someone to take care of her and comfort her. Her level of regression is now about the same mindset as a two-year-old. She holds her arms up, looking up at her mother. "Up. Momma, uppie!" She says, signaling that she wants her mother to pick her up and carry her to her room.

Mrs. Ludke takes this opportunity to have another baby in the house and gladly complies with her daughter's wishes. She scoops Madison up into her arms as Maddie wraps her arms around her mother. "Up we go, baby girl." She carries her daughter up to her room and gently lays her on her bed. She unbuttons Madison's jeans and slides them off, looking at her heavily saturated diaper. "I know of a cute little baby girl who needs a dry diaper. Who could that be? Oh... could it be Maddie?" Mrs. Ludke teases in a fun way. Madison giggles and kicks her legs. "Well, we better take care of that. Don't want you to get a rash. Hold on a second, sweetie."

Madison reaches under her pillow, grabbing her pacifier. She quickly pops it in her mouth, suckling it rapidly. Mrs. Ludke turns around with a diaper, baby powder, and a footed blanket sleeper in her hands. Seeing Maddie sucking her pacifier takes her by surprise, a bit.

"Aww, isn't that cute. When did you start liking pacifiers?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Madison blushes, talking through her pacifier. "Um, that night when you hadda go to ha-pit-al" and Bitt-ney was here... It just... kinda soothing -- sometimes. Shh, Momma... don't tell no one," she says while playfully giggling.

"Your secret is safe with me, Maddie. I'm just glad things like this help comfort you. I'd much rather play along with this than see you doing drugs or other icky things." Mrs. Ludke says as she slides a new diaper under her daughter and sprinkles baby powder. She tapes up both sides snugly. "Besides, you really are too cute and I love re-living this part of your childhood with you. Yes, I know, don't tell anyone!" Mrs. Ludke teases. Madison giggles along with her mother as she rubs her heavy eyes. Mrs. Ludke quickly helps Madison into her blanket sleeper and zippers it shut.

"There, all dry and warm. Ready for beddy-byes," Mrs. Ludke says while kissing Madison's forehead. She's about to turn the light out as Madison rolls over. "Momma? Can... will... you read me a story? Just till I fall a-seep? Pah-leese?" Madison asks sweetly, sounding more like her little sister at this time.

"Aww, of course. I know you have a lot on your mind. A good night's sleep is very important. I'll read you what I used to when you were a baby..." Mrs. Ludke gets out the classic book, *Goodnight Moon* and begins to read it out loud. Madison rolls over and looks at the pages, until she is unable to keep her eyes open any longer. She continues to suck her pacifier as she quickly drifts off to sleep. Mrs. Ludke hasn't even made it past the second page. She stops and looks at her daughter, smiling as she puts the covers over her.

Just then, Mr. Ludke peeks in, seeing this precious moment. He stands behind his wife, putting his arm around her. "It's good to see her re-connecting with you. She's such a sweetheart. I really don't mind this baby phase she's going through. Sure, is better than the terrible teens," Mr. Ludke whispers. They both laugh together quietly.

## Chapter 16: Welcome HOME

*About a week and half passes by. Britney remains in the hospital being closely monitored by nurses and doctors. Madison tries to function at school without her best friend (now sister), but it is hard. The week at school seems to last an eternity. Every day that goes by without Britney makes Madison worry even more. Finally, something happens at the hospital. Britney is ready to come HOME.*

It is a typical Sunday morning at the Ludke household. Madison and Alyssa are cuddled up together on the couch, watching cartoons on TV. Mr. Ludke is still in the kitchen reading his Sunday paper, while Mrs. Ludke is working on laundry and doing other household tasks. Mr. Ludke's cell phone begins to ring. He quickly picks it up, saying hello. It is a nurse from the hospital. They talk for a few minutes. Mr. Ludke begins to jot a few notes down on paper.

"Well, that is excellent news. I will gather up the family and we'll be there very soon. Yes, I'll bring a change of clothes for her. Thank you very much, Nurse Erin." Mr. Ludke says with great excitement. He dashes into the laundry room to tell his wife the news.

"Honey, it's time! Britney is awake. Can you get the girls ready?"

Mrs. Ludke drops the laundry basket she was holding and places it on top of the dryer.

"Really? Wow I wasn't expecting her to wake up so soon. That's great! I'll go get the girls. Give me a few minutes. Are you excited to have another girl in the house? Sorry you're outnumbered," she jokes.

"Yeah, actually I am. This will be good for her. I'm glad we are able to save her life. I'll go get the van ready," Mr. Ludke says as he hugs his wife. He puts his coffee mug away and heads out to the garage. Mrs. Ludke walks into the living room to get her daughters ready.

"Hey you two... Daddy says we're going for a ride. Anyone need to be changed first?"

"Where we going, Mom? And yeah, I'm wet. You don't have to change me though, I got it. You can get Ally. She's soaked," Madison says while tickling her little sister.

"It's a surprise, Maddie. Oh, while you're in your room, can you grab a pair of jeans and a cute shirt? Something you'd wear. Just in case," Mrs. Ludke says, trying not to ruin the surprise. Madison agrees and dashes up to her room to get changed. Mrs. Ludke scoops up Alyssa and quickly changes her on the living room floor.

As Madison is changing, she wonders why Mom is having her bring a change of clothes. She figures maybe they're going to another movie and just in case her diaper leaks, they'd be prepared this time. She quickly changes into a fresh Pampers, then looks in her closet and grabs some jeans and a pink tank top. She joins her mother and sister back downstairs. They all get in the van where Mr. Ludke is waiting. He pulls off, not saying a word, but playing his favorite jazz album and tapping along happily to the music.

"Daddy? How come you are in such a good mood? Where are you taking us today? Are we going to see a movie?" Madison asks curiously.

"Okay, I can't keep it a secret any longer. I just wanted your mother to get you girls in here quickly. We're going to the hospital...to pick up your sister." Mr. Ludke says.

"What do you mean, my sister?" Madison replies, looking at the car seat next to her.

Mr. Ludke sees this and says, "nope, guess again."

Within seconds, Madison's face goes from a blank expression to a big grin, holding back a huge amount of excitement.

"You mean she's awake? And she's gonna come home now? For good?!" Madison squeals. Alyssa begins kicking her legs and is unable to sit still. She begins chanting "Bit-ney!" over and over again.

"That's right. When the phone rang before, it was one of the nurses. She said Britney has been awake since Friday night but they wanted to hold her for a while to see if she was stable. She has been having really bad dreams, waking up screaming. But she's been awake since early this morning and is able to function again without much assistance. Girls, I want you to go easy on her. She is still very sad and still shook up over what happened. It's going to take her some time to adjust," Mr. Ludke explains.

"I'm just so happy she's coming home. And thanks again Daddy for doing all of this! Last week at school totally sucked. Hey, does she have to go back to school tomorrow?" Madison wonders.

"No, she needs time to get settled in and to get her mind off things. I will be excusing her from school for the week. Now, you will like this part. You get to stay home, too! I should have let you stay off last week, but I didn't want you to get too far behind. We'll figure out what to do about the schoolwork you miss at a later time. But this week we're just going to be around to give her the love and support she needs. "

Madison's eyes light up as she gets even happier. "Oh Daddy, you're the best. I can't wait. So, I guess that extra outfit I got is for her? Hehe, very sneaky, Mom." Madison giggles, bouncing in her seat.

They arrive at the hospital. Britney is awake, sitting in her bed, still wearing her hospital gown. The nurses begin to talk to Mr. Ludke and give him some paperwork to look over and sign. Britney slowly gets out of bed and walks towards her two new sisters. Madison runs to her and they immediately begin hugging and crying.

"Madison? Alyssa! I missed you so much. Tha...thanks for coming to see me. And they told me how many times you guys came to visit me when I wasn't awake. That... means so much! Oh, and the card and the dolphin. How could I ever ask for nicer friends?" Come here Ally!!!" Britany says, crying softly.

Alyssa runs over and hugs Britney, starting to cry a little herself. "Bitt-ney! I miss-did you too! You... you are coming home wif...wif us!" Alyssa blurts out. Madison gasps, not sure if they wanted Britney to know that yet.

"Wait... I am? I figured they'd be putting me in a foster home or something... What is she talking about, Maddie?" Britany says, looking very confused. Mr. Ludke overhears from across the room. He puts down his paperwork and hands it to the nurse nearby. He comes closer to Britney so he can explain what's going on.

"Little Alyssa is right. You are coming home with us; but not to visit with us. You'll be living with us. Madison and Alyssa are now your sisters. While you were asleep, I spoke with your mother and we tossed around ideas, ultimately deciding on what was better for you. Now, you don't have to call us 'Dad' or 'Mom.' Just do what feels natural to you," Mr. Ludke explains.

Britany stands there, in shock. She opens her mouth, trying to speak and say thank you, but nothing comes out. Tears begin to fill up in her eyes. They are both tears of joy and tears of sadness. Joy: that a family who loves her has decided to take her in. Sadness: because her own mother was willing to give up on her so easily. After a few moments, she looks up at Mr. Ludke and begins to form a word...as if she is learning to say it for the first time. "Fa.... Fa.... Father?" She looks up at Mrs. Ludke and begins to stutter, "Ma ... Ma ... Mother?" She stands there, opening her arms wide open, begging for a hug.

Mr. and Mrs. Ludke take the hint as they all engage in a group hug. "Welcome to the family, honey. I know it's going to take some time to adjust, but we're all here to help make it easier. Anything you need, just let any of us know," Mrs. Ludke says while continuing to hug her. A few tears roll down her face during this emotional moment.

"I think we're just about ready to go. I've signed all the paperwork. Madison is lending you one of her outfits to wear. You can get dressed in the bathroom. I love you too, Britney," Mr. Ludke says, kissing the girl on the forehead.

Britney dries her tears and takes the pile of clothes from Mr. Ludke. She heads towards the bathroom, but stops halfway. Looking down, she realizes she may need help with something. She looks up to Mrs. Ludke and attempts to say something.

"Umm, Mrs. .... Uh... I mean... Mom?" Britney says quietly, almost whispering.

"Yes, Britney?"

"I... umm... can... you help me in the bathroom for a minute? Umm, yeah, bring that..." Britney says, pointing at the diaper bag. Mrs. Ludke figures out what the child is asking and happily follows her in to the bathroom, grabbing the diaper bag.

"Sorry. Um, I need my diaper changed and I don't wanna do it myself. The nurses have been doing it and they put me in these weird hospital diapers. Can I just wear one of Madison's Pampers? I... I'm sorry to ask. I know I'm old enough to do it myself but... umm... I just..." Britney tries to explain, almost in tears again.

"Shh, it's okay honey. You don't need to explain. I am happy to help you, no matter what. We'll have to do this standing up, but that's fine. I do it with Alyssa sometimes when we're in a hurry. Here, let's take this gown off first," Mrs. Ludke says as she unties Britney's hospital gown. She sets it down and quickly grabs a fresh size 7 Pampers and some baby powder. She helps Britney un-tape her wet youth diaper. It is very thick and bulky and has four tapes instead of two. She carefully throws the soggy diaper away, grabbing a few wipes. She gives them to Britney, allowing her to wipe herself. Finally, the new diaper is placed in-between her legs. A quick sprinkle of paper powder is applied, and then the diaper is taped up snugly.

"Oh, this is so much better. Tha...thanks... Ma... Mom," Britney says. It's going to take her some time to get used to saying that. She unfolds the pair of jeans and slides them on, then the tank top. She looks at herself in the mirror. "Yay, I look like a person again," Britney says while putting sandals on. She hugs Mrs. Ludke. "Thank you. I think I'm ready to go *home* now."

"You are welcome. Anytime you need me, just say so. We want you to be comfortable. Oh, just so I know what to plan for; are you going to be in diapers all day like your sisters? If so, I'll make sure to pick up a few cases the next time I'm at the store." Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britany blushes, looking somewhat ashamed. "Yeah, I think so. Um, I'm sorry about that. Even before all this happened, I was starting to have a lot of accidents. I always got in trouble for it... so if you want, I can just go back to wetting my pants... I should probably get potty trained; I mean I'm 12. You probably don't want three kids in diapers, right?" Britany says awkwardly, looking down at the floor.

"Britney, sweetie... I was just asking so I can buy more diapers. I don't have a problem with it, at all. I will never be mad at you for this. If you need to wear them, you can wear them. You will never get made fun of or punished. Wear them as long as you need them. It's never a problem, okay?"

Brittney continues to hug her new mother. "Okay, Ma... Mom... Mommy; Tha ... thanks. I'm just not used to people being so nice to me. I love you guys already! Let's go." She says, opening the door.

"I'm ready to go. To go to my NEW home," Britney says with enthusiasm. Mr. Ludke signs Brittney out and makes sure all the paperwork is completed. Britney gathers her things (cards, balloons, and gifts that were brought to her) and walks with her new family, heading towards the parking lot to the van.

The ride home is mostly quiet. Britney is happy to be with her best friend and little sister, but still has a lot of thoughts and emotions running through her head. She has that bittersweet feeling going on in her mind, heart, and stomach. She thinks about her mother and what has become of her. As she thinks to herself, she tries not to get too sad. She knows her mother got what she deserved. She hates her for all the things she did; but deep down inside, she still has love for her. She wonders if her new parents will ever let her visit her birth mother in jail. Not wanting to cause too much trouble, she holds back the tears and tries to think about happier thoughts. She thinks about how she now gets to play with a four-year-old whenever she wants. She remembers the times she played with Alyssa when sleeping over and how much fun they had together. This brings a smile to her face. Just then, the van pulls into the driveway and comes to a stop. They are finally home...

As soon as everyone is in the house, Mrs. Ludke realizes the time. "Lunch will be ready soon. While you are waiting, why not take Britney up to your room and I'll watch Alyssa. I'm sure you two have a lot of catching up to do," Mrs. Ludke pauses. "Oh!

That reminds me... Britney, Honey, seeing as you are now part of the family, would you like your own room? We have a spare one upstairs if you want, "Mrs. Ludke says, setting Alyssa down.

"No, thank you!" Britney hastily answers. If possible, I would like to share Maddie's room with her, if she doesn't mind of course."

Mrs. Ludke pauses for a minute to think. "Okay, If Madison agrees I don't see a problem with it. After all you girls get along so well. Oh, sometime after lunch we'll have to get you a bed seeing as Madison's bed is too small for the both of you... You can come along and pick one out, if you'd like."

Britney thinks for a few seconds. She is so happy and grateful that the Ludke's have taken her in. They've given her so much; but Britney doesn't want to seem like she's being greedy. Therefore, she decides against picking out her own bed.

"Nah, it's alright. Just a bed that's like Maddie's is fine; nothing special. If you don't mind, I'd like to stay here for the rest of the day. I'm just kind of tired and want to get used to things here. Is...is that okay?" Britany asks.

"Of course, it's alright. After lunch, Dad and I will go get your bed. We know exactly where to go and they even do free delivery. Go on up and get settled. Oh, I grabbed most of your clothes from your old room. They will be in Madison's closet shortly. I've been washing them all so you have clean clothes to wear. Anything you may need just let me or Daddy know, okay?" Mrs. Ludke says.

"Yes, thank you again so much. C'mon Maddie, let's go!" Britney says. Just then, Alyssa clings on to Britney's leg.

"No, Bitt-ney come play wif me. I wanna do Play-Doh. I miss-did you so much. You still my fwiend, right?" Alyssa begs. Britney is torn. She really wants to play with Alyssa, but she also needs some time alone with Madison.

"Aww, I know you missed me, Ally Cat. I missed you, too. But I really need to go talk to Maddie for a few minutes..." Britney says to the little girl.

Alyssa pouts and starts to cry. "But I wanna pway now! I waited long time for you to gets better; I wanna play!" Alyssa starts to fuss and have a small tantrum. Mr. Ludke, being the parent who is usually firmer with things like this, picks the girl up and tries to comfort her.

"Alyssa that is enough! Britney just got here and she needs some time to settle in and get used to her new home. She loves you just as much, but right now she needs some time alone. Daddy will play with you. Anything you want."

"But Daddy it not fair! Maddie get to pway wif her now. Why can't I play wif dem?" Alyssa retorts.

"They aren't going to be playing. Its bigger girl stuff, sweetie. They just need to talk about things that you don't understand yet," Mr. Ludke tries to explain. Britney kneels down to be at Alyssa's level.

"Alyssa... I promise right after lunch, we will play together, all afternoon. It'll be just you, me, and Maddie. We'll do Play-Doh and finger painting. We'll play house and color in coloring books. All that fun stuff. Meet me in your room after lunch, okay? Do we have a date?" Britney says, knowing exactly how to bargain with a four-year-old.

Alyssa's pout face slowly turns to a mild smile. "Awwite, but you better not be wate!" Alyssa says. For a four-year-old she can be pretty spunky at times. It just makes Britney laugh. She and Madison quickly dash upstairs to her room as Mr. Ludke begins to tickle Alyssa to distract her from trying to follow.

The girls get into Madison's room and close the door. Britney immediately lays down on the bed, somewhat exhausted from a morning of emotions and constant thoughts running through her mind at all directions.

"Brit, are you okay? I know you're happy to be here but it just seems like something is bothering you. I'm your sister now. Heck, we've always been sisters. You can tell me anything. If you just need me to listen, I'm here. I won't say a thing," Madison says. She sits down on the bed next to her sister.

Britney sighs. "I'd lie and say everything's great. But you'd know I was lying."

"You're right, I would. And as you've noticed, we don't like secrets around here. Speaking of that.... Can I just say that last week at school totally sucked without you? I don't have many other friends to talk to about things. I mean, I do, but not like you. And Emily is still gone. It's been so weird without you...and I've done a lot of crying. "Madison says, patting her sister on the head gently.

"Aww, why? I'm nothing special... seriously... if there's anything I've learned, it's that I should have never been freaking born," Britney says as her eyes begin to water. Madison gasps and looks somewhat irritated.

"Britney! You stop talking like that. It scares me to hear you talk like that. I'm saying this because I love you, not because I'm mad at you. But I hate that kind of talk, and I'm sure Mom does too. You are so very special. I cried all week because I thought you might not ever wake up. I can't... I just can't think what it would be like if you were gone. Promise me you will stop talking like that. It really scares me; more than anything in the world. Gosh, now I'm gonna cry again. Sorry...I'm supposed to be strong for you. Can you promise, though?" Madison says, sobbing a little bit.

Britney looks Madison in the eyes. "I am sorry. Yes, I promise I won't talk like that. But it's hard sometimes. When I finally woke up, I felt totally worthless as a person. I remembered what my mother said to me as she was beating me that night. She hates me. She always has. She has made me feel like a worthless, old dirty rag. And after I started thinking about it, maybe she... maybe she was right. Sorry... It's just how I've been feeling. I'm not gonna kill myself or anything," Britney rambles.

Madison dries her tears and gives her sister a hug. "No, but there's still some things you are not telling me. You need to get it all out. I want to know everything about you now that we are real sisters. You know all of my secrets. I want to help you get over this; and to stop feeling so worthless. We all love you. Not just because you've been adopted by us. Even before that – we've loved you. I have loved you since the day we first started hanging out. Before we realized we both liked diapers. It was long before any of that. You are just very special. No one understands me like you do, not even Mom or Dad. So, for you to say you feel worthless... it just hurts to hear that. I'll shut up now. I think you need to get out all the things that are bothering you," Madison says.

Britney nods her head and tries to collect some thoughts. "Okay... So, you know my mom hated me, but you don't know the full story. So, I will just get to the point. I've told you a lot of things about my mom and how she treated me. But I never told you why. She hates me because she.... Finally told me that one night.... I... I'm sorry... this just hurts..." Britney pauses to try and hold back more tears.

"It's okay, sis. Take your time. I'm listening." Madison says, giving Britney her full, undivided attention.

"Well, she said I was a mistake. That when she had sex, she never meant to get pregnant... But she kept me, thinking it would do well for her relationship with my dad. My father was a drunk and a loser; but there was something else about him that no one knew. He had mental issues I guess is the word. When I was a very little girl, maybe a little younger than Alyssa... I don't remember much.... But he'd come into my room at night when I was asleep. And he'd pull my pajamas off and start touching me... down there. I was like not even four. I had no idea what he was doing, but he convinced me that it was okay. That he was just playing and it would help me to sleep. He told me that if I tried to stop him or if I told Mommy that it would be really bad. He said I wouldn't want to know what would happen if I told anyone or if 'we' got caught. So, I was terrified. And I let him do whatever he wanted. This went on and on; until I was five. He had me do things to him, too. Things I really don't want to mention right now..." Britney says, pausing to take a few breaths. Madison is a bit surprised to hear all of this, but just nods her head, signaling Britney to continue.

"Well one Saturday my dad was alone with me while Mommy was picking up a shift at work. She came home early to find Daddy with me in my room... he was having me... suck on his.... Ugh.... You get the idea. She saw it going on but I guess didn't say anything... Just started making noise so my dad knew to put it away and clean up," she says, sighing and pausing to collect her thoughts. Madison gasps, looking at her sister as if to say "I'm so sorry."

Britney continues with her confession, "there was another time, she caught him again. This time he was putting his thing in my rear end... It hurt and I hated it; but my mom walked in on it and this time she went completely nuts. They both started fighting and cussing at each other while I just sat in my room and cried myself to sleep. When I woke up, he was gone. My mom would never tell me where he went, but from that day on she blamed me for what happened... Like I was the one who started all of this! I freaking *HATED* it. When he did his thing to me, it hurt. I never asked for it, but I was afraid of what would happen if I didn't let him do it. So, I let him do it for over a year. Because of this, my mother's hatred for me grew more and more. That's when I started wetting the bed. She only put me in diapers at night because she was too lazy to wash sheets. As the years passed my mother did less and less for me. I slept on an old, moldy mattress and didn't even have a bed. My room was more like a prison cell than anything. I was only there to do chores. If I wanted to eat, most of the time I had to make my own meals. Mom was always too lazy and drugged up to cook anything or she'd just eat those stupid microwave dinners. As she was beating on me that night a few weeks ago, she told me she hated me, over and over. She said I was garbage and I should have never been born. And it's my fault because I took her '*darling*' away from her. It just hurts, Maddie. It hurts so badly. She's, my mother. I hate her for treating me like this. Instead of getting mad at me, she should have helped me to understand why my Daddy raped me...." Britney explains. She is unable to continue and begins to cry and tremble uncontrollably. Madison holds her, hugging her and providing emotional support. She begins to cry a little herself, unable to fully imagine how horrible of a childhood her new sister has had.

"Oh, Brit... I never knew it was so bad. But thank you for telling me... It's over now... and you are safe. But I understand, years of pain and hurt from people who are supposed to love you, don't just go away... I think you should talk to my – I mean, our mom about this. Not all at once, but over time. You know at one time she was going to be a psychologist. She might be able to help you. Just talking helps, too. Do you feel any better?" Madison says while still hugging and comforting her.

"A little, yes. I'm sorry you had to hear all of this. But that's my crappy life. I hate my mom for this, but you want to know the really messed up part?"

"What's that?"

"Aside from all of this... I sit and think about her. I wonder how she's doing in jail. I know why she's there and she deserves to be, but then I still feel love for her, somehow. And I hope she doesn't die in jail. I want to see her and talk to her; but why? She tried to kill me. I should want her dead, too. Right?"

"No... It's normal to still have some love for her. She's your birth mother. She gave you your life. And I think maybe you hope that after some time in jail and rehab, maybe she will change ... and come to her senses. I don't think that's messed up, Brit. You are human and you have feelings. It's possible to hate someone for the *WAY* they treated you, but still love them, too. "Madison says.

"Madison, you are amazing. I'm so glad we have each other. I never thought of it that way, but you're right. So, I just have these mixed-up emotions right now. Everything hurts inside right now.... "Britney says. The two girls spend the next few moments saying nothing. They lay next to each other, hugging and crying.

Just then, Mom calls from downstairs. It's time for lunch. Madison gets up. "We can talk more later; but *after* you play with Alyssa. She's going to be pretty sad if she doesn't get to see you. My gosh, that girl has been so sad, too. She really loves you. We all do!" Madison says as she helps Britney up.

"Aww, I missed her too. Having a little sister is going to be so fun. I can't wait to play with her... It will get my mind off things for a while..." Britney says as they go down the stairs.

Mrs. Ludke has made soup and sandwiches for lunch. The entire family enjoys the time together. Not too many words are spoken. Britany is extremely hungry and happy to be eating something other than hospital food. She enjoys everything that was prepared for her. Alyssa has only taken a few bites from her PB&J sandwich. She is anxious to go and play with her new big sister.

"Lunch over, we go pway now!" Alyssa shouts.

Mr. Ludke looks over at Alyssa's plate. "Alyssa, you hardly ate any of your lunch. You need to eat at least half of the sandwich. And some fruit. Then and only then is it time to play," he says firmly.

"But Daddy! I full! I no wanna eat no more..."

"Alyssa Anne Ludke, I'm not going to say it again. You will either eat your lunch or you will be taking a nap," he repeats. The kids in this family know that when their full name is spoken, they are about to be in trouble. Alyssa bows her head down and slowly starts to take more bites from her sandwich. She doesn't say a word until she has eaten most of it, and then picks up some apple slices.

"That's my good little girl, thank you," Mr. Ludke says. Alyssa nods her head and smiles at him proudly.

Britney takes one last gulp of her juice and leans back, patting her tummy and sighing. "Lunch was so good. Thank you so much, uh... Ma...Mom... It's so much better than flavorless Jell-o and overcooked chicken," she says, referring to the food she was served at the hospital.

"Thanks, sweetie. I'm glad you liked your lunch," Mrs. Ludke responds.

"Okay, we go play now! Come on Bitt-ney!" Alyssa says impatiently. Mrs. Ludke is about to get up to help Alyssa clean up but Britney decides to help her out instead.

"It's okay... I... I got this. I'm a big sister now, I want to help out more. It's the...least I can do for all you have done for me... Ma...mother," Britney stutters. Mrs. Ludke puts her hand over her heart, sighing happily. Britney gets out a baby wipe and gently wipes Alyssa's fingers and hands, then her face. "There, all cleaned up. Now we can go play!" Britney holds out her hand as Alyssa climbs out of her booster seat, going upstairs as they hold hands.

Madison begins to clean off the table, preparing to load the dishwasher. This is something they usually have to bargain with her for, but it is done without much thought this time.

"Maddie, sweetie? Aren't you going to go play with your sisters?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Madison shakes her head. "No, Mom. I think Britt and Ally need some special time. I'm gonna do the dishes and then I'll hang out in my room for a while and listen to music." She continues with the dishes, finally making her way up to her room. Up in Alyssa's room, a very special tea party is going on. Alyssa has gotten her favorite stuffed animals and invited them along. She begins to "serve" them all some tea, along with Britney who happily plays along. After the tea party is over, Britney quickly transitions into a game of tickle war. She begins tickling Alyssa in all of her known ticklish spots. Alyssa giggles and kicks, trying to break free and get Britney back. The two carry on, tickling each other for several minutes. Of course, all of this tickling action causes Alyssa to wet her diaper, but not enough to need a change. She doesn't even notice, just keeps on with the giggles. Britney, having so much fun, has also wet her diaper unconsciously. She is having way too much fun. After they get tired out from the tickle game, Britney lays down on Alyssa's bed to rest for a few minutes.

"What do you wanna play, now?" Britney asks her little sister. Alyssa looks around her room, pondering what to do next... Finally, she decides she wants to play 'house.' Britney loves the idea, but has something just a little different planned... as far as who is 'mommy' and who is the 'baby.'

Meanwhile, Madison is in her room. She is listening to the radio and relaxing on her bed, reading a magazine. After a while, she gets hungry for a snack and decides to go down into the kitchen for a snack and something to drink. She passes by Alyssa's door and sees her playing with Britney. She quickly walks downstairs and goes into the kitchen. Her father is sitting at the table and appears to be on the phone. Madison quietly pours herself some juice, and then grabs a granola bar. Mr. Ludke hangs up the phone.

"Hey there, Maddie. Can you keep an eye on your sisters for a while?" Mr. Ludke asks.



Madison nods. "Yeah, Daddy. What's going on?"

"Your mother and I are going to the furniture store to get Britney's bed. We won't be gone too long. Just check on them every so often. I'm sure they'll be playing for a while yet." Mr. Ludke says. Madison agrees.

"No problem. I'll be right next door in my room," Madison says. She gives him a quick hug, and then dashes back up the stairs. As she is about to go back in her room, she can't help but notice the commotion coming from Alyssa's room. They appear to be playing "house," however Alyssa isn't the 'baby' as she usually would play. Britney has asked Alyssa to be the 'mommy' this time. As Madison peeks through the slightly opened door, she sees Britney lying down on the bed, sucking a pacifier and talking very babyishly to Alyssa.

"Nut uh Momma; I no need a diapy tange. Momma I sleepy. Will you re...read me a stowwy?" Britney mumbles. Madison takes a mental note of this, seeing that Britney really is having fun with this. It gives her an idea for later. Alyssa sits next to Britney and begins reading her a made up story, holding up a book but not actually reading from it. Britney watches, continuing to suck on her pacifier, completely getting lost in the moment.

Madison quickly goes into her room before she is spotted. She lies back down on her bed and starts to daydream about some things. She thinks to herself. "That night when I had Mom baby me, it felt so good. Maybe it would help Britney get her mind off things if she was babied for a day or two..." She takes a drink and enjoys her snack, then ends up dozing off for about a half hour while the girls in the room next door are still playing house.

"Wake up baby.... It time for dinners. Mommy feed you, kay?" Alyssa says to Britney who is pretending to be sleeping.

Britney yawns and rubs her eyes. "Goodie, me hungry! You feed me baby food; I want appa sauce." Britney says, still talking like a two year old.

Alyssa giggles because Britney sounds funny talking like a baby. She gets out a play baby spoon and pretends to dip it in a jar, then puts it in front of Britney's mouth. Britney pretends to 'eat' her food, taking several spoonfuls. "That was yummy! Thanks Momma," Britney says while rubbing her tummy.

Alyssa looks and starts laughing some more. "Silly baby you made big mess. Momma have to clean you up. You need take a baff!" Alyssa says, trying to sound more like a grown-up. She proceeds to give Britney a pretend bath for a few minutes. After the pretend bath is over with, Britney decides she'd better change gears and let Alyssa do something else.

"Okay, I'm Britney again. Thanks for being the Mommy this time. That was fun. Did you like playing Mommy?" Britney asks the little girl.

Alyssa nods. "Uh huh, it kind of fun! You are fun baby," Alyssa says as she giggles.

Britney gets off the bed and wonders why it's so quiet in the rest of the house. "Hey Ally... I'm kind of thirsty. Should we go down for a drink and a snack?"

"I'm weally thirsty. Being a mommy hard work. Can I hab cookies an staw-berry milk?" Alyssa asks sweetly.

"Hmm... How about something a little healthier... you know what my favorite snack is? Graham crackers with peanut butter and banana slices! You can have the pink milk if you try some of that. Is it a deal?" Britney offers.

Alyssa slowly nods her head. Britney seems to have some kind of magic power over this little girl. If Madison or even Mrs. Ludke would have asked her the same thing, she'd probably have had a fit. Britney is just about to take the girl downstairs when she stops and remembers something. There was a lot of tickling before. "Hey, just a second. Do you need your diaper changed first?"

Alyssa shakes her head. "Nut uh. I... I'm dry," she says, obviously not telling the truth.

"Really? Can I check then?" Britney asks.

Alyssa sighs. "Kay but I not wet and I not poopy." Britney proceeds to check Alyssa's diaper. She squeezes around her butt to see how squishy the diaper is. It is wet, but not completely soaked and can withstand another wetting. She figures if Alyssa isn't bothered by it, it's not worth fighting with her.

"Alright, you are wet but it's not that bad yet. Let's go get our snack." Britney says. Alyssa follows behind her, holding her hand as they go down the steps towards the kitchen.

As they enter the kitchen, they find the entire house is empty. Madison is nowhere to be found. "Huh, I wonder where everyone is. We'll have to go check Maddie's room when we're done, maybe she fell asleep. Okay, I'm gonna make our snack quick. You can help if you want." Britney says. Alyssa helps by getting out the graham crackers and jar of peanut butter. Britney cuts up the banana into several small pieces and spreads peanut butter over four crackers. She puts two on Alyssa's plate and two on hers. She then prepares some strawberry milk, putting some in a sippy cup and the other in a glass. She sets Alyssa in her booster seat and places the sippy and plate in front of her. "Let me know what you think of this snack. It's so yummy!" Britney says as she sits down and takes a bite. Alyssa takes a big gulp of her milk first, then tries the new snack. She slowly takes her first bite, not knowing what to expect. She takes another big bite shortly after, then another.

"This yummy," Alyssa says as she smears some peanut butter on her face. Britney can't help but laugh.

"See, I told you it was good. Would you have this again someday?" Britney asks curiously.

Alyssa nods her head quickly. "Uh huh but onny if *you* makes it!" Alyssa says while chewing. This makes Britney feel good, like she's really special. She's never had a little kid look up to her like this. It's a wonderful feeling for her right now.

"Aww, thanks Ally. That means a lot!" The girls continue to eat their snacks. Alyssa eats her entire snack and slams down the rest of her sippy of milk. "Where Maddie at? We need-a go find her!" Alyssa says as she burps a little.

"Yep, we'll go find her. Just let me wipe your face off quick. Alright, all done!" Britney says as she wipes the little girl's face. They go back upstairs and slowly open Madison's door, finding her curled up on her bed, fast asleep. Britney looks at Alyssa, holding her finger up to her mouth, signaling her to keep quiet. Britney then whispers into Alyssa's ear.

"Climb up on her bed and start to tickle her till she wakes up, okay?" Alyssa giggles softly and nods her head. She climbs up on the bed and sits right next to Madison's side. She starts to tickle her sides and under her arms. Madison begins to squirm and softly giggle, still not fully awake. Alyssa begins to tickle her faster and faster, causing Madison to open her eyes and realize what's going on. Britney now joins in on the tickling.

"Wake up sleepy head!" Britney squeals. Madison giggles and squirms.

"Hehehe, okay, sta...sto....stop... I... heheh... I'm awake..." Madison says between fits of giggles. As this is going on, she completely loses control of her bladder muscles and slowly floods her diaper. She enjoys the moment, but is careful not to pee so fast that it leaks. "Uh, hey... Is everything.... okay? Does Alyssa need to be changed or anything?"

Britney smiles and shakes her head. "No, it's okay. We've just been playing... We just had a snack and some milk. She's only a little wet... for now. Hey, do you know where umm... your parent.... I mean.... Where Mom and Da....Dad are?" Britney asks, correcting herself.

"Yeah, they went out to get your new bed. They should be back soon," Madison says. Just then, Alyssa yawns and starts to rub her eyes. A sure sign she is sleepy. Madison looks at her. "Hey, I see a sleepy little girl. I think its nap time!" Alyssa makes a slight pout face and starts to whine about how she isn't sleepy.

Madison interrupts. "Come on Ally, you need some rest, please? If you don't, I'm going to change your diaper!" Madison jokes.

Alyssa runs right into her room, screaming "no! Awwite, it naps time... but you read me stowwy!"

Madison laughs and runs after her sister. "That works, every time. Unless she's poopy, ha ha..." Madison says. Britney laughs along with her, nodding.

The girls tuck in Alyssa as Britney reads her a story about the colors of the rainbow. Half way through the story, little Alyssa has fallen asleep. Both girls quietly leave the room, turning on the baby monitor just in case. They go back into Madison's room.

"Uh, Brit? I need a favor, if you don't mind. Um, I'm kind of... soaked... and well I'd change myself but you do such a good job... I'm not asking you to baby me or anything... just change me, please?" Madison asks, almost begging.

"Aww, of course. I know you'd do the same for me, right? I'm not that wet yet but I guess it's kind of my fault you are soaked... I mean after all that tickling. That was my idea, sorry." Britney responds.

Madison starts to laugh. "Don't be sorry, it was fun. Felt great, too. I just don't want to risk leaking... it's really soaked now. Thanks, sis. I'll change you whenever you want. Was Alyssa good for you?"

Britney grabs a fresh diaper and some powder as Madison lies down and takes her pants off. "Yes, she was a sweetie-pie. No problems at all. I even got her to eat a healthier snack without any crying or fits."

"He-he, I swear that kid worships you. Hey, maybe you can get her potty trained before she starts kindergarten this fall," Madison says, half joking.

"I wouldn't go that far! I love her, though. It's so fun having a little sister. And it's even more fun having my best friend as a twin sister. Ok, not twin, but... you know..." Britney says as she begins to un-tape Madison's soggy diaper.

"Yes, I know! Later, after we're in bed; I need to talk to you about some things. Nothing bad, I promise. I just have an idea which may help you feel better..." Madison says, giggling a little as her sister gently wipes her with baby wipes.

"Okay. I can't wait to sleep on my new bed. On a mattress that's actually soft. I'm gonna sleep like a baby!" Madison smiles and nods in agreement. Britney applies some baby powder, and then tapes up the new diaper. She helps Madison slide her pants back on. "There, nice and dry again! I guess I wore Alyssa out! She's fun but wow she plays hard!"

Madison laughs as she hops off the bed. "Yeah, she's a handful sometimes. It's good to see you two getting so close, though. Thanks for letting me sleep. I guess I needed it. Let's go play video games. I challenge you to a game of Mario Kart where I will be the winner," Madison whispers, not wanting to wake up her little sister.

"That's what you think. I'm gonna win!" Britney whispers back. They quietly go down the stairs and begin playing the video game together. Shortly after, the sound of a delivery truck can be heard barreling into the driveway, followed by the Ludke van. Madison sees it from the window.

"Hey, I think your bed is here! I'm going to go hold the front door open for them. Looks like you're going to win, anyway. Good game!" Madison says, pausing the game and opening the front door. She waves to the delivery men. "Right through here, please!" They slowly bring the bed in, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Ludke.

"Thanks, sweetie. They're going to bring it up to your room and then Daddy and I will set it up. Did everything go okay with Alyssa?" Mrs. Ludke asks Madison.

"Yeah Mom, she was good. She's taking a nap up in her room so try to be quiet. Britney wore her out," Madison says with a slight snicker.

"Aww, that's great. We will be extra quiet then. See you soon. We're ordering pizza for dinner. Any requests, you two?"

"Ham and Pineapple!" Madison blurts out. Britney nods in agreement.

"Hey, that's my favorite, too! Thanks, Mrs. Lu--- I mean... Ma...Mom!" Britney says.

"You're welcome, sweetheart. Maddie, if the delivery boy gets here before we're done, pay him with this cash. Give him a \$5 tip." Mrs. Ludke says as she hands Madison two \$20 bills and heads upstairs, following the delivery men. Madison nods and puts the money in her pocket, then goes back over to the Wii and un-pauses their game. A few minutes pass by. The

two delivery men come down and approach the front door. "Bye girls, enjoy the new bed!" The girls nod, hardly even paying attention. The men let themselves out. Madison and Britney continue to play the video game, until Madison pauses the game shortly after the delivery van leaves.

"Darn it, I'm getting hot! These pants are coming off," Madison says as she takes her jeans off and tosses them across the room. She is now standing in just a diaper and t-shirt. Britney decides to join her sister and takes hers off as well.

"Yeah, playing games like this always makes me warm, too. Good idea!" Both girls completely forget that a pizza delivery boy will be coming over soon. They go back to their game and play for about twenty-five minutes. Suddenly, the doorbell rings. Britney is startled and sets her controller down. "Oh, the pizza is here! Can you get the door, sis?" Madison pauses the game and puts her controller down. She walks to the front door, completely forgetting she's wearing just her diaper and shirt. She opens the door, seeing a teenage boy standing with two pizza boxes and some breadsticks.

"Hi! I'm Madison. Umm, let me get the money... How much is it?" Madison asks cheerfully. Madison starts reaching for what she thinks is her pocket when she feels just her bare leg. She instantly realizes she's not wearing her jeans and sees them over on the floor a few feet away. "Oh My Gosh!!!" Madison gasps as her face turns beet red.

"Umm, yeah... it's \$31.57... Uh... little girl? "The pizza boy can't help but stare at Madison and her Pampers diaper. He is flustered and nervous. Although he thinks it's weird that the girl is wearing a diaper, he can't help but think it's kind of cute, too.

"Brit!!! Can you get me the cash, please? In my jeans over there..." Madison cries.

Britney scrambles over to where Madison's jeans are and digs the \$40 out of her right side pocket. She runs over to Madison and hands her the money. The boy is now staring at Britney, his jaw dropping even wider.

"Oh, uh, wow... There are two of you. Well, I guess I've seen a lot worse. At least you have some kind of clothing on," the boy says as he continues to stare. Madison hands him the two bills. "Oh, thank you, young girl... Let me get you changed... ugh, no... I mean... get you your *change*. Madison and Britney are both completely embarrassed and beat red in the face. The boy nervously hands Madison eight dollars and forty-three cents, giving her a five-dollar bill, three ones, and some change.

Because she feels really sorry for what the boy had to see, and he's somewhat cute, Madison hands him \$6 for a tip.

"He...Here you go. Um, I'm ssss...sorry you had to sa... see this. I'd try to explain but... um, your other customers are waiting." Madison says. The boy's eyes light up.

"Hey, no problem at all, little girl... Like I said, I've seen a lot of weirder things. I could write a book. Thanks for the nice tip, maybe I'll see you girls again some...someday!" The boy says as he walks towards his car. Madison closes the door and hands the pizza boxes to Britney.

"Oh... my... gosh! I think I just wet myself a little more," Britney says while laughing.

"Yeah, my heart is racing 500 miles an hour! Geez, we need to be more careful. I'm surprised the boy didn't totally make fun of us, though. He almost seemed to enjoy it; like he wanted to take our picture." Madison grins.

"Uh-huh. Maybe we should put our pants back on. Never know who else might come over," Britney says as she places the boxes on the kitchen table. She calls upstairs, shouting that the pizza is here, and then both girls quickly put their pants back on. They decide not to tell their parents what happened just now. What they didn't see can't hurt them, Madison figures. Madison's parents come down, with Alyssa in her mother's arms. She is placed in her booster seat. Mrs. Ludke takes a few pieces of plain cheese pizza and puts them on a plate for Alyssa, setting it in front of her.

"Yay, pee-za! I so hung-wey!" Alyssa squeals. Madison and Britney wash their hands and sit down, digging in and taking a few slices of ham and pineapple pizza.

"Thanks Mu.... Mom and...Daddy... for the pizza. I hope my bed wasn't too much trouble," Britney says, taking her first bite.

"Not a problem, at all. It's all put together and I've got fresh sheets on for you. Alyssa even helped, after her nap, didn't you sweetie?" Mrs. Ludke says. Alyssa nods her head proudly.

"Aww, thank you Ally. It really means a lot to me. I can't wait to sleep on a new mattress. This pizza is good!! I can't remember the last time I had pizza that wasn't from the freezer," Britney says, taking a big gulp of juice.

"Yeah, we always order from this place down the road. They're the best. Mom? After dinner can me and Brit watch movies on the downstairs TV? We're kind of tired and just wanna relax for a while," Madison says. Mrs. Ludke agrees, offering to keep Alyssa busy so the girls can watch a more age-appropriate movie. The family finishes dinner, all eating way too much pizza. Mrs. Ludke helps clean Alyssa up while Maddie and Britney wash their hands. Just as they are about to run into the living room, Mrs. Ludke stops them.

"Just a minute, girls. Do either of you need to get changed before you get too involved? I know Alyssa is fine, she was just changed before dinner," Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney blushes. Her diaper is a bit soggy from having wet it a few times during the afternoon, but she doesn't say anything. Madison does a quick check of her diaper, seeing it's only a little damp.

"No, Mommy. I was changed right before you got home. Can I go pick out a movie?"

"Sure, go-ahead honey," Mrs. Ludke says. She looks over Britney, thinking she may be too shy to ask for a change.

"Britney, honey.... Are you wet? Its okay I won't be mad." Mrs. Ludke says.

Britney knows she's wet, but feels awkward wanting her new mother to change her. "Umm, I... I might be. I... I'm sorry."

"Come here, sweetie. It's really okay. Would you like some help?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney toddlers over to Mrs. Ludke, putting her hands over her butt and feeling her squishy diaper. She nods her head slowly.

"Yes...if...you don't mind. "She takes her mother's hand and follows her upstairs to her new room. As they enter, she sees her new bed with purple sheets. A big smile comes over her face. "Aww, I love it! Th...thanks!" Britney lies down on her bed and takes her jeans off, now lying in just her wet diaper. She allows Mrs. Ludke to change her, as if she was completely helpless.

"There, all dry again. I'm glad you like your new bed. I'm sure you will sleep like a baby tonight," Mrs. Ludke says as she's about to put Britney's jeans back on.

"Um, wait... can I just have my jammies on? That way if I fall asleep on the couch, I'm all ready for bed." Britney interrupts.

"Of course, you can. Which ones do you want?" Britney decides on her purple blanket sleeper. Mrs. Ludke helps her put it on and can't help but admire how cute she looks. Britney blushes some more.

"Um, I know these are like for little kids but... they are... umm... it's so comfy."

"Sweetie, you don't have to feel bad about it. If it makes you happy, it makes me happy, too. We just want you to be comfortable here," Mrs. Ludke explains.

Britney sits up and gives her mother a hug. "I...I love you....Ma...Mommy. Th...thanks!"

"Aww, love you too Britney. Go on now, I bet Maddie has a fun movie picked out for you. Dad and I are going to go play with Alyssa and wear her out. If you girls need anything, we'll be in the playroom. When you go down, tell Daddy and Ally to come there, okay?"

Britney nods and dashes off downstairs. She passes by Mr. Ludke who is in the kitchen loading dishes in the dishwasher. She is still not quite as comfortable with him as she is getting with her new mother, but wants to try and show him she loves him,

too. She stands behind him, waiting for him to notice her, not quite sure what to say... As he turns around to clean the table, he almost bumps in to her.

"Oh, hello there Britney. All ready for bed I see. Did you see your bed?" Mr. Ludke asks.

"Uh-huh. It...it's awesome... tha...thanks Mr.... oh, I mean... Dad. Oh, um... Mom says you and Ally should come to the playroom. Maddie and I are going to watch our movies now. O...okay?" Britney stutters. Mr. Ludke can tell Britney is having a hard time warming up to him, but knows it may take some time.

"Sure thing. Ally is helping me clean the kitchen, and then we'll go and play. I'm glad you like your bed. If there's anything you need just ask," he says. Britney stands there for a few seconds, looking up at him... She wants to give him a hug, but part of her is a little scared.

"Tha... thanks Da... Dad. Umm... I la-- love you," Britney says softly as she runs off into the living room.

"I love you too, sweetheart," Mr. Ludke says as she leaves the room. He looks over at Alyssa. "Okay baby girl, can you help Daddy put the rest of the dishes away? Then we'll go and play with Mommy!" Alyssa jumps up with excitement, helping her father with the dishes. After a few minutes he 'airplanes' her over to the playroom.

Maddie and Britney are now cuddling together on the couch. Madison has again taken off her jeans and has decided to wear just a diaper and t-shirt as her pajamas. They watch two movies together while sipping on iced teas and lemonades. Britney is lying down on the couch as the second movie's credits are rolling. She yawns and rubs her eyes, just like a two-year-old. Forgetting who she is for a minute, she acts a bit immature.

"I so seepy. We gonna go ni-ni?" Britney says.

Madison is tired too, but starts to think it's about time to have her little talk with her sister. She is taken a bit by surprise with Britney's behavior, but can understand where it's coming from.

"Yeah, time to go try out your new bed. We can push the beds together if you wanna cuddle. I think you do... you seem to want to be babied.... And I have just the thing for you." Madison says in a soothing voice.

"Oh, umm...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to talk li...like that..." Britney says, blushing some more, feeling awkward.

"Brit, it's okay. I totally understand. You can act however you want. We need to talk, up in our room. Um... how's your diaper? I'm wet but not enough to change." Madison says.

Britney nods. "Uh-huh, me too. Let's go brush our teef!" Britney says, slipping in some baby-talk again.

The girls quietly walk up the stairs, noticing that Alyssa and her parents are both asleep. They go into the bathroom and brush their teeth, then into their room. Madison helps Britney push the two beds together, and then Britney crawls in to her side of the bed. Madison gets out a pacifier and pops it in Britney's mouth.

"Here you go; this will hold you over until I get the next thing I have planned. First, we should talk a little. I know you're very sleepy so I'll make this quick. As your sister and best friend, I'm always going to look out for you. I know this whole thing is still a big adjustment, and I think you need some time to forget about all the bad stuff and just relax and have no cares or responsibilities. We are off of school this week, so it's perfect. "

Britney looks over at her sister, keeping her paci in her mouth but looking at her curiously. "What you mean, exactly?" I... I'm doing okay... Really, it's just kind of... I feel funny around your... ugh... I mean... our, Dad. I don't know why. Like I'm starting to get used to Mom and she's really awesome. So is... Dad. But, I dunno... it's just.... Different?" Britney says.

"I think I understand that. Knowing what I know about your real father, it makes perfect sense. My Dad... I mean, *our* dad is a great daddy and I know after some time you will ease up to him. It's not going to happen overnight. But what I mean now is... you just need some baby time. When you were still sick at the hospital and I was missing you and worried so much.... I spent a whole day doing just that. I let Mom baby me and I acted like a two-year-old. And it felt great. I'm not saying do this

for a week. Just like most of tomorrow... We're gonna start now, though. I already notice you kind of slipped into a regressive state when you were playing with Ally; and just before when you said you were sleepy. It's okay and actually, really cute. I think it would help you like it helped me. What do you think, sis?"

Britney lies down and thinks for a few seconds, and then a big smile comes across her face.

"Yes! I wanna do it. Mommy kind of babied me before the movie cause I was too lazy to change myself; and then I had her put my jammies on me... and it just feels nice to have someone take care of me for a while. Maddie, did you really act like a baby and stuff while I was gone?"

Madison starts to giggle softly. "Yes, I totally did. We went out to eat for lunch and I acted like a little kid; even ordered off the kids' menu. It was so fun. And at home I let Mommy treat me like I was younger than Alyssa. I know it's not like me, but I guess I needed it. Besides the secure feeling from being diapered, it was like ten times that. Now, stay here... I have to go get something!" Madison says as she jumps out of bed and carefully goes back downstairs. She digs out a few baby bottles that are in the back of a kitchen cabinet. They used to be Alyssa's. She then warms up some milk and pours some of it in a bottle, making sure one of the bigger nipples is on it. She makes her way back into their room and closes the door. "Okay, baby. Close your eyes and take your paci out, I have a surprise for you." Britney does as she is told, closing her eyes.

Madison lies down next to her and pops the bottle into her mouth, holding it for her. "Okay, open your eyes and look in front of you." Britney looks pleasantly surprised, then grabs on to the bottle herself and begins sucking it.

"Ba-ba?" Brittney asks.

"Yes, baby. Just for you. It's warm milk, to help you sleep. Enjoy it. Tomorrow we will tell Mom you want to be a baby for the day. It's going to be fun. I'll be your big sister and help take care of you, too. Now, we should get some sleep. Finish your bottle. I love you, sis." Madison says as she gives Britney a hug and cuddles up to her.

Brittney coos and sighs, rapidly drinking from her bottle. Half way through, she drops it and falls fast asleep, cuddled up with her *big* sister.

## Chapter 17: Full of Surprises

Madison awakes the next morning to the sweet smell of fresh gourmet coffee brewing from downstairs. She rubs her eyes and sits up in bed, looking over to her right. Her sister is still soundly asleep, curled up with her stuffed dolphin that was given to her at the hospital. Madison sits and watches her sister sleep for a few seconds, not wanting to disturb her. She knows Brittney is a heavy sleeper and may not be used to the typical routine in the Ludke house, so she is very careful not to make too much noise. As soon as she gets off her bed and walks towards her closet, she can feel her heavy, soaked diaper sagging behind her. She grabs a fresh diaper, a skirt, and a cute tank top to wear, seeing as it's going to be another warm, sunny day. She makes her way into the bathroom and closes the door. She quickly removes her soggy diaper and tosses it in the trash, then wipes herself clean. She quickly changes into the new diaper and gets herself dressed. She doesn't do her hair, figuring she can worry about that later. She checks back in on her sleeping sister one last time, and then carefully removes the half empty baby bottle from under Brittney's arm and starts to think to herself. She decides it would be best to discuss her idea of babying Britney with her parents, so there is no confusion (or secrets) as to what is going on. She re-covers her sister and carefully goes down the stairs and towards the kitchen.

"Good morning, Madison. How did you two sleep last night?"

"Pretty good, Daddy. Britney is still sleeping and I think we should leave her for a while. She needs her rest and I kind of need to talk to you and Mom about some things," Madison says calmly. She opens the baby bottle and dumps out the remaining milk in the sink, and then starts to wash it out. Mr. Ludke looks at Madison curiously.

"Hmm, I see. Does it have anything to do with the fact that you had a baby bottle in your room last night?" He says while getting out his favorite coffee mug.

Madison blushes as she places the clean bottle in the drying rack.

"Oh... that... Um, kind of, but it's not for me. I'll talk about it when Mom is here. Is she up getting Alyssa dressed?"

"Yeah, they should be down soon. I'm just making some coffee. I do have to go run to work sometime this morning, but only for a little while. Your mother and I would like to throw Britney a little welcome home party. What do you think about that?"

"Oh, she will love that. A surprise party! Cool. Um ... Daddy?" Madison looks into her father's eyes with a sweet and innocent look on her face. She usually does this when she wants something she knows she shouldn't have. He smiles and looks into her eyes.

"What is it, princess? What would you like?" Mr. Ludke knows his oldest daughter well enough to know she is up to something.

"Um, can I have some... coffee? Please? It's gonna be a long day. Pretty please?" Madison begs, continuing to look all cute and sweet.

Mr. Ludke sighs... "Well, I suppose so... You've been pretty good lately, huh?"

Madison nods and winks rapidly. "Uh-huh! Please Daddy? I'll even help with the party. I can help Mom make the cake and stuff.

Mr. Ludke opens the cupboard and takes out a smaller pink mug. He pours some freshly brewed coffee in it and then some half and half, adding a small amount of vanilla coffee syrup and stirring it up. He hands it to Madison.

"Here you go. Be careful, it's hot. Don't get used to this, but you deserve something special for being such a great help this week I'm proud of you."



"Yay, thanks Daddy!" Madison says with a big grin. She takes a small sip then places the mug down on the kitchen table and has a seat. "Mmm, it's perfect. You make the best coffee," Madison says. Just then, Mrs. Ludke walks in the room, with Alyssa in her arms.

"What's this? Since when does Maddie drink coffee?" Mrs. Ludke says, in a playful tone.

"Oh, she's always liked coffee, honey... I just try to limit the amount she drinks. It's one of those special moments we share together... and I just got done saying how good she has been lately, such a big helper. So, I thought I'd treat her. Your coffee is almost ready, hun." Mr. Ludke says.

"Aww, it's good to see the two of you having moments like this again. I was just kidding. Just be careful, Maddie. Coffee is known to 'go right through you,' if you know what I mean!" Mrs. Ludke jokes.

Madison giggles. "Yeah Mom, I already got that covered, don't worry," she says, obviously referring to her diapered bottom. Mrs. Ludke places Alyssa in her booster seat and gets her a granola bar and sippy of juice to snack on.

"So, Mom, Dad... We need to talk about something. Nothing bad... it's about Britney...and what I think she needs right now... Can we talk for a while?" Madison asks.

"Yes, of course we can talk. I'm just glad you are talking to us about this. We are going to need your help with Britney. Since you've been her best friend, you seem to know more about her and what her needs are... so I'd love to hear what your ideas are," her mother explains.

"Well, okay... let me get to the point. We all know what she went through was horrible and traumatic. I don't know if you've noticed it yet, but right before her mom hurt her so badly, and after she woke up and has been here... um, have you noticed she doesn't always act her age? I'm not saying this is a bad thing. I mean I did the same thing when she was gone... you know, that night I kind of broke down and just wanted to be a baby... Mom, Dad... Do you think that's weird?"

Both parents look at each other and turn to Madison and say in unison, "no, not at all." Madison can't help but laugh a little.

"It's so funny when you guys do that. He-he, sorry. Anyway, I have noticed Britney has been regressing a little. I mean even before the hospital... she started getting interested in pacifiers and she loved playing little kid things with Alyssa. I think it was her way of coping with all the bad things going on," Madison says.

"I get what you're saying... I too have noticed some of the same behavior with her. You could very well be right. Let me ask you something, sweetie. That night when you wanted me to baby you... was that fun? And did it help make things feel better inside?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Madison slowly nods her head. "Oh, yes. I loved every second of it. I mean I wouldn't want to do that every day – but that night... yes, it was very nice. And that's kind of my idea. Last night I tried something with her, before we went to sleep. I gave her a baby bottle with warm milk.... And she completely went into a regression mode, acting like a two-year-old. She cuddled with me all night. So, I guess what I'm saying is... I think for the next few days... we should let her act this out and be a 'baby' for a while. Not all week, just long enough for her to relax I guess."

"I understand, says her mother, getting into her psychology mode. "Regression can be used as a form of therapy, especially with the type of severe trauma she has experienced. I studied about this in college a bit."

"Well, there are some other things she confessed to me that you don't even know about yet, but it's why I think this would help her. I already asked her if this is something she'd want for a few days and she so desperately told me yes, but was too afraid to talk to you and Dad about it. Someday she may tell you the whole story, but until then I think this is the best thing for her. What do you think; Mom, Dad?" Madison asks, taking more sips of her coffee.

"Why don't you take your little sister into the living room and watch cartoons for a few minutes while your mother and I discuss this," Mr. Ludke suggests. Madison agrees and helps Alyssa down from her booster seat. Alyssa immediately dashes off into the living room and plops down on the couch, waiting for Madison to turn the TV on.

Back in the kitchen, the two parents discuss Madison's idea. They agree with her that this could be a form of therapy for Britney, but also discuss certain rules and guidelines, so as not to go 'too far' with things to cause a mental relapse. After a few minutes, they call Madison back into the kitchen. She leaves Alyssa to watch one of her favorite cartoons, Mickey Mouse Clubhouse.

"Okay, we've decided that this regression therapy is worth a try. However, we do have some ground rules we'd like to go over. Basically, we will only baby her at home; nothing in public. Her being embarrassed or humiliated in a public setting would certainly not make her emotional state better. So, this is to be done here only. We will have to be careful not to let her regress *too* far. We want her to be able to come back to reality without much trouble. The point is for her to relax and get her mind off her troubles. I imagine part of her regression will simply be playing with Alyssa and her toys. Finally, at any time if Britney becomes uncomfortable with this, we will stop and treat her more like a twelve year old (besides helping her change diapers, something she still wants help with from time to time). Does that sound okay to you, Maddie?" Mrs. Ludke explains.

Madison stops and thinks for a few seconds. "Yeah, I agree. Like I said, it would only be for a day or two. But she told me she'd really like this and it would help her emotional wounds to heal."

"Sounds like a plan. Oh, we won't start this until after her little welcome home party. We want her to be herself for that. Sound fair?" Mr. Ludke asks.

Madison nods her head. Just then, her cell phone starts to vibrate. It's a text message from Emily.

"Oh, I got a text from Emily. It says she got home early and is off school till Wednesday. She's wondering if she could come and play after school. Oh, wow she has no idea what happened. Can I text her back and invite her over today? It would be great if she was at the surprise party!" Madison says, super excited.

"Yes, invite her over. She's a close friend and Britney would appreciate the support. She can sleep over tonight, too. No problem with us," Mrs. Ludke says. Madison gives her mother a hug saying "thanks Mom, you're the best!"

Madison goes back into the living room and hops up on the couch next to her sister. She decides to call Emily as what she has to say is *way* too much to text!

\_\_\_\_*Begin Phone Call to Emily*\_\_\_\_\_

Emily: "Umm, hello?"

Madison: "Hi, it's me Maddie. I got your text. Actually, I have a lot to explain. Is now a good time?"

Emily: "Uh, sure. But, how are you calling me? Aren't you in class? It's 8:30 am! I wasn't expecting you to text me back till lunch time or something."

Madison: "Actually I'm home all week. Um, so is Britney. She lives here now. Gosh, you've missed so much. Oh, how was the funeral? I'm sorry about your mom's friend, that's so sad. "

Emily: "Yeah, it was sad. I cried a lot... I didn't know him that well but I was sad for my Mommy. So, what happened? Wait... Britney lives at your house? What happened to her mom?"

Madison explains what had happened to Britney that day after school and how she ended up in the hospital after being severely beaten. She goes on to tell how Britney was in a coma for a while and how their father arranged to get her adopted. Emily pauses on the phone for a few seconds. Her voice sounds as if she is almost crying a bit.

Emily: "Tha...that's so sad. Aww... I'm glad your parents could adopt her though. Oh my God that's so nice. Your parents are pretty cool, Maddie. How is she doing now?"

Madison: "She's pretty shook up over things. Actually, she's kind of been acting like a two-year-old at times. Me and my mom think that's what she might need right now is some extra love and attention. OH! But first we are throwing her a surprise

welcome home party. Later today! She's still sleeping now, but I'd love it if you could come over and help us. Could you maybe get her a small gift, too? Anything... It doesn't have to cost a lot. "

Emily: "I'd love to come! Let me ask my mom quick. Hey maybe I can sleep over, too? Um... you still wear diapers a lot?"

Madison: "Oh yeah. Me and Britney are pretty much twenty-four, seven now. We can talk more about that later. Go ask your mom quick, I'll wait."

Emily asks her mother if she can come over, explaining briefly what took place while they were gone. Her mother sees no problem with the arrangement and even offers to take her to the store quick to get a small gift. She comes back to the phone, all excited. "Yeah, she says I can go! We're gonna stop at the store quick and get her a gift. Oh, and I'm gonna sleep over, too. Gosh I can't wait. I missed you both so much!"

Madison: "Yay! I missed you too. See you in about an hour then. We'll help my mom make a cake and plan some other things for the party when you get here. Bye for now, Ems!"

Emily: "Bye-bye! " \*click\*

End phone call

---

*Meanwhile, at Emily's house...*

Emily dashes into the living room where her mother is, with a look of excitement on her face.

"Mom, Mom! A lot of stuff happened while we were gone. Umm, you remember Britney? Well, her mom like beat her up and tried to kill her and she ended up in the hospital for a week. Anyway, Maddie's Mom and Dad adopted her and now she lives with Maddie. They're having a welcome home party for her today... Can we go to the store and get her a gift card or something? I will buy; I got some money saved up." Emily explains rapidly.

"Wow, that is quite the chain of events. Good to hear she's in a better place now. Sure, we can go. Do you need any help packing for the sleepover tonight?" asks Emily's mother.

Emily quickly shakes her head. "No Mom, I got it. I'll be back in like five minutes!" She says as she dashes back into her room and shuts the door. She pulls out her large 'Hello Kitty' suitcase and opens it up. She first packs her pajamas and a few outfits for the next day. Being a girl, she doesn't quite know what exactly she wants to wear yet. Finally, she opens her door a crack, peeks out and makes sure her mother isn't around. In her closet is a little cubby space with a piece of cardboard over it. It's been this way since they moved in and is the perfect hiding place for her stash. She quickly pulls out about ten 4T-5T girls' Pull-Ups and buries them in the bottom of her suitcase, under her clothes. She then takes one more and quickly takes her skirt and panties off and slides the pull-up on. Being born premature, it has always left Emily smaller than usual. Therefore, the Pull-Ups fit perfectly. She looks down and admires herself for a few seconds, then pulls her skirt back on, making sure the Pull-Up isn't sticking out of the back. She zips up the suitcase and grabs her sleeping bag. She carefully brings the two items into the living room and places them on the floor. "All ready, Mommy!" Her mother helps her carry the sleeping bag to the car and she hops in the back seat, excited about the day ahead of her. They stop at Toys R Us and purchase a \$25 gift card for Britney. The store clerk puts it in a small pink box and gift wraps it, free of charge.

"She is going to love this. Thanks so, so much, ma'am," Emily says to the clerk. The clerk nods, telling her to have a nice day. They proceed to drive over to Madison's house which only takes about fifteen minutes. As the car pulls up the driveway, Emily quickly gets out, grabbing her suitcase and sleeping bag. "Bye Mommy. Thanks so much for taking me. I'll call you if I need anything!"

"Wait a second, sweetie. Do I get a hug and kiss?" Emily sighs but complies with her mother's demands.

"That's my girl. Be good and mind Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. See you later!" her mother says as she drives off, waving.

Emily runs up to the front door and rings the doorbell. Madison quickly opens the door and greets her friend. She waves to Emily's mother as she drives off down the street.

"I'd say let's go up to my room to put your things away but Britney is still sleeping. So, we'll put your bags in here for now. While we wait for her to get up, we can talk about the surprise party we have planned later." Madison says as she sets Emily's bags down. They both sit down on the couch where Alyssa is still watching cartoons.

"Oh, cool. Um, when she gets up maybe we could all go to a movie. It'll be my treat. That'll give your parents time to set up for the party... and maybe give Britney a chance to explain to me what happened. I can get my mom to come pick us up and drop us off," Emily says.

"That would be awesome," Madison says. She looks over her friend and whispers in her ear. "Hey, are you, uh... wearing?"

Emily nods her head and whispers back. "Pull-ups, in case I have an accident," she says while giggling.

Madison nods and chuckles a bit. "We should probably go in the kitchen and talk to my mom about the party. I think Britney will be up soon." The two girls get up and make their way into the kitchen where Mr. and Mrs. Ludke are sitting. They take a seat down at the table.

"Hello there, Emily. We're glad you could make it over today. So, what do you think we should do for Britney's party? Nothing too big, just something to let her know she's welcome and loved here," Mrs. Ludke asks. Both Emily and Madison begin to think and blurt out random things that come to mind.

"Decorations with a big 'Welcome Home' banner. Rainbows and dolphins. Balloons all over the place." Madison says. Mrs. Ludke jots this down so she knows what to buy at her trip to the party store.

"Cake and ice cream, of course. Oh, and I got her a gift card. Me and Maddie will make her a little card... oh and I offered to take Britney and Maddie to a movie so you guys can have a chance to set up and decorate and stuff," Emily says.

"That would be perfect. Dad and I have a few gifts planned for her, too. Of course, we can't tell you what they are, but I think she'll like them. Okay, why don't you two go work on that card for her. You can use the colored pencils in the playroom. I imagine Brittney will be getting up soon," Mrs. Ludke says. The girls quietly go upstairs and into the playroom. Madison and Emily decide to each make her their own cards. That way it'll be unique and allow each of them to write something personal and meaningful.

After about a half hour, both Madison and Emily have finished their cards for Britney. As they are walking down the stairs, they think they can hear Britney waking up. They quickly go down into the kitchen and hand the cards to Mrs. Ludke.

"Mom, I think Britney is awake. Here, go hide these cards and Emily's gift," Madison says quickly. Mrs. Ludke takes the items and hides them in the empty cookie jar on the counter.

"Maddie, Dad and I need time to set things up here and go to the store. Do you think you two could keep Britney busy by going to the park or something?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Emily instantly speaks up. "Hey, I know. How about we go to the movies and then get lunch after? It'll be my treat. I bet my mom would drive us. I'll call her now. Would that be, okay?" Emily asks politely.

"That would be wonderful. Thank you, Emily," Mrs. Ludke says cheerfully. Emily steps aside to make a quick phone call. She tells her mother to come get them in about a half hour. Mrs. Ludke looks at her daughter and whispers something in Madison's ear. "Sweetie, make sure you put some extra diapers in your purse for you and Britney." Madison nods her head while trying to hear Emily's conversation. A few seconds pass as Emily says thanks and hangs up the phone.

"My mom's gonna be here in about a half hour."

*Meanwhile, in Madison & Britney's room...*

Britney wakes from a dream of which she does not remember clearly. She slowly sits up in bed, rubbing her eyes and yawning. She looks around and realizes no one else is in the room. She thinks about how she was put to sleep the night

before, with a baby bottle and pacifier. This immediately makes her smile. Her diaper is completely soaked as a result of drinking milk right before bed. Too lazy to change it herself, she walks downstairs and waddles into the kitchen.

"Good morning, sweetie. Did you sleep well in your new bed?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney half nods as she is still yawning. She slowly walks to an empty chair and sits down. This quick motion causes her diaper to squish all around her and because it's so soaked, it makes a little noise. She blushes and giggles softly.

"Um...oops. Sass... sorry," she mumbles. Madison and Emily giggle, knowing exactly what just happened.

"Hi Britney! It's so good to see you again. Um... would you like to go to a movie with me and Maddie today?" Emily asks, not quite knowing how to break the ice. Britney looks up and realizes Emily is in the room. She is still groggy from just waking up and starts to look a little confused, but happy at the same time.

"Yeah tha...that would be fun. Wait... Ha...how did you get here? I thought you were..." Britney stutters.

Emily interrupts, "out of town... I was, but we got home earlier than expected. And after I found out what happened, my mommy let me have the day off school so I could come see you. I.. I'm so sorry for what happened to you," Emily says, trying not to talk too much about it.

Britney sighs a little. "Thanks. But things are getting better now. I get to be sisters with my best friend. And now my other best friend is here. Thanks for... coming just for me. You... didn't have to, really." Britney says slowly, starting to cry a bit.

Mrs. Ludke interrupts for a moment. "Britney, can I get you something to eat quickly before you girls take off to the movies? Eggs, cereal, toast?"

"Umm, just some toast with butter and jam and a little orange juice. I... I can get it myself. You--you don't have to..." Britney says softly.

"No worries, sweetie. I'm happy to help. Toast with butter and jam coming right up," Mrs. Ludke says. Britney looks up at her and smiles just a little.

Emily looks up at Madison. "Hey, we should go up to your room and get ready. Madison agrees and the two girls trot up the stairs and go into Madison's bedroom. Emily looks around and sees the two beds pushed together. She also notices some baby bottles and pacifiers on the floor next to Britney's bed. It sparks her curiosity. "Hey Maddie... um, what's up with the baby bottle and pacifier? Are they yours? It's okay if they are... I'm just wondering."

"Oh, those... no actually they used to be my little sister's but last night I gave one to Britney and she fell asleep drinking it. And she loves pacis now, too," Madison says, not even giving much thought about what she just said to her uninformed friend.

Emily stands there looking more confused. "Oh, does she still get a bottle at night? Was that like something her mom used to do? Didn't she always make fun of her because she needed diapers at night?"

"Well, yeah she did but no; I don't think she drank bottles there. Uh... oh wow... there's so much you don't know. I guess I should explain to you what all happened. All you know is her mom hurt her and she ended up blacking out and, in the hospital, right?" Madison asks. Emily slowly nods her head. Madison sighs. "Okay... well, Britney had it so bad at home. It was so much worse than we all knew. Her mother treated her like crap to the point where it made Brit feel completely worthless. Anyway, she was in the hospital for about a week before she woke up. When we got her home, she was very sad and she even said something to me like she wished she would have died. The very last time she slept over here, during Christmas break... she started becoming interested in babyish things. Like she started using a pacifier; it seemed to calm her. Um, okay -- I have to confess that they are kind of nice. The week when she was at the hospital and I was feeling sad, I slept with a paci just about every night. I... never thought I'd like that but... yeah, I can see why she does. Anyway, last night Britney was really sad and overwhelmed with all that had happened. So, I told her I think what she needs is to forget about things for a while and let us 'baby' her. So, I got out a baby bottle and filled it with warm milk. It helped her get to sleep. Today after the party I

suggested she let us all baby her and play with my little sister... It'll be good for her. Do you think this is really stupid and weird?" Madison explains.

Emily takes a few moments to think about what she has heard and then starts to giggle a bit.

"You're asking a girl who still wears pull-ups, if drinking from bottles and using pacifiers is weird? Nah, not at all. After all that happened to her, it's probably a good way to deal with things. I'd probably do the same thing. Um, are pacifiers really that nice?"

Madison nods promptly. "Yes, they are. If you're ever really stressed, you should try it... along with being in a diaper, of course." Madison chuckles. Madison remembers that she needs to pack a few things in her purse. "Hey, we need to pack a few extra diapers. I always end up peeing a lot at the movies. Do you have extra Pull-Ups along?"

"Yep of course," Emily says as she reaches into her suitcase and pulls out a new folded up pink Pull-Up. They are not the official Huggies brand, but the generic ones from Target. Madison has never seen these ones before and looks at it with a look of fascination on her face.

"Wow what kind are these? The last time I saw a Pull-Up it had Disney characters all over the place." Madison says.

"Yeah, these are the 4T-5T girls' ones from Target. They actually hold a bit more than the name brand ones if you go slow enough; and I think they feel better, especially when wet," Emily says confidently.

"That's cool. I wish I could fit them but they're just a tad bit small for me. But I still love my size 7's. You ever wore regular diapers, or just pull-ups?" Madison asks.

"Yeah, I've worn Luvs and Pampers before. They are nice too but Pull-Ups are just easier for me... and I dunno, kind of makes me feel like a bad little girl who should be going potty but doesn't always want to, ha-ha." Emily says while laughing and grinning.

Madison packs a few Pampers 7's for herself and Britney, then a Pull-Up for Emily.

"That's a fun way of thinking. I like that. So, you won't mind if I tease you about having 'accidents' in your pull-ups? Just for fun, of course," Madison says while grinning.

"Yeah, that would be kind of fun! Go for it. Even in public, I don't care. I look younger than I am, anyway, you know that." Emily responds. The girls go into the bathroom to make sure their hair looks okay.

Down in the kitchen, Britney is almost done with her breakfast. She is a little quiet this morning, but can't stop thinking about what Madison said last night. She wants her new mother to 'baby' her, but is a bit shy to really ask her. She takes her last bite of toast, washing it down with a large gulp of juice. She looks up at Mrs. Ludke and smiles just a little.

"That was really good. Thanks Ma...Mommy. Um, I'm kind of... I mean... Can you..." Britney tries to ask to get changed but is still feeling a bit funny asking for this.

Mrs. Ludke understands what Britney is asking. "Aww, of course I can. I'll get you dry and dressed. Let's go, sweetie." Mrs. Ludke says. Britney slowly backs her chair up and stands up, taking hold of her mother's hand as they walk up the stairs. They pass by Emily and Madison who are still in the bathroom getting ready. "Maddie, we'll be in your room for a while getting ready. Give us a few minutes," she says while passing by. Britney continues to follow, holding tightly to her adoptive mother's hand. They enter her bedroom. Britney quickly lies down on her bed and waits for further instruction. At this point she begins to act like a helpless two-year-old. She looks around for her pacifier and finds it near her pillow. Almost by instinct, she pops it in her mouth and begins sucking on it.

Mrs. Ludke carefully un-tapes the heavily wet diaper and slides it from under Britney's bottom, then gently wipes her with baby wipes and sprinkling some baby powder all over. Britney smiles and coos with her pacifier still in her mouth. Mrs. Ludke can't help but grin at the cute, adorable sight as she tapes up the new diaper snugly. "So, what do you want to wear today, cutie-pie?"

Britney takes the pacifier half out of her mouth and begins to babble something. "I wanna wear skirt... purple with umm... I think I got a light blue Dolphin tank top. Uh huh, dat one," Britney says, pointing.

Mrs. Ludke gets out the outfit, along with some pink socks and her favorite pink and purple sneakers. She then proceeds to dress the girl completely, allowing her to lay there and relax. She can tell Britney is enjoying the extra attention. "Okay, up we go. Want me to do your hair quick? Pony tails, okay?"

Britney nods her head as she sits up on the edge of the bed. She waits as Mrs. Ludke ties up her hair and makes her look even more adorable. She ties two pink ribbons around each pony tail. Britney hops down and looks at herself in the mirror, then gives her mother a hug. "Thanks Ma...Mama. I look pretty now!"

Mrs. Ludke enjoys the moment as Emily and Madison walk in, also wearing skirts and tank tops.

"Hey Brit, you look cute today. Are you ready to go? Emily's mom will be here to take us in about five minutes. We should go wait for her downstairs," Madison says excitedly.

"Thanks! Yeah, I... I'm ready. Umm, oh... d... do you have the... umm, you know?" Britney whispers.

"The diapers? Yes, silly. In my purse. Let's go have fun, okay?" Madison says. Britney laughs and nods as they all go down the stairs and wait by the front door. Emily sits on the edge of the couch with her skirt lifted up, exposing her pink and white pull-up. Britney takes notice and starts to giggle softly.

"Hey Em... um, cute pull-ups. Are you working on to getting potty trained or something?" Britney teases.

Emily laughs, lifting her skirt up and down as she responds. "Oh, uh... maybe. Hehe, no I just like wearing these... they're cute and comfy and actually hold well. Oh, um one thing I gotta tell you both... When we're in the car with my mom, you can't talk about diapers or anything. She doesn't know I wear," Emily says with a serious look on her face.

Britney and Madison both gasp and look at each other. They have a look of amazement on their face. Madison speaks up. "Wow, I thought she knew. How long have you been keeping it a secret?"

"Since I was about seven. I don't know what my parents would do if they found out. I think my mom would freak. So please no mention of diaper stuff while we're in the car. As soon as we're alone I don't care what you do or say," Emily explains.

"No problem, we'll keep quiet. I'll try not to poop on the way," Madison says, obviously joking. Britney and Emily erupt into a fit of giggles. Just then, they hear a horn honking. "Hey it's your mom. We better go. Bye Mommy, bye Daddy!" Madison shouts as she grabs her purse. The girls skip along and get into the backseat of the car. Emily quickly gets buckled in, along with the other two girls.

"All ready to go?" Mrs. Suthers asks while waving to Mrs. Ludke at the front porch.

"Yeah Mom, we're ready. Oh, um this is Madison and her sister Britney." Emily says softly.

"Hi, Mrs. Suthers. Thanks for giving us a ride. My parents are kind of busy today so it helps out a lot," Madison says.

"I'm happy to help. Okay, off we go!" she says as the car begins to move. The short trip to the theatre is pretty uneventful. The girls don't say much, in fear of saying something diaper related. The car stops by the curb of the theatre. As Emily dashes out, her mother stops her. "Emily, do you have enough money? Oh, and make sure you go potty before you go in to the movie," Mrs. Suthers says.

"Yes, Mom! I know, I know. We'll be fine. I'll call you when we need a ride back. Bye Mom!" Emily says, somewhat embarrassed. The car drives off as the girls run up to the door and go to the ticket counter. Emily pays for three tickets for *Tron* and they make their way to the snack counter.

Madison taps Emily on the shoulder and whispers... "Now Emily, be a good little girl and try to go potty first," in a mocking tone. Emily giggles and plays along.

"But... I don't gotta go. I...I'm gonna be fine! Let's get a **big** soda and popcorn!" Emily says with a grin.

They each get a large soda, medium popcorn and a small snack. Giggling about the sizes of the drinks each girl comments on what will happen. Emily states that she hopes she can flood her pull-up.

Britney replies, "Ha-ha that would be nice. I would love to see your soggy little butt sticking out of your skirt!"

Madison giggles, "That would be funny; though I wouldn't want anyone to notice my diaper, more so if it's wet." The three girls walk into the theatre where *Tron* is playing. Hardly anyone is in with them as the movie had already been out for a while, this is the matinee special. They run to the top seats where no one is around for at least three rows. As the screen lights up, the girls sit patiently during the previews. None of the movies being advertised look very interesting, so the girls decide to have a soda chugging contest to see who can drink the most, the fastest. This, of course, will mean super wet diapers by the end of the movie. It's a close race, but Madison ends up winning the contest, almost finishing the entire soda.

As the last trailer is playing, Emily looks over at Madison and Britney and describes a bold idea. "Hey girls, seeing as nobody can see us up here and if the row is still empty when the movie starts, let's take off our skirts and watch the movie with just our diapers showing." Both Madison and Britney gasp and look at each other in amazement.

"Why would we do that?" asks Britney.

"Well, think of it like this. What if you have to pee badly during the movie and you just can't stop peeing? Would you risk your diaper leaking all over your skirt? Or would you have it leak onto the seats? And if it did leak you can take it off, put your skirt on then go to the restroom to put a new one on. And if anyone asks, we can tell them we spilt our soda," Emily responds. Both Madison and Britney think it over for a bit and agree to go with Emily's wild idea.

As soon as the movie starts, they look around and see they are still alone; they each lift their butts up a little and pull off their skirts. They are now sitting in a movie theater with their diapers exposed to the fullest and enjoying the movie. Half way through the movie, Emily scoots off her chair and squats on the floor. She squats low enough so she can still watch the movie. Britney nudges Madison, curious as to what she's up to. The girls watch Emily and giggle softly as she tries to watch the movie while slowly peeing herself. Forgetting she was with Madison and Britney; Emily begins to rub the front of her pull-up. Emily then looks to the left and remembers where she is and stops. Embarrassed, she sits back up on her seat in the soaked pull-up.

Britney leans over whispers to Emily, "it's okay, you could have finished you know." She then starts to laugh a bit. Madison then leans over and tells Emily, "Gosh you were doing it so fast I thought you were either going to rip it or catch it on fire." Madison and Britney both burst out laughing. Emily hushes the girls, reminding them where they are. She then looks away, embarrassed even more. The girls calm down and focus on the movie once again. About 30 minutes have passed and now Britney is the one fidgeting. She stands up with the thought of using the restroom and gets ready to walk when Madison pulls her down.

"What are you thinking silly; did you forget you don't have a skirt on, and that you are also wearing a diaper? If you need to go, just go!" Madison whispers.

Britney looks down, "oh, yeah. Um, I completely forgot. Thank you, Maddie." Britney then sits back on the seat and puts her legs on top of the seat in front of her, spreading her legs. As she starts to pee, Britney suddenly feels something in between her legs rubbing the front of her. She looks down and spots Emily's hand on her. She looks towards her with a surprised look on her face but before she can say anything, Emily apologizes. She explains how she has never felt any one else peeing before and wanted to feel it for herself so bad. Britney tells her its fine but to let her know next time.

Ten minutes go by and Madison, like clockwork has to pee, even more than the others. She squats the same as Emily; only this time she has her hand over the front of her diaper so she can tell how much she wets. After a short time, her diaper is flooded to the point of leaking just a few drops. Madison figures the diaper hasn't had enough time to absorb it all and waits a bit. After five minutes she sits down to feel the pee squeezing around her butt and the front of her. She can also feel some more



leaking out onto the chair but not enough to bother her. Both Emily and Britney ask why she was squatting for so long, making poop jokes in the process. This gets Madison a bit annoyed as she doesn't even like the thought of messing herself.

"Hey, that's not funny. I don't poop myself on purpose. I tried that once, it's disgusting!" Madison snaps with a pouty look on her face. Emily and Britney both look down and say "sorry" in unison.

The girls finish their popcorn and then their drinks. As the credits roll and the lights start to come on, the girls quickly put their skirts back on and head out. Emily's Pull-up can be seen, slightly sticking out the bottom of her short skirt. Madison's diaper seems to be sticking out the back of hers. Britney double checks hers and makes sure everything is fine. The girls wait for everyone to leave before they get up so they can head for the restroom. On their way out of the screen room, Emily sneaks up to Madison and quickly grabs the sides of her skirt, pulling it down; leaving Madison's soggy, dark colored diaper fully exposed. Emily and Britney laugh, but before Madison can pick up her skirt, an employee walks in to clean the theater. She spots Madison's wet diaper and tells her that there is a family restroom that she can use and to not be playing around in the halls. Madison quickly pulls up her skirt and with her heart racing, she replies "ye... yes ma'am; I'll be sure to head there right away!" Emily and Britney then grab Madison's arm and rush out the door. They head straight for the family restroom and lock the door. They set Madison's purse on the floor and decide to let Madison to get changed first since she is leaking. Madison looks at the changing table and reads the max weight limit: 36.2Kg/80lbs.

Madison quickly pulls the table down and hops up on it. She looks at Britney and with a huge smile and blurts out, "change me sister, I'm wet and cold. Pah-weese huwwy!" Britney and Emily both laugh as Britney pulls off Madison's skirt, unfastens the tabs of the diaper, and pulls out the wet diaper. She has Emily pull out a new one for her. After she's done getting wiped down and changed, it's Britney's turn. She of course asks Madison to change her as Madison happily agrees. After Britney is finished, they ask Emily if she wants to be changed. She tells them how she feels awkward but because she got Madison caught, she would allow them to change her. Before Emily sits down, she asks if she can be put in a real diaper as well.

Madison looks in the back pack and counts her diapers. "Sure, I got one to spare, and because its size 7 it might actually fit you as it would a baby!" Madison tells her excitedly. Emily pulls off her skirt and pulls down her pull-up on the spot she then sits her bare bottom on the pull-out table and lifts her legs like a baby. Madison laughs at how hard Emily is trying and tells her to relax. "Hey, we're all friends here. There's nothing to be nervous about, okay sweetie? I change my little sister's diapers all the time... You're not much bigger than her, he-he." Madison says, trying to make her friend more comfortable. Emily eases up and begins to relax.

"Oh, yeah. How old is she again?" Emily asks.

"Almost five. Yeah, I know... My Mom is like against potty training her... I guess now I get it... but I think she needs to get trained before Kindergarten starts." Madison explains.

"Ha-ha, why? I'm ten and I still wear pull-ups to school sometimes!" Emily says.

Madison laughs. "Yeah, well... that's our little secret. Potty training her will be challenging, for sure." Emily nods, waiting for Madison to continue changing her. Madison slides the opened diaper under Emily's butt and has her set it down. She then tells Emily in a cooing voice, "spread your legs like a good wittle girl and let big sister diaper you." Emily giggles and does as she's told. Madison lifts the top of the diaper onto her while fastening the tabs that reach all the way to the front. Madison then pats her on the head then kisses her forehead telling her that she has been a good girl. Emily giggles some more, while Britney grunts, showing a sign of jealousy. Madison senses this and runs over to her purse, pulling out a pacifier. "Aww, don't be sad. I still love ya, too. Here, have a paci," Madison says as she pops the pacifier in her sister's mouth. Britney coos and smiles through her pacifier, saying "thank-goo" in a babyish tone. Emily laughs, remarking how cute Britney is.

Before Emily gets up, Madison grabs her skirt. "Because you got me caught, you are going to walk through the theater until we exit; then you can have your skirt back." Without a second thought, Emily replies. "You're on!" Emily jumps off the changing table and jolts out the restroom before the other girls can put their things away. By the time they exit the restroom, Emily is already waiting outside in the lobby with her diaper exposed, waving for her friends and not caring about the kids or

adults pointing and talking about her. Once the girls meet up, Madison hands Emily her skirt and comments on her bravery. "Oh my Gosh, I can't believe you actually did that, and you even stood out in front of everyone without caring. I would be too scared to do something like that."

Emily replies, "It gave me such a rush and it felt good to run in this diaper. Sure, people point and make fun, but I don't know them, and they don't know me. So why should I care what they think anyway?" Britney agrees and nods her head, still happily sucking on her pacifier and not caring who points and stares at her, either.

"Aww, see, you get it! Hey, I'm getting pretty hungry. I dunno what you had planned for lunch but I'd really love to go to my most favorite place of all time. I usually have to beg my mom to take me because she doesn't care much for it. Can I suggest something, Maddie? I will buy lunch, too. I got some extra money burning a hole in my back pocket..." Emily rambles.

"Sure! I'm open to anything as long as it's not something nasty like liver and onions, ha-ha." Madison says.

"Okay well it is right over by the Wal-Mart Plaza. Red Robin!" Emily shouts.

A certain jingle pops into Britney's head as she starts to hum and sing, still with pacifier in mouth.

"WED WOB-IN, YUMMMMM!" Emily laughs and sings along with her.

"Aww, well I see Britney is on board. Hey, I got another crazy idea. Britney, you kind of feel like acting like a two-year-old today, right? It's totally cool; I'm not teasing you or anything..." Emily remarks. Britney quickly nods her head in agreement. "Great! When we get in and are seated, I'm going to ask for a booster seat. I think your butt is still small enough to sit in one. I know mine is. Keep your paci in, act like a toddler. We'll even help feed you if you want. What do you think?!" Emily asks impatiently.

Britney stops and thinks for a few seconds. She loves the idea, but is a little scared that someone she knows might see her. Her wanting to regress and be a little toddler overrides her fear. "Let's do it!!" She exclaims happily. They begin running towards the Red Robin restaurant.

"This is going to be so fun!" Madison says while running along with the other girls. They get to the front door and all stop to catch their breath. "You sure you want to do this, Britie?" Madison asks. Britney grins and nods her head several times.

"Uh-huh. It's like Emmy said... no one knows us and if they do point and stare, so what. We're just having fun. And I totally need this right now; so, yeah let's go. My tummy is rumbling, too." Britney says. She takes hold of Madison's hand as they walk in the door. They are greeted by a friendly teenage host who promptly seats them at the table. As the girls sit down, the waitress comes by and asks if there's anything she can get them to start with.

Emily speaks up. "Uh, yes... We are gonna need two booster seats. And we'll all have chocolate milk to drink; in big glasses, please." Emily says as polite as possible. The waitress looks at the group of girls curiously. Britney is also confused as to why Emily asked for *two* booster seats. Before Emily can explain, Madison interrupts.

"One for Emily here and one for Britney. This table is really high. Look how short they are... I'm okay but they're a little shorter than me... Can we please get two booster seats?" Madison asks. The waitress again examines the three girls, shrugs, and leaves to go get the booster seats.

"I don't think she bought that, but nice try Maddie," Emily says with a giggle.

"Well, you *are* kind of short... But how come you want one, too?" Madison asks.

Emily blushes just slightly. "Uh, I don't know. When you were talking to me like a baby before... it was kind of fun. So maybe I wanna play along with Brit today. Is that bad?" Britney hears this and smiles, bouncing in her seat.

"That's totally awesome. You are a good friend, Em. A little crazy sometimes, but that's what I love about you!" Madison says cheerfully.

"Thanks! Oh, we better look at the menu. They have like a zillion burgers to choose from." Emily says. The girls start looking at menus as the waitress comes back with two booster seats. "Here you go, girls. Would any of you like kids' menus and crayons?" Emily and Britney quickly get seated with their booster seats in place. Britney can't help but slip into little girl mode and raise her hand.

"Me, me. I wanna cow-wor! Th..thanks ma'am," Britney says. The waitress, still somewhat confused, plays along. Emily raises her hand, too.

"Alright, two kid menus and crayons. I'll go get those and your drinks, be right back..." the waitress says while dashing off. Moments later she returns with the kids' menus, crayons, and three big glasses of chocolate milk. She sets them all on the table. "Okay, I'll give you a few minutes to decide... and, uh... color?" The waitress says. As she walks back to the waitress station, she can be seen talking amongst some of her co-workers, commenting about these "weird pre-teens acting like toddlers." Madison notices, but decides not to say anything. She wants Britney and Emily to have fun. Britney opens up her menu which is also a coloring book. She takes a pink crayon and starts to color, but does so in the fashion of a two-year-old, not staying in the lines. Emily begins coloring her picture, but somewhat more neatly.

"Well, I'm going to order a regular burger off the adult menu. I'm starving. How about you two?" Madison asks.

"Me too, I just wanted the kid's menu so I could color. Britie, what would you like?" Emily asks.

Britney looks at the back of her kids' menu and decides to go with one of the kiddie meals. "I wanna gets tick-in fingers and fwies," she says with a babyish giggle.

"Aww, that'll be yummy. Here comes the waitress..." Madison says, looking behind her.

The waitress arrives back at the table. "Have we decided, yet?"

"Yeah, I think so. I'll have the Royal Red Robin burger, some pink with steak fries, please. The little one over there will have the kids' chicken fingers and fries. Thanks." Madison says.

The waitress jots the items down and again looks over at Britney with a puzzled look on her face. "How old are you, sweetie?"

"I fwee!" Britney says, holding up three fingers. The waitress laughs and at this point doesn't really care much.

"Well, you're a cutie, anyway. And what you like, young lady?" the waitress asks, looking at Emily.

"I'll have the Bonsai Burger. Medium well." Emily says. The waitress laughs, but writes down the order. She dashes off to put the orders in as Emily and Britney continue coloring. Madison gets bored and decides to find out a little more about how Emily got interested in diapers. Not knowing any other way to bring it up, she just gets right to the point.

"Hey, Em... I got a question..." Madison states. Emily looks up from her coloring page and looks curiously at Madison.

"So... you know how Britney and I got into diapers... But we really don't know your story...except that you started wearing when you were seven. Care to tell us while we wait for our food?" Madison asks. Britney nods her head in agreement, eager to hear Emily's story.

"I kind of figured you'd ask that so I came prepared. I have a page from my diary that explains it all. This was written when I was seven, but it was really sloppy and got ruined so I re-wrote it a few weeks ago. Here Maddie, you can read it first," Emily says. She unfolds a piece of paper from her back pocket and slowly hands it to Madison. Since Britney is pretending to be a toddler, Madison decides to read the journal entry out loud to her. It reads as follows...

\*\*\* (spelling mistakes and run on sentences in this diary entry are intentional as it's written by a ten-year-old) \*\*\*

Dear Diary,

Hey there, it's me again, of course, I mean who else would be writing in you? This is a rewrite of my first diaper experience. My old diary is worn out and I wanted to be safe and make a new copy. Anyway, here goes.

May 15<sup>th</sup> Age: 7 yrs 10 months

I had the most WONDERFUL experience today. Let's start at the beginning. Earlier today we got the call that the photo shoot in the country side was a go, problem is, the set is 3 hours away and the nearest bathroom is at a diner 45 minutes away. So, my mother suggested the other day that if, and only IF, I got the job, she would have me wear a pull-up just in case I had to go. Of course I agreed to it, thinking that it was needed to get the job done. A few days had passed when my mother got the call and as soon as she got off the phone I ran to the shower to get cleaned up. I asked my mom to put my clothes on the bed while she waited on me. She must have bought them earlier cause they were already in my room. After my shower was done I walked into my room to see my shirt with the laces, my pants with the velvet on it and even my socks and shoes. As I turned my head to my pillows I found the pack of girls Pull-ups size 3T-4T. Being small for my age helps a lot I guess when it comes to this stuff, thankfully I am able to fit in them, anyway.

I gently pulled up the diaper up my bare legs while listening to the crinkling of the Pull-up. As it reached my hips and vagina, I gave it a final tug to make sure it was on all the way. They felt weird at first. It was soft in between my legs, softer than my panties, I took a moment to feel them and pressed them into my vagina, again they felt weird. I just let that feeling be as I finished getting dressed. On the way to the shoot I was told it was ok to pee, poop, or do both in them, just not to let it show on my face. As a test she told me I was not to use any restroom until we stop for breakfast. I cried a little bit because I didn't want to act like a baby let alone get treated like one, but when nature calls, it screams.

Just an hour into our ride I started to fidget and squirm. My mom took notice and look at me and said, "use the Pull-up" that's what we got them for. I tried so hard to hold it, but it only took a pot hole on the road to loosen my grip and start peeing. As soon as I started I could feel my pee spraying into the diaper and all over. I held my hand over my front thinking the pee would show up. Amazingly, after I was finished peeing, my pants where dry. What's more is, after about 5 minutes, the once dry and soft diaper was now warm and squishy. My mother instantly took notice to this and asked me "was that so bad? You can get changed when we stop for breakfast." Once we arrived at Dennys my mom gave me the Pull-up to take into the bathroom to change myself with. I went inside stall with the big door and locked it. I slid of my shoes and pants and decided to feel the squishiness a little bit more before I changed. First I grabbed the front of the diaper and moved it all around. I then did the same with the back, I loved it. It ended with me sticking my hands down the front of the wet pull up so I could feel the inside. Before I could do anything else, I opened the stall real quick and checked to see if anyone was in the bathroom. I then made a fast run to the sink to wash my hands. Right when I got done a girl a little bigger than me seen my saggy pull-up and asked where my pants where. I ran back into the stall to quickly change. When I left the bathroom I saw her sitting at a table near the door to the restaurant. As I walked by she pointed at me, but I ignored it. As we left the restaurant and I walked by the table, the girl looked at me and said loudly. See you little diaper baby. This made me blush more and feel uncomfortable.

Once we got to the photo shoot I was given a frilly dress to put on it was a little small as this scene was meant for a 5 year old, not a small 7 year old. Every time I bent over or lifted both my arms up, my diaper would become visible and whenever that happened everyone seemed to take notice. This made me feel good because everyone awed at the site of a little girl in potty training, rather than a big girl that was wearing a Pull-up. Towards the end of the show I ended up wetting myself again, this time in front of everyone. Instead of

"ewws" or disgusted looks, everyone seemed to pause and wait for me to finish before smiling again a mother passing by even made a cooing sound at me to make me feel better. After we were done, I returned the dress, and got my own cloths back on. Having a van sure is nice for this type of thing. Before we left I was given another Pull-up to wear on the way home. About 10 minuts in I fell asleep. When I awoke I secretly peed myself again before mommy could notice. When we got home that was the end of it, I was told to take the diaper off and put my pajamas on. When I was getting dressed though, I took a few more Pull-ups out of the bag and hid them under my bed in one of my totes. I can't wait until I'm home alone \*giggle\*.

---

Madison and Brittney take a few moments to absorb what they have just read.

"So, do you still model today? And you still wear pull-ups to the photo shoots?" Madison asks, very intrigued.

"Yeah, I still do. My modeling is how I help my parents' pay bills and stuff. Well, it started out that way cause my Daddy lost his good paying job and had to take a lower paying one. So, I kind of grew up without much but I learned quickly the value of money. The modeling pays pretty well so it's good I can help out. Anyway, sometimes I wear during the shoots, but my mom no longer suggests I wear them. I do it secretly because she thinks I am old enough now to "hold it" during a long set. Little does she know, that's not always the case," Emily says with a grin and slight giggle.

Britney looks fascinated. "Wow that is awesome. But why keep it a secret? We didn't know you then, but Maddie got in big trouble for keeping her big secret. I was there sleeping over when it happened." Britney says, putting her pacifier back in her mouth.

Before Emily can respond, Madison interrupts. "Well, probably the same reason I didn't tell. I was afraid Mom and Dad would freak out and think I was messed up or something. It turns out they were only mad at me cause I kept it a big secret... they really don't care about me wearing diapers now. My Mom even changes me... and Britney sometimes." Madison says.

Emily shrugs nervously. "Oh gosh... I don't think my mom or dad would take it *that* well. That's why I'm afraid to tell. There are days I want to tell her so bad so I don't gotta keep sneaking around... but then I think no; what if she totally freaks and bans me from modeling and all that? I dunno. If I was still seven, I'd probably tell her and it would be 'cute' but now I think I'm too old for that... or at least... that's what my mom would think." Emily explains. Just then the waitress appears with a tray full of food. She places each meal in front of each girl, and then looks at Emily.

"Whatever it is you're hiding from your parents, sweetie, may I suggest you really consider telling them? It's not good to keep secrets from your parents. Sorry, I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help but overhear," the waitress says quietly.

Emily's face turns a darker shade of pink. "Um, wait... how much did you hear?"

"Just the part about how you don't want to tell your mom and dad..."

"Phew. Okay, well thanks for the advice and all but I'm just not ready to tell them, yet. Don't worry; I'm not doing drugs or anything. Thanks for the food. Oh, could I get some more chocolate milk? Tha...thanks." Emily stutters.

The waitress smiles and nods her head. She leaves to go get the refill. Emily sighs.

"Wow, I guess I shouldn't talk so loud. Now we've got a nosey waitress trying to tell me how to live my life. I wish she'd just mind her own business..."

Madison can't help but laugh. "Hey, don't worry about it. It's like you said...we don't know anyone here. Let's just have fun and not care what people think. Me, I think it's a good thing you put a real diaper on cause after two huge glasses of milk you're going to have to pee like a jackrabbit on steroids." Madison says, trying to lighten things up.

Britney starts giggling uncontrollably after hearing Madison's silly analogy. This causes an uncontrollable stream of pee flowing into her diaper. She squirms around and puts her hand under her butt, feeling the warm and somewhat squishy diaper. She blushes and giggles some more, saying "ut-oh" like a little toddler. Madison decides to play along.

"What's wrong, sweetie-pie?" Madison asks.

"Uh... I did... pee pee..." Britney says, a little too loud. Just as she's saying this, the waitress comes back and places a glass of chocolate milk next to Emily. Once again, she overhears.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but if you need to go change her, we have changing tables in the restrooms. She's really three, huh?"

Madison nods. "Yes, she is. How would she fit in Pampers if she wasn't? Thanks for the milk. If you'll excuse us, we're pretty hungry now. Thanks, ma'am." Madison says, trying to be polite. The waitress rolls her eyes and walks off.

"Gee, that busy body is not getting a big tip from me. Seriously she needs to shut it!" Emily exclaims.

Britney giggles. "Em-a-wee funny!"

"He-he, yes she is. Finish your lunch, baby girl. I think you can wait to get changed till we get home, right?" Madison says. Britney nods her head and continues to eat her chicken. The girls all concentrate on their delicious meals and are quiet until they can't eat anymore. Knowing they will be going back home soon, Madison quickly texts her mother to let her know they'll be home soon, so they can get ready to "hide" and surprise Britney.

Emily rubs her tummy, signaling she's done. "That was so good. Thanks for letting us come here, big sis!" Emily says, pretending to be her little sister. Britney giggles some more, rubbing her tummy as well. "I'm gonna call my mom and tell her to come take us back to your house now. Uh, I drank too much milk..." Emily moans.

Madison laughs. "You'll be okay. Your Pamper can take it. Just try to wet it slow when you have to pee and you'll be fine. Oh, I'm sure you're used to that already."

"Yeah, Pull-ups you have to go slow or they will leak everywhere. They're not really meant for floods. Anyway, I'll call her quick." Emily says. Madison goes over by Britney and wipes her mouth and hands off with a wet-nap, just like she would if she was watching Alyssa. Britney loves the attention and plays along. Emily hangs up the phone as the waitress comes back with the check.

"It was a pleasure serving you today... Oh my gosh... she really *does* wear diapers," the waitress says as she sees Britney holding up her skirt, revealing her diaper and smiling. This sparks Emily's wild side and she decides to irritate the nosey waitress even more. She stands up on the booster seat, turns around and lifts up her skirt, sticking her diapered butt in the air.

"I'm wearing one, too! What's the big deal? Do your job, clean up our table, and stop putting your nose where it don't belong!" Emily says. She gets off the booster seat and stands next to Britney. Madison and Britney both clap, along with some other people sitting near them. Emily bows. "Thank you, thank you! Today's performance was free. Glad you enjoyed it!" The waitress once again rolls her eyes and stomps away to tend other tables. The girls walk towards the register and pay the bill. Emily leaves a tip, but not even close to 15%.

"That was too funny, Em. You should be on TV! The Emily Show!" Madison says as they walk out the door.

"Nah... I'm no good for TV... Maybe we could do something on YouTube... maybe. Gosh, this was so fun. I'm really glad we are all friends. I mean really. I don't have any other friends like you two. I... I mean that." Emily says sincerely.

"Aww, I'm glad we all met, too. It's like we were all meant to be friends. Anyway, I think I see your mom's car. Let's go!" Madison says. Britney quickly slips her pacifier into Madison's purse and carefully gets in the car, trying not to show her diaper. After a few minutes, they arrive at the Ludke home. Emily quickly gets out and gives her mom a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Bye Mommy. Thanks for giving us a ride. We're having so much fun!"

"I'm glad to hear that, sweetie. Be good for Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. Call me when you'd like to come home tomorrow, okay?" Mrs. Suthers says. Emily nods her head and waits for Maddie and Britney to get out. The three girls walk together to the front door. The house appears quiet and dark inside as the door opens.

"Hmm, that's weird. It's all quiet in here. I don't even hear Alyssa. Where is everyone?" Madison asks, pretending not to know what's going on. Britney looks puzzled. The girls stand in the living room for about 20 seconds. All of a sudden Alyssa jumps up from behind the couch and runs towards Britney.

"SA-PWISE!!!!!!!" Alyssa shouts as she gives her new sister a hug.

"Aww... peek-a-boo, Ally... Thanks for the hug. I love hugs...but you don't gotta sneak up on me, silly girl." Britney says. Just then the light comes on, and Mrs. Ludke approaches, holding a cake with five candles on it. The living and dining rooms are decorated with pink and purple balloons, a banner saying "Welcome Home" and a few fancy, dolphin shaped balloons. Britney looks around, in awe as she sees all the decorations. Mrs. Ludke sets the cake on the table and says "SURPRISE! Welcome home, Britney!"

Britney stands there... speechless. She is still not quite sure what's going on. "For...for me? Wah--what did I do to get all this?" a confused Britney asks.

"We wanted to have an official "welcome to the family" party for you, but we wanted it to be a surprise. No real reason, just you're very special to all of us and we want you to feel welcome. The five candles on the cake signify you joining our family. We now have a family of five," Mrs. Ludke explains. Britney stands still, unable to speak as tears begin to form and roll down her cheeks. She toddles over to Mrs. Ludke and holds her arms out, giving her a great big hug. She then does the same with Mr. Ludke.

"Aww... tha...thanks so, so much. I really am tha...that special to all of you?" Britney stutters while wiping her tears away.

"Yes, of course you are! Come on, let's have some cake and ice cream. Then you got presents to open, little girl!" Madison says with glee. She and Britney hug each other for a few seconds as the others watch this precious moment. Britney sits down at the table and the cake is placed in front of her. She quickly blows out the candles and watches as Mrs. Ludke cuts out the first piece and places it on Britney's plate. She now notices the cake is pink, which means strawberry; her favorite kind.

"Aww, you even got strawberry. Thanks so much, Momma. Thank you, Da...Dad. Thanks everyone this means so much to me. Mmm, yummy frosting, too," Britney says with great joy. Mrs. Ludke passes out cake and ice cream to everyone else. They sit around the table and eating and talking about how the movies and lunch date went. Emily mentions how the food was good but they didn't have the best waitress. Britney finishes her cake and pats her stomach. "Oh gosh I am so full, again. I might need to take a nap soon. Thanks again for all of this, it's all great," Britney says.

"Hold on sweetie, we're not done. You have gifts to open," Mrs. Ludke says.

Alyssa is a little confused and thinks its Britney's birthday. She shouts out "happy bir-day, Bitt-ney!" and starts to giggle.

"No, Ally... It's not her birthday. We're just throwing her a party to welcome her to our family. Remember, she's your sister now, too." Mr. Ludke explains to the child. She nods her head slowly and says "oh, okay. Wewcome home, sissy Bitt-Ney!"

"Presents? Really the party was enough you guys don't gotta get me nothing else... I feel so rich already. I mean... rich with love, not money. I... I've never felt this kind of," Britney pauses to wipe more tears from her eyes, "love... before."

"That's one thing about our family... we may be crazy but there's always lots of love in this house. Right, Mom?" Madison says.

"Ha-ha, yes Maddie. That's right. Can you go get Britney's gifts please?" Mrs. Ludke says. Madison nods her head and runs over to where the gifts are hidden. She comes back with one rather large, wrapped box, two smaller boxes, and the cards that Alyssa, herself, and Emily made earlier. They are all placed on the table in front of Britney.

"Open the big box, first! I'm dying to know what's in it!" Madison exclaims. Britney unwraps the large box, ripping the paper off quickly. Her mouth opens wide open as a smile comes across her face. It's a case of size 7 Pampers.

"This is just my way of saying that you will always be provided for and no one will tease you or make fun of you. Use them as long as you need them, okay?" Mrs. Ludke says. Britney nods her head and moves on to the next box. After more rapid unwrapping, she sees it's an iPod Touch. A card is attached that reads:

*Just a collection of songs just for you to sing along to...*

*With the help of your friends, we have filled this device with songs that are special to you.*

*With Love,*

*Mom / Dad / Madison / Alyssa*

Britney holds the card to her heart and begins to cry happy tears of joy. She is so overwhelmed with good emotions and has never felt this type of love in so long.

"I... I love... I love this. I am... never gonna delete these songs... how... how did you know what I liked?"

"Maddie and Emily helped out, a lot. While you were still asleep this morning, we all brainstormed and came up with a list of songs that we know you like, or that have some kind of special place in your heart. It's the soundtrack to your life. We wanted to do something really special for you, sweetheart." Mrs. Ludke explains.

"I love it, so much. I have the best friends... and now... family in the whole world. Even if I don't have many..." Britney says.

"Hey, I don't have many friends either. But I have you and Maddie and you two are the best-est friends I could ever need. It's not about how many friends you have. It's about the ones that really love you. I don't get all mushy and sappy like this much so don't get used to it; but... I am now... and I'm happy to be your friend," Emily says. She gets up and gives Britney a hug.

"Thanks, Em. That means a lot. All of this does. Oh, I guess I got another one to open." Britney says.

"Yeah, it's from me. It is not much but I hope you will enjoy it," Emily says. Britney takes open the box to find a gift card to Toys R Us for \$25. Her eyes light up.

"Aww, Toys R Us! I don't think I've been in one of those since I was four. Aww, thank you so much!" Britney says with a big smile. Emily nods and blushes.

"Bitt-ney! Um, I made-did you a card, too. You open it, Pah-leese?" Alyssa asks anxiously.

"Oh, I can't wait to see it!" Britney says as she opens the card from Alyssa. With some help, Alyssa managed to write *"I love you Britney, glad you are my big sister."* A picture of Britney standing next to Alyssa is drawn on the front. Britney admires the card and grins. "Oh, how cute. I love you too, Alyssa. So glad you're my little sister now! Thank you!" Alyssa smiles and blushes proudly. Next, she opens the card from Madison and Emily, and begins to cry a little more. "This is all so great. I will never throw these away. It all means so much," Britney says as she wipes more tears from her eyes.

"We're glad you liked your surprise party, Britney. Mom and I will clean up. Why don't you all go up and play for a while," Mr. Ludke says. Alyssa jumps up out of her seat, very excited.



"Even me, Daddy? I play wif them too?!" Alyssa asks.

"Yes, even you, princess. You've been such a good girl today. You girls don't mind, right?"

Emily, Britney, and Madison all say in unison, "not at all!" Britney waits as Emily, Maddie, and Alyssa run upstairs to play. When they are gone, she quickly runs up to her new father and jumps into his arms, holding him tightly and kissing his cheek. She doesn't say a word, just continues to hug him and cry a little more.

"Aww, what's all this for?" Mr. Ludke asks as she enjoys the tender moment.

"Just cause... you are the best.... And I... I love you." Britney says. This is a very big moment for her, as up to this point, she was still a little uncertain of him.

"Well, I love you, too. Just as much as Maddie and Alyssa," he says as he sets her back down. Britney gives Mrs. Ludke a big hug and kiss as well, thanking her again for the party. She quickly dashes upstairs to join her sisters and best friends.

## Chapter 18: Secrets Abound

Britney slowly walks upstairs. She can hear all the commotion coming from the playroom where Madison, Emily, and Alyssa are. She is again overwhelmed with all of the love and attention she has been experiencing the past few days in her new home. Of course, at the same time, she can't help but think about her real mother and the pain she still feels from several years of abuse and neglect. She thinks about what Madison told her the night before... At this moment, she wants nothing more but to regress and be carefree, with most things taken care of for her. She quickly goes into her and Madison's room and grabs a clean pacifier. She pops it in her mouth and then enters the playroom, not saying a word.

Madison and Emily notice immediately.

"Oh, hey sis! Is everything okay?" Madison asks.

Britney slowly nods her head. "Uh huh, I fine!" Britney says through her pacifier. Madison decides she needs to speak with her sister in private, to make sure everything really is okay. She asks Emily to keep an eye on Alyssa for a few minutes, then takes Britney's hand and takes her into her bedroom. Britney looks at Madison with some confusion on her face.

"Maddie... I... I fine. I just wanna... I wanna pway an... not fink bout any-ting. "Britney says, still keeping the pacifier in her mouth, making her hard to understand. Having known Alyssa long enough, Madison has no trouble understanding. She gives her sister a warm hug.

"Aww, okay Brit... I just wanted to make sure this is what you want. Um, so for the rest of the day, I'm your big sister. You're about four, right?" Madison asks with a slight grin.

Britney nods her head quickly with a big smile on her face. She then holds out four fingers.

"If Ally asks why I acting like dis... um, just tell her I... I playing... Kay?"

Madison laughs, "Oh, of course. She will love it, don't worry. Okay, let's go play. Oh, wait a minute. Since you're only four... I need to check and see if your diaper is wet. "

Britney shrugs her shoulders and makes a pouty face.

"I no wet, I dry! Come on we go play!" Britney says, starting to run away while giggling. Madison catches up to her and pulls her back.

"Not so fast little girl! This will just take a minute. You're wearing a skirt so I can check how squishy you are really fast." Madison says. She takes her left hand and places it over Britney's diapered behind. She gently squeezes the back of Britney's diaper to see how wet it is. At the moment it is only slightly gelled up, meaning it can hold another wetting or two. "Okay, you're only a little wet. Let's go play, little one." Madison says, speaking to her as if she is Alyssa's age. They walk back into the playroom where Emily is seen playing blocks with Alyssa. Emily seems to be enjoying herself, playing with toys she hasn't seen in years. Britney sits down next to them and starts to grab a few blocks.

"What we makin? I gonna make a big tower. It gonna be pink and purple, "Britney says as she starts to stack some blocks together. Emily quickly stands up and starts to blush a bit.

"Oh, uh... I was just keeping her company while you and Maddie were talking, yeah. Um, I'll go and talk to Maddie and watch while you play. Ally can help you with your tower, Mmmkay?" Emily says, trying not to make it look like she was having fun playing with a four-year-old. She walks across the room and sits down next to Madison while Britney and Alyssa begin playing as if they were best friends in preschool.

"Hey, Emily? What was that all about?" Madison whispers?

"What? I was just keeping your little sister busy so she wouldn't come bother you. So, um... is Britney, okay?" Emily asks, trying to change the subject.

"Yeah, she's fine. She just wants to be a little kid for the rest of the day... it's like we talked about earlier. And hey, Em... I am your friend; your really good friend. It's okay if you were having fun playing with my little sister. It's okay to do things like that. I'm not going to make fun of you; it was kind of cute. I play with her all the time too," Madison explains.

"Yeah, I know but you're her sister; you have to. Okay, fine; it was kind of fun. I... I've just never had a sister to play with. And she's a fun little kid... You're lucky to have her," Emily says, looking somewhat distracted. She begins to fidget and is unable to keep her legs from shaking. Madison decides to tease her friend, playfully.

"Aww, I think little Emily needs to pee. Need some help going potty?" Madison says, trying to be serious, holding back the laughter.

Emily continues to fidget, but plays along. "Huh? I don't have to go. Um, wha...what do you want to play with? Oh, we could play a game...yeah... like... oh... do you have Uno? I... I la – love that one," Emily says as her desperation to pee becomes stronger.

"Yeah, we have that game. I'll go get it. In the meantime, you should really think about going potty. It's not good to hold it like that," Madison says as she gets up and gets the deck of Uno cards. She begins to shuffle them as Emily continues squirming. Madison looks at her friend curiously.

"Okay, okay. You are...you are right. I gotta pee... I gotta pee so bad! Too much chocolate milk at Red Robin," Emily says as her legs begin to shake furiously.

"Well, silly... you could just pee in your diaper. Remember, we changed you into a real diaper? Just go slow enough and it should hold," Madison says.

"Oh, yeah! I totally forgot I had a diaper on. See, I don't get to wear enough... I'm so... uh, potty trained; I forget I can just go in my diaper. I noticed your little sister did that as we were playing blocks... it was funny she just got really quiet for a while and I asked if she was okay and she's like 'uh huh I peeing' and as soon as she was done, she went back to playing like it was nothing. Hehe, I guess I get why she's not potty trained yet." Emily says while grinning.

"Yep, that would be my little sister. So why don't you see how it feels to be like her. It's a lot of fun, you know." Madison says as she gives Emily a few tickles on her tummy to get her started.

"I... I'm.... ga....gonna... uh-oh. Here... here it comes," Emily whispers. She lies back just slightly and relaxes as a slow stream of pee begins to trickle into her Pamper. As she continues to slowly pee, a certain look of tranquility comes across her face. Madison smiles as she watches her friend completely soak her first *real* diaper. Emily now begins to feel her diaper become warm and squishy between her legs and bottom as the dry powders quickly convert into a slushy, warm gel. She knows this feeling from wearing Pull-Ups, but the diaper does it more efficiently and feels slightly different. Finally, the slow stream of urine comes to an end as Emily's bladder is now completely empty. She can't help but smile as she continues to feel the warm, squishy sensation all over her diapered bottom.

Madison knows exactly what Emily is feeling, but needs to give her some quick advice. "Okay, just sit still for a minute... You just completely soaked it so you need to give it time for the gels to suck up all the pee. When it's safe you can squirm around and enjoy it. Just, umm, don't enjoy it too much; there's little kids in the room," Madison whispers while giggling softly. Emily nods her head and remains calm and still. She can feel her diaper at work as it continues to absorb the small puddle of unabsorbed urine. After a few minutes, the diaper has managed to absorb her flood. It is very soggy and will leak if she pees even one more drop. She stands up and walks around, placing her hands over her butt as she walks.

"Oh my gosh! I don't think I've ever been able to wet a pull-up this much. It's so squishy... oh but I love it," she says. She then quickly sits down on the carpet, causing all the gels in the diaper to squish around her butt. "Oh gosh this is incredible. I still like my Pull-Ups but... uh, I think when I play at your house, I'm gonna wear your Pampers sometimes. Uh, if... if that's okay?" Emily asks.

"Yeah, that's fine with me... but um... I am kind of concerned about something..." Madison says, not wanting to even bring it up.

"What's the matter?" Emily says as she squirms around; enjoying the feeling of her soggy, warm diaper.

"Well, it's my mom and Dad... They know about my diapers, and obviously Britney's; but they don't know you wear. And um... you know how we were talking before about how you should tell your parents? Cause mine got really mad at me... Not because I was wearing diapers, but because I kept it a big secret. I got in trouble. And after all of this I had to promise I'd never keep secrets like that from them. I don't really want to do this to you but, I'm afraid if we don't tell my parents that you wear; they're gonna find out, and then they'll be mad at me again," Madison says nervously.

Emily stops squirming and looks at her friend seriously. She has somewhat of a terrified look on her face.

"Wait, um... so, you want *me* to go and tell your mom that I sometimes wear pull-ups and diapers? I... I dunno if I can. And, what if they tell my mom? She'll freak, I just... I just know it. When I wore Pull-Ups when I was seven, my mom kept saying how it's only for the photo shoots and don't I get used to it... "

Madison sighs. "I know, Em. But if we keep it a secret from my parents, they probably won't let you play here anymore. My Mom has a way of knowing if I'm not telling the truth... I think it's that PhD thing she has... She can like read people's minds or something. I'm serious. I think she knew about my diapers long before I got caught. "

"I'm sorry Maddie. You're my best friend. Well, you and Britney. I don't wanna get you in any trouble. And I don't wanna be banned from playing here. But do I have to go and tell her by myself? I don't mean to be a baby or anything but tha – that's really scary!" Emily exclaims.

"Aww, Em; no, of course not. I will go with you. I can even do most of the talking. And if she asks how you got into this, tell her the truth. Tell her what you told me and Brit." Madison says.

"Oh, okay. But, wait... will she tell my parents?" Emily asks nervously.

"No, I don't think so. That's not her business to tell them. She might suggest that you tell them, but she won't say anything, totally positive on that one. We just need to get this out of the way soon. "

Emily sits and thinks for a moment. "Well, I'm totally soaked. Should I just go down to your mom and ask her to change me?"

Madison bursts out laughing. "You're kidding, right?" No... I mean, she probably will change you... but not until we tell her about you first. Come here baby, I'll change you."

"Hey, I'm not a baby! I just happen to pee in a diaper sometimes. That doesn't make me a baby!" Emily says, being playful.

"Oops, excuse me. I mean... come here, pull-up princess. I'll change you." Madison says. Emily giggles as she follows Madison into her room. "Go lie down on my bed and I'll change you quick. Do you want another Pampers, or would a Pull-Up be fine?"

"Pull-up. I need to use some of them up anyway. I got way too many at home," Emily says. As Madison gets out a new pull-up and wipes, Emily rubs and plays with her very soaked diaper, enjoying every second. Madison turns around and is about to begin changing her as she sees this.

"Oh, umm... let me know when you're done. Uh, do you need a minute alone? It's okay, I've been there..." Madison says softly.

Emily blushes and turns red. "Um, no... I'm fine now... I should get changed before I get a bad rash. This thing is like so wet!"

"Yeah, two big glasses of milk probably have something to do with it. Um, alright... lift your legs up a little and I'll slide this soggy thing off." Madison says. Emily does as she's asked while Madison un-tapes and slides the heavily wet diaper off. She rolls it up and holds it in her hand, admiring how heavy it is. "Wow for such a little girl you sure can pee. Well, I say that about Alyssa, too – he-he. Alright, here comes a new pull-up. Now next time you have to pee you should try to go potty, okay?" Madison says, jokingly.

"Uh huh, I will try. But if I forget that's what the pull-ups are for," Emily says. Both girls laugh as Madison wipes Emily's butt and helps her slide the new pull-up on. She puts her skirt back on and hops off the bed.

"So, I think we should let Britney play with Alyssa by herself for a while. She needs this special regression time. In the meantime, I think you and I should go... uh... hold on a sec..." Madison says as she begins to strain and concentrate.

"Maddie? Are you okay?" Emily asks.

"Yeah, sorry.... My bladder decided it's time for me to pee myself now. Uh.... Just a .... Ahhhhh... mu...much better."

Emily smiles, realizing what just happened. "Oh, um... wa...want me to change you now?" Emily asks.

Madison shakes her head. "Nope, not yet. I didn't pee as much as you. That's a waste of a diaper when I can pee again later. I can barely tell I'm wet; just nice and warm... Uh, anyway... I was saying – we should go and talk to my mom about... you wearing pull-ups. I promise it won't be a big deal. My Mom won't care... but she needs to know. Just how she is I guess," Madison grimaces.

Emily sighs. "Okay, but you're going to do most of the talking... and I'm gonna hide behind you if your mom starts having a fit."

Madison laughs. "Aww, she won't have a fit. You really don't have to worry. So, let's go. I think she's down watching TV or reading a book or something." The two girls make their way downstairs and begin to look around the house for Mrs. Ludke. "Mommy? Where are you?!" Madison shouts from the bottom of the stairs.

"In the kitchen, sweetie, getting dinner started." Mrs. Ludke responds. Emily grabs hold of Madison's hand as she is almost dragged into the kitchen. As Emily stumbles in to the kitchen, a slight crinkle noise can be heard from under Emily's skirt.

"Mom, Emily has something she needs to talk about with you..." Madison begins to explain. Just as she is about to say something, Emily becomes very nervous and runs out of the room. Her face is beat red and she is almost in tears.

Mrs. Ludke looks at Madison with a look of wonder. Madison shrugs and sighs.

"Oh, Mom... she just... well, we don't want to keep secrets... and well she kind of has one... Um, well..." Madison says, getting interrupted.

"I understand, sweetie. Go get Emily and send her in alone. I will try to get her to open up. I'm pretty sure I know what she needs to tell me," Mrs. Ludke says with a wink. Madison doesn't even bother to question how her mother 'knows.' She figures it must have to do with her psychology background. Madison goes into the dining room and sees Emily trying to hide under the table. She tries not to laugh, not wanting to make her friend even more uncomfortable. Instead, Madison sits down next to Emily and tries to reassure her.

"Hey, Em... You have nothing to be afraid of. Come out from under here. This won't take long. My mom would like to talk with you in private. I'll be back upstairs with Brit and Ally, okay? Madison says, trying to make Emily feel more comfortable.

"I... I'm.... I... I'm just scared. What if your mom says I can't play here anymore? Maddie, you and Britney are like the only real friends I have. I don't wanna lose that." Emily says slowly as her eyes begin to water.

"Aww, Emily... I promise you that won't happen. If you *don't* tell her, you might get banned from playing here... I'd hate to see that happen, too." Madison says.

Emily sighs as she slowly gets out from under the table and stands up. She slowly makes her way towards the kitchen, taking about five minutes before she finally enters the kitchen. Mrs. Ludke is standing near the stove, preparing to get dinner cooked. "Uh, Mrs. Ludke? I – I guess I'm supposed to tell you something... But I'm kind of nervous," Emily says. As she is saying this, she is lifting her skirt up and down, revealing some of her Pull-Up. Of course, Mrs. Ludke takes notice of this, but waits for Emily to say it herself.

"It's alright, Emily, take your time," Mrs. Ludke says as she starts mixing some ingredients together.

Emily begins to nervously fidget as she starts to stutter. "Okay well it's pretty stupid but I guess I got something in common with Maddie and Britney. Um, okay... So, like right now I'm wearing something a girl my age would get made fun of for. Can you guess what that is?" Emily says quickly, trying to avoid saying a certain word.

"Actually, I don't need to guess. I'm pretty positive I know. Let's see, it's not Dora the Explorer underwear... "Mrs. Ludke says, trying to make Emily loosen up a bit.

Emily giggles. "Ha-ha, oh gosh no! I... I can't stand her. Okay, I'm just gonna say it. Um, so it's like this... sa--some—sometimes I like to pretend like... I'm like five and I wear pull-ups and sometimes well... I go in them. Okay. It's just kind of fun and really, weird. Anyway – yeah... So, I got one on now – I have all day. And I didn't make it to the potty before. He-he. Tha-that's all. Okay? I'll let you get back to making dinner now," Emily blurts out. As she finishes, her heart is racing rapidly and she is almost out of breath. She slowly approaches the dining room to go find Madison, but Mrs. Ludke stops her.

"Just a minute, Emily... Can we talk for a minute?" Emily stops dead in her tracks, walks closer to the kitchen table, and slowly takes a seat on the chair in front of her.

"Uh, oh. Sa—sure. Am I in trouble?" Emily says, sounding worried.

"No, you're not in trouble. I'm just curious about a few things. First, I need to be honest with you, sweetie. I've known you wore diapers or pull-ups since the day you met Madison and Britney, during trick-or-treating. As you went along with them running from house to house, a few times your diaper peeked out. I didn't say anything at the time because I didn't want to embarrass you – but I had a feeling that's how you, Madison, and Britney became so close, so fast. "Mrs. Ludke explains.

Emily is somewhat shocked as she realizes how smart Madison's mother really is.

"Wow, so you knew all this time? And you still let me play here? You... you're pretty cool. I mean, you let Maddie and Britney wear and it's like no big deal. So, I guess you don't mind me doing it, too?"

"That's correct, but I am concerned about a few things. You can do what you want while you are here, but I really think you should tell your mom and dad. Did Maddie tell you the story about how she got in trouble for keeping it a big secret from us?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Emily looks down and slowly nods her head. She gets a sinking feeling in her stomach. She knows she should tell her parents, but is also extremely afraid to do so. "Yeah, she told me. That's why she brought me down here to tell you because she didn't want there to be any secrets between her friends and you. "

Mrs. Ludke can't help but smile, knowing that her teachings have rubbed off on her eldest daughter.

"Yes, Madison now knows how important honesty is in this family. We are laid back and don't have many rules, but honesty and not keeping secrets is a big deal here. I would think your parents feel the same. You might be afraid to tell them because they might not react in the way we did with Maddie; but I think it would be worse for them to find out on their own." Mrs. Ludke explains.

Emily shrugs her shoulders. "Well, I've been keeping it a secret for three years now and they haven't figured it out... I... I'm just so afraid my mom is gonna have a complete nervous breakdown or something," Emily says.

"Maybe I can help you find a better way to tell them. But *you* need to tell them. I have a proposition for you. For the next month you will have complete freedom while you are here playing with Maddie and Britney. You can wear diapers. I'll even change you if you want. But if after a month you have still not told your parents, you'll have to give up the diapers completely. You can still play here, but not in diapers. Does that sound fair?"

Emily fidgets and looks down again, somewhat ashamed of herself. "Ye...yeah. I'm gonna need help, though. Can you go with me to tell them?" she says, putting her best sweet, adorable innocent little girl look on her face.

"Aww, very cute Emily. Madison does the same thing when she wants something bad enough. I think you are old enough to do this on your own, but like I said maybe I can help you with what you actually tell them. Do you mind telling me how *you* got interested in diapers? Oh, my other concern is... I want to make sure you aren't having any problems at home. I only worry about this because of what we're dealing with concerning Britney's past and how her mother treated her. "

"No, nothing like that is going on with me. I grew up in a home where we didn't have much money, but I've never been abused or beaten. My mom and dad are nice overall... but I just worry my mom's gonna lose her mind. I... I dunno. In a way I guess my diaper thing is kind of her fault."

Mrs. Ludke looks at Emily with a look of concern on her face. "Yes? Why is that?"

Emily pauses and thinks of the best way to tell her. She figures she might as well do as she did with Madison and Britney.

"Uh, can you hold on a minute while I go get something from my bag?" Mrs. Ludke nods her head as Emily runs upstairs to Madison and Britney's room. As she passes by the playroom, she sees Britney playing with Alyssa and Maddie. Of course, Britney is acting more like a four-year-old, playing with pink and purple Duplo blocks and completely acting as if she was Alyssa's twin sister. Madison takes a break from playing with them and goes over towards Emily who is rummaging through her overnight bag.

"Hey Em, is everything going okay down there?" Madison whispers to her.

"Oh, um.... Yeah. Your Mom is easy to talk to, at least. I'm just trying to find that page from my journal. It's easier to explain things with that. Oh – here it is! I gotta run, she's waiting for me. I'll tell you more details later. Are you having fun with Britney?"

Madison giggles. "Yeah, tons! When you're done with my mom, come back up here and we can all play. "Emily nods as she quickly grabs the paper and goes back downstairs. As she approaches Mrs. Ludke, she nervously hands her the journal entry.

"Um, so this is an entry from my diary. I first wrote it when I was like seven, then I re-wrote it a few weeks ago. This will explain how I got into this stuff. Ta – take your time." Emily says soft and slow. Mrs. Ludke agrees and begins to read the diary entry. A minute passes and she is finished reading. She pauses for a few moments to collect some thoughts.

"Well, I can understand how Madison became interested, and it's obvious how Britney did. Your situation is a little different, though. Not different in a bad way, just it leaves me wondering exactly what it was that sparked your interest in going back to wearing diapers. I'm sorry, sweetie; I guess it's the psychology major in me that has me so curious. I'm not in any way trying to make you feel bad," Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Oh, it's cool. I'm just glad you aren't like freaking out thinking I'm messed up or something. I'm still afraid that's how my mom is going to react. Uh, do... do you have any advice for me? I understand your deal and I think it's fair... but you are smart... I mean really. I hope you don't mind." Emily says, trying not to be so shy.

"Aww, you are a sweetheart. I don't know how anyone could freak out... but then again, I guess not all parents are as open minded as me. But in relation to your mother... you sort of have an advantage here. If I understand correctly, the first

time you saw a diaper since being potty trained was when your mother and the modeling agency suggested you wear one for an extended photo shoot, right?"

Emily slowly nods her head. "Yeah, that's right. At first, I didn't want to, because you know... I was seven and a 'big girl' and I didn't want people to treat me like a baby or make fun of me... But after that day when I wore one and, um... used one – well I dunno but it's like I wanted to wear another one."

"Well, that's the key right there. Your mother putting you back in diapers must have sparked a deep desire you didn't know you had. By chance, do you know if you were potty trained really early? Or had any traumatic experiences when you were younger?" Mrs. Ludke asks curiously.

Emily taps her head, trying to think back. She doesn't remember much before the age of 5. She knows she was potty trained by then, but is unable to recall exactly when.

"Uh, I'm not really sure when I was potty trained. But I know I was by the time I was four or five. I don't remember any bad things. I mean, the only thing I can think of is when I was younger my mom and dad didn't have a lot of money. Daddy lost his good job and was without one for a while so things were tight, but my mom tried real hard not to let it show and she was never mean to me or anything. That's why I started modeling, though. Some talent agent guy spotted me and asked my mom if I could do some shots and that was it. So overall I had a good childhood, I think. "

"That's very interesting. I guess it shoots one of my theories down. Well, we can get back to the reason why at another time. What's important right now is... if your mom does happen to 'freak out,' you can tell her that this is somewhat caused by that day when you had to wear a diaper for your assignment. If after that, she's still having problems coming to terms with this, I would be more than happy to help; either your parents can call me or come over or we can all talk together. Does that help make this any easier for you?"

"Yeah, I think so. Th—thanks so much. Now I know now why Maddie and Britney say you're pretty easy to talk to. I'm gonna go back upstairs and play now, if that's okay?" Emily says.

"Of course, it is. I'm always glad to help. Have fun. Let me know if you girls need anything," Mrs. Ludke says as she gives Emily a quick hug. Emily goes back up to the playroom and slowly knocks on the door.

Madison opens the door and starts to laugh a little. "Hey, you don't have to knock. How did it go with my mom? I want details! "Madison demands, being playful.

"Oh, um... pretty good. Your Mom is cool, you were right I shouldn't have been afraid to tell her. She kind of already knew anyway, just like you said she would! But there is something ... she made me promise that I will tell my mom and dad. I can still play here and wear whenever I want here, but only for a month, unless I tell them by then. It's going to be so hard, but your mom is right. I have to tell them or it could be really bad if they find out first," Emily explains, using a soft voice as not to disturb Britney and Alyssa.

Madison sighs. "Oh, wow. Do you think your mom will understand?"

"I don't know. Your mom had an idea on what I should say... that it's kind of my mom that got me interested in diapers again because of that day I had to wear them for the photo shoot. That might work, but I just have this feeling my mom is gonna go crazy over this. I'm going to have to think about it, but I am gonna tell them soon," Emily says.

"Cool. But for today, let's not worry about it. At least you and my mom are cool now. So, what should we do now? It's so fun watching them play... do you want to join them?" Madison asks.

"Actually, if you want a break, I could keep an eye on them and stuff. I've wanted to know what it's like to have a little brother or sister. I'll even change their diapers. It'll be like playing house," Emily says.



"Wow, are you sure? I'll stay in here but I would like to play some games on the computer. Have at it!" Madison says happily as she sits down in front of her computer, waiting for it to boot up. Emily goes over to where Alyssa and Britney are playing.

"Hey you two... Madison is taking a break so now I'm in charge. What are you girls playing?" Emily asks them.

Alyssa points to the board game on the floor. "We play-in games!" Britney giggles along with her.

"It called trouble. You can play with us next round. So far, I gonna win!" Britney says, bouncing with excitement.

"Nut-uh! I gonna win! I awways win!" Alyssa teases.

"Hey now, Alyssa. There's no need to be mean about it. We don't know who will win yet. For the rest of this game, I will keep score. Let's play nicely, okay?" Emily says a bit firmly, trying to sound more like an adult.

Alyssa looks down and frowns slightly. After a few seconds, she looks back up at Emily. "Oh – oh-tay. I... I sorr-eee." Emily smiles at the little girl. Madison looks over to her friend and gives her a grin. "Wow, not bad," Madison says. The girls continue to play the game as Emily keeps watch, making sure no cheating takes place. Minutes pass by as Britney claps her hands and shouts "I won, I won!" Emily fears the worst, and is ready to comfort Alyssa who can sometimes be a sore loser. Alyssa starts to pout and is about ready to cry. Just then, Emily sneaks up on her and begins tickling her sides.

"Hey, it's nothing to cry over. We all lose sometimes. Next time I bet you'll win. So, here's the deal... I'm gonna keep tickling you until you can tell Britney you are happy for her. Here goes! Tickle, tickle, tickle," Emily says as she tickles Alyssa all over her most ticklish spots. Alyssa bursts into loud squeals and laughter as she tries to escape. She almost breaks free, but Emily catches up and continues to tickle her. The tickling causes Alyssa to empty the rest of her bladder, not even noticing it. Her diaper is now completely soaked and about ready to leak. Finally, she cannot take it anymore.

"He-he-he. Oh.... oh-tay... I... I sorry. I... I... I happy for Bitt-ney. She... she played good.... She fun to play with!" Alyssa says, trying to catch her breath. Britney gives Alyssa a hug.

"Aww, you are fun to play with, too. Hey, I'm getting hungry. I wonder if din-din is ready?" Britney asks curiously while rubbing her tummy. Alyssa takes a few moments to calm down, then stands up and runs towards the end of the stairs. Her soggy diaper jiggles and sloshes around with her as she runs. Emily follows after her.

"Hey, Alyssa, where you going?"

"I gonna ask Momma if it time for dinners!" Alyssa says while placing her fingers around her diaper and squirming. A sure sign she knows her diaper is way too wet.

"Oh, I think she'll call us when dinner is ready. Right now, I think we need to take care of something quick. Can you go into your room please?" Emily asks, rather politely.

Alyssa continues to fidget and run her fingers over her squishy behind. "Why I gotta go in my room? It not nap time?"

"No, but it's time to change your diaper." Emily says.

Alyssa shakes her head, "nut-uh!" She starts running back towards the playroom. Emily chases after her.

"Come back here, Alyssa. Your diaper is really wet. Do you want to get a yucky rash? They don't feel very good. Come on, it'll only take a minute."

Alyssa stops and again feels her soggy, wet diaper as it starts to get colder. "Uh-oh. You... you right. I need-a get changed." She slowly walks into her room and lays herself down on her bed, knowing the routine quite well. Emily follows, grabbing a new diaper and some wipes.

"Aww, that's a good girl. This'll go quick, I hope." Emily says. She's never really changed a diaper for a child this age before. Alyssa lies down with her legs up, ready for Emily to pull her pants off. As she does so, she sees just how wet the

diaper is and gasps a little. Emily un-tapes both sides and carefully slides the heavy diaper out from under Alyssa's legs. As she rolls it up into a ball, she takes notice how it is completely soaked from front to back. "Wow, Maddie was right about you. Good thing you wear such awesome diapers," Emily says while giving the child a few tickles on her tummy. Alyssa squirms and coos happily as Emily wipes her clean with baby wipes. She carefully slides the new diaper under and fastens both tapes snug and secure, and then pulls Alyssa's pants back on, buttoning them. "There we are, all dry and comfy again. Now, let's go see if dinner is ready. I'm starving, too." Emily says as she helps Alyssa off her bed. Alyssa takes Emily's hand as they go downstairs and into the kitchen. Madison and Britney follow behind.

Alyssa runs into the kitchen and sneaks up on her mother. "Hi Momma! You making dinners?" Alyssa runs up to her mother, giving her a big hug.

"Aww, hi sweetie-pie. I was just about ready to call you girls down for dinner. It is ready now. So, did you have fun upstairs, baby?"

Alyssa nods and smiles, telling Mrs. Ludke all about playing with blocks, and even that she lost the game of trouble, but was happy for Britney.

"Well, that sure is nice of you. You're getting to be such a nice little girl and I'm proud of you. Oh, before we eat, do you need a diaper change?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Alyssa shakes her head. "No. Em-a-wee change-did me just now. I wetted a lot but it's cause she was tickling me," Alyssa explains while smiling proudly.

Mrs. Ludke laughs. "Well then we're all set. Thanks for taking care of her, Emily. "

"Oh, yeah not a problem. It was kind of fun actually. Being an only child, I miss out on this kind of thing. She's a lot of fun, too. "

"Yeah, we seem to think so, too. Alright, I hope you girls like spaghetti and meatballs! "

"Oh, wow. That's like one of my favorite things ever. This is awesome. Tha...thanks Mrs. Ludke," Emily says.

"You're very welcome. Okay, I will get the little kids situated. Why don't you and Maddie find a place at the living room table," Mrs. Ludke says. Madison can't help but giggle a little at the fact that her mother now refers to Britney as one of the "little ones." Madison and Emily sit next to each other in the middle of the table as Mrs. Ludke gets Alyssa seated in her booster chair. Because she knows Britney is regressing today, she also has a booster chair set up for her as well. She goes back into the kitchen where Britney is waiting.

"Hi Mommy! I love bas-getti, too. Oh, uh... where... Where Da-Daddy?" Britney asks.

"Daddy had to run in to work for a little bit so he said to eat without him. He'll be back a bit later. Sweetie pie, I know you're hungry too but do we need to change your diaper before we sit down?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney knows she is wet, but not completely soaked, so she shakes her head. "No, Momma. I feel dry. I ready to eat! I wash-did my hands before we got down here."

"Perfect. Let's go eat, then," Mrs. Ludke says. She picks Britney up and carries her over to the table and places her in her booster seat next to Alyssa. She passes out dinner rolls and the main dish to everyone, making up special plates with cut-up noodles and meatballs for Alyssa and Britney. Everyone digs in and is fairly quiet during dinner as they are all very famished after a long afternoon of playing.

Throughout dinner, Britney continues to act more like a four-year-old. By the time they are finished, her face is even messier than Alyssa's. Britney smiles and rubs her tummy. "Dinner so good, Momma! Tummy full," she says while stretching. Alyssa looks over at her 'big' sister and starts to giggle. "You got messy face wike me. Silly Bitt-ney!" This causes an eruption of giggles and laughter across the table.

"I'm glad to hear you like my cooking; it looks like everyone is full now. We can have dessert later. I think we're going to have a movie night. I'll get Britney and Alyssa cleaned up. Madison and Emily, can you help clear the table and load the dishwasher while I get the girls cleaned up and changed?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Madison simply nods her head.

"I'd love to help. Dinner was really, really good. Thanks for letting me stay over," Emily says.

Mrs. Ludke gets up from the table and walks over to attend to Alyssa and Britney. "Thank you, Emily. You are always welcome here. Okay, let's get these two cuties cleaned up!" Mrs. Ludke says as she takes out some baby wipes and gently wipes Alyssa's face and hands, then Britney's. Of course, Britney again 'eats up' the extra attention. Madison and Emily collect the plates and silverware and proceed into the kitchen. Emily opens the dishwasher and they both begin loading it full of dishes.

"Hey Maddie, I'm having tons of fun here. Your family is pretty cool. Um, Britney sure seems to be having fun, huh?" Emily says while rinsing off a few of the dirtier plates.

"Yep, I think this is just what she needs. Alyssa might get jealous because I think during the movie, she's going to want cuddle time with my mom. It's just nice to see her smiling and laughing today. Just really nice," Madison says.

"Alyssa? I think I might get jealous, too. Oh, uh... I mean... yeah, how...how cute," Emily blushes, realizing what she just said.

Madison grins. "Aww, it's okay Emily. Even I like to be babied like that sometimes. Uh, like right now um... I have this weird desire to get my really wet diaper changed by my mommy. Maybe I'm kind of jealous, too – but I can't really show it right now. Um, you know?" Madison says with some hesitation in her voice.

"Yeah, I get it. Wait, *really* wet diaper? I thought you were only a little wet?"

Madison blushes and squirms, placing her hands around her butt. "Well, um... I was before dinner. I kind of went some more during dinner. It's weird though because I didn't know I had to go till after I started peeing."

"Wow, that's cool. I wish I could wear that much to know what that feels like," Emily says.

"Maybe you will; if you tell your mom and she doesn't freak out. But hey, no talking about that now... Um, let's finish these dishes and then go upstairs and find my mom. I think she's up getting Britney changed – I bet she wet more during dinner, too." Madison says.

*Meanwhile, up in Brittney and Madison's Room*

"So, I get to be in the sum-ber party, too? I watch movie and later we play and talk and stuff?" Alyssa asks as Mrs. Ludke finishes dressing her in her pink and white pajamas with a purple heart on the shirt.

"Yes, that's right. You've been very good today, princess Ally," Mrs. Ludke says as she kisses Alyssa's forehead. Alyssa jumps up and down in excitement for a few seconds. Mrs. Ludke now turns her attention to Britney, who is lying down on her bed, waiting for her turn to be dressed.

"Okay, Britney... Which jammies would you like to wear?"

Before even thinking about pajamas, Britney looks up at her mother while tugging at her extremely wet diaper. "Diaper wet... Diaper really, really wet. Momma change me, please?"

"Well of course I will change you, sweetie-pie. How could I say no to such a sweet, adorable little girl? Mommy will get you all clean and dry. Lift your legs up, sweetie." Mrs. Ludke instructs. Britney does just that as her mother removes Britney's skirt and un-tapes her diaper. As she slides it out, she feels how heavy it is.

"Goodness. It's a good thing these Pampers can hold so much. Looks like you have a small rash, though. It's okay, baby. I have just the thing for you," Mrs. Ludke says in a calm, reassuring voice. She looks over to Alyssa. "Ally, sweetie... Can you go get me your rash crème?" Alyssa looks up from the puzzle game she was playing with and quickly nods. She runs into

her room and grabs the tube of rash crème that's on her changing table. She brings it back in Britney's room and hands it to her mother.

"Here Momma. Bitt-ney gotta wah...raaa.... Raaaaaash?" Alyssa asks, having trouble saying the word.

"Thanks Ally. Yeah, just a little one... This will fix it, though." Mrs. Ludke says. She carefully wipes Britney's bottom, then gently applies some rash crème to the affected area. Britney squirms and giggles some as it feels cold and tickles a bit. As the new diaper is fastened into place, Mrs. Ludke asks which pajamas Britney would like to wear. Britney blurts out the first thing that comes to mind, her pink Strawberry Shortcake footed blanket sleeper. Mrs. Ludke dresses her in the sleeper and zippers it up. Britney gets up and off her bed, admiring herself in the mirror on the door.

"Ooh, I pretty. Thanks Mommy! Um, what movie we gonna watch? We gonna have dessert during movie? Yeah, can we?" Britney asks impatiently.

Mrs. Ludke laughs. "Yes, actually I have something special planned for dessert. As for the movie, you girls can pick something out from Netflix. We just got it for the Wii. Let's go downstairs and see what the other two girls are up to." Britney takes her mother's hand as Alyssa takes the other one. They all walk downstairs and head into the living room where Madison and Emily are. They have the TV on and are looking through the list of available family movies to watch. Madison can be seen squirming and playing with her super squishy diaper. She looks up at Mrs. Ludke and gasps a bit.

"Oh, hi Mommy. We were just looking at what movie we should rent. Um, haven't found much yet but... uh... Mommy?"

Mrs. Ludke can't help but laugh a little. "Yes, Maddie? What's the matter sweetheart?"

Madison gets up off the couch and slowly waddles closer to her Mom. "Um, how come Britney and Ally have their jammies on? If this is a slumber party... shouldn't Emily and I get ours on, too?"

"Yeah, if you want it to be official. Why don't you two go get dressed while we find a movie to watch?" Mrs. Ludke says.

Madison sighs, not wanting to ask out loud what she really wants her mother to help her with. She begins tugging at the front of her diaper, something Alyssa sometimes does when she wants to be changed. Mrs. Ludke notices and suddenly takes the hint.

"Oh! Wait, sweetie? Are you sure you want me to...?"

"Yes, Mommy, I... I'm sure," Madison whispers. She takes her mother's hand and signals Emily to follow them upstairs. They arrive in Madison's room and she immediately runs to her bed, lays down, and takes her skirt off, now laying in just her wet diaper. Mrs. Ludke smiles as she gathers up the wipes and a fresh Pampers.

"Emily, you can get changed into your pajamas while I help Maddie. Oh, if you need help with anything just tell me."

"Oh, I'm fine. Still dry here, tha...thanks," Emily says while digging in her overnight bag. She pulls out a green and purple nightgown with Tinkerbell on it. Feeling a bit awkward, she decides to go get dressed elsewhere. "Um, I'm gonna go get dressed in Alyssa's room. I'll meet you back downstairs, okay?" Emily says.

"That's fine, dear. Thank you." Mrs. Ludke says.

Emily goes into Alyssa's room and starts to change into her night-gown. "Hmm, I should try to go potty first... Nah!" Emily thinks to herself as she giggles a bit.

Back in Madison's room, Mrs. Ludke is applying baby powder to her daughter's bottom. She then slides the new diaper under her legs and gently fastens both tapes snugly. "So, how come you wanted me to change you this evening?"

Madison thinks for a moment. "Uh, I dunno. I guess seeing how much attention Britney is getting made me kind of feeling... uh... I dunno Mom. Just... ugh... "

"Maddie, honey... you don't have to be embarrassed. I was just curious; but I understand. You know I will always be here for you if you ever need it. You may also be a little jealous, and I completely understand. Britney does need extra attention now, but I still love you and Alyssa just as much," Mrs. Ludke says with true empathy.

"Thanks, Mom. It's just weird for me to want to be babied... but today I just... I dunno... this was nice. I... I love you too," Madison says as she gives her mother a long, warm hug. The hug is well received. Without their knowledge, Emily is standing by the doorway watching this special moment. Mrs. Ludke helps Madison into her yellow and white night-gown with a duck on the front.

"There, now we're all ready for the night. Of course, if you need help changing later, you can always ask me," Mrs. Ludke says. Just then, a very audible crinkle sound is heard as Emily walks in the room. Madison starts to giggle softly.

"It's funny, Emily. Your 'training pants' crinkle louder than my diaper!" Madison announces.

"Uh, wow, I guess I never noticed that. They are pretty loud; kind of ironic, he-he." The girls take each other's hand and happily trot down the stairs. In the living room, Britney is seen fumbling with the remote, trying to pick out a movie.

"Yay, Mommy, Maddie, and Emily are back! Um, I tink we got a moo-bie picked. How bout dis one!?" Britney asks, pointing to what is selected on the screen. It's the animated children's movie, Ponyo.

Emily quickly jumps into one of the reclining chairs. "Cool! I've always wanted to see this one. Good choice, Britney!" Madison nods her head in agreement.

"Great, hold on a minute. I'll get drinks. Miss Alyssa, what can I get you?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"I wan app-a juice in tippy cup. Thanks Momma," Alyssa says sweetly. Mrs. Ludke looks over at Britney, who decides upon apple-cherry juice. She then looks to Emily, who asks for a root-beer. Finally, Madison chooses pink lemonade. A couple minutes later, Mrs. Ludke arrives with a tray of drinks. She hands a sippy cup to Alyssa, then hands one to Britney. A look of surprise and excitement comes over her face when she sees this.

"Sippy? For...for me?" Britney asks.

"Yes, sweetie. I don't want you to spill. It's easier this way... You'll see." Britney takes the sippy cup and puts it up to her mouth. She begins sucking from it rapidly. "Mmmm, I love appa-cherry. Thanks, Mommy!" Britney says.

"You are very welcome, cutie-pie. Emily and Maddie, here are your drinks," Mrs. Ludke says as she hands out the drinks to them. Madison and Emily's are in regular, large glasses. Emily begins chugging her soda, stating that she is very thirsty. Finally, Mrs. Ludke sits down on the couch in-between Alyssa and Britney. "Are we all ready to start the movie? Emily, do you need to go potty first?" Mrs. Ludke says, knowing Emily likes to play that game. Emily is somewhat surprised to see her playing along, but loves it and instantly goes along with it.

"Um, nope, I'm fine for now. Let's start the show," Emily says.

Britney looks over at her mother and gives her that sweet, puppy-dog face as if she wants something.

"What can I do for you, sweetie?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney holds her arms out as if she wants to be held. "Momma... cuddle. I lay wif you, please?" Madison and Emily both look at each other and smile, admiring how cute this is.

"Well of course you can cuddle with me. Lay back and get comfy. See, now this is why I got you a sippy. You can lay back and drink it while enjoying the movie," Mrs. Ludke says. Britney leans back and cuddles in her mother's lap, holding her sippy up to her face and drinking her juice like a toddler. She doesn't say a word, but is completely content and relaxed.

Madison hits the play button on the remote and the movie begins to play. Emily manages to finish her root beer only twenty minutes into the movie. Not wanting to disturb Britney or Alyssa from their cuddle time, she quietly gets up and pours herself a second glass of soda and quickly returns to her seat. Britney has finished her sippy cup and is now cuddling and enjoying

her pink pacifier. Mrs. Ludke is gently running her fingers through Britney's hair as the movie continues on. All the girls are enjoying the movie and very focused on what is happening.

An hour later, Emily's legs begin to shake. She has to pee and this is an almost unconscious reaction. She is so engrossed in the movie; she pays no attention to the pressure from her bladder as her legs slowly continue to move up and down. Mrs. Ludke takes notice, but figures her pull-up will absorb any accidents. After a few minutes, the slight pressure builds up and turns into a sharp, almost painful sensation. Emily now realizes what is about to happen. She knows it's too late to get up and go. She sits still, looks down and concentrates on wetting herself, all while trying to do it slowly. The stream of pee starts off slow and she sighs as she feels the pull-up begin to swell. She thinks she just might pull this off, and feels as if she's almost done peeing. As she squirms in the recliner, she feels more pressure coming. She knows if she pees anymore, there could be a leak, so for the next few minutes she begins shaking her legs and pressing her hands in-between her legs, trying to stop the flow. Madison watches, grinning and winking at her friend.

"Is everything okay, Emily?" Madison softly whispers.

"Uh, yeah... I'm okay, just um, well... you know, um... really don't wanna get up right now," Emily whispers back.

"Yeah, well you got protection on... just finish up slowly and you'll be fine," Madison whispers.

Emily shrugs her shoulders and has a funny look on her face, as if to say "uh, I hope so..." She figures at this point there's no use trying to hold it. She slowly removes her hands from between her legs, stops shaking, and lets the rest of her bladder empty. She goes back to watching the movie, despite feeling a very warm, wet and slushy feeling around her butt and in-between her legs. She knows her pull-up is most likely leaking, but tries to act like nothing is wrong.

She sits in her leaky, squishy pull-up for the rest of the movie. Twenty minutes later, the movie is over with. Mrs. Ludke turns the lights on and gently holds a sleepy Britney in her lap. Emily looks down at her lap and notices a big wet spot on the front of her nightgown. A strong smell of urine is also noticeable.

"That was awesome. Good choice, Britney. Uh, Emily? Are you alright?" Madison asks.

Emily very slowly gets up and stands, revealing her soaked nightgown and droopy, leaking pull-up. "Um, I... Uh... Oh no. I... um, Mrs. L—" Emily mumbles, looking as if she's about ready to cry. She's not upset that her pull-up leaked, but more embarrassed and worried about the stain on the recliner.

Mrs. Ludke immediately notices and carefully places Britney down on the couch. "It's okay, Emily. There's nothing to be sad about. Accidents happen. Stay right there, I'll go get you one of Maddie's night gowns to wear, and a dry diaper. You'll be fine, sweetie." Mrs. Ludke says as she quickly goes upstairs to fetch a nightgown and a diaper. Emily stands still, trying not to cry. Alyssa looks over at the girl with a look of wonder on her face.

"Em-i-wee wear diapy?" Asks Alyssa. Britney hears this, and decides to step outside of her toddler mode for a minute.

"No, sweetie... Well, she wears pull-ups cause sometimes she has accidents. There's nothing wrong with that, right?" Britney says as she gives Emily a wink. Emily looks over at her friend and gives her a half smile, knowing what she's trying to do.

"Oh, o-tay. I gots friends like dat, too. Nothing wrong ats all," Alyssa says. Mrs. Ludke returns in the living room with some items in her hand. "Okay, Emily. We can take care of this right here. Take your nightgown off and lay down and we'll get you cleaned up," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Um, right... right here?" Emily asks in a nervous tone.

"Yes, sweetie. Might as well take care of all the diaper changes at once because I know you all need them," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Oh... okay, he-he. Good idea," Emily says, taking her wet nightgown off. She is now standing in just her droopy pull-up which is about ready to fall off. She carefully lies down and lifts her legs up slightly. After the leaky pull-up is removed and Emily's bottom is cleaned with wipes (something she is not very used to, but secretly enjoys), Mrs. Ludke begins to unfold one of Alyssa's Luvs diapers and slides it under her legs and bottom. Emily looks at her with a puzzled look on her face. "Bu... But... I... um..." Emily says, unable to finish.

"Shh, I know, you're a big girl who wears pull-ups. However, it's night time and you need extra protection at night. You've had a lot to drink tonight and just in case, you may need some better protection," Mrs. Ludke says.

Emily looks up as a big smile comes across her face. "Oh, I didn't think of that. Um, sometimes I do wet the bed if I drink too much before bedtime. Tha—thanks. I'm not gonna say anything but... um, thanks!" Emily says while continuing to smile and feeling all giddy inside. Mrs. Ludke continues to diaper her, taping both sides snugly. She then helps her into a clean night gown and taps her on her freshly diapered bottom.

"There you are, all clean and dry. Who wants to go next?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Alyssa jumps up off the couch and runs over to her mother. "Me, Momma," she says while fidgeting and concentrating a bit. It is obvious she is not quite done peeing herself.

"I will change you in a minute, sweetie. First you need to finish whatever it is you're working on in there." Mrs. Ludke says, obviously teasing in a playful way. Madison and Britney start to giggle.

"Silly Ally... you're still peeing, huh?" Madison says.

Alyssa holds her hand out with one finger in the air, signaling she needs a moment. "Uh... awmo—awmost done." Everyone is silent as Alyssa finishes filling her diaper with pee. It manages to absorb it all, but is now completely saturated and soggy. "All done, Mommy," Alyssa says, lying down on the floor, ready to be changed.

"Wow, I think that's the first time you've wanted to be changed right away. I wonder... maybe we should start potty training? What do you think, Maddie?" Mrs. Ludke says, half serious.

"Well, doesn't she need to be trained before kindergarten starts next fall?" Madison asks.

"Yeah, indeed she does. If not, she can't go at all," Mrs. Ludke pauses, then turns and looks at Alyssa. "Your preschool is nice enough to keep you while still in diapers, but pretty soon you're going to have to go potty like other kids your age..."

Alyssa makes a pouty face. "But I don't wanna! Maddie not potty twained no more and she still go to school, mama. It not fair," she cries.

"I know, sweetie... but your sister just recently started having accidents... she can't help it sometimes. She will get potty trained again someday..." Madison and Britney look at each other curiously, and then slowly turn their heads back. "It's alright honey... Mommy will change you into another diaper for now...but this summer we are going to try again... Alright, let's get you dry and comfy again," Mrs. Ludke says in a nurturing voice. Alyssa smiles slightly and enjoys her diaper change as she always does. Next it is Britney's turn. She is wet, but not soaked. Because it's bedtime, they all need to be changed into dry diapers. After all the girls are changed, Mrs. Ludke gives hugs and kisses to Britney, Madison, and Emily and instructs them to go up to Maddie and Britney's room. They don't have to go to bed right away but need to have lights out soon. She picks up Alyssa and takes her into her room to tuck her in.

Madison and Britney settle into their beds while Emily crawls into her sleeping bag on the floor. Britney instantly pops a pacifier in her mouth. She is really tired and falls asleep instantly. Emily and Madison talk quietly for about an hour until they too are too tired to keep their eyes open.

## Chapter 19: Worries and Fears

"Tomorrow? Are you kidding me? Yeah, alright; I understand. Well give me a bit to find a babysitter and get things in order here. Oh, and next time you do this to me, you're fired. Do I make myself clear?!" Mr. Ludke says early in the morning as he slams the phone down and rolls back over in bed.

"Who the heck was that calling this early in the morning," Mrs. Ludke asks in a groggy voice.

Mr. Ludke sighs. "It was John, from the restaurant. Apparently, there's this conference in New York tomorrow that we have to go to. I guess we're receiving an award and I've been asked to give a speech."

Mrs. Ludke sits up. "Well, that sure was a short notice. I'd like to go with you, but what do we do with the kids on such short notice? I'd leave Maddie in charge but I don't know if she'd be able to handle both Britney *and* Alyssa... Britney is in a fragile state right now. "

"Oh, John has known about this since last week but neglected to tell me until now. His excuse was that I was so busy this past week with everything that happened, he didn't want to 'bother' me. I told him he does this again and he's fired. I'm sorry, honey. If you want to stay home with the kids, I understand. I have to get up and book plane tickets."

"No, I want to be with you. I'm a part of this business, too and this is a big moment for us. I'll figure something out. Actually, I've been meaning to find a new preschool program for Alyssa. We got a letter from the place she goes to now saying that if she doesn't get fully potty trained by March 1<sup>st</sup>, they're going to put her in the "baby room" and hold her back. I think that's crazy. So today we will visit a few places and try to find a preschool that doesn't mind changing diapers... And then I'll find someone to stay here and watch the kids. How long will we be gone?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"We'd leave early in the morning and get back Friday evening. I'll go ahead and book tickets for you, me, and John. Then I'll make arrangements for someone to manage the restaurant while we're gone. "

"Alright; I'll go get the girls up, take Emily home, and then we'll start looking for preschools. Hey, I bet my little sister Kate would come watch them. She always loved spoiling Alyssa and Maddie. Although, she doesn't yet know about Maddie and Britney's situation, but I could ease her into that. "

"Are you sure? Your sister can be kind of weird at times with stuff like that..."

"Not to worry, I'll get it taken care of. You worry about preparing for your speech and booking the trip. I'll do the rest," Mrs. Ludke says as she gives her husband a kiss. She climbs out of bed and goes into the bathroom to get dressed and ready for the day.

Meanwhile, in the girls' room, Emily sits up in her sleeping bag as the bright beams of sunshine peering into the window have woken her up. She stretches, lifting her night gown to show her sitting in just a diaper. She feels dry, but reaches down and squeezes it to be sure. It is indeed dry as a bone. She gasps, somewhat relieved that she didn't wet in her sleep, because this could cause a problem at home. She looks over at her two friends to see them both sound asleep. Britney still has her pacifier in her mouth while Madison is curled up next to her sister, snuggling like a toddler. Emily smiles and softly sighs at this adorable sight. As she is standing there, she feels an intense pressure coming from her lower stomach area down to her groin. She then realizes the reason why her diaper is still dry; she has to pee *really, really* bad! She begins shaking her legs and by instinct holds her crotch in desperation. A look of panic comes across her face, forgetting that she has a diaper on. She hurries out of the bedroom and starts dashing towards the bathroom but suddenly stops half way there. "Oh, yeah... I still have a diaper on," she thinks to herself, inside her head. She decides to wait and wet her diaper while downstairs watching cartoons. For some strange reason this has always been something she has wanted to do. Oh, but wait... she gets another idea! She quickly goes back into Madison's room and finds her stash of pacifiers in one of her dresser drawers. She pulls out a purple one and looks at it for a second, then makes her way back downstairs. Everyone else is still upstairs, so Emily tries to be quiet as she figures out how to turn the TV system on and find a cartoon to watch on Netflix. She quickly picks out a cartoon that is fit for a child Alyssa's age: Mickey Mouse Clubhouse. She sits down in a reclining chair and gets comfortable,



making sure to lift her night gown up so she can see her diaper. "Okay, here goes," she thinks to herself as she slowly pops the pacifier into her mouth. She looks around to be sure no one else is in the room. The coast is clear as the desperation feeling from her bladder becomes so strong; she's going to have to let it go in a matter of seconds. She lies down and gets completely comfortable. She looks at the front of her diaper as she relaxes her bladder muscles and begins peeing a slow but steady stream of urine into her diaper. She smiles and sighs, watching as her diaper begins changing from thin and white to yellow and squishy. Half way through this moment of flooding her diaper, she sits up and holds back, giving it the proper amount of time to absorb. Her bottom and groin area begins to feel very warm and sends tingles all over her body. She sits still; enjoying the feeling as the super absorbent powders in her diaper begins slushing up into warm, squishy jelly-like goodness. Now that her bladder is not completely full, she is able to hold off the rest for a few minutes as she lays back down, suckling her pacifier and watching the cartoon. She knows she really shouldn't be doing this; she's really only into wetting diapers, but for some reason this moment alone wetting herself and sucking on a pacifier just feels really good. Not yet able to understand why, she just forgets about it and enjoys the feeling. As a few minutes pass by, she reaches down and rubs the front of her diaper gently. It is wet, but not even close to full capacity. She decides she'd better wet it again soon, before someone wakes up and comes down.

Just as Emily resumes wetting her diaper, footsteps can be heard coming down the stairs. It is Madison, who has managed to get herself changed and dressed into a pair of baggy jeans and a tank top. This is not surprising as she's usually an early riser. Emily pays no attention as she is currently in a daze, enjoying the moment as her diaper becomes even warmer and squishier, full of her jelled-up pee. Madison is now standing right next to the recliner that Emily is relaxing in. She notices the pacifier in her mouth, as well as her pale-yellow diaper. She begins to giggle softly, trying to hold back too much laughter. Emily finishes and turns her head, seeing Madison standing beside her. She quickly pops the pacifier out of her mouth and jumps up a little, completely startled.

"Oh, uh, hi Ma---Maddie. You.... Um, how long have you been down here?"

"Not long. I was just coming to see where you were. Is, uh – everything okay?" Madison asks, trying not to giggle anymore.

Emily's face turns a few shades of red and pink. "Yeah, just watching some car...cartoons," Emily says while fidgeting and squirming, feeling her now completely soaked diaper.

Madison giggles some more. "And it looks like you had a little accident. Good thing you still have a real diaper on, silly. Oh, you like pacifiers now?"

Emily blushes a bit more. "Well, I... I just wanted to try it and see what it's all about. Yeah, okay... they're kind of nice. Um, don't tell anyone, okay? Please?!" Emily says, somewhat worried.

"Aww, Emily you're my friend. I won't tell. I think it's cute. And I've used one, too. They do help sometimes when you're stressed out. Um, do you want me to change you? It's no problem, really," Madison says in a rapid tone.

Emily squirms around some more, enjoying the warm, squishy sensation for a while. Suddenly, a big smile comes across her face as she decides to do something very silly and playful. Emily takes her nightgown off and throws it on the floor, leaving her in just a wet diaper.

"You gotta catch me, first. TAG, you're it! You can't get me!!! I... I run fast," Emily says as she jumps out of the recliner and starts running around the living room. As she runs around, her soggy diaper sags and sloshes behind her; causing her to waddle and not able to run as fast. Madison runs after her, giggling at the sight of this. It reminds her of how Alyssa tries to run away when it's time for a diaper change. She figures Emily must be mimicking this behavior. It is evident that Emily has regressive tendencies deep down inside of her that's itching to come out. Of course, Madison plays along and continues to chase her almost naked friend around the house.

*Meanwhile, upstairs in Britney's room...*

The noise and commotion from downstairs is just enough to wake Britney up. She is in a daze and not quite fully awake yet. She was having somewhat of a bad dream; more of a flashback to when she was a young girl. Her diaper is completely soaked and almost leaking. All the sheets on her bed have been torn off and it looks as if she was running a marathon or working out. As she opens her eyes and realizes where she is, her mind quickly goes back into a regressive state. Her first instinct is to start crying loudly, hoping Mrs. Ludke will come and save her. She cries and trembles, almost lying as if she is paralyzed and completely helpless. Mrs. Ludke has just finished getting dressed as she hears the crying from down the hall. She immediately runs out of the bathroom and down the hall to Britney and Madison's room. As she opens the door, she sees Britney in the fetal position, trembling as tears roll down her face. Mrs. Ludke lies down beside the troubled girl and puts her arms around her, cuddling her and rocking her gently as if she was a toddler.

"What's the matter, sweetie? Mommy's here now... it's going to be okay," Mrs. Ludke says softly as she runs her fingers through Britney's long, soft hair.

Britney slowly relaxes as she spits her pacifier out to speak. "He... He came in here... he was... he... was here! He said it's time... time to play. He said I'd better be... I'd better do it... I'd better or I'd get it!" Britney says, sobbing and stuttering feverishly. Mrs. Ludke stops and thinks for a moment, trying to understand who "he" could be. Of course, Britney is confusing a nightmare with reality and thinks her biological father came into her room the night before.

"Aww, honey... I think you just had a bad dream. This is going to happen as you cope with things that happened. But it's not real, sweetie. You are safe here with me, Maddie, Daddy, and Alyssa," Mrs. Ludke says as she hugs the frightened child.

Britney continues to cry, but accepts the hug, holding on to her mother for dear life. "It... it feel-did so real, Ma... Momma. You... you sure it only a da...dra---dream?" Britney mutters, wiping some tears from her eyes.

"I am positive it was just a dream. That man can no longer hurt you. I will make sure of that. Say, I bet you're hungry. What's your favorite thing to eat for breakfast? "

Britney sits up as a big smile comes across her face. "I wan pan-a-cakes! Big fluffy ones with butter and sta...staw...sta-raw-berries!" Britney blurts out, sounding more like Alyssa.

"You are in luck! I am known for my homemade pancakes. I have a secret family recipe that I think you'll just love. I will make some French toast, too," says Mrs. Ludke.

Britney claps and bounces excitedly. She begins fidgeting and playing with the front of her sleeper, a sign that her diaper is in serious need of changing. "My --- my tum --- tummy so... so... hungry," Britney stutters as she is obviously distracted with something.

Mrs. Ludke picks up on the obvious signals. She hops off the bed and grabs a fresh Pampers and the wipes. "First I think we need to change you out of that soggy, wet diaper before you get another icky rash," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Ut-oh. Yeah, don't wanna get no yucky rash. Uh, ma... Momma?" Britney says softly.

"Yes sweetie-pie?"

"It... um... it okay if I... I mean... I... I'm like..." Britney tries to explain but is not having much luck. Luckily, Mrs. Ludke knows what the girl is trying to say.

"Yes, it's okay if you still want to be a little girl today. You never have to ask, okay? This is part of how you will heal and recover. Come here little one... let's get you dry and clean," Mrs. Ludke says. Britney smiles as she lies down on her bed and unzips her blanket sleeper. She rubs the front of her squishy diaper, secretly enjoying it before it comes off.

Mrs. Ludke changes Britney's diaper as if she was Alyssa's age, making sure to give her a toy and her pacifier to keep her occupied during the change. As she tapes up the new diaper snugly, she kisses Britney's belly button, causing her to giggle

and squirm. "So, what would you like to wear today? It's going to be another warm, sunny day. I know; how about some pink shorts and your purple tank-top with flowers on the front?"

Britney nods her head quickly and then lifts her legs up as Mrs. Ludke slides the shorts up over her. They are short and tight, leaving no room to hide the bulk of her diaper. She lifts her arms up as the tank top is slid over her. Finally, Mrs. Ludke helps brush and comb Britney's hair. "There, I think we are all ready for the day. I just need to check on Alyssa quick. It sounds like Maddie and Emily are already awake and playing downstairs."

Britney admires herself in the mirror and claps her hands. "Thanks Momma. Can... can I help you make the pan-a-cakes?!" Britney asks sweetly.

"Of course, you can! You can be my special helper. Okay, I'm going to go get Alyssa changed and dressed. I'll come downstairs when we're done," Mrs. Ludke says as she pats Britney's head gently. Britney nods and toddles down the stairs to find out what Madison and Emily are up to.

### *Back downstairs...*

Britney enters the living room to see Emily lying on the floor, sucking on a pacifier, and holding a stuffed kitten as she is getting her diaper changed by Madison. Madison notices her sister standing there and waves at her.

"Good morning, Britney. Wow, you got dressed already? Um, I'm just changing Emily... she kind of had an accident this morning," Madison says as she slides the wet diaper from under Emily's bottom and begins wiping her. Emily can't help but giggle and squirm. She is not used to the feeling of getting changed by someone, let alone one of her best friends.

Britney slowly nods her head. "Uh-huh. Mommy got me changed and dressed. I'm gonna help her make breakfast as soon as she gets done with Ally," Britney says. She tries not to stare at Emily, but can't help but be curious as to why she has a pacifier in her mouth. "Um, Emily likes pacifiers now?"

Emily blushes and quickly removes the pacifier from her mouth. "Yeah, ki---kind of. I decided to try one this morning while you were all still sleeping. Can I... um, keep this one?" Emily asks, almost whispering, somewhat nervous.

"Yeah, we got tons of 'em. Just make sure your mom doesn't find it!" Madison says. She is about to open up a fresh Luvs when Emily shakes her head back and forth.

"No, I can't wear another one. I'm going home soon; I don't want my mom to notice I'm in a diaper. I'm not ready to tell her just yet," Emily explains, sounding somewhat panicked.

"Oh, yeah I forgot. Uh, do you want to wear a pull-up? I mean you might still have an accident..." Madison suggests.

"I dunno. I should probably be safe and just wear underwear. I know, I know. How boring... but I have to be careful. Who knows my Mom might want to take me shopping and have me try on clothes...? I'd get busted for sure. Um, my clothes and stuff are in my bag. I can get myself dressed... I'll be right back," Emily says as she dashes upstairs to get dressed. She goes into Madison's room and quickly pulls out a pair of underwear, jean shorts, and a light purple care bears shirt. As she pulls the underwear on, she sighs, wishing it was at least a pull-up. She then buries her pacifier in the bottom of the bag and zippers it up. As she makes her way towards the bathroom, Alyssa comes running out, wearing a pink sundress and her hair done up in pigtails. She runs up to Emily and gives her a hug, clinging to her.

"Em-wee!!! You gonna eats breakfast with us, huh – huh?!" Alyssa asks, very excitedly.

Emily can't help but laugh, giving Alyssa hugs back. "Yeah, I think so. If it's okay with your mommy," Emily says. Mrs. Ludke nods her head in agreement.

"Yeah, of course. I will have to take you home after, though as I'm afraid I've got a lot to do before tomorrow. We have to go on an emergency business trip and find someone to watch the kids for a few days," says Mrs. Ludke.

"Oh, that's a bummer. Hey! I could ask my mom if she could take care of them. I don't think she'd mind. Then we could have a big sleepover at my house," Emily says.

"I appreciate that, sweetie, but your mom doesn't know about Maddie and Britney... and you'd have to tell her about them and about your little secret... Are you ready for that?"

Emily gets a sinking feeling in her stomach. "Oh, uh, I forgot about that. Um, never mind; I guess. It was a nice thought, anyway." Emily says softly.

"It's okay; I'll get everything figured out. Okay, we better get downstairs. I promised Britney I'd make her favorite breakfast... need to get it started," Mrs. Ludke says. Alyssa runs along ahead of them as they go down the stairs.

Alyssa goes into the living room to watch cartoons with Maddie and Emily while Britney and Mrs. Ludke prepare for breakfast. Britney manages to help make the pancakes, being careful not to get too messy. The batter is all ready; Mrs. Ludke begins pouring the batter onto the griddle. Britney thinks about what's going to happen the rest of the day.

"Mommy, what are we gonna do today; anything fun?" Britney asks sweetly.

Mrs. Ludke sighs, not really wanting to be the bearer of bad news. "Sweetie, sit down at the table. We need to talk about that." Britney plops down and eagerly listens to what her mother has to say.

"Tonight, your daddy and I have to go away. We will be gone a few days. Something came up at the restaurant that we need to take care of. We just found out early this morning. I also need to find a new preschool for Alyssa to go to because the one she's at now wants her to be fully potty trained in a week. There's just no way that's happening. So, today we are going to go visit a few preschools I've found that don't mind late potty trainers. Would you like to come along with me?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney slowly nods her head. "Uh-huh. But mommy I'm scared. Who... who gonna take care of us while you and daddy are gone?" Britney says, trying not to cry.

"Don't you worry about a thing, sweetie. I'm going to see if your aunt Kate can come over and watch you girls while we're gone. I don't think you've met her yet, but she's really nice. Maddie will tell you, she's lots of fun. She's my youngest sister and loves to play. She's almost like a big kid," Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Oh, okay. But, what about... umm... you know... Me and Maddie and um..."

"Kate knows. We talk a lot on the phone, we're very close. I promise you she will be totally cool about it and will not tease or make fun. I know this is going to be a bit difficult for you and I really don't want to leave you... But this meeting is very important to your daddy and our business, so I really have to go along."

Britney smiles, somewhat reassured. "It's okay, mommy. I know you're gonna come right back. If you say Kate is cool, I'm gonna trust you. Hey, are the pan-a-cakes almost done?!" Britney asks in a babyish tone.

"Yes, just about. You're such a sweetheart, you know that? I'm so glad we were able to adopt you. I'll go get your father and then we can all eat breakfast together," Mrs. Ludke says as she gives Britney a kiss on her forehead. She goes upstairs to get Mr. Ludke while Britney runs into the living room.

"Maddie, Emily, Alyssa! Breakfast is ready. I helped make it, it's gonna be so good! Come on, let's go!" Britney says with great enthusiasm while running back into the kitchen.

"Wow, she sure is happy about something today," Madison whispers to Emily as they walk towards the kitchen. Emily nods her head and smirks.

Britney slides into the kitchen and just about runs into Mr. Ludke. He catches her, picks her up and tickles her sides playfully for a few seconds.

"Whoa! Slow down there, little girl... don't want you to slip and fall. Also, good morning!" Mr. Ludke says as he sets the girl down and places her in a chair next to Alyssa.

Britney giggles and looks up at her father. "Mornin', da-daddy! Guess what... We gonna have pan-a-cakes and I helped make 'em!" Britney blurts out proudly.

"Mmm, that sounds wonderful. I can't wait to have some!" Mr. Ludke says while taking a seat in his captain's chair.

A breakfast of pancakes, eggs, and bacon is enjoyed by everyone. Even Alyssa has managed to clear her plate. She takes one final gulp from her sippy cup, then lets out a loud burp.

"I full, Momma. Um, do I gots school today?" Alyssa asks. Mrs. Ludke gets a wipe and quickly wipes off Alyssa's sticky face and hands.

"No, sweetie but we have a lot to do. Mommy has to find a new school for you to go to today so we'll be going to a few schools to see which one you like best," Mrs. Ludke says. Alyssa makes a pouty face, asking why she has to switch schools.

"It's a long story, honey. But it's because you're not quite potty trained yet. Your school can no longer change diapers for kids your age, so we have to find one that does. Unless you want to work on getting potty trained this week? That would mean no more diapers," Mrs. Ludke says.

Alyssa shakes her head back and forth rapidly, sticking her tongue out. "No! I dun like dat school no more, anyways. We find a better one!" Madison can't help but burst out in laughter.

"Ha-ha, she is so funny sometimes. No, Mom – I'm not making fun. It's just... that's my sister!" Madison exclaims playfully.

"Yes, I know. Perhaps your 'annoying little sister' has influenced your own interests more than you realize," Mrs. Ludke teases.

"Mom?! Are you making fun of me?" Madison asks, looking somewhat annoyed.

"No, not at all... I've just been thinking. All the times you used to tease her and call her annoying and a pest... Now I see you growing closer and closer to her... it's cute and sweet, honey. It makes me smile. I'm not upset, at all. It's just nice to see you wanting to be more involved in her life and being so playful. It's good for both of you," Mrs. Ludke explains. Mr. Ludke nods his head in agreement, giving Madison a little wink to let her know he approves.

"Oh, well thanks. You're right though. She's really not so bad. Maybe I have a different view on things now. You know, um... yeah." Madison says. Britney and Emily both look at each other, grinning and giggling from ear to ear.

"Alright, I've got to get to work. Lots to do before we leave tonight! Britney – breakfast was excellent. You are a good helper in the kitchen," says Mr. Ludke. He takes a final sip of his coffee, gives his wife a kiss and waves goodbye to the girls, then proceeds out the back door. Madison looks at her mother with a confused look on her face.

"Who's leaving tonight? Daddy has to go away again?" Madison pouts, looking a bit saddened.

"Well yes, and I have to go with him. It's for the business, but only for a little while. We'll be back Friday night. I'm so sorry, Maddie. I'll make it up to you, okay? "

Madison sighs. "It's alright, Mom. Uh, am I in charge again while you and daddy are gone?"

"Actually, I've got someone to stay with you here. I'm pretty sure you will be excited when I tell you."

"I know who it is! Can I tell, Momma?" Britney asks. Mrs. Ludke grins and nods. "Aunt Kate, yeah I think that's her name. She's gonna come here. I guess she's like -- really fun?"

Madison is both excited and worried. "Oh, that's great she's gonna come. But Mom, um... what about... well the last time she was here I was a normal girl in middle school. She's gonna think I'm weird as soon as I come to her and ask her to change my diaper. Gosh, I don't even know if I can ask her to. Do I just change myself and hope she doesn't notice? I don't know about this, Mom..." Madison says with reluctance.

"Well, sweetie... it's one of the choices you made when you decided you wanted to wear diapers again. Not everyone is going to think it's cute and fun. I'm not saying that to be mean or because I'm mad at you. But really, I don't think Aunt Kate will mind. Remember, there are no secrets in our house. So, if you wear diapers, she has to know. And yes, she will change you. I have told her about you and Britney and she understands," Mrs. Ludke says.

Madison shrugs her shoulders. "Ugh, I don't know about this. Aunt Kate is great and all but I just think she's gonna look at me differently now... like I'm some kind of freak," Madison says with a nervous sigh.

"Madison Jane, cut that out! No one in this family thinks you or your sisters are freaks; and if they do, I will have a lot to say about it! Trust me, everything is going to be just fine," Mrs. Ludke says in a stern voice.

Madison looks up at her mother. "I'm sorry, Mom. I'm just a little scared that she won't like me anymore."

"Well Madison dear... if you're that worried about it, perhaps now is a good time to get potty trained and quit diapers cold turkey. But then you may have accidents and I think that would be more embarrassing. It's entirely up to you," Mrs. Ludke says, half joking. She has a feeling she knows how Madison will react.

"No way! I'd have an accident for sure, Mom. You know I don't just wear for fun anymore. I really do... umm... okay, I'll get over it. Everything's fine, I trust you... I, I do." Madison says, still feeling somewhat uneasy.

"That's my girl! You guys are going to have a blast," Mrs. Ludke says as pats Madison on the back.

Alyssa jumps up and down, chanting "Yay, Auntie Katie coming! She gonna give us presents!"

Mrs. Ludke laughs. "Now, now... That's not all she's good for. She loves you, lots and lots. I think you girls will be just fine while we're gone, right?" Mrs. Ludke asks. Madison and Alyssa both nod their heads in unison.

"I thought so. Okay, we've got a lot to do today. Emily, does your mom know I'm dropping you off?"

"Yeah, I called her just before breakfast. She told me to tell you thanks. It saves her a trip and I guess she's busy with something right now. I'll go upstairs and get my things. I'll be right back!" Emily says while dashing up to Madison's room. Mrs. Ludke begins clearing the dishes off the table and loading up the dishwasher. Madison helps get Alyssa out of her booster seat while Britney helps load the dishwasher.

"So Ally Bear, are you excited to go to a new preschool?" Madison asks.

Alyssa shrugs her shoulders, looking a little nervous. "Kinda -- but I kinda a-scared, too."

"Aww, there's nothing to be afraid of. You'll get to meet new friends and new teachers. Would you like it if Britney and I go with you today, to see which school you like best?" Madison offers.

Alyssa nods her head and gives Madison a big hug. "Uh-huh, tank you! I wuv you, Maddie you good sis-ter," Alyssa says sweetly. Mrs. Ludke pauses and smiles at this precious moment.

"Oh, my heavens, how incredibly sweet this is. I love moments like this! Where's my camera when I need it. Oh, my look at the time. We'd better get going. I just need to grab a few extra diapers and wipes. Maddie, can you get Alyssa and Britney situated in the car and bucked up? Emily and I will meet you in the car," Mrs. Ludke says.

"Sure, Mom. C'mon Ally and Britney. Last one to the car is a rotten egg!" Madison says as she bolts out the back door, running towards the car. Alyssa and Britney run after her. Mrs. Ludke quickly goes upstairs and grabs some diapers for all her girls, then joins Emily and walks out to the car.

Minutes later, they arrive at Emily's house. Emily quickly gives Madison, Alyssa, and Britney hugs as she grabs her bag and gets out of the car. "Thanks so much for letting me sleep over, Mrs. Ludke. It's always fun playing at your house. And um, thanks for everything. I mean, you know..."

"You're most certainly welcome. Just remember what we talked about. Give it some thought before you talk to your parents. And remember you can always call me if you need help, okay?" Mrs. Ludke whispers.

"Yeah, I will. Thanks again. Bye Maddie, bye Britney. See you at school next week!" Emily says. She runs towards the house as the front door opens. Mrs. Suthers waves at the van as they drive away.

About ten minutes later, Mrs. Ludke turns into a driveway of what is obviously a daycare and preschool for young children. This one is much smaller than Alyssa's current school.

"This place looks fun. It's called Creative Early Learning Center. So, like Mom – do you have a list of questions to ask the teachers here? Or do you just let Alyssa go play and see how she likes it?" Madison asks.

"Well, a little of both. I already know they take kids who aren't potty trained, but I want to be sure Alyssa is happy and comfortable here. You'll see when we get inside. I think she'd like it if you go with her and show her around... She won't be as scared to meet new people that way." Mrs. Ludke says as she parks the van.

"Yeah, Britney and I will follow her around. Heck, this could be fun! Sure, beats going to middle school, huh Brit?" Madison jokes. Britney giggles and nods in agreement. They help Alyssa out of her car seat and set her outside of the van. Alyssa walks with her sisters, in the middle holding both their hands, following behind their mother.

Mrs. Ludke is greeted by one of the managers of the preschool. "Hello, you must be Carol? And this adorable little girl is Alyssa? Come on in to my office and we'll go over the daily routine and any questions you may have for me." Mrs. Ludke and the girls follow the woman into her office. Alyssa sits in her mother's lap as Britney and Madison sit down in chairs in front of the desk. As Britney walks to take a seat, her padded bottom is easily seen thanks to her tight shorts. Madison's diaper is not quite as visible, yet, as she is wearing baggy jeans. The manager can't help but notice the tell-tale shape of Britney's padded butt. She takes a look at both Britney and Madison, and then quickly looks at Mrs. Ludke with a look of wonder on her face.

"I'm sorry... I seem to be a bit confused. Are we looking at preschool for all of your girls?" Mrs. Brown, the center manager asks.

"Ha-ha, not that I know of. These two are in middle school. This is Madison and this is Britney. They are Alyssa's big sisters. They wanted to be here to support Alyssa and help her feel at home," Mrs. Ludke explains.

"Hmm, okay then. For some reason I thought Britney was younger, based on... oh, it's not important right now. We can discuss that later. My, little Alyssa is very lucky to have such a loving family. I'm glad you are considering our school; I think she will be very happy here. Now, let me see... I was reviewing our phone conversation we had earlier. Your main concern is with Miss Alyssa not being fully potty trained, correct?"

Mrs. Ludke nods her head. "Yes, it's not my only concern, but a large one. She's basically getting kicked out of her current preschool because she's four and a half and 'still' in diapers. It's not that I'm a lazy parent or anything like that, but this is how the staff there treats me... so we're looking for other options."

"Well, that is just absurd. One of the main principles here is that we realize all children learn and develop at different paces. Just because one kid masters potty training at age two doesn't mean the next will have the same success. Some kids start reading at three while others don't read until age seven. Does it mean the seven-year-old is stupid? Not at all, right? Traditional teachers and schools would say yes, but that's not what we believe in here," Mrs. Brown elucidates.

"That is refreshing to hear. I agree with you. I don't think she should be held back from learning and put in the "baby room" because she hasn't mastered something at a set age. So, if I may ask – are there quite a few four-year-olds here that aren't yet trained?" Mrs. Ludke inquires.

"I'd say it's about fifty-fifty. Since we are one of the few preschools that do accept children in diapers, it's not surprising to see such a higher percentage. But again, we do not discriminate. Every 30 minutes we simply ask the children that are potty trained if they need to go potty. The ones in diapers we check if they need changing. And when Alyssa does start to become interested in using the potty, we can assist with the potty training here, too. We can adapt to you and your child's needs."

Madison can't help but be fascinated by all of this. She wonders what it would be like if her middle school had the same policy regarding the children being potty trained. How awesome it would be if she could go to school and not worry about others making fun of her. She thinks about how lucky Alyssa is and how she wished her preschool was like this when she was four. Madison begins to daydream about this for a while as her mother and Mrs. Brown continue talking.

"Well, this all sounds great, but I guess the real test now is whether or not Alyssa likes it. Could we give it a test run?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Sure, anytime she's ready we can take her to the 4-year-old room and she can play and interact. Britney and Madison, you're welcome to go with her, if that'll make it easier for her. I recall Mrs. Ludke saying Alyssa can be shy around new people and places," Mrs. Brown responds. Hearing her name, Madison quickly abandons her daydream and nods her head, as if she is paying full attention.

"Yeah, I think that would be best. Alyssa, would you like to go play with the other kids here for a while?" Madison asks her sister.

Alyssa looks around the room, looking somewhat intimidated. "You and Bitt-ney gonna come with?"

"Yep, we'll stay with you as long as you want. We'll help you meet the other kids. And remember, no one will tease you, right Mrs. Brown?" Madison says.

"That's right. We have a very strict policy here about teasing and bullying. We all respect each other here and it's one of the things we teach the children. Everyone is different and learns things at different paces."

Alyssa jumps out of her mother's lap and toddles over to Madison. She takes her sister's hand and tugs on her arm.

"Okay, let's go! I wanna see the place; let's take da tour!" Alyssa shouts with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Brown laughs. "Aww, now that's the spirit. I'll lead the way. The children in the four-year-old room are just finishing up snack time, then it's story time. "Madison, Alyssa, Britney, and Mrs. Ludke follow behind Mrs. Brown. They walk down a short hallway to room 4B. A group of about 15 four-year-olds are in the room, cleaning up after snack time. Madison and Britney observe the children and try to see if they can tell which ones are diapered as Alyssa takes a seat on the story-time rug.

"I notice about eight. Five boys and three girls," Britney whispers to Madison.

"Make that nine. Five boys, four girls – if Alyssa ends up going here," Madison whispers back. Both girls quietly giggle as they wait for the other kids to gather around for story time. Mrs. Brown walks up to the center of the room and begins to speak in a bold tone.

"Children, teachers... Can I have your attention for a moment? Thank you. We have a few visitors with us today. Alyssa Ludke is thinking about joining this preschool but would like to sit in for a while. With her are her two big sisters and her mommy. Can you all give her a warm welcome and make her feel like part of the class?" All the children agree and begin taking their places on the story time rug. A few children sitting around Alyssa politely say hello and introduce themselves. Alyssa almost instantly becomes friends with a little girl next to her named Gracie. After a few minutes, the teacher sits down and begins to read a popular children's book – "The Little Engine That Could." All the children focus on the story being read to them and are amazingly very well behaved. Alyssa turns her head from side to side to make sure her sisters are still next to



her. She slowly becomes more comfortable with her new surroundings. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Ludke are in the back of the room (behind a two-way mirror), observing her and talking quietly.

"I think she is going to do just fine here, Mrs. Ludke. But like I said you are welcome to stay here as long as you want with her. After story time I think they have 30 minutes of free play. It would be a good chance for her to meet some new friends." Mrs. Brown whispers.

"Thank you. She looks like she's having fun. But ultimately, it's up to her. We do have one more preschool to visit today, but so far I like what I see," Mrs. Ludke says. They continue to observe as story time comes to an end and free play begins.

"Okay Ally – do you want to go over and play with your new friend while Britney and I go do something else? I think you're ready to give it a try," Madison says cheerfully.

Alyssa ponders for a few seconds, looking around the room. Her eyes follow her new friend Gracie, who is over by the big doll house. She waves at Alyssa and points, indicating she wants her to play with her. Alyssa looks back over at Madison, and then nods her head up and down.

"Uh huh, I'm gonna go play with Gwa-cie. She nice. We gonna play with the dollhouse," Alyssa says confidently. She runs over by the doll house and begins playing with her new friend. Madison and Britney look around the room, almost in awe. Madison begins to daydream about being in preschool again... Just then, she gets a crazy idea.

"Britney! I got an idea. Um, we're still off from school tomorrow. So, let's go to this preschool with Alyssa. We can act like little kids and play all day. Wouldn't that be fun? Sure beats 7<sup>th</sup> grade! Just for a day, of course. What do you think?" Madison asks with great excitement in her voice.

"Yeah, that could be really fun. But, um... Wouldn't the teachers wonder why we're like 12 and hanging out at a preschool? Oh, and I think that manager lady noticed I got a diaper on. Did you see she kept staring at me and asked if I was supposed to be going here, too?"

"Yeah, so we tell them that Alyssa is still a little uneasy being here alone and she wants her big sisters to stay with her that day. I think Mom would agree, too. As much fun as aunt Kate is, I think we'd have more fun here... it could be less awkward. Yeah, she probably did notice your diaper, but who cares? What's the worst she will do, kick you out?" asks Madison.

Britney taps her finger on her forehead, thinking it over. "Okay, but what about... you know. I'm pretty much not potty trained anymore. Would the teachers change me knowing I'm really 12?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't they? They change diapers for 4- and 5-year-olds. What's the difference? It's not like we'll be going here again. You could even regress like you've been doing at home and act like a four-year-old. I will, too. It's kind of fun, isn't it?"

Britney still looks a little uneasy. "I dunno. I think the other kids who are potty trained are gonna make fun of us. Doesn't that bother you a little?"

"I didn't really think of that. You can thank Emily for that. Her careless and fearless attitude is starting to rub off on me. Well, if you are really worried about it, maybe we should just forget it?" Madison says, sighing a little.

"No, it... it's okay. Maybe we should go find mom and ask her what she thinks... But not yet! I wanna go play with the kids over there. They playing 'duck duck goose!' I love that game!" Britney says as she runs over to the group of children playing. She asks if she can join in as the entire group of kids nod and say yes. She begins playing and carrying on, as if she was four years old.

In the back room, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Ludke are observing Alyssa and the other children through the two-way mirror. Mrs. Brown is also following Britney around, continuing to notice her diapered behind.

"Carol, I don't mean to be nosy, but I can't help but notice something about your daughter -- Britney. There's something about her that tickles my curiosity. I've been in this business for many years and have seen several types of children at different stages of mental development. You say she's in middle school, but it almost looks as if she'd enjoy being at *this* school. I mean, right now she's playing preschool games with the other children as if she's used to this type of playing and behavior. I also noticed.... Oh, I guess I should let you respond, first... I hope I'm not pressing you for too much. It's just, being in the field I'm in, I am always very interested in child development and such," Mrs. Brown explains.

Mrs. Ludke smiles and politely nods her head. "I don't mind at all. I have a PhD in psychology so I completely understand your curiosity. Britney's situation is actually a rather long story. For starters, she's not mine -- biologically. We just recently adopted her because she came from a broken home with a very abusive mother. She has been through years upon years of both physical and mental torture, going back to when she was only five. She has the week off from school as she transitions from a life of hurt to a more loving and gentler environment. "

"Oh, that poor child. It's starting to make sense to me, now. So, her playing and acting as if she's four is kind of like her therapy. Regression therapy. I've heard of that. Is that also why she appears to be wearing a diaper -- to be more like her little sister?" Mrs. Brown asks.

"Well, yes and no. When she was still living with her biological mother, she had bedwetting issues since she was very young. The constant mental abuse her mother put her through did not help with that, and the night time accidents evolved to daytime accidents. Right now, the diapers are necessary not only as protection from accidents, but as a security blanket, if you get my drift. Combined with regression, she is very attached to being diapered again. Because I feel this is necessary for her, I am allowing her to remain in them as long as it makes her comfortable. She's got a long road of mental healing ahead of her. We just want to show her that no matter what, we will love and support her."

"Wow, this is fascinating. Thank you for sharing her story with me. I think what you are doing is excellent. Not many people in this business would be saying this right now; but that's my point. We are not a traditional learning center. We understand that if a child is not potty trained, there's usually a pretty good reason," Mrs. Brown says.

Mrs. Ludke nods her head in agreement. Just then, Britney and Madison walk in, wanting to ask Mrs. Ludke a big question.

"Hi girls; so, what do you think? Does Alyssa seem like she'd enjoy herself here?" Mrs. Brown asks.

"Yeah, she's already met a little friend. She's still a little shy, though and keeps checking to make sure we're still here. So, Mom... That kind of gave us an idea. Wanna hear it?" Madison asks eagerly.

"Sure, I'm all ears honey," Mrs. Ludke responds.

"Okay... so tomorrow I think me and Britney should come to preschool and stay here all day. We'd do all of the activities and stuff. I think it would help Ally ease into this new school. What do you think, Mrs. Brown? Would that be, okay?" Madison asks sweetly.

Mrs. Brown sits down and thinks things over. "Sure, that would be fine. I certainly understand the situation. We've had a few parents or older siblings stay with the children on their first day. This way if something happens that scares her; she'll have her sisters there to comfort her. "Mrs. Brown explains. Just then, she remembers about Britney and her situation. She looks over at Mrs. Ludke. "We will need to discuss something later, in confidence, if that's okay?" Carol nods her head quickly as she winks. Madison picks up on this, realizing that her mother forgot to tell Mrs. Brown about her need for diapers, too. She turns over to Britney and whispers in her ear, "I think Mom forgot to tell her about me," as she looks a bit worried. Britney shrugs her shoulders, not knowing what to do or say.

"It's fine with me, too. I'll tell Aunt Katie to bring all of you here tomorrow," Mrs. Ludke says. Madison tries to contain her excitement and anxiety, as not to make it look too strange.

"So, does that mean you've decided on enrolling Alyssa here?" Mrs. Brown asks.

“Absolutely! There’s no need to look at other schools today. Look at her – she’s happy, she’s playing, and she’s already made a friend. And she’s not being held back in her learning just because she’s not potty trained yet. I am sold. Let’s do the paperwork and get her started tomorrow,” Mrs. Ludke says with certainty.

“Great. It will be a pleasure to have her in our four-year-old class. Why don’t you two girls go back and play while we go over the paper work. We should be done in about a half hour,” Mrs. Brown says. Britney skips out of the office and quickly finds things to play with. Madison stays behind, out of sight, to listen in and see if her mother talks about her diapers to Mrs. Brown.

“Okay, before we go over the paperwork for Alyssa, there’s something I wanted to talk to you about; I have no problem with Britney spending the day here tomorrow, but I’m not sure how the other teachers will react to a twelve-year-old in diapers; and changing her. Yes, we are all opened minded here, but this would be the first time they’d be changing diapers for a child that much older. I don’t want to say no, because I think it’s good for Alyssa to have her big sisters with her on the first day. I’m just worried about how some of the teachers would react?”

“I understand. If it’s too much of a hassle I can keep the older girls home. Really, it’s not a big deal,” Mrs. Ludke says.

“No, I don’t want to turn her away like that. It’s not good for her fragile self-esteem right now. I tell you what; I will talk to the teachers that will be here tomorrow and let them know about Britney and her needs. I’m positive they will be okay if they are told ahead of time what to expect. Anyway, let’s get Alyssa enrolled! We are all very excited to have her here and I’m sure she’ll just love it,” Mrs. Brown says cheerfully. Mrs. Ludke grins and nods her head.

Madison quickly runs out of the hallway, going towards the area where the children are playing. She is a bit worried and nervous about tomorrow, knowing that Mrs. Brown and the staff will not be aware of the fact that she too will be in diapers. She tries not to worry too much about it as she focuses on what Britney is doing.

Britney has joined a small group of little girls who are playing “beauty parlor,” pretending to do each other’s hair and makeup. This particular group of girls all seem to be potty trained except for one that wears Pull-Ups due to occasional accidents. Britney is playing the hair stylist, who is currently “cutting” hair for one of the little girls. After a while, it is evident that Britney needs to pee. She pauses and stands completely still for a few moments as she relaxes her bladder muscles, slowly and steadily peeing in her diaper. The girl who is in the chair getting her hair “cut” begins to notice.

“Hey, what’s wrong? Aren’t you gonna finish?” the girl asks curiously.

Britney continues staring off into space as she finishes wetting herself. “What? Oh... yeah, ssss—sorry. I’m okay now. Just had to think about something... umm, okay. So, you wanted just a trim, uh huh. I’m just about done,” she says as she tugs on her shorts, not even knowing it.

“Hey did you just potty? It okay... one of the teachers can get you change-did if you need to,” one little girl says.

Britney blushes and tries to change the subject. “Uh, no... I’m okay. Let’s finish up your haircut... Almost done,” Britney says. The little girl nods and forgets about what just happened.

Madison is watching this all take place and she starts to wonder about tomorrow and if going to preschool all day is such a good idea. Maybe the kids who are potty trained will tease them? Maybe the teachers will, too? She begins to feel uneasy about this whole thing as she thinks about her Aunt Kate. She thinks to herself “I still think Kate is going to think I’m messed up. Maybe I should just wear underwear and be potty trained until Mom and Dad get back? No, then I’ll risk having an accident. Ugh! Why do mom and dad have to leave?! Why can’t I come with them?”

Shortly after these random worries and thoughts are colliding inside Madison’s head, Mrs. Ludke and Mrs. Brown walk up to her. “All ready to go, sweetie? Everything is all set for tomorrow. Let’s go get Britney and Ally and head home. I think Aunt Katie should be arriving at the house any minute now,” Mrs. Ludke says.

“Uh, wait... Mom, isn’t there something you forgot to tell Mrs. Brown about?” Madison says, almost whispering.

Mrs. Ludke thinks deeply for a few seconds. "Hmm, I don't think so. Let's see we talked about Alyssa and her needs, fears, and favorite things. We went over paperwork. We made sure it was okay for you and Britney to stay here tomorrow. Everything's fine," Mrs. Ludke says confidently.

Madison sighs. "Ugh, okay... let's get going then, but I got something to talk to you about when we get outside," Madison says, looking a bit frustrated. Mrs. Ludke knows this look, and tries to figure out just what it is that she forgot to mention. They gather up Alyssa and Britney and head out towards the van. As soon as they approach the parking lot, Madison begins her tirade of frustration and worry.

"Mom! You didn't tell Mrs. Brown about me and that I wear, too. You told her about Britney but you completely left me out! I mean no disrespect to my sisters, but darn it... This is not the first time you've completely forgotten to mention me, or include me in something. I know you were excited for Ally to go to this school. I am too but now I don't know if I want to go tomorrow at all!" Madison screams. Mrs. Ludke stops walking, unlocks the van with the remote, and tells Britney to go on ahead with Alyssa and get her in her car seat. Britney and Alyssa do as they are told and run towards the van.

"Okay, now that it's just you and me. First of all, young lady... you do NOT talk to me like that. Would you like to get grounded, again?" Mrs. Ludke says, raising her voice.

"No! I'm sorry but can't you put yourself in my shoes for a minute? You should have told her, Mom. "

"You're right, I should have; I am sorry I forgot to tell her... I won't make any excuses this time. I let you down and I am terribly sorry about this; but I still am not happy with you for raising your voice to me. I made a mistake and I didn't do it on purpose. Tomorrow will be just fine. They already know about Britney, so I'm sure once Mrs. Brown catches on that you also are wearing a diaper, she'll just figure you are doing it to support your sister. Really, I think you are worrying a bit too much."

Madison sighs as she begins to fidget. "Yeah, I guess I am. I shouldn't care; I mean it's only for one day, right? This was my idea, anyway... I'm sorry, Mommy. I'll try to lighten up. I... I'm just worried about Aunt Kate and stuff," Madison says while giving her mother a hug, tears forming in her eyes.

"Aww, that's my sweet girl. I love you just the same as Britney and Alyssa, always know that. You really have nothing to worry about with your aunt, but I understand why you're scared. I wish we could bring you with us on our trip, but it's just not possible this time. Come on now, let's go home. I still have to get packed. Try to relax, okay sweetie?" Mrs. Ludke says as she continues to hug her daughter.

"Okay, Mom. Are we gonna have lunch soon? My tummy is rumbling."

"As soon as we get home, I'll prepare some lunch for you all," Mrs. Ludke says as they walk to the van and get inside.

After a short fifteen-minute drive, the van arrives in the driveway of the Ludke home. Madison and Britney both help get Alyssa out and all hold hands as they walk towards the back door. As they enter, Aunt Kate is waiting for them in the kitchen. Alyssa sees her and immediately runs towards her, jumping into her arms.

"Auntie Katie!!! I miss-did you so much! Guess wha... guess what?!" Alyssa blurts out.

"What, what?" Aunt Kate responds in a childish tone.

"I going to a new school. It weally nice and fun and I met a new friend. I... I can't wait!" Alyssa says as she kisses her aunt's cheek.

"Aww, that is wonderful news. I missed you too, baby girl. Wow, Madison... you're like 2 inches taller since the last time I saw you. How's my spunky little niece been? Staying out of trouble?"

Madison giggles nervously. "Trouble? Me? Never! I've been really good, honest. Um... do you got presents for us?"

"Is that all I'm good for?! Ha-ha, just kidding! Of course, I have presents. I wouldn't be your crazy, cool auntie if I didn't! You girls can see them after lunch. First there's a girl standing next to you that I don't know yet. I hear she's a really special and sweet girl, and I want her to know that I am excited to be her new auntie. I can be crazy and wild sometimes, but I don't bite, I promise. So, what's your name -- Blondie?" Aunt Kate responds playfully.

Britney shyly walks up to her and begins to softly speak. "I'm Bri – Brit – Britney. Um... You are funny, I... I think I'm gonna like you," Britney stutters while unconsciously tugging at her soggy diapered behind.

"Aww, that's such a pretty name. I'm glad you like my silly jokes. I think we will get along just fine," Aunt Kate says as she gives the girl a gentle hug. "Hey, is something bothering you? Anything I can do for you while your mom is making lunch?"

Britney looks down, realizing where her hands are and how full her diaper is. She remembers her mother telling her about how Aunt Kate knows of her diapers and such, but is still a little shy around her. "I think I'm... uh... can you... no... you don't ha...have to..." Britney mumbles, struggling to get the words out.

"Sweetie, it's okay. Go on up to your room and lie down on your bed. I'll be right up," Aunt Kate says. Britney does as she is asked and quickly trots up the stairs and goes into her room.

"Anyone else need their diapers changed? I bet Alyssa does. All that excitement at your new school – I bet you're soaked," Aunt Katie jokes, giving the child a few tickles on her tummy.

Giggling, Alyssa looks down, tugging at her shorts. "Uh-oh, I need a new diapy, too."

"I thought so. Go wait in your room, I'll be with you shortly. As Alyssa runs up to her room, Madison tries to act normal. For some reason she still feels strange around her aunt, even though she's totally cool with the whole thing. As Kate is about to speak, Madison interrupts her.

"No, I'm fine. I don't need help going to the bathroom, thanks," Madison says awkwardly. She doesn't know why she's trying to look like the "big kid" here, but can't help but be embarrassed. She and her aunt go back a long way; and she fears this may damage their relationship.

Aunt Kate smiles as she heads towards the stairs. "Okay, well in case you change your mind, you know where I'll be," she says. Madison nods and gives her aunt a half smile while walking towards the living room. She sits down on the couch and turns on an episode of iCarly. Not five minutes into the show, she relaxes and completely empties her bladder without giving it much thought. She was damp prior to this but now begins to feel the warm, gushy gels pressing against her. Too lazy to move, she lays down and enjoys the sensation as she continues to watch her show.

After a while, Britney and Alyssa rumble down the stairs. They both come over by Madison and join her to watch TV. Because Madison's diaper is now completely soaked, the unmistakable smell of a urine-soaked diaper emanates around her. Britney looks at her sister and smiles, not saying a word. Soon after, Aunt Kate comes down and enters the living room to see all three girls watching TV.

"Oh, there you girls are. Okay, I think lunch is almost ready. Hmm... from my many years of being an aunt, it smells like someone still needs a diaper change. Ally? Britney?"

"Not me, I just got changed, so did Alyssa. Umm, I think it must be Maddie," says Britney. Madison looks at her sister and gives her a look.

"Gee, thanks Brit," Madison whispers to her sister, looking annoyed.

"Maddie, why are you afraid? Aunt Kate is really nice. She really doesn't care – and she's really good at changing diapers. She's gonna be in charge of us the next few days," Britney whispers in Madison's ear.

Madison sighs. "Okay, fine. It's just weird for me. I've known her all my life... and I just don't want her to think of me as some weirdo," Madison whispers.

"Hey you two, what's with all the whispering? Is someone going to tell me who still needs to get changed?" Aunt Kate teases.

Madison gets up from the couch and takes her aunt's hand. "Okay... it... it's me. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have lied. Um, let's go to my room. I guess you'd better get used to this, huh?"

Aunt Kate smiles and begins to playfully tickle her niece. "It's alright, silly. I won't tell your mom, but you need to stop being so afraid of me. We go way back, kiddo. I love you, no matter what you wear under your clothes! Come on, follow me!" Aunt Kate says as they head upstairs. Britney and Alyssa sit down on the couch and finish watching the episode of *iCarly*.

Madison runs into her room, takes her jeans off, and quickly plops down on her bed, getting ready to be changed. "Um, I usually just get changed on my bed if that's okay. Um... you don't have to, though. Really, I'm a big girl I can do it myself."

"Yeah, you can, but what fun is that? Sweetie, you need to relax. Your mom filled me in on everything. I think it's cute. I'd much rather see you wetting diapers than doing drugs or smoking cigarettes or other harmful things. Now *that* would make me very upset. But this is harmless, sweet, and like your mom, I don't mind at all. It's obviously helping you deal with certain things right now, as it is for your sister Britney. Now, lay back and lift your legs up and I'll get you clean and dry in no time. "

Madison relaxes and lets out a long sigh. She looks around, seeing one of Britney's pacifiers on her pillow. As Aunt Kate undoes the soggy, wet diaper, Madison quickly reaches over to grab the pacifier and pops it in her mouth. She begins rapidly sucking on it, as a way to calm her.

"Aww, your sister did the same thing when I was changing her. Shh, it's okay. No need to say anything. Off with this soaked diaper and time for some wipes and baby powder," Aunt Kate says softly. Madison slowly relaxes and begins to enjoy this special moment with her favorite aunt. She giggles and coos, regressing just enough to show her aunt that she is becoming more comfortable around her. Aunt Kate finishes applying the powder as she unfolds a new Pampers and slides it under and between her legs. She snugly fastens both sides, then gives her a kiss on her tummy. "There you are, my dear. Now, I think it's time to go get some lunch."

Madison spits out the pacifier and quickly puts her jeans back on. As Aunt Kate is about to leave the room, Madison jumps up and chases after her. "Aunt Kate, wait... " Aunt Kate stops and turns to face her niece. Madison dives forward, giving her aunt a long, warm embrace.

"Thank you for being so cool about this. I was just really worried you'd not like me anymore or think I was a freak. I'm so glad my mom chose you to watch us while they're gone," Madison explains.

"Aww, you are welcome. Of course, I still think you're awesome. I told ya, you and me we're buds. We're family and we always love and support each other. Let's go eat, I'm famished!" Aunt Kate says as they walk down the stairs together.

The rest of the day is filled with laughter, playing, and good times. The girls all give plenty of hugs and kisses to Mr. and Mrs. Ludke as they leave for their trip. Afterwards, it is just about bed-time. All three girls have been changed and put into their pajamas.

Aunt Kate walks into Madison and Britney's room to tuck them in. They are both in bed, but talking and playing games on their phones. "Okay you two; it's time for lights out. You all have a big day tomorrow at Alyssa's new school. Britney, would you like a bottle of warm milk to help you sleep?" Aunt Kate asks.

Britney proudly nods her head. "Yes, Pweeeese!" Aunt Kate hands Britney the bottle she prepared. She takes it and begins drinking from the bottle. Aunt Kate pulls the covers over Britney, and then Madison.

"Good-night, sleep tight; don't let those silly bed bugs bite!" Britney and Madison both giggle as they turn their heads and close their eyes. Right before falling asleep, Madison begins to think about tomorrow. She's excited to go and completely

not be herself, acting like a four-year-old in daycare. It's like the dreams she's been having. She tries to focus on the fun thoughts and tries not to worry so much about what will happen when the teachers realize that she too wears diapers.

## Chapter 20: "A History Lesson (For Maddie)"

The night progresses; Madison has become lost in a dreamscape. It is around 4:00 am. Her eyelids begin moving rapidly as her dreamscape becomes more and more intense.

----- *Begin dream sequence* -----

Madison finds herself at Alyssa's new preschool. It is sometime in the afternoon. She is sitting at the arts and crafts table, carefully working on a special art project. Children around her are admiring her work, watching in awe as she continues to glue things together. She is focused on this project, but a mild pressure from her bladder begins to distract her. She fidgets and squirms around, not even realizing what is happening. One of the daycare teachers whispers something in Madison's ear.

"Hey sweetie I think you should take a break and go potty before you have an accident," the teacher whispers. Madison shakes her head and laughs a bit, mentioning that she is fine and doesn't need to go. At this very moment in saying so, she is relaxing her bladder. She feels the familiar feeling of warm pee rushing around her groin, slowly turning into a warm, slushy gel. She sighs and smiles, then focuses back on her art project.

A few hours pass. The children are now taking turns, doing show and tell presentations. It is the last activity of the day before school is over. Each child gets up in front of the class and either shows something to the class, or tells them a story about what happened in their day-to-day life. Madison is still wearing her now soaked diaper, and none of the teachers or children has caught on to her being diapered. Madison patiently waits as the other four- and five-year-olds give their short little presentations. It will be her turn next and for some reason she starts to get nervous. As her nerves build up, her kidneys being working overtime, and before she knows it, there's more intense pressure from her bladder. She knows her diaper is too wet to withstand another 'Maddie sized super soaking,' but what is she to do? Ask to go potty? No way! She figures she should be able to hold it. How long can her little presentation be anyway, 20 seconds?

"Okay, miss Madison – it's your turn. Are you going to be showing or telling today?" A teacher asks. Madison slowly stands up and walks towards the front of the sharing circle. All eyes are now on her. She tries not to fidget too much, but this only increases her desperation to pee.

"Um, I just have a quick story to share about this cool new video game I played, um, yes – ter – day," Madison says, not aware of her hands grabbing at her crotch, trying to stop from peeing.

"That sounds fun, miss Madison. I think before you begin your story, you should go potty first?" The teacher reminds her.

Madison completely forgets where she is or that the teachers *don't* know of her diapers, and decides to have some fun.

"Oh, um, okay; if you insist. Um, just a minute...." Madison stands completely still, slightly squatting. She relaxes her bladder muscles and begins peeing at full force. There is no stopping now! The teacher gasps, now fully aware of what she is doing. Not even two seconds into peeing, her diaper begins to leak. A large wet spot is now evident on the back and front of her jeans. Madison begins telling her story, but quickly stops talking as she feels pee running down her leg. She looks down at the front of her jeans and lets out a loud shriek. "Oh no! Uh-oh!" A few of the potty-trained children begin to laugh and point, shouting "what a baby!" and other mean things. Tears roll down Madison's face. She is frozen and paralyzed, unable to move. She just stands there crying and shaking. The teacher comes to her side.

"There, there, Maddie. It'll be okay. Accidents happen sometimes. Come on, I'll help you get cleaned up. I bet I can find a spare pair of pants in your size," the teacher says while carefully hugging the embarrassed child.

"Um, okay – but... It wasn't an – accident. I mean, um. My... um.... Never mind. Um, I can clean up myself. I'm 12 I think I can handle it," Madison blurts as she dries the tears from her cheeks.

"It's okay, it's my job. I don't mind helping you. What's this about it not being an accident? Did you pee in your pants on purpose?"



"I dunno, forget it. I just wanna get cleaned up," Madison says awkwardly as she walks towards the bathroom. They both go in and close the door. Madison unbuttons her jeans and pulls them completely off, throwing them on the floor. She is now standing in her leaky, sagging diaper. The daycare teacher gasps and stands there in a state of shock.

"Okay, I've heard of 1<sup>st</sup> graders going to school in Pull-Ups, but this is definitely a first for me. You are in 7<sup>th</sup> grade?" Madison becomes even more embarrassed. She nods her head and begins wetting some more, completely unable to stop the flow. More urine rolls down her leg, making a small puddle on the floor. Her diaper is about ready to burst open.

"My goodness, Madison. Why don't you just use the toilet like every other kid your age? Your mother completely forgot to mention this to me! You're on your own, kid. Change yourself. I have to go attend to the other children," the teacher says as she throws a pair of jeans and leaves the room. Madison is left standing in her cold, wet, leaky diaper. Tears are now flowing down her cheeks like waterfalls. She stands there, cold and alone, unable to move.

----- *Dreamscape fading out.... Entering back into reality.... 7:00 am* -----

Aunt Kate is gently nudging Madison, who has kicked most of the covers off of her during frantic tossing and turning.

"Maddie! Hey baby girl, it's time to wake up. We've got to get you off to Alyssa's new school. "

Madison, still half asleep, begins crying and screaming loudly. "Oh yeah? Well, I think this school sucks! You are rude and I don't want my little sister going here! You are a bi..."

"MADISON JANE LUDKE! Hey, snap out of it! What is going on?" Aunt Kate yells while gently shaking the girl.

Madison opens her eyes, examining her surroundings. She's in her bed and most certainly is wearing a leaky diaper. But she's in her room, not preschool. Realizing she just had a super bad dream about Alyssa's preschool, she sits up on her wet sheets and begins to cry and quiver. "Aunt Kate? I... I'm not going to Alyssa's school today. I'll stay here with you. "

Aunt Kate looks puzzled, "how come? I thought you were excited to go today?"

"Not anymore. I'd just get in the way... Ugh! My diaper leaked. Darn I knew I shouldn't have had so much juice before bed last night. Uh, can you... help me change? Please don't yell at me... I didn't do it on purpose," Madison says, still not fully awake.

Aunt Kate again shows a confused look on her face. "Madison, you are talking silly. Why would I yell at you? Of course, I will help you change. And you are going to preschool today, young lady. Your little sister is counting on you being there for her. I promise nothing bad will happen. Now, let's get you out of this leaky diaper and into the tub!" Aunt Kate removes Madison's wet pajamas and then carefully removes her heavily saturated diaper.

"But I'm going to get made fun of. My Mom never told them yesterday that I wear diapers too; she just told them about Britney. The teachers there are gonna get mad at me and call me names," Madison says, trying not to start crying again. She walks into the bathroom as Kate turns on the faucet for the bath.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much. You are a very creative girl, I'm sure you'll think of something. They probably won't even notice you're wearing, unless you leak. How about you pick out an outfit that hides your diaper," Kate suggests as she helps Madison into the bathtub.

Madison thinks for a moment as she grins just slightly. "Um, yeah good idea. I could wear my favorite overalls – they hide things well. I just have to be careful and try not to drink too much for breakfast," Madison says as she splashes around in the bubble-bath water. Madison finishes her bath and quickly gets dressed into her purple, corduroy overalls with a white shirt underneath. She admires herself in the mirror, looking at her butt. "Yeah, I can't tell, can you?"

Aunt Kate shakes her head. "Nope, you look like an everyday, super cute twelve-year-old girl. Hey, your sisters are down in the kitchen eating – they couldn't wait. Let's go see how they are doing," says Kate.

Madison runs down the stairs and enters the kitchen, full of energy and excitement.

"Good morning my sisters! Are we all ready for the first day at Ally's new preschool?!" Brittney and Alyssa both bounce in their seats with excitement as they continue eating their breakfast. Britney is looking more like a four-year-old this morning, wearing rainbow tights and a short, pink skirt. Her hair is done up in pigtails with yellow and pink bows. Alyssa is wearing short jean shorts and a pastel purple care bears shirt. Her hair has also been done up nicely in pigtails.

"Me too, I'm super excited. You both look really cute," Madison says as she takes a big spoonful of Life cereal. She really wants a big glass of orange juice, but is afraid to drink too much. Across from her, Britney is drinking what is her second large sippy cup of juice. Madison sighs, wishing she could have the same care-free attitude.

"Maddie, wha wong? You look sad. We gonna have fun today, okay?" a concerned Alyssa remarks.

Madison shrugs her shoulders. "Nothing's wrong, I'm okay. I just hope the other kids like me. "

"Don't be silly. You're a fun girl. Your little sister adores you, right? Nothing to be afraid of, silly. Would you like some more juice, honey?" Aunt Kate asks.

Madison shakes her head. "No, I'm fine for now. I'm all done with breakfast. Thanks, it was great. I'll be right back I need to go make sure Alyssa's diaper bag is packed up with enough stuff for today," Madison says nervously, leaving the room.

Britney looks up at her aunt with a curious look in her eyes. "I wonder why Maddie is acting so weird. I thought this going to preschool thing was her idea. I know I'm excited about it," says Britney with enthusiasm.

Aunt Kate sighs a little while nodding her head. "Oh, she is excited. I have a feeling I know what she's nervous about. I should go up and make sure she doesn't forget anything. Can you finish up and get your little sister ready to go?" Aunt Kate asks Britney in a sweet, gentle tone. Britney happily nods her head, helping Alyssa to clean up and get ready for her first day at her new preschool. Aunt Kate quickly heads upstairs and pops into Madison's room. Madison is seen looking at herself in the mirror on her wall.

"So, did you pack enough to get Ally through the day?" Aunt Kate asks, looking over at the girl curiously.

"Oh, um – yeah. And I got diapers for Brit – and some extra pacifiers. Are they ready to go?" Madison asks softly.

"Yeah, almost. Britney is getting Alyssa ready now. Just a minute – what about you, Maddie?" Aunt Kate asks.

Madison looks puzzled. "What about me, what? I'm fine. All ready, just making sure my... my hair is okay," Madison says, trying to sound more grown up. Aunt Kate can sense Madison is tense about something. She runs over to her and begins tickling the girl on her sides, one of her most sensitive spots. Madison begins to giggle and squirm.

"STA --- STOP... You – You're --- You're gonna... ma... make me.... Pa.... PEE!" Madison stutters in-between giggles.

"Yeah, and? You're wearing a Pampers, it can take it," Aunt Kate says while easing up on the tickling. Madison sighs.

"Oh, is it that obvious? I thought these overalls helped hide it... Darn," Madison says, almost pouting.

"Maddie, is this what's got you so uptight? I'm not sure why. No, I can't tell you're wearing a diaper right now. I just know you are because I changed you into one this morning, silly," says aunt Kate playfully.

Madison cracks a slight smile. "Oh, okay. I don't know why I'm worried. I mean it's a bunch of four and five-year-olds, right? And I've been wearing to my real school and no one has noticed or said anything yet. You're right, though. They probably won't even know I'm diapered."

"That's the spirit! If anything happens, I'm just a text message away," Aunt Kate says as she pats Madison on her diapered behind, causing her to giggle a bit more. They rush downstairs, finding Britney and Alyssa all ready to go.

The car rolls down the driveway and before the girls realize, they are in front of the preschool. All three girls get out of the back seat quickly, holding hands and running up to the front door. Aunt Kate runs quickly behind them. She gives each girl a

hug and kiss as she watches them enter the four-year-old room. She stands watch for a few minutes before heading back towards the car.

The girls quickly get settled in. Brittney and Alyssa find a spot in front of the story time rug, where most of the children are gathering. Madison wanders around the room, making note of where the bathroom is, just in case of an emergency. She then wanders over to the rug and sits right beside her youngest sister, giving her a big smile. The first hour is spent listening to various stories and interactive puppet shows, put on by the teachers and assistant staff members. Madison concentrates on what is going on, slowly forgetting who she is for a while, and becoming more and more comfortable with her surroundings. This story time reminds her of all the dreams about preschool she's been having. Despite only drinking a half glass of orange juice for breakfast, Madison can feel the all too familiar feeling coming from her groin. However, she is in such a state of wonder, she doesn't pay much attention to it. She relaxes her bladder muscles, allowing a steady flow of urine to enter her diaper. Her diaper is busy at work, transforming a puddle of warm liquid into slushy, squishy gels. After a few minutes, Madison begins to squirm a bit, feeling the warm gels pressing against her bottom. She smiles and gasps softly – but is not at all worried or concerned. She puts her focus back on the puppet show, which has just ended. She claps her hands along with her sisters.

"That was so fun! What are we gonna do now," asks Madison, sounding more like her little sister than a twelve-year-old.

"Thank you, Miss Madison. Well, now we usually give those children who are potty trained a chance to go potty. And those who need to get changed to get changed. Then after that it's arts and crafts time," the lead teacher explains.

"Alright children, listen up. If you need to go potty, line up by the bathroom. If you need help going potty, don't be afraid to ask. I'll be around to check if anyone needs a diaper change," an assistant teacher announces. About five of the potty-trained children stand up and line up to use the bathroom while the rest of the children remain on the story rug. Brittney and Alyssa are both wet, but only slightly; not enough to need a change. Both of them don't even realize they are wet. Of course, Madison's diaper is wet, but not close to being at full capacity. A teaching assistant comes over to the three sisters. "Hi Alyssa, hi Brittney. Do either of you need your diapers changed?" Both girls shake their heads and say "no, ma'am" in unison. The teacher can't help but laugh. "Aww, how cute. Okay, I'll take your word for it, for now. How are you doing, Madison? Need to go potty at all?"

Madison blushes, knowing full well she's already gone potty, in her pants. "Um, no ma'am, I'm fine, tha-thanks. I'm gonna go by the arts and crafts table. Come with me you two." Madison gets up and skips over to the arts table. She finds a seat and sits down. Brittney and Alyssa quickly follow and sit down next to her. They wait as the other children either go potty or get diapers changed. A few children have messy diapers. Madison and Brittney can't help but watch from where they are. "Oh, I hope I don't have to do that while we're here," Brittney whispers to Madison. They both nod and giggle.

An hour passes by and all the children are busy with their arts and crafts. The children also have a snack and drink of milk during this time. Alyssa is working on a finger-painting project, making a picture for her mommy and daddy. Brittney is making a picture using macaroni noodles and paste. Madison is working on a Popsicle stick house. All girls are deeply involved in their projects. Alyssa finishes her finger painting, holding it up to show her teacher. She is proud of her picture, but looks over at her messy, goeey hands. "It pretty, huh? Um, can... can we wash hands? They icky," Alyssa says, somewhat distracted.

"Of course, sweetie. That's a very pretty painting, though. Your mommy and daddy will be so proud. Okay, follow me to the wash-up sink," the teaching assistant says as she quickly lifts the child up out of her seat. Alyssa toddles after and places her hands under the faucet. The teaching assistant turns on a steady flow of warm water. She helps the child wash the paint off her hands with some soap and running water. It is the sound of gushing water in the sink which triggers Alyssa's strong urge to urinate. She stands there at the sink, feeling the warm water trickle through her hands. She relaxes and begins to stare off into space, all while starting a steady flow of pee dripping into her diaper. Her hands are now washed and the teacher is trying to get her attention. "Miss Alyssa? We're all done, sweetie; time to dry your hands. Alyssa? Are you with me?" Suddenly, Alyssa snaps out of her little daydream as the final stream of pee flows into her sagging diaper.

"Oh, okeydokey. Sorry miss. Um, hands all dry now, tha--thanks," Alyssa says, slowly waddling back to the arts and crafts table. Her diaper sags and crinkles loudly behind her. As she quickly sits down, she can feel a gush of squishy, warm gels pressing against her bottom. This feeling doesn't bother her much as long as it's warm. She squirms around in her seat for a few seconds, each time causing her squishy diaper to crinkle even louder. Madison realizes almost instantly what is going on, and begins whispering in Britney's ear.

"Wow, she must be soaked. I wonder how long it takes for the teachers to notice?" whispers Madison.

"Yeah, she had like three sippy cups of apple juice. I had two but I'm only damp, so far," blushes Britney. Madison nods and giggles softly, focusing her attention back on her art project. About 10 minutes pass. Most children are finished with their projects and anxiously awaiting the next activity. Madison feels another sensation of needing to pee. She tries not to make it noticeable, but can't help but shake her legs a little.

"You okay, Maddie?" whispers Britney.

Madison shrugs, whispering back, "uh, not really. I have to pee, *again*," looking annoyed.

"So? Go in your diaper, silly," Britney whispers.

"Yeah, well I already went during story time. I don't wanna risk leaking... then they'll... find out. Um, you know. Mom never told them about me, just you and Alyssa."

"Oh, right. Well, just pee slowly – it should hold. If not, maybe pretend you are going potty and go change if it gets too wet?" Britney asks, still whispering.

"Yeah, maybe. I'd have to sneak into Alyssa's diaper bag and get one, though; might be tricky. I'll just try to hold it for a while, I guess." Madison says, trying not to think about it too much. Just then, a teacher makes an announcement.

"I am very proud of all of you. Your art projects are great! Now, as some of the children are washing up or going potty, let's all gather around on the sharing circle again. It's time for show and tell. Each of you will get a chance to get up in front of the class and either show us something that's special to you, or tell us about something that happened that was fun, or that you're happy to tell us about. Since we have some new faces with us today, we will let them go close to last. Let's all be ready in five minutes, okay?"

Madison and Britney look at each other curiously. "What am I gonna talk about?" Madison asks her sister. Britney taps her fingers on her forehead, trying to think of something.

"Hey, you should do a show and tell. Unbuckle your overalls and show them your diaper," Britney says, giggling softly.

"Yeah, very funny! Any other ideas?" Madison says, trying not to look annoyed.

"Sorry, sis. I was just kidding. Um, well you could tell them about Aunt Kate. How she came to visit last night and you haven't seen her in forever..." Britney whispers.

Madison smiles brightly. "Yeah! That's awesome, sis. Thanks. I'll... I'll do that. What are you gonna talk about?"

Britney ponders as she takes a seat on the rug next to Madison. "I dunno maybe I'll just talk about Dolphins. Yeah, that's it. The other kids should like that, lots," Britney whispers and grins. Alyssa toddles over to where her sisters are. She jumps into Madison's lap and squirms around as her squishy diaper sloshes in Madison's lap. Madison starts to cough a little.

"Uh, hello there, Ally-Pally. I love you too, but, um I think you should get your diaper changed before we do show and tell," Madison says.

"Nut-uh. I don't need-a be changed yet. I only wet a little," Alyssa says while continuing to play with her squishy diaper.

"Silly girl, okay then. So, what are you gonna do for show and tell?" Madison asks. Alyssa continues playing with her diaper as she thinks for a few seconds.

"I gonna show dem my finger painting! It really good," she says proudly. Madison and Britney both smile at her as the teacher comes up to the front of the sharing circle. She announces that Bobby will be going first. The shy four-year-old slowly approaches the front of the reading area and begins to talk about his toy train collection. Of course, Alyssa really enjoys this as she's also a little train fanatic!

As the children take turns giving their little show and tell reports, the pressure from Madison's bladder grows stronger and stronger. Madison begins to fidget and shake her legs more and more as a sense of desperation sets in. Before she knows it, it is her turn to get up and show or tell. She makes her way to the front of the sharing circle, trying to keep from fidgeting too much. It is then she gets that sinking feeling in her stomach and realizes what she's doing. She's standing in front of a group, about to give a speech. It's bad enough she has to pee like crazy, but now she gets a case of stage fright. She knows she will not be able to "hold it" much longer, and tries not to let it bother her too much. After all, she does have a diaper on. She clears her throat and begins to speak. It is obvious she is nervous as she is shaking profusely.

"Uh-mmm, hi. My name is... Maddie. I'm... I'm Alyssa's big sister. I won't.... uh, I...." Madison stutters, not able to focus much. The teacher notices.

"Madison, it's okay. There's nothing to be nervous about. We're all nice here and eager to hear what you have to share with us, right kids?" The teacher says calmly. All the children nod their heads and say "yes".

Knowing there is no sense in trying to hold it any longer, Madison relaxes and lets out a fake smile.

"Uh, sorry. I'm not so good at this. Anyways, my... my story is... um, hold on a minute...I forgot what...Umm, hold on..." Madison says. She has to pee so bad; she needs to stop and concentrate. She gasps, leaning over slightly as she feels a warmth surrounding her groin. A few seconds pass as she finally finishes. Her diaper instantly becomes saturated and begins to sag as it tries to absorb so much pee all at once. Finally, she resumes her story. "So anyway, this story is short. But I'm like... very happy cause my Aunt Kate came to visit last night. I haven't seen her in like two years and I missed her so, so much. So now we get to do stuff together this week. It's gonna be fun. Um, that... that's it!" Madison says. She bows and slowly walks back to her spot on the rug. As she walks, she can tell her diaper is completely soaked and starts to worry it may be leaking. Britney gasps as she notices a big wet spot on the bottom and front of Madison's overalls.

"Maddie, you might not wanna sit down. Um, I think you need to go to the potty," she says. "Madison panics, quickly feeling her butt. Tears begin to roll down her face as she realizes her diaper is leaking, everywhere. Embarrassed, she quickly runs into the bathroom. She panics, not knowing what to do. She'll have to tell them she needs to be changed now? What will she wear? All the spare clothes there are for four-year-olds.

Meanwhile, the teacher is reacting to what just happened. "Oh dear. I'll go see if she needs any help." Britney quickly stands up and interrupts.

"Wait! I'm her sister; I think I can make her feel better. She gets nervous when talking in front of people. I think she just had a little accident. Um, I'll go help her change, okay? I packed an extra outfit for her just in case," Britney says, trying to be as grown up sounding as possible. The teacher places her hand over her heart, giving a sigh of relief.

"Of course! Go on ahead. We'll let Miss Alyssa give her show and tell while you're helping Maddie, okay?" The teacher says, signaling for Alyssa to go up on stage. Britney nods as she dashes off. On her way to the bathroom, she grabs the diaper bag. She runs into the bathroom, finding Madison standing near the sink, bawling her eyes out. Britney immediately comes to her sister's rescue, putting her arms around her and giving her a long, warm hug.

"Shh, Maddie... It's gonna be okay. Here, I'll even help get you changed. I got the diaper bag. Please, calm down. It's gonna be fine now," Britney says as she comforts her sister.

Madison wipes the tears from her eyes and accepts the hug. She is still in a state of panic. "But, what am I gonna wear? My overalls are soaked. They'll know I'm in diapers now! I might as well act like it, huh?" Madison says with a whimper.

"No, they won't. I had Aunt Kate pack an extra outfit for you. It's in the diaper bag. So, I'll change you and help you get dressed, okay? The teachers just think you had an accident. It's okay, really!" Britney explains as she digs through the diaper bag, pulling out a Pampers size 7, a pair of jeans, and an iCarly t-shirt. She tells Madison to lay down on the changing table. Madison first removes her soggy overalls and tosses them on the floor. She lies down in her soaking wet, leaky diaper, waiting as her sister begins to change her.

Britney carefully removes the leaky diaper from under Madison's legs and tosses it in the trash. She wipes her clean and applies a generous amount of baby powder before sliding a new diaper under her and fastening it up. Madison sits up and smiles. "Thanks, sis; I can do the rest now." Madison first puts her shirt on, then reaches over and looks at the pants. A worried look comes over her face. "Skinny jeans? Oh great. I might as well just go out there in nothing but a diaper."

"Maddie, you're way too worried about this. It's not like we're at our school. These kids will probably never see you again," Brittney explains.

"Yeah, but the teachers will think I'm some kind of weirdo. I don't know why it bothers me so much but it does. I don't like it when people think I'm stupid," Madison whines.

"You're not stupid. I've learned so much from you. I know you are afraid, but today is supposed to be fun. If they notice your diaper, so what. They'll probably just figure you have 'accidents' like I do. We are sisters, you know," Britney says as she watches her sister get dressed. Madison jumps off the changing table and admires herself. A slight diaper bulge is visible as she walks. Britney takes the wet overalls and carefully puts them into a plastic bag, then places it inside the diaper bag. The girls walk out of the bathroom together and find their place back on the story time rug. Alyssa is just finishing showing her art project as Madison attempts to blend in.

"Very good, Alyssa. Okay, now that Madison and Britney are back, it's time for Brittney to do a show or tell. Come up here, sweetie," the lead teacher says, giving her and Madison a wink. Britney goes back into her little kid mode and starts to talk about dolphins and how they are her favorite animal, and why. She is not nervous at all and rambles on and on about how dolphins talk and communicate. Finally, after six minutes, she is finished. She skips happily back to her place and sits down.

"Everyone did great today, I'm very proud of you all. Alright, now it's time for lunch. Go take your places at the table, children. Does anyone need to go potty?" A few children raise their hands and proceed to the bathroom. Alyssa's diaper is now cold and extremely soggy. She toddles over to the table and plops her butt down next to one of her new friends. As her diaper squishes against her bottom, a look of discomfort comes across her face. She begins tugging at the front of her shorts. Her new friend takes notice.

"What wrong, Lissa? You gotta go potty? I kinda do but I don't wanna go right now, I'm so hungry I wanna eat first," says Lilly.

Alyssa shakes her head from side to side. "No potty. I already did dat; lots and lots. My diapy wet, cold, and icky now. I hungry too. I get tangled when we done eating. Um, do you got diapy on, Lilly?" Alyssa says curiously.

"Sor-ta. I wear Pull-Up. I'm 'post-ta go pee in the potty but sometimes I forget," Lilly says as she begins to fidget. Alyssa giggles. "I wore Pull-Up before. They like a diapy. Just go pee-pee. Just say you forgots," Alyssa whispers. Madison can't help but notice their little conversation and chuckle a bit.

"Ha-ha, Alyssa is a bad influence on the kids whose parents are trying to potty train them. I bet you five bucks that girl she's talking to will have a wet Pull-Up in about two minutes," Madison whispers to Britney. They both giggle as they continue to watch. Moments later, Lilly stops fidgeting and has a look of concentration on her face. She spreads her legs slightly and begins peeing slowly. Her Pull-Up begins to swell as she continues wetting. She lets out a long sigh, as if she is relieved, then smiles and squirms around in her chair.

Lilly turns to Alyssa, whispering in her ear. "Ooh, it's all swishy now, just like a diapy. Um, don't tell no one, kay?" Lilly says with a mischievous giggle. Alyssa nods. Just then, lunch begins to be served and the children all become quiet as they eat their meals. Madison rapidly drinks her juice like it's going out of style, not caring about her diaper getting soaked later. After lunch, the teachers help the children clean up and then transition into "free play" time. Alyssa immediately goes off to play with Lilly. They go over to play with a large doll house. Lilly's soaking wet pull-up jiggles and crinkles as she walks. Alyssa's cold and soggy diaper now feels really bad and she now wishes she was in a dry one. A teacher comes over to check on the two girls, knowing that Lilly is in the process of potty training.

"Hi there you two. Hey Lilly, do you want to try and go potty before you start playing?"

Lilly shakes her head. "I don't gotta go right now and I think I still dry, too."

"Great. Hmm, Alyssa, are you okay?" the teacher asks, noticing how fidgety Alyssa is.

"Uh-ohs, I need-a get tanged. My -- diapy wet and icky," Alyssa says, blushing slightly. The teacher smiles.

"Certainly, let's get that taken care of. Take my hand, sweetie. Lilly, we'll be right back. If you need to go potty, Mrs. Johnson can help you." The teacher takes Alyssa over to the changing area to get her in a dry diaper. As Alyssa is getting changed, Britney and Madison are playing with building blocks together.

"Maddie? Um, I think I'm about to pee..." Britney whispers.

"Okay? So... go? Wanna pee together? I gotta go again, too, a little. On your marks...get set..."

"No, no! Wait. I mean... My diaper is pretty wet already. Should I ask to get changed first?" Britney says.

"Oh, well, I guess so? Just don't pee on the teacher as you're getting changed, ha-ha." Madison chuckles.

"He-he, I won't. Gonna have some fun with this. Don't say anything, k?" Britney says. Madison agrees and nods, wondering what her sister has planned.

"Miss teacher? Um, can you help me with these blocks? I... I can't... ugh... I can't get da blocks to work right," Britney says. She is standing, tugging fiercely at her sagging diaper under her skirt. The teacher walks closer to her.

"Sure, but I think you need help with something else, first. Are you wet, sweetie?" The teacher asks. Britney lifts up her skirt a little and looks at her saggy diaper. She blushes and rapidly nods her head.

"Uh-oh. Can... you change my diapy, please?" Britney asks sweetly.

"Of course! Take my hand, cutie-pie. I'll have you fresh and dry in no time," she says as they walk towards the changing table. Alyssa has just finished getting changed as she toddles past, running back towards where her new friend is.

"Hi Lilly, I back! How's you?" Alyssa says as she sits down next to her friend.

"I good, but dat boy over dere gonna get me in trouble. He know my pull-up wet. He's always making fun of me and some of the other giwls. He's gonna tell teacher and I'm gonna get in trouble for not going in the potty." Lilly frowns as she rearranges some items in the doll house.

"He not very nice! I hope you no get in troubles. Um, it... It my fault. I told you to go pee-pee. I... I'm sorry. Um, just say it was a acc-i-dent," Alyssa says. Just then, a teacher calls out Lilly's name.

"Lilly, can you come over her by me, please?" Lilly stands up and runs over to Mrs. Johnson. "Hi, I'm here. You need help wif some-ting?" Lilly asks innocently.

"Well, I think you need my help. I think we should try to go potty again."

Lilly pouts. "But, I don't gotta go. I already – uh... I mean... I don't gotta..."

"Is your Pull-Up still dry?" Mrs. Johnson asks. Lilly looks down, slowly nodding her head.

"Well, there's one way to know for sure." Mrs. Johnson quickly lifts Lilly's skirt up, looking at the front of her Pull-Up. All the little pictures have faded, indicating her Pull-Up is not only wet, but completely soaked. "Yep, you're soaking wet. Come on, let's get you cleaned up," Mrs. Johnson says, picking the child up and placing her on the changing table. Lilly starts to cry.

"You gonna tell my mommy? She gonna be mad at me. Please no tell her, please? It... it was acc-i-dent. It... it felt dry, it did," Lilly lies, making it sound convincing.

"Oh, I know it felt dry. It's okay, honey. I won't tell her, but you have to promise the next time you have to go pee, you come get me and we'll go to the potty, okay?" Mrs. Johnson says as she removes the wet Pull-Up and reaches for a new one. Lilly nods her head as she is changed into a dry Pull-Up.

"Thanks. I promise I try to go potty next time," Lilly says. She runs back over to play dolls with Alyssa. Meanwhile, Britney is back playing blocks with Madison.

"That was pretty cute, Brit. Good to see you are having so much fun today. So, did you pee on the teacher?" Madison smirks.

"Nope, he-he. But I'm going right now – can't hold it no more. Ahhhhhh. It's that darn appa juice. Still going. Nothing outlasts the pee-pee-gizer bunny. It keeps going, and going..." Britney says as she giggles hysterically. "Okay, all done! Warm and squishy. "

"No fair. How come you can like flood your diaper all the time and it never leaks?" Madison asks.

"I dunno. I think because I pee slower than you? It gets more time to soak it up. You gotta try not to pee so fast and you'll be fine I think," Britney says.

"Easy for you to say. I can't always help it. Like when I'm nervous like that, speaking in front of everyone... it just comes out like a broken water pipe. I can't stop it," Madison whines.

"Oh, that's right. I'm sorry, Maddie. I forgot about that. Um, let's keep playing. I think it's almost time for daycare to be over. I wonder what Aunt Kate has planned for the rest of the day?" Britney says, obviously changing the subject.

"I hope something fun! Knowing her, she will take us somewhere cool. Probably out to eat and stuff," Madison says while placing some more blocks. The girls play and talk for a while until a teacher begins speaking.

"Okay children... Free play is over. We have about 20 minutes before class is over, which means it's time for a short movie. We're going to watch a show about colors and shapes. Please down on the story time rug." The children gather around the rug. As usual, Madison and Britney sit next to each other while Alyssa sits next to Lilly. The children talk quietly as they wait for the movie to start.

"You get new pull-up on?" Alyssa whispers to Lilly. Lilly nods her head.

"Yeah, I hadda promise next time I go pee in the potty. But I don't know if I wanna. Affer school I gotta go to dance lesson. If I gotta pee then I'm just gonna go in diapy – I mean Pull-Up. Cause the potties there real scary anyways." Alyssa nods and giggles. "All potties scary to me. Dat why I still wear diapers." Both girls giggle as the movie begins playing. The children quiet down and watch the educational cartoon.

Before they know it, Aunt Kate is in the hallway, waiting for her nieces to come out of the classroom. Britney and Alyssa immediately see her and run to her, giving her hugs.

"Aww, I missed you, too. So, how was it? Everything went okay?" Aunt Kate asks.

"Yeah, yeah! It was so fun. And Alyssa already met a cute little friend. And the teachers are really nice. I wish I could go to this school every day," Britney says gleefully. Alyssa nods, talking more about her new friend Lilly.

"Well, that's just great. How about you, Maddie? Hmm... oh boy... what happened to your overalls?"



"Oh, you know... I got kinda nervous cause I had to do show and tell in front of the class and well... I guess I peed too fast and my Pamper couldn't hold it all. But it's okay. Britney helped me get changed. Um, thanks for... packing the extra clothes, Aunt Kate."

"Don't mention it, kiddo. So, I have some fun stuff planned for the rest of the afternoon and evening. Unless of course, you're too tired and would rather just go home. That's fine, too."

"Nut-uh!!! We wanna do fun stuff, silly Aunt Kate. What you got planned for us? Where we going?" an overly excited Madison asks.

"Oh, that's a surprise, of course. Before we set sail, does anyone need a diaper change?" All three girls shake their heads in unison, even though Britney's diaper is somewhat soaked, she has completely forgotten about it. "Okay, then. Last one to the car is a... silly goose! GO!" Aunt Kate begins to run towards the car. All three girls run as fast as they can while giggling. Of course, Aunt Kate purposely slows down and ends up being the 'silly goose.' The girls get settled into the back seat as the car quickly jolts forward.

After a half hour of driving, Madison begins to wonder where exactly they are headed to. She needs to pee, and is just about to open the flood gates, when she remembers what Britney said. "Go slow, go slow. Slow but steady, like the pee-pee-gizer bunny." She says this to herself as she begins slowly wetting her diaper. It takes longer, but now her diaper has plenty of time to absorb it all without leaking. She sighs proudly, smiling over at her 'twin' sister.

"What's that smile for? I love you too, sis." Britney teases.

"Oh, I think you know. I went slow... slow... slow... And now I'm warm and squishy but not leaky," Madison giggles.

"See, I told ya. Ugh, speaking of that... I wonder when we're gonna get to wherever we're going cause I'm like... soaked. Aww – and Alyssa is asleep." Britney says.

"I don't know... Hey, Aunt Kate. Are we there yet?!" Madison shouts.

"Soon, sweetie. Is everything okay back there?"

"Yeah, totally. Can we get a hint as to where we're going?" Madison asks.

"Sure. Here's a hint: We'll be there in 20 minutes. That's it. "

"Oh, gee, thanks! Okay, I give up. I'll just have to be surprised. Is it something we all will like?"

"Yes, indeedly. I promise, you'll all have fun. I used to take you to these when you were around Alyssa's age, or a little older. Your Mom never had the patience for it, but I know you girls will love it. And having you all in diapers just happens to be a good thing. Trust me, the potties there are nasty. How's THAT for a hint?"

Madison begins kicking her feet in excitement. "Oh! I think I know now, uh, maybe? Aww, Brit you're gonna love this." Madison squeals.

"Yeah? I hope so! You used to go there when you were four? Nasty potties? So, were you in diapers then, too?" Britney asks, full of questions.

"I don't think so. Mom told me I potty trained when I was 3. I don't remember. Aunt Kate, was I potty trained when you took me to these 'things?'" Madison asks, feeling a little weird asking such a question.

"Well... you were, but... oh, how do I say this... When you went to these 'things' with me, I let you wear Pull-Ups. And yes, you used them to your advantage. Actually, you got so used to it, the second you got in your booster seat in my car, you'd ask me if I had a pull-up for you to wear that day. You didn't mind wearing them, sweetie. Maybe I am to blame for your sudden interest in diapers again. If so, hey, that's cool." Aunt Kate explains as she takes an exit off the freeway.

"Oh, wow! I totally don't remember this. Holy crap. I remember going to these things, but why don't I remember wearing Pull-Ups? Was it – like; our secret?" Madison asks.

"Sort of, yes. Your Mom knew, but she didn't really approve of it. Funny how now she totally doesn't mind her almost five-year-old running around in diapers. Your Mom definitely is a different person today. Oh, and that's a good thing, too," rambles Aunt Kate.

"Wow, this is fascinating. It kind of makes sense now. Wait a freaking second... so, you like secretly let me wear diapers... uh, I mean, Pull-Ups. Was it only when we went to these 'things' together?"

"I can't lie anymore, honey. I can't. I've kept this a secret from you for far too long now. So, I'm just going to say it. It started that way, yes. But there were times I'd come over to babysit ... your parents were so busy back then ... so I came over to watch you, a lot. Anyway – there would be times we'd just be at home, or you'd be at my place for the weekend. You were about five or five and a half. And you'd be like 'Auntie, do you got any Pull-Ups? I should wear 'em just in case.' So, I'd let you wear them. At first, you'd usually still get up and go pee in the potty, but there were times I caught you purposely wetting in them. You didn't know I knew and you'd say it was an accident, but I knew otherwise," Kate explains.

Madison's jaw drops. "So, you never got mad at me... did you tell Mom?"

"Ha, are you nuts? Your mother was so uptight back then. Nope, I never told her. And yes, I let you wear them whenever you wanted. It got to the point where you'd be like 'Auntie, I'm wearing pull ups today' and I'd be like 'okay, sure. Just tell me if you need a new one...' I have to admit, it was cute. You'd walk around in a wet pull-up for hours and pretend like you were dry. This one time I remember, you actually said you were going potty, but sat down on the toilet with the lid closed and wet your pull-up, then got up and went back to playing. It was obviously a security blanket for you... and really, it made perfect sense why. So, you see, this is why when you told me about your little diaper interest, it didn't really surprise me. You've done it before, with me. I like to think it's our special secret that kept us so close over the years. And deep down inside, you knew it, too."

Madison is now speechless. She tries to say something, but the words just don't come out. Tears begin to roll down her cheeks. Aunt Kate can see her crying from the rearview mirror.

"Aww, don't cry honey. You know I only did what I did because I love you. You were so happy when I let you wear them. It was just special," Kate says, almost tearing up herself.

"I.. I'm not sad. Just, um, happy. A little confused, but happy. You are like totally cooler than I thought! So, I think I know now where we are going. Can I say it? "

"Sure, go ahead. I'm sure Britney is dying to know, too." Britney is so engrossed in the conversation but rapidly nods her head in agreement.

"Okay. We're going to the flea market. Yes?"

"YES! See, you do remember. I bet if you think hard enough, you'll remember how you used to wear Pull-Ups. Britney, when we get there and you see the poor excuse for restrooms, you'll know why," explains Aunt Kate.

"Flea Market? Huh? You go and buy fleas?" Britney asks, looking very puzzled. Madison bursts out laughing.

"He-he, not quite. I don't know why they are called that. But basically, it's like this big outdoor festival where all these different merchants are selling anything from clothes to gadgets, to gourmet food, to exotic nuts and fruits. In-between all of this there are rides and activities to do. Face painting, children's shows, you name it. It's an all-day event that runs into the evenings. The one we're going to just happens to run every Thursday. We will catch dinner there, too. They have awesome food vendors. Alyssa will love it. We'll get her face painted and buy her toys and such. You girls, too if you want. It's a lot of walking, but I can rent a stroller for Alyssa. Oh, sweet. We're almost there! "

"Sounds really fun. Um, is there gonna be a place where we can get changed? I'm like reeeeeeeely wet now," Britney says while blushing.

"Of course! These flea markets have horrible bathrooms, but the ironic thing is, they have separate facilities for diaper changing that are actually kept cleaner than the restrooms. It's almost like they want you to put your kids in diapers here. So, if you're worried about being the only older kid wearing diapers here – don't. I bet you will see plenty of older children wearing diapers or Pull-Ups. You can almost bet on it. These markets are a rare breed. A lot of hippies go... and these types of hippies are usually very laid back. "

"Oh, that gives me an idea. We're gonna play a game. Let's count how many kids older than four that we see wearing diapers or pull-ups," Madison says playfully.

*(to be continued...)*

## Chapter 21: "I Just Like Them... They Make Me Feel Safe."

"Well, we've already got three to tally up; you, me, and Alyssa," Britney teases. "Um, Aunt Kate; are we almost there?"

Kate nods her head as she turns a corner and pulls into a large parking lot which looks like it goes on for miles. "Yes, just have to find a parking spot. First thing we'll do is get diapers changed, then the fun will begin!"

Alyssa wakes up from her nap, looking around in wonder at the strange area they are driving around. "What we doin' here?"

Aunt Kate finally finds a parking spot and quickly pulls in. She puts the car in park and shuts off the engine. "We're going to have fun. Mostly shopping. If you're a good girl I'll get you a treat... and maybe some cute outfits. Madison, can you help your sister into her stroller?" Madison nods and begins unbuckling Alyssa from her car-seat. Britney carefully hops out of the car, putting her hands over her extremely puffy, squishy behind. Aunt Kate grabs the diaper bag and puts it under Alyssa's stroller.

"Okay, Britney – let's go find a changing room. Anyone else need a new diaper on, how about you Alyssa? Both Alyssa and Madison shake their heads for no as they continue walking towards the entrance to the market. As they enter, Britney and Madison are overwhelmed with how busy it is. Almost instantly, they spot a boy and a girl who looks to be twins and about six years of age. The girl is wearing short pink shorts and a tank-top, with what looks like a pink Pull-Up sticking out the back. The boy is obviously also wearing a blue pull-up which also sticks up through his shorts. The mother is carrying an over-sized purse – which allows for room to store extra pull-ups and wipes. The spot a few other children between the ages of five to nine which are either wearing diapers or pull-ups. Madison takes out her phone and opens her notepad app.

"I've counted five so far, how about you Brit?" Madison asks playfully. Britney giggles, looking at her phone.

"Same. This really is amazing. I guess the potties here really are -- awful. Speaking of...umm, is that changing room close by?" Britney asks, almost whining.

"Yes, just right over there. Let's go!" Aunt Kate says as she leads the girls into one of the many dedicated diaper changing stations. They enter a small building which contains enclosed stalls, like a restroom. Except the stalls only contain over-sized changing tables, trash cans, and vending machines to buy diapers (in case you forgot to bring your own). There are also sinks to wash hands and paper towel dispensers. Of the 10 stalls in the room, about three are open. Britney quickly runs into the open stall and hops up on the changing table. She pops her pacifier in her mouth, eagerly awaiting her Aunt Kate to change her. Kate pushes Alyssa's stroller into the large stall as Madison follows and then closes the door.

"I see you're ready! Good girl. Let's get this soggy one off of you before you get a rash," Aunt Kate says as she begins removing Britney's pants. Madison watches in awe as Britney transforms into toddler mode.

"Hey, Britney; that reminds me, how was getting changed at daycare? Was it kind of weird having some strange daycare worker changing you?" Madison wonders.

Britney giggles and squirms as Kate is gently wiping her bottom and sprinkling baby powder on her. Britney pops the pacifier out of her mouth to speak, "Yeah, kind of. She didn't say much and was like in a hurry to get done. It wasn't the best. Auntie Kate does a much better job!"

Aunt Kate continues with the diaper change, smiling and tickling Britney's tummy. "Aww, why thank you. Almost done sweetie, then we can go do some shopping!" Britney giggles and claps her hands.

"Yeah, Aunt Kate is the best-est. I'm so glad you're here. I was worried at first but you still are... the best Auntie, ever," Madison says as she hugs her aunt's hips. Kate enjoys this moment as she finishes changing Britney's diaper.

Aunt Kate looks at Alyssa, then Madison. "Okay, are you two sure you don't need to be changed before we go exploring?"

"Nut-uh. I dry and no poopies. I firsty! Can we get a slushy?" Alyssa asks excitedly. Madison nods her head in agreement.

"Yeah, can we? It's kind of hot today and I haven't had anything to drink since lunch time!" Madison shouts.

"Well, sure. We do need to stay hydrated. I know just the place that has smoothies and other icy drinks, follow me!" Aunt Kate says as she pushes the stroller out of the stall and out of the changing building. They walk past various food vendors until they find a specialty smoothie stand. She orders a small strawberry slushy for Alyssa and gives it to her. Alyssa grabs the drink and begins rapidly sucking from the straw as if she hasn't had a drink in days. Madison orders a large berry blend smoothie and Britney orders a medium tropical-mango drink. They find an area to sit down and chill for a while. Madison drinks hers even faster than Alyssa and finishes first. She lets out a quick burp as she finishes the last sip.

"Uh, excuse me. That was... so good. Tha-thanks Aunt Kate!" Madison says as she wipes her mouth off with a napkin.

"Sure, sweetie. You sure drank that fast. Just like you did when I used to take you here. Some things never change," Kate says with a chuckle.

"I know, it was so good though! Look, Alyssa just finished hers. Was it good?" Madison asks.

Alyssa nods her head. "Vewy yummy!! What we gonna do, now?"

Aunt Kate stands up as the other girls throw away their empty cups. "We're going to walk around for a while and look at the various shops and see if we can't find you some cute new outfits... and maybe a toy or two." She helps Alyssa get back into her stroller. Madison and Britney follow behind Aunt Kate, letting her lead the way. They walk towards the general sales area, where vendors are selling anything from clothes, to cheap gadgets made in China, to knock-off jewelry and watches. After ten minutes of walking, Kate finally stops next to a large booth selling toys and educational games. She allows Alyssa to get up and walk around to choose a small toy -- one that she can play with while in her stroller so she won't get bored. Madison and Britney wander off around the small store, looking at toys geared towards toddlers.

"Britney -- look at these!" Madison blurts as she points to a set of LED light-up pacifiers.

Brittney gasps. "Aww these are so cute; I want one! Do you have any money with you?"

"Nope, but I bet Aunt Kate will buy you some if you want. They'd be so awesome for bedtime!" Madison says.

A sudden thought pops into Britney's mind. She picks up two of the light-up pacifiers and runs over to where Kate and Alyssa are.

"Auntie Kate? Um, can I get something here, too? I promise I'll be good." Britney asks as sweet as ever.

Kate looks at the items Britney is holding and can't help but grin from ear to ear. "Aww, well of course you can! Those are adorable!"

Britney gives Kate a big, warm hug. "Thank you, auntie Kate! You are the best-est auntie, ever," Britney squeals with delight. After some time, Alyssa has finally picked out a toy to play with. It's a used Leapfrog hand-held game. It has a small crack on the screen but is priced at 60% off. She hands it to Aunt Kate, looking up at her sweetly. Kate smiles and looks at the toy, approving of the child's choice.

"Okay, I think we're all set here. Let's go pay for these items. Then I think we will go play over in the carnival area. They have a few rides and stuff. I'd love to take some pictures of you all so we can show your mom and dad what fun we had today!" Kate says as she places the items down at the check-out counter. Alyssa hops back into her stroller and waits as the items are paid for. Once bought, she hands the toy to Alyssa and puts the light-up pacifiers in the diaper bag. They begin walking towards the kiddie play area. As they enter, they see various rides including a tilt-a-whirl, giant slide, classic carousel, and a "magic" school bus ride that goes up high and drops back to the ground. There's also a small playground area with a slide, swings, and monkey bars.

"Oh, sweet they have a tilt-a-whirl. I love that one. Can we go on it... the line is getting big we'd better hurry. C'mon!" Madison shouts as she begins to run towards the end of the line. "

"I like that one too, but what about Alyssa? And Britney? We don't want to take them on a ride they are afraid of," Aunt Kate questions.

"Oh, I know Alyssa loves this one. It's both of our favorites, right Ally?" Madison asks.

A big look of excitement appears on Alyssa's face as she begins kicking her legs up and down. "Uh huh! I love dat wide!!!! We go, we go! We go now!"

"Wow I didn't know you liked rides like that, sweetie. I guess I need to visit more often. I've missed out on a lot. Okay, how about you, Brittney?" Aunt Kate says.

"Oh, um, I love just about anything as long as it's not like 400 feet high. So yeah, let's go!" Britney says with a slight nervous giggle. They all get in line for the tilt-a-whirl. Alyssa begins playing with her Leapfrog game to keep her occupied. Madison and Britney continue to people watch and see if they can spot any other older, diapered kids.

"Have you seen anything yet? Any kids our age? Hey, I wonder if people have noticed us." Madison whispers in Britney's ear.

"I've seen a lot, actually. Oldest kid I think was about 8 or 9 -- a girl and she totally had a Pull-Up on," Britney whispers back.

"Whoa, really? How do you know? Where is she -- is she in line here?" Madison whispers.

"Cause she's wearing a skirt and she was like bored or something and kept lifting it up and I saw her pink Pull-Up. No, she was at the toy store. I saw her when Auntie Kate was at the check-out," says Britney. Madison is fascinated by this, making her feel somewhat better that she's not the only older kid wearing protection at this place.

"We should keep a look out for her and see if she turns up here in the rides area. Speaking of that, I just spotted another one. About three people in front of us. A boy, about 6 or 7 -- diaper sticking out of his shorts. Which I'm sure is happening to me right now. I wonder if anyone behind us is talking about the fact that we're both obviously diapered." Madison whispers.

Britney looks at her sister and makes a funny face. She whispers back, "who cares if they do? We don't know these people -- and there's tons of other diapered kids here. I'm sure they don't really care. Let's just have fun, okay?"

Madison nods and gives Britney a quick hug. "You're right. Oh, look, soon it'll be our turn to get on the ride. I hope your dry cause you won't be after this is over," Madison whispers while giggling softly.

"Nah, I'll be fine. These rides don't scare me! I bet you won't be able to stay dry," Britney teases back.

"Oh yeah? You're on. Oh, awesome! The next ride is ours. Aunt Kate, get Alyssa ready!" Madison blurts. Aunt Kate instructs Alyssa to turn her game off and helps her out of the stroller, which gets set aside. She picks her up and carries her over to an empty car as Britney and Madison quickly plop down inside. "Okay I think Aunt Kate should be on one end, then me, then Alyssa, then Britney on the other end. Alyssa does not like being on the end because she gets like --squished," Madison explains. They quickly rearrange themselves, then Kate helps them put the lap bar down and into place. Madison begins to fidget with her legs shaking. Britney starts to grin.

"You're gonna lose this bet. It's already starting," cackles Brittney.

"Nuh-uh! I'm just... excited... this is my favorite ride. Um, yeah. It has nothing to do with that giant smoothie I drank too fast -- nothing -- at all," Madison says, trying to keep a straight face.

Just then the car comes to a jolt and the ride starts. Alyssa lets out a short shriek as she clings on to Madison's arm. She's just pretending and isn't really scared, at all. Madison tickles Alyssa's underarm. "Silly girl, I know you aren't afraid!" Madison says. The ride begins to go faster and the car begins spinning from side to side, picking up speed gradually.

"O-tay, you... you right. Me wanna go fast-wer. Fast-wer!!!" Alyssa screams with excitement. Madison giggles uncontrollably, forgetting about her almost full bladder. As she continues to giggle and scream, she completely loses control of her bladder muscles. A steady, fast stream of warm urine begins to gush into the padding in her diaper. She gasps as she feels that all too familiar warmth, but has no ability to stop the flow. She remembers Britney's advice and decides to just 'go with the flow.' She continues to scream as the ride goes faster and gravity begins to make her feel weightless. She can't help but enjoy the feeling of the now warm, wet squishy padding in-between her legs.

After what seems like a long time, the ride begins slowing down. Madison has managed to completely soak her diaper; however, it is not yet leaking. She slowly gets up as the lap bar raises, grabbing hold of Alyssa's hand. The girls walk back over to the lower platform where Alyssa's stroller is. Alyssa has managed not to wet her diaper this time, but Madison wonders if Britney is still dry. Aunt Kate helps Alyssa back into her stroller as Madison stands alongside Britney. "Hey, wasn't that ride just awe---" Madison pauses as she looks at her sister. Britney appears to be disoriented. Madison nudges Britney's right shoulder gently to get her attention.

"Oh, wha? Hey... yeah, that was really fun! Um, sorry I just got kind of dizzy. Um, oh... did you stay dry?"

"Madison tries not to blush as she completely lies to her sister. "Yep, I'm totally dry; how about you?"

Britney examines the backside of her sister, seeing the obviously soaked diaper sagging and bulging out. "Aww, it's okay Maddie. You don't have to lie. I won't tell Aunt Kate if you don't wanna get changed yet. Um, I just peed a little, just now. I can barely feel it, though. "

"I guess I shouldn't have had so much to drink before the ride. But yeah, I don't wanna get changed yet. Shh, don't tell Aunt Kate. He-he, I feel just like Alyssa now. This is silly. So, um, should we ask to go on another ride?" Madison asks. Britney agrees and asks Aunt Kate if they can go on the Ferris wheel.

After about an hour, the children have ridden on three more rides. The girls get off of the magic bus drop ride and help Alyssa back into her stroller. Alyssa begins rubbing her stomach, signaling she is getting hungry.

"Tummy hung-wee. Auntie Kate, it din-din time yet? My tummy growl. Roar!" Alyssa says, being incredibly silly.

Britney giggles and begins to rub her stomach as well. "Me too, my tummy is really super hungry. Can we find a place to eat dinner?"

"Of course, we can. I didn't realize it was dinner time already. We've been having so much fun. Well, the food area is back near the entrance. Let's go find something!" Aunt Kate says as she begins pushing Alyssa's stroller towards the food area. Madison and Britney happily skip along behind.

"Hey, after dinner we should go clothes shopping. I need some new outfits. Maybe ones to hide my diaper better, you know?" Madison says as she tots along, her soggy diaper mildly crinkling as she waddles.

"Yeah, I bet they got lots of cool kids' clothes here. I could use some more blanket sleepers. I just love those," Britney responds. After what seems like miles, they all arrive near the food section where various food vendors are making and serving different types of food and desserts. Alyssa announces that she wants to eat a "ham-a-booger" as she points to a hamburger stand.

"He-he, she's so cute sometimes. Mmmm, yes – I could go for a nice juicy cheeseburger. Let's go there, okay Aunt Kate?" Madison says gleefully. Her mouth is watering as she can smell burgers cooking on a grill. Aunt Kate agrees as they quickly get in line to order.

The girls completely devour their meals. Even Alyssa has eaten all of her burger, a large sippy of juice, and most of her potato chips. Britney and Madison take a final sip of their large sodas as Madison starts to look towards the clothing stores just past the picnic area. Britney is in a daze, closely watching what is going on at a table across from her. Sitting adjacent to her is the eight-year-old girl she saw earlier who appeared to be wearing a Pull-Up. The girl is sitting, taking a final sip of her soda. She seems unable to sit still and somewhat fidgety. Madison notices what Britney is looking at.

"Hey, what's so interesting over there?" Madison whispers in Britney's ear.

"It's that girl I saw before... the one that's like eight and wearing a Pull-Up. She's obviously soaked – look at her she can't sit still. I wonder if she'll go get changed?" Britney whispers. Just then, the girl across from them stands up. Holding her empty soda cup in her hand, she dashes over to a trash can to throw it away. Her wet Pull-Up bulges out and sags through her short skirt. As she walks back to the picnic table, she walks slow, placing her hands over her butt and feeling as her soggy Pull-Up sloshes around. She makes a few face gestures, then waits next to her mother.

"Mommy, can we go on some more rides now, please? I was good I ate all my food," the girl asks as she continues to squirm. The girl's mother studies her daughter and her gestures, having a good idea what is going on.

"Sure, but I think you should try to go to the bathroom, first. Seems like you have to go and since you haven't asked to go all day, I'd say you need to right about now," the mother says.

The girl makes a pouty face. "I don't have to go. Um... I... I did already. Um! NO, wait... I...um," the girl's face turns beet red as she realizes what she just said.

"You did? When?"

"Um, when we were in line befo---um... no... I mean... I..."

"Oh! I think I know. Come here a minute, we need to check something," the mother says sternly.

"No mommy, I didn't mean that. I... I'm fine."

"Amanda Lynn! Come over by me this instant or we will go home!" The little girl slowly walks towards her mother, feeling her soggy Pull-Up squishing behind her as she takes step after step. Finally, she is standing in front of her mother who slowly begins pulling her skirt down until it's at her ankles. She is now standing in nothing but a wet, pink Girls' Pull-Up. All the designs on the front are completely faded away, indicating a completely soaked diaper. Tears begin to roll down the girl's face. "Yep, just as I thought. Completely faded, all the designs are. You're soaking wet. I thought we talked about this... you were only put in Pull-Ups in case you were in a long line and couldn't make it."

"But... But Mommy – that's what happened. We were in line before and I had to pee so, so bad! I couldn't wait anymore so I just went in it. I'm sorry."

"You were supposed to tell me when you had to go. I could have taken you to the bathroom before we got in line!"

"I – I'm sorry. I forgot. It was just easier to go in my Pull-Up. Um, tha – that's what it's for, I thought?"

"Oh, whatever.... I'm not going to fight with you right now. Let's go to the changing room and change your diaper, little girl," the mother says, sounding somewhat irritated as she pulls her daughter's skirt back up. They walk towards the changing room. The little girl looks back and notices Britney looking at her. Britney gives her a warm smile and a look as to say "it's okay, I wear one, too." The girl smiles back at her, then runs to catch up to her mother.

"Wow, her mom is kind of mean. I don't get it. Why get mad at her for using her Pull-Up? Isn't that why she was wearing one?" Britney asks her sister.

"Yeah, she's stupid. Don't put her in diaper then if you want her to go potty. DUH!" Madison and Britney giggle in unison as they throw away their mess from dinner.



"Yes, some of the people who go to these flea markets are strange.... Sometimes I just want to say something to these parents, but it's really not my place to do so. Speaking of wet Pull-Ups, do any of you three need to be changed? Alyssa, sweetie, it's been a while since you were changed. I think the last time was at school. Are you wet?" Aunt Kate asks. Of course, Alyssa quickly shakes her head back and forth for no. Madison and Britney both shake their heads as well.

"Alright, then; if you do want to get changed, don't be afraid to ask. I promise I won't get mad about it," Aunt Kate chuckles. They all head towards the various clothing vendors. Madison spots a clothing booth claiming to sell "high quality" children and teen apparel.

"I need to get out of these skinny jeans... they just don't feel right. It's hot out; I want some cute shorts. Oh, look, they have skorts!" Madison shouts.

"Oh, yeah those are cool. They look like a skirt but are really shorts underneath. It would maybe help to hide your... um, you know," Britney speaks softly.

"Yeah! Oh, look they have a purple one. Wow, only \$5.00? What's wrong with these; probably made in a sweat shop somewhere," Madison remarks. The shop owner takes notice and clears her throat. She's an older woman of Asian descent.

"No, no little miss! All my clothes are of finest quality. They cheap in price, not in quality! I been doing this; 30 years. You can trust me. Same clothes they sell at big box store!" The old woman mutters.

"Okay, I believe you. I'll take this one, then. Here's five dollars. Thanks so much. If I like these I may be back," Madison says cheerfully. The crotchety old lady grins as she quickly grabs the five-dollar bill and places it in her cash drawer. Madison and Britney dash out of the way to talk as Aunt Kate and Alyssa are looking around in the pre-school girls section.

"Brit – I'm going to put these on now. These jeans are hot and almost too tight. I think Aunt Kate packed the ones I wore two years ago. Um, I'm just gonna change behind that big tree over there. Can you cover for me, make sure no one's looking?" Madison asks her sister. Britney hesitantly agrees and stands guard in front of a large oak tree stump as Madison quickly pulls down her jeans and pulls up the girls' size 10 skorts. She buttons them and quickly admires herself, holding the folded-up jeans in her hand. "There, much better! Hey Britt, does my butt bulge out now? Can you see my diaper?" Madison whispers.

Britney looks at her sister from head to toe. "Uh, not really if I just glance at you. Someone would have to be purposely staring at your butt to notice. They do look cute but I'm kind of worried about how cheap they were. I hope they are nice," Britney says.

"Oh, they will be fine. You heard the old lady. She's been doing this for 30 years. She's got to know what she's doing. Okay, we'd better get back over by Aunt Kate and Alyssa before they notice we're missing. Britney and Madison run back over to where Kate and Alyssa are.

"Maddie get new outfit?" Alyssa asks as she points to her sister's new skirt.

"Yeah, I wanted to put it on right away. It's hot here... oh and Aunt Kate, those jeans you packed – um, I think I wore those when I was like 9 or 10. They're a little tight," Madison teases.

"Oh, silly me. I'm sorry about that. I was in a rush when I packed the diaper bag. Oh well, now you're comfy. And might I say – that skirt looks really cute on you!" Aunt Kate says as she pays for some items she bought for Alyssa. The old lady at the counter nods and rambles on about her high-quality children's clothes. They walk away from her as she continues to ramble on and on.

"Okay so let's go find something to get for mommy and daddy. Like a welcome home present!" Britney blurts out.

"Yeah, good idea. If I remember -- they have like an arts and crafts kid's area. We could all make them something. Right, Aunt Kate?" Madison asks.

"That's right, sweetie. It's over by the children's play area. It's kind of a far walk, but we've got just enough time. Let's go!" Alyssa kicks her legs with excitement. She is beginning to miss her mommy and daddy and is happy to make something special for them. Madison and Britney become impatient, running ahead and leaving Aunt Kate and Alyssa behind. Aunt Kate doesn't mind, as she knows Madison is familiar with the grounds. Madison is now walking fast alongside Britney, talking and not really paying attention to where she's going.

Britney notices her sister is about to run into someone and tries to warn her. "Maddie – lookout!" shrieks Britney, but it's too late. Madison runs into a snobby teenage girl who is not the slightest bit happy. Little does Madison realize, her skirt has torn and now half way down her legs, exposing her soaking wet diaper.

"Hey you little brat, watch where you're go--- OH MY GAWD! Put some clothes on... oh, and ask your babysitter to change your diaper, stupid baby!" The sixteen-year-old taunts. Madison in a complete state of panic wonders how the girl knows she's wearing a diaper. This thought quickly vanishes as she looks down and sees her skirt at her ankles. Her heart sinks as she gasps and hyperventilates, trying to remember to breathe. Britney watches in horror, not knowing what to do. Of course, she wants to stand up for her sister and tell the snobby teenager off – but as she tries to speak, nothing comes out. Instead, she tries to help Madison pull her skirt back up. In doing so, the small tear in the skirt now rips bigger, causing the entire thing to fall to the ground.

"Britney! Help! We gotta go find Aunt Kate!! I hate this...why does this always happen to me... I just wanna crawl under a rock!" Madison stutters as tears roll down her cheeks. People around her are pointing, gossiping, and gawking. She tries not to look as Britney walks in front of her, trying to hide her half-naked sister. Madison continues to bawl her eyes out as they frantically dash back towards Aunt Kate.

Aunt Kate is casually walking along pushing Alyssa's stroller when she spots Madison and Britney running towards her.

"Oh no, what happened?"

Madison attempts to explain, but is too much in hysterics to make any sense. "Mean...ga...gi.... girl... ba.... bump... i...in.... into.... Ska-ert fa---fa, "is all Madison can mumble.

Aunt Kate looks over to Britney. "Can you translate that for me? Maddie, sweetie – calm down. Britney will explain what happened. Come here sweetie... let's go over by this empty picnic area... come on.... It'll be okay... shh – come sit in my lap." Aunt Kate pushes the stroller in front of a picnic bench and sits down, waiting for Madison and Britney to follow. Madison slowly walks over, continuing to cry and talk in gibberish. She sits in her aunt's lap and cuddles with her like a toddler would. Aunt Kate grabs the diaper-bag from under Alyssa's stroller, pulls out Madison's pink pacifier, and pops it in her mouth. Gently stroking the troubled girl's hair, "there, there now. It's going to be alright." She looks over at Britney, giving her the queue to tell her what happened.

"Oh, um – well – this really mean teenage girl; like ran into Maddie and her skirt came undone and fell half way down her legs. So, the teenager noticed and started laughing at her and calling her names. Real mean stuff. I... I wanted to beat her up. I really wanted to. But... I... I chickened out. I... I'm sorry Maddie. I'm sorry Aunt Kate," Britney says sadly, her head down and eyes looking at her feet.

"Britney, sweetie... you have nothing to be sorry about. Fighting is not always the best thing to do. You did the right thing by coming and finding me. Now, as for Maddie – you're going to be just fine. Let's go get you changed and find another outfit to wear," Aunt Kate says calmly.

Madison manages to calm down enough to speak more clearly. "I wanna go back to that stupid old lady and ask for my money back on this defective skirt!"

"We can, but let me do the talking. I know how to handle these merchants, trust me. C'mon Maddie, time to get you out of that soggy thing before you get a rash. Oh, yeah -- unfortunately, a changing station is a bit far off. Would you mind if we just change you here on this bench? People do it all the time here," Aunt Kate asks. Madison smiles just a little as she

jumps out of her aunt's lap and lays down on the bench. Britney watches, a little surprised that her sister isn't embarrassed about being changed in public. She then figures Madison's been embarrassed enough already today and is just eating up all the attention and kindness of her special Aunt Kate. Kate quickly changes Madison's-soaked diaper, making sure to apply plenty of baby powder. Madison just lays there and suckles her pacifier, as if she was a two-year-old. She is completely lost in the moment. Finally, Kate helps Madison into her skinny jeans from before. Alyssa begins to get impatient.

"Auntie are we gonna go to arts and crafts place now? Pweese?" Alyssa begs.

"Yes Ally, we'll make it there but we need to stop back at the clothes stand first and get our money back for this broken skirt. It won't take long. Say, do you need your diaper changed yet?"

Alyssa shakes her head and sticks out her tongue in protest. "NO! I wanna go make something for momma and daddy!"

Madison sighs. "It's okay, let's just go to the arts and crafts area. We can go to that crabby old lady on the way back to the car," Madison mumbles with her pacifier still in her mouth. Britney giggles a bit, causing Madison to wonder what's so funny, soon realizing the pacifier still in her mouth. She quickly spits it out. "Oh, yeah... guess I better put that away for now, he-he."

"Alright, that's fine. I think I know a certain little girl who will be sleeping in the car on the way home...."

They make their way over to the children's area as all three girls begin working on their craft projects for mom and dad. After about a half hour, each child has made something special to give to them as a welcome home present. They head back over to the old Asian lady's clothing booth. Aunt Kate instructs the girls to stay back out of the way as she does the talking. The old lady tries to make excuses, denying that there's a problem with the skirt.

"No, my clothes are high quality. Your girl put it on wrong or careless. No refunds!" The crabby old woman mutters. Aunt Kate becomes firm with the old woman, and after some convincing, the old woman agrees to let Madison exchange the defective skirt for some cute, pink shorts. Madison thanks the old lady as they walk away from the counter.

"Aww, thanks Auntie Kate! Um, can I go put these on quick?" Madison asks impatiently. Kate agrees to let her go change, sending Britney in to help her if needed. Alyssa and Kate wait outside as the girls are inside the changing room. Only two minutes later, Madison toddles out and runs towards Aunt Kate. "This is so much better. And they are baggy enough to hide my... diaper," Madison blushes.

"You look adorable! Okay, we've got just enough time to get to the car and get home. You girls need to go to bed early since we're going to meet your mommy and daddy at the airport in the morning!" All three girls squeal in excitement as they make their way back to the car.

Not five minutes into the drive home, Alyssa can be heard making grunting noises and rubbing her tummy. Madison knows what this means, and looks over at her little sister.

"Really, Alyssa? You couldn't have done that before we got in the car?" Madison whines.

"Do wha? I not doing nufin'," Alyssa lies. Aunt Kate takes notice, not only of the conversation, but the smell that is now emitting from her car seat.

"Madison, be nice to your sister. We'll be home soon enough. And Miss Alyssa – I'm pretty sure you are pooping by the smells in here. It's not nice to lie. You know your mommy doesn't like that."

Alyssa sighs as she continues to fill her diaper. "Oh awwright. I going poopy. An; pee-pee," giggles Alyssa.

Britney can't help but giggle along with her. "Aww, he-he. It's okay Ally. Um, I... I'm.... he-he..." Madison looks over at Britney, soon realizing what she's doing.

"You're peeing, too?" Madison questions. Britney blushes and slowly nods her head, giggling some more. This causes Alyssa to laugh even more as she finishes her 'business.'

"Oh, you girls are so, so silly. I love being your Auntie. Even if I have to change poopy diapers," Kate chuckles. The rest of the trip home is filled with mostly giggles and silliness. They all completely forget about Alyssa's poopy diaper until they arrive at home. By this time, Alyssa is uncomfortable and wants her poopy diaper changed, and pronto! Aunt Kate takes her into her room to get changed as she instructs Britney and Madison to go get their pajamas on. The girls dash upstairs to their room and help each other get changed and dressed in their pajamas. All three girls fall asleep almost immediately after Aunt Kate tucks them in. They are all super excited to see their mom and dad at the airport in the morning.

The big day arrives as Aunt Kate scrambles to get the girls changed, dressed, fed, and ready to go to the airport. The 20-minute drive to the airport is pretty uneventful. Britney is daydreaming about getting to see her new mom and dad again. It's only been a few days, but she misses them both terribly. Finally, they arrive and head towards the baggage claim to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. Only a few minutes pass when Alyssa points and shouts "Momma! Daddy!" She runs towards them as Mrs. Ludke lifts her up and cuddles her in her arms. She is wearing a fancy pink princess dress with pink tights and ballerina shoes.

"Aww, my sweet little Alyssa. Mommy missed you so, so much! Were you a good girl for Auntie Kate?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Uh- huh Momma. I good, I good. We had lotta fun yes-ta-day ats pwe-cool! And den we went to fee maw-ket. And I gots stuff and Maddie gots new outfit an we pway-did games an...and... it fun. But I miss-did you an....an daddy!" Alyssa says as she continues to cuddle.

"Wow, sounds like tons of fun! We missed you too, Ally-bear. I'm glad you were good. Daddy's proud of you," he says with a wide grin. Madison runs to him and gives him a great big hug.

"Daddy! I'm so glad you...you're home. Um, you don't gotta go away again for a long, long time, right? I... I love you... I hate it when you go away. Uh... um... just a... mi... minute..." Madison is in the process of completely soaking her diaper. Not only does she do this when nervous in front of a group, but also when overwhelmed with emotions.

Mr. Ludke continues to hold and hug her as he plays with her hair. "Aww, it's hard for me to go away like this, too. You know I don't like doing that. This time we had no choice. But I have good news. The business is doing well. We've won another award and we're doing so well; we're hiring two new managers. What all this boring stuff means is... I'll be home a lot more now. Sweetheart? Are you okay?" Mr. Ludke asks, noticing his daughter is distracted with something.

"Oh, um yeah daddy. I'm okay... good thing I gotta Pamper on, though. Uh... he-he...whoops," Madison says as she squirms a bit, feeling the warmth around her groin. Mr. Ludke smiles and laughs, not really sure what else to say. He looks over at his wife, giving her a wink and a smile.

"Would you like Mommy to change you, Maddie?" Mrs. Ludke can't help but ask.

"Uh, I dunno. Um, I'm fine for now... may...maybe after we get home, okay?" Madison stutters. She wants her mom to change her, but is too embarrassed to have it done at the airport. During this whole time, Britney has been really quiet. It's not that she's not excited for her "new" parents to be back home... She's just feeling a little out of place – not quite used to this, yet. She sees how happy Madison and Alyssa are and is happy for them but at the same time can't help but think about her biological mother. She stands there looking over at Mr. Ludke and then Mrs. Ludke. After an awkward silence, she begins to speak slowly and softly.

"Mom.... Momma? Da.... Dad.... Daddy? Did... um... did you.... Did you miss me... too? Um... is it... okay if.... umm... can I hug you?" Britney asks, almost in tears. Mrs. Ludke embraces the girl, giving her a long, warm hug.

"Goodness, yes you can hug us. We're your parents and we love and care about you just as much as Maddie and Ally. I missed you and thought about you the whole time. So did your dad. Aww, Britney... How could we not miss such a sweet girl like you?" Mrs. Ludke explains. Britney continues to hug her mother as tears roll down both their faces.

"I... I love you too, Mommy. I love you so, so much," she says slowly as she turns to look at Mr. Ludke. "And... Da--- Dad...um, I mean... Daddy! I... I sorry. I dunno why I even gotta ask. Um, it just... I... I'm not— "

"It's okay pumpkin. I know what you mean. We're always going to be here for you now. You're always going to be in this family. Come here and give me a hug. Hugs from you are always welcome, you know. You don't ever have to ask, I mean that," says Mr. Ludke, almost tearing up himself.

Britney slowly approaches him, holding her arms out like she wants to be carried. "Up...Daddy?" Britney begins to talk as if she's a four-year-old again. Mr. Ludke smiles, sweeping the girl up into his arms, allowing her to hold on tight and hug him close. No words are spoken from her, just happy tears running slowly down her cheeks. Her body language says everything that needs to be said. Britney is slowly starting to become more and more comfortable with this new daddy of hers...

Finally, after what seems like hours, Mr. and Mrs. Ludke's luggage appears on the conveyor belt. They quickly grab their bags and make their way towards the parking ramp. It is getting close to lunch time and Alyssa is getting hungry and crabby. Madison and Britney beg to ride home in the back of Mr. Ludke's car while Alyssa rides with Aunt Kate. Alyssa falls asleep within five minutes of driving. Britney and Madison talk to mom and dad about their day at Alyssa's preschool and going to the flea market. Of course, some of Madison's embarrassing moments are left out of the conversation.

## Chapter 21, Part B: Emily's Dilemma

*Thursday while the Ludke girls were at preschool and the flea Market, Emily was released from school early to attend another photo shoot to model some new shorts for teens and pre-teens.*

Emily's mother is waiting for her out in front of the school. It's just past noon on Thursday.

"Come on Emily, get in. We've got just enough time to go home and eat lunch before we head over to the studio. It's been a while since you've done this... are you nervous?" says Emily's mother.

"Me, nervous? Nah, Mommy. I'm fine, I got a system. Um, yeah, I'm starving." Emily says quickly. They arrive home and quickly scarf down lunch. As she takes her last bite and gulps down her juice, her mother tells her it's time to go.

"Okay, Mom but can I go to the bathroom first? I really gotta go!" Her mother agrees but tells her to hurry. Emily runs upstairs towards the bathroom, but stops in her room first. "I better wear protection today, I think it's going to be a long photo shoot," she says to herself. She quickly pulls out a fresh Pull-Up from her hiding place, then runs into the bathroom to pee. As she gets off the toilet, she takes her pants and underwear off, and quickly slides up the Pull-Up. She quickly pulls her jeans back on, washes her hands, and runs back into her room as she realizes she forgot her clothes bag. She always brings extra outfits, just in case. She packs the bag and thinks for a moment. "I'd better hide another Pull-Up in here, too." She quickly pulls out another pull-up and buries it in the bottom of the bag, and then zips it up. Now she is ready for the day. She runs down to where her mother is waiting. "Okay, I'm ready!" She hops in the back, throwing her bag next to her. She takes her seat and buckles herself in. As her mother starts the car and rolls down the driveway, Emily wonders how long of a drive this one will be.

"So, is this like far away? Can we stop and get some iced coffee? I promise I'll be good. Please, Mom? I'll even pay for it," begs Emily. Her mother laughs.

"Sure Em. We have just enough time to stop at the drive-thru. It's about a 45-minute drive," Mrs. Suthers says. Emily smiles and thanks her. Minutes later the car pulls into a Starbucks drive-thru menu board. "Go ahead Em, tell her what you want."

"Um, can I get a Grande iced mocha with skim milk and no whip cream? Yeah, that's all. Thanks!" Emily shouts. Her mother gasps, thinking that's a lot of coffee, but figures Emily has earned it. Emily hands her mother a \$5 bill as the car pulls up to the pickup window. She pays the barista and hands the icy cold caffeinated beverage to her daughter.

"I don't know how you can drink that stuff... but I guess it's better than Mt. Dew... at least it's natural, huh?" Emily giggles as she takes a giant first sip.

"Mmmm, I love it. And yeah, Mt. Dew is icky! No thanks. Okay, I'm gonna put my headphones on and play games on my iPod. Thanks Mommy," Emily puts some music on and begins to play with her iPod, taking several big gulps of coffee. Within 20 minutes she has finished the 16oz beverage.

They arrive at the studio in what seems like minutes. Emily gets out of the car and grabs her bag. She looks around and notices this place looks familiar. "Have I done work here before, Mommy?" Emily asks.

"Yes, a few times, I think. The photographer here is really good, you like him. Okay, let's go get you checked in. I suggest while I'm filling out the paperwork you go use the restroom. It's going to be a long shoot. I think you're going to change outfits to model a few times."

"Okay, Mom. I'm fine for now I don't have to go," Emily says as she walk into the front office. After only a few minutes, Emily is brought to a dressing room where she is to change into a pair of girls' shorts to model. Seems simple enough, she thinks. As soon as the photographer's assistant leaves, Emily pulls her jeans down and takes them off, now standing in just a t-shirt and pull-up. As she pulls the pink shorts on, she notices they are rather short and made of a thin, light material. These are a new prototype that are designed for young girls to wear at the beach or somewhere warm. She is to

wear a tank-top with the shorts. After Emily is dressed in the outfit provided, she admires herself in the mirror. She doesn't seem to think her Pull-Up is noticeable, and quickly opens the door, walking into the studio area where the photo shoot is to take place. The photographer sees her entering.

"Oh, good, she's here! Looking good, Emily. Alright, go sit down over there and we'll do the first round of poses. I know you're a pro at this, so let's get to it!" Emily quickly takes her place in front of a "beach-like" backdrop. The photographer instructs her to sit down with her legs flat on the floor, just a little apart. She poses and smiles as the shutter button is pressed a few times. Now, she is told to sit with her arms behind her and her knees bent. Again, she smiles and looks at the camera, almost without thinking.

A half hour passes and it's time for a short break while they crew changes backdrops. "Okay, ten-minute break. Get a drink, have a snack, use the restroom, play on your phone – just be back here in ten!" The photographer says. Emily goes into her dressing room and plays games on her iPod. She should go to the restroom, but thinks nothing of it. Ten minutes pass by quickly. Emily puts her iPod away and walks back into the studio. The photographer is eager to begin the next set of pictures. This time she will be standing, sitting in a swing, and sitting on a stool. As the first few shots are snapped, Emily notices pressure building up in her bladder. All that coffee has finally caught up with her. After five minutes, the slight pressure sensation is now intense. She knows she either has to wet her pull-up or ask to go to the bathroom. She chooses the first option, as the photographer gets very upset when kids have to stop a photo shoot to use the bathroom. As the photographer is prepping for the next picture, Emily concentrates and relaxes. She begins a slow but steady flow of urine into her pull-up. She tries not to make any strange facial gestures or noises as she pees. She's just about done when the photographer starts yelling.

"Emily! Earth to Emily! Let's go, sit on the stool and pose like we talked about... We're almost done, okay?" Emily quickly snaps out of her daze and hops on the stool. Of course, doing so causes the warm gels in her pull-up to gush around her groin. She sighs softly, trying not to make it obvious what she was doing. For the last and final shot, the photographer has Emily sitting on the ground with her legs up and spread out. The open, loose design of the shorts allows for the girl's underwear to show, slightly. Of course, this means that her now soggy, wet pull-up was captured in this scene. Emily thinks nothing of it and poses for the camera.

Finally, the photo shoot is over and it's time to go home. Emily goes back to her dressing room to change back into her jeans. She takes the shorts and tank-top off and is standing in just her wet pull-up. It is completely soaked and sagging. She thinks to herself it would be best to change into a new Pull-up. She carefully takes off the wet one and rolls it up, placing it in an empty plastic bag that she kept in her clothes bag. She twists the bag shut and buries it on the bottom of the half full trash bin in the dressing room; she wouldn't want the staff at the studio to wonder why a wet pull-up was in the trash can there. She finishes getting dressed and goes to find her mother who is waiting in the front lobby. "All done, Mom! Let's go, I'm getting hungry for dinner!" The drive home is pretty uneventful. Emily rushes up to her room as soon as she gets in the door and plays a few games on the computer. She wears her pull-up the rest of the evening, managing to wet it again right before bedtime.

Friday after dinner, Emily thanks her mother for the lovely meal and excuses herself, heading up to her room. A few minutes later, the house telephone rings. Mrs. Suthers is still in the kitchen cleaning up as she answers on the cordless phone.

"Yes, hello Mrs. Suthers. This is Mrs. Jenkins, Emily's agent. How are you this evening?" The voice on the other end says.

"I'm good, how about you? Is there a problem with yesterday's photo shoot?" asks Mrs. Suthers.

"Well, let me get right to the point. I'm a little bit confused about something. Emily is ten, almost eleven, yes?"

"That is correct. Why?"

"Mrs. Suthers, is your daughter having difficulties going to the bathroom? I mean, is she potty trained?"

Mrs. Suthers almost drops the phone. "Yes, she's potty trained; since she was three. What kind of question is that? Do you need to update your file on her or something?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Suthers. Perhaps you are unaware then. Look, we noticed something with yesterday's photos. In one of the poses, you can see up her shorts. It appears that she was wearing a pull-up diaper. It was clearly showing and in fact, quite wet. I have a toddler that's currently potty training, I understand what a wet pull-up looks like."

There is a five second pause as Mrs. Suthers tries not to lose her mind. "She what?! A diaper?! I have no idea what the heck you are talking about. Send me that picture in e-mail please, I want to look for myself. Send it RIGHT NOW!" she screams. The agent does as ask and sends the picture via e-mail. Mrs. Suthers runs over to her laptop and loads the email. As she examines the picture, it is indeed obvious her child was wearing a soaking wet pull-up. Mrs. Suthers goes back to the phone and tries to calm down, but can't help but yell some more. "Unbelievable! I have no idea why she was wearing a diaper. But damn am I embarrassed. I'll understand if you no longer wish to use Emily as a model for children's clothing. Boy, am I going to have a talking or two with her!" Mrs. Suthers rambles on and on.

"Mrs. Suthers! Calm down, please. I just wanted to know if maybe there was a medical reason for this. Apparently, there's not, but we can work with you on this. We don't want to lose Emily – she's a great little model. Work it out with her, okay? Keep me posted. I'll leave you alone, now. Have a good weekend," the agent says as she hangs up the phone. Mrs. Suthers puts the phone down and continues to yell and rant about the situation.

Emily hears the commotion from up in her room, but figures her parents are having yet another stupid fight. Thinking she will be stuck in her room for a while (she always stays in her room when her parents are fighting), she decides to put a pull-up on and listen to music while laying on her bed. A few minutes pass by.

"EMILY MARIE, GET YOUR BUTT DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!" A furious Mrs. Suthers shouts from the living room. Emily is startled and jumps off her bed. She knows she is in trouble when her mother calls her by first and middle name! Not thinking anything of the pull-up she has on under her skirt, she comes rushing out of her room and enters the living room.

"Um, yes Mommy? Did I do something wrong?" Emily asks in a sweet tone of voice, trying to look innocent.

"WHAT IS THIS?!" Emily's mother shouts while pointing at a printout of the picture with her exposed pull-up showing. Emily grabs ahold of the picture and looks more closely at it. Her heart sinks as she realizes what her mother has found out. She tries to think up a way out of this but is coming up with nothing.

"Ma...Mm....my latest... pho.... Photo shoot?" Emily stutters.

"And what is wrong in that picture?" her mother shouts louder.

"Um. Nu – nu – na – nothing?" is all Emily can say. Mrs. Suthers then rips the picture out of Emily's hand and points to the crotch area where the pull-up can be seen sticking out.

"WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THIS THEN, MISSY?! Any ideas?!"

Emily begins to break down, shaking and scared. "A – um... A... A..."

Just then Mrs. Suthers interrupts. "A DIAPER! ARE YOU WEARING A DIAPER???"

"N.... Na.... No," Emily begins to cry. "It's... It's a pull-up..."

"OH! A pull-up, like that's any better!" Mrs. Suthers shouts with heavy sarcasm. "And WHY THE FFF---HECK is it WET?!" Emily's mother screams, trying not to curse in front of the already frightened child.

"I... I... I don't know... I.... I just... I--- I don't know!" Emily continues to cry, causing her to mumble. "Um, just because... um, I... I want to... um... I mean... oh, just forget it! You...you won't... you won't understand!"



Mrs. Suthers is not the type of parent that believes in hitting, but has gotten so furious without time to calm down; she starts to raise her hand up. Emily jumps and steps backwards in fear, causing her to trip over herself and fall. Once on the ground, her skirt is opened by her legs; revealing the pull-up she currently has on. Of course, her mother instantly takes notice.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! Are you wearing one RIGHT --- FUCKING --- NOW!?" Emily is now completely horrified as she knows her mother only curses when she is beyond angry. Mrs. Suthers rushes over to her and pulls the skirt off her, causing the child to scream in fear. Emily's emotions and extreme feelings of terror cause her to uncontrollably urinate into her pull-up. Her mother notices and begins to completely lose her cool.

"Now you are peeing yourself!? Are you two years old again?! WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM?! Go into the bathroom and take that disgusting thing off, take a shower, and come out here with nothing on but a towel!" Emily just sits there, shaking and too afraid to move. Tears roll down her face as she tries to move but seems paralyzed. "Fine, I will help you!" Mrs. Suthers quickly rips off the wet pull-up with great force and tosses it across the room. "There, now get up and get cleaned up! I said NOW! You get cleaned up and make it snappy! Good GOD just wait until your father hears about this!" Completely scared out of her mind, Emily gets up, runs to the bathroom and slams the door shut. As crying is heard over the running water in the shower, Mrs. Suthers sits down on the couch and tries to collect her thoughts. She sighs and thinks of all the possibilities. Is this her fault? Is this her father's? Was she touched by him? Is she bullied at school? Is this because of the Ludkes? All of these thoughts race through her mind... until finally, an incredible sense of shame and sorrow comes over her. She thinks about how she just screamed, swore at, and almost hit her daughter. She thinks about how special her daughter is to her and how helpful she has been over the years. She then remembers the terrified look on Emily's face just a few minutes ago. She begins to cry, thinking as if she is a horrible mother.

After a few minutes, Mrs. Suthers gets up off the couch and goes into her bedroom. She looks around in the closet and finds a half pack of Pampers size 5 diapers from when Emily was three and still in diapers. She pulls a few of them out. Heading towards her bathroom, she gets the baby powder from one of the cabinets and sets it on her bed. She cleans the mess that was left on the floor from the incident and waits for Emily to finish her shower.

Emily is standing in the shower with warm water falling over her. She is almost motionless and all she can do is cry and shake in fear. Every possible negative thought rush through her mind like a runaway freight train out of control. "Will I be forced to wear diapers in public? Will I be hit or beaten? Will mom hate me forever? And what about dad; will he hit me with his belt?" Finally, Emily turns off the water and steps out, wrapping a towel around her. She stands there drying herself off, trying to stop the flow of tears. She looks in the mirror and notices her eyes are puffy and red. Before she is able to finish drying off, she hears a yell from her mother. "EMILY, GET YOUR BUTT INTO MY ROOM, NOW!" This causes the tears to begin flowing again as she wraps the towel around her damp body and runs into her mother's room.

Once inside, Mrs. Suthers instructs Emily to sit down on the computer chair. Emily does as she is told as her mother takes a deep breath and begins speaking. "Emily, sweetheart, you know I love you very much. You know I would never talk to you like this unless I was deeply concerned for your well-being..." Emily dries her tears and begins to calm down slightly. "Now that I have calmed down, can you tell me why you were wearing a pull-up? And no excuses. Tell me the truth like the smart, loving little girl I know you are."

Emily wipes more tears from her eyes and begins to explain. "Mommy, I like them – but – it's more than that. I feel safe when wearing them. It's like I don't have to worry about a lot of things while I wear them. And more so when I'm modeling; I don't have to worry about pee breaks and the shots get done faster. Um, this means you don't have to sit around as long," Emily sighs and catches her breath. "I know it's weird but I just... I just like it. Oh yeah, before you blame the Ludkes... I was – uh – kinda wearing them since the last time you had me wear one when I was seven. So, this was way before I met them." Emily sighs, trying to catch her breath. A thought comes into her mind after thinking about the last thing she just said. "Um, Mom... In a way... um... don't get mad but... ugh. Um, never-mind."

"No, sweetie... I want you to be honest. Tell me. I'm just as confused as you are. I'm sorry for yelling at you like I did but I'm just so worried that you're doing this because you've been hurt or something. Was it something I did? Was it your daddy? Just tell me so maybe I can help you," Mrs. Suthers rambles.

"No mom, it's not daddy. Um, well it might have been you... but not like you think. Um... well that time when I was seven and you had me wear a Pull-Up because we'd be out in a faraway place for hours and I wouldn't have a potty to go to. Well, I guess I kind of grew to like them after that. I... I've kind of been wearing them off and on since then. But it's not just for fun. It's like I said Mommy...they make me feel safe."

"Safe, from what? What are you so afraid of?" Mrs. Suthers asks.

Emily sighs deeply. "The world is scary, Mommy. I guess I'm not as brave as you thought I was. And okay... you and daddy... you fight a lot. And I just... it hurts... to see that so much. I... I'm sorry... it's stupid, okay... but it's just what I do to feel better about things. I don't know," Emily says very quietly.

Mrs. Suthers sighs out of frustration and confusion. "I just don't know what to do with you, child. And you father – he's not going to like this, not at all. He loves you as much as I do and you know that sweetheart... I'm sorry that we fight a lot, but it's not your fault, either. You shouldn't worry so much, you really shouldn't. Now, come lay down on my bed."

A confused Emily stands up and asks her mother if she should get dressed first. "No, just lay down. Towel and all," Mrs. Suthers responds. Emily reluctantly does as she is told. It's not until she flops down on the bed that she notices the baby diapers and powder. She doesn't know what to think at this point and her mind draws a blank. Her mother begins to unwrap the towel and gets a dry towel to finish drying Emily's waist and legs. She then instructs Emily to lift her butt up as she opens a fresh Pampers diaper. Emily does as she is told as her mother slides the diaper under Emily's small, clean buttocks. She powders Emily's front and behind before placing the top of the diaper on her and firmly places the tapes in place. The size five diaper manages to fit just fine, after all Emily does have a very small body. Emily looks up at her mom with a confused look on her face, as if to ask "why?"

"Emily, dear. After hearing what you had told me I will give you the following choices. It is completely your choice what you want to do – but you must follow my terms and conditions exactly as I say them," Mrs. Suthers begins calmly. Emily gives her mother her complete attention as she quickly admires how cute she looks in her old Pampers from when she was three.

"Option A: If you love your diapers, or pull-ups like you say you do – you will buy your diapers on your own. You will be honest and tell your agent about your diapers and if she doesn't like the idea, you will have to quit modeling. You will also have to wear and show off your diapers to your family that visits, including any friends that come over. Anytime you need to be changed, you will do it yourself. I have changed enough of your stinky diapers in the past and I will not do so again." Mrs. Suthers explains. Emily can see the pros and cons of this already, but doesn't dare say anything. She continues to listen for the next option. Mrs. Suthers continues on.

"OR you can choose Option B. You give up on diapers and pull-ups now and forever. You toss the ones you have now and never speak of it again. And if I ever find you wearing one, I will... well, you don't want to know -- but basically your butt will be sore and you will be grounded from everything, including your modeling job. Don't worry about your father. I will talk to him ALONE. So, the choice is yours."

Emily doesn't even take two seconds to blurt out her answer. "Option A! MOM, I choose A!"

"Okay sweetie. I figured you would. Now, getting back to your punishment – for lying to me about all of this. You are to wear that diaper for the rest of the day. I don't care if it leaks, you are keeping it on. Oh, and NO pants – only a shirt. Now go!" Not thinking of this as much of a punishment, Emily jumps with joy as she skips to her room to play.

Once in her room, Emily digs through her overnight bag from when she slept over at Madison's house. She remembers Madison gave her one of her pacifiers. She pulls it out and puts it in her mouth, then lies down on her bed. She gets out her

phone and sends a text to Madison. They text back and forth for about a half hour as Emily explains to her what just happened and how she's laying in just a Pampers and t-shirt. She daydreams and thinks about everything that's happened. She begins to worry a bit about some of the things she will now have to face with her choice of Option A. As she continues to drift off into a meditation, she feels some warm pee trickling into her diaper. Enjoying the sensation, she relaxes and lets a steady stream fill up her diaper. As it becomes mushy and full of warm gelled-up goodness, she fondles herself, rubbing the front and middle of the warm, crinkly diaper. "Freedom, at last!" she softly squeals as she continues to enjoy herself and the diaper. After another half hour, Emily passes out on her bed from being both mentally and physically exhausted. She falls asleep, still suckling on her pacifier.

## Chapter 22 – “The Day After”

Emily awakens around 11pm with an intense feeling coming from her bladder. She is just about to get up and stumble into the bathroom when she reaches down and feels the front of her crinkly Pampers. Not fully awake, she plops her head back down on the pillow and begins wetting her diaper. As it fills up and becomes warm and squishy, she can't help but smile and moan happily as she drifts back into dreamland.

### **Daybreak: Saturday Morning...**

As the sun rises over Emily's tiny house, birds can be heard singing and chirping a peaceful tune. The air is brisk with a hint of a familiar smell as a breeze blows across Emily's bed. The bright sun and gentle chirping gently wakes the girl as she begins stretching and yawning. Her hands slowly move down past her stomach as she feels the top of her plastic, crinkly diaper. She sits up, somewhat in shock as she looks down seeing herself in a soaking wet, bulging diaper.

"What the heck," Emily whispers to herself. During this moment, a rush of memories from the day before rush into her mind, playing back like a poorly edited music video in a matter of seconds. All at once, looks of fear, excitement, and relief come across her face. "Now that I can wear diapers freely, I think it's time I have a little fun of my own," she thinks to herself, sporting a mischievous grin on her angelic face. She slowly gets out of bed and walks around her room, parading around in nothing but her pajama shirt and sagging diaper. "So, I can finally wear these as much and for as long as I want," Emily continues to think. While walking around, she tots over to her dresser and stands on her stool so she can see her loaded diaper in the mirror. "I wonder how much full it really is; it sure feels heavy." Emily proceeds to stand with her legs bent and spread apart just wide enough to thrust her pelvis back and forth so she can watch her soaked diaper sway. After working up a morning sweat and her body becoming warm, her cold, wet diaper begins to feel uncomfortable to her. Thinking in her mind, "I think I'll just slip on a pull-up for now. I am feeling pretty lazy today." As she is about to reach for one, she looks in the mirror at herself again. "Okay, I better take a shower first. I don't want to smell like old pee, that's disgusting!" With that final thought, she walks into her bathroom, takes off her shirt and pauses one last time in front of the mirror to admire both her, and the baby diaper that she is wearing. After taking the heavily saturated diaper off and tossing it into the trash bin, she hops into the shower. She cleans herself from head to toe, making sure to take extra care of her lower region as she does not want to smell anything like she did this morning.

After her shower, Emily quickly dries off and heads to her room stark nude. She bends over to look under her bed for her usual pull-ups. As she is about to grab for one, she remembers about the diapers her mother gave her the night before. "Oh, yeah -- Mom gave me some super cute plastic baby diapers that I can use. They are so comfy and I know they can hold more than a pull-up. I should definitely wear one of those right now," Emily giggles as she eagerly talks to herself. Being an only child and not having many friends, this is something Emily does without thinking. She gets up and walks to her dresser to grab a Pampers from the pile along with some baby powder. She lays down an old sheet on her bed to use as a changing pad, and then lies on her bed. Her heart begins beating faster and faster with every half second. She thinks to herself, "Man this is so awesome. For the first time I can wear this and not be scared of my parents." She then opens up the diaper, pushing her butt into the air by pushing with her legs. She slides the diaper under her, spreads her legs and quickly pulls the front of the diaper on top of her as a test fit before letting it go. She grabs the baby powder and sprinkles a large amount, as she wants her diaper to feel nice and soft. She takes her time slowly rubbing the powder in; with each second, her heart beats faster, her breath gets heavier. After making sure every bit of powder is in place, her body cringles and her toes curl as she lets out a soft moan followed by constant panting. She quickly grabs the front of the diaper, places it on top of her once more and proceeds to tape both sides snugly in place. She quickly jumps up and trots over to her closet to pick out something to wear. Emily pauses and thinks to herself, "should I get fully dressed? I am feeling a bit lazy. I also want to show my diaper off as much as possible. Hmm, I got it!" She reaches out for an old sundress. She wore it a few years ago when she was younger, so it fits her more like a skirt now. It fits her just enough to have the dress come down just past her waistline. If she leans forward or sits down, her diaper will fully expose.

Emily slips on the dress and opens her door, walking out of her room slowly. With each step she can hear a crinkle sound, more so in her hallway where everything seems to echo. Emily walks down the hallway and into her living room. She walks a bit faster and quickly peers around the corner to the kitchen where she sports her dad reading the newspaper. A bit scared, she tries to quietly turn around and walk away, but the loud crinkling gives her away. "Where are you going, baby girl" her father asks with a smirk. With this, Emily turns around and re-enters the kitchen, blushing just a little. "I could hear you walking down the hall. I guess what your mom said was true," Mr. Suthers continues. "Come over here and sit down, will ya? We need to talk, a lot."

Emily pauses as her knees begin to shake. She feels somewhat nauseous as she forces herself to move forward towards the kitchen table. She walks towards the table taking short, light steps as to not have her diaper crinkle any louder. Her old habits kick in as she tries to hide her diaper by pulling down her dress. She pulls out a chair and sits down, waiting for her dad to put down the newspaper and start yelling at her. Nevertheless, he does not start yelling. He does not even seem to be the slightest bit angry. The two of them end up having a nice father-daughter talk for just about an hour. Towards the end of their discussion, a few questions come up of which Emily, now feeling more comfortable, is eager to answer.

"... So, do you use them? Moreover, how do you clean yourself? You don't need to elaborate -- just simple answers," Mr. Suthers inquires, seeming very interested in this new interest his daughter is sharing.

"Yes daddy, I only pee in them. Um, poop smells horrible and it is just really gross. I use wipes to clean myself, or I just take a shower," Emily responds.

"Besides the Ludkes, does anyone else know about this?" her dad asks.

"Nope. I try my best to keep it a secret from others. I have always kind of been like that you know. I keep to myself mostly."

"I see... do you like playing 'baby' -- like wearing baby type clothing or playing with babyish toys?"

Emily blushes for a few milliseconds before responding. "Ye...yes I do, I do it when no one is around, though. Uh, wha--why?"

Mr. Suthers smiles, trying to reassure his daughter that he is not upset or mad at her. He leans over and offers her a proposition. "Emily, baby girl, if you are willing to play baby for me, I'll let you spend your money on anything baby related without any questions. How does that sound?" Emily can almost not believe what she is hearing. She jumps up joyfully and is no longer afraid.

"Okay, daddy! Um, can I have your credit card so I can buy some stuff online? I will give you the cash right now, please daddy? Please?" Emily asks, jumping up and down like a three year old. Her father chuckles and reaches for his wallet. He reluctantly hands her a Visa card, but informs her she cannot spend more than \$300 as there is a \$500 limit on that card and he needs the leftover in case of emergency. Emily agrees as she skips around the table and runs into her father, giving him a great big hug. Mr. Suthers takes his card and tosses it to Emily for her to catch but she is too slow to catch it. She turns around and bends over to pick it up off the floor, exposing her fully diapered bottom.

"Hey, diaper girl -- nice to see that you're staying dry this morning," her dad jokingly shouts. Emily quickly picks up the card, stands up and turns around with a look of embarrassment on her face. Lifting up her dress past her belly button, she exposes the entire diaper to her father.

"I'm dry now, but not for long. Um, will you change me later if I get wet?" Asks Emily, somewhat joking.

"Maybe, baby girl; we'll see," he responds. Emily pulls her skirt back down and walks quickly back to her room. She is anxious to turn on her laptop and start looking for diapers and other baby items. She shuts her door, flops onto her bed and turns her laptop on. While waiting for the laptop to boot up, Emily thinks to herself about what she should start looking for.

"Hmm; I guess the first thing I should look for are diapers. Maybe I can find something better than those thin things they sell at Wal-Mart. Okay, Firefox is open. Okay, 'baby diapers' - yes Google, I'm 'feeling lucky.' Let's go!" Emily types in 'baby diapers' in the search box and clicks on 'I'm feeling lucky.' The first result brings up a page for cloth diapers. Emily continues to talk out loud. "No, no; I don't want *cloth* ones!" She clicks on back and proceeds to click another link in the search results. It brings up some type of forum about grown men wearing diapers and dressing up like sissies. "Eww! I definitely did not want to see some hairy fat man trying to fit into one!"

She then stumbles upon a real site selling bigger sized 'baby' diapers meant to fit older children. [<http://www.bambo-nature.com/bambo-nature-junior-1.html> ]

"Whoa, this looks promising: Bambo Nature Diapers. Size five, Junior. Fits 33 to 55 pounds. Maximum absorbency 1200 milliliters. Wow, that is a lot of pee, I think. Up to 55 pounds. I'm not much heavier than that. Okay, I'm ordering a bag of these. They look nice and thick, too. I just wish they were fully plastic backed. Okay, time to look for those next!" Emily says as she proceeds to order a bag of Bambo Size 5 diapers. She now searches for 'vintage' plastic baby diapers. So far, all that comes up are E-Bay auctions. "My gosh! I am **not** paying \$20 for just two diapers; that is insane! Okay, let's get off E-bay. Oh, what's this? 'Bentley' diapers, size five. They look thick and have that smooth crinkly plastic cover. I think I've seen these at the '99 Cent' stores. Yeah, those were totally plastic backed. I'll just get a package from that store the next time I'm out shopping. I don't want to buy a full case of them now, what if they totally leak or something," Emily continues. She decides it is time to start looking for babyish clothing and starts searching for such items.

"What's AB/DL clothing? Wow, baby clothes for adults? I did not know adults did this stuff, too! Oh well, that is for a later time. **Wow!** I can get a onsie in my size? I will get one for me and two for Maddie and Britney. Oh, while I am here I will get me some pacifiers and other clothing. Plastic pants? Nah, not for me. Oh, baby powder -- yes totally. Hmm, 'youth' diapers? Those sure look big and bulky but they have *four* tabs. I'll get a small pack of 20 to try them; who knows?"

Emily orders onsies, pacifiers, youth diapers, and a few other babyish dresses and even a few "bootie" type socks. She then wonders if there is anything else she should look for. She really wants to score some older Pampers or Huggies from the 1990s but does not want to blow a small fortune on E-bay. She digs around the web a little more and stumbles upon another e-store that just happens to be selling a limited quantity of vintage baby diapers. A bag of 'walker 3' for girls, Toys R Us brand from 1997 and a bag of Pampers 'walker 3 for girls' dated 1991. "Oh my, I must have these! \$40 per bag -- okay that is worth it! Three, two, one, ORDER!" Emily says while giggling.

Two hours of surfing and ordering products online have quickly passed. All the juice Emily drank for breakfast is now ready to be expelled, as she feels that all too familiar urge from her bladder. She quickly logs out of her laptop and sets it under her bed. The urge becomes stronger and she knows she cannot hold it much longer. Instead of just going on the spot, Emily decides to take off her dress and step on her stool in front of her mirror. She stands there fully nude, except for the diaper. She spreads her legs slightly and begins to relax, watching herself in the mirror as a silent hiss can be heard. The area of the diaper between her legs rapidly turns a dark yellow and begins to swell. After a few seconds, a sigh of relief comes out of Emily's mouth. She then takes some time to rub the front and middle of the wet, squishy diaper before hopping off the stool. She quickly grabs and puts on a t-shirt and opens her door. Suddenly, she yells, "Daddy, I need a new diaper!" Her father quickly yells back, "be right up, baby girl!" Emily pauses, thinking he wasn't serious. She walks to her dresser, grabs a fresh diaper, wipes, and baby powder, and places them neatly on her bed. Her mind is in scrambles. "Is this for real? The last time my dad saw my private area was when I was last in diapers. Oh man, oh man this is so weird! Okay, Em -- everything should be fine," Emily reassures herself. She hears her dad's footsteps coming closer and closer. She then has a naughty thought. "What if my daddy does change me? It might be kind of exciting, and kind of weird, too..."

Mr. Suthers enters Emily's room. "Hey baby girl, I see you really had to go, didn't you? Um, the thing is -- I was joking earlier but if you want me to change you now I can; just don't make a habit out of it."

Emily nods her head, "no its okay, Daddy. Um, can you change me just once? That is, if it is okay with you. You do want to change your baby girl, don't you?" Emily looks up at her father with a sweet and innocent face.

"Well, I suppose so. I did it a few times when you were a toddler, I think I can hack it. C'mon, let us get this over with, Mr. Suthers replies. He starts by peeling back the tabs of her wet diaper and pulling down the front. "PEE YOU," he shouts. "You're one smelly girl for one that just wet herself." Emily covers her face with her hands, somewhat embarrassed. Her heart starts to pound as her father pulls out a wipe to clean her. He gently starts to wipe her lower region down. As he gets further, Emily lets out a shriek.

"DAD! That's cold!" Emily says, holding back a smile. He just chuckles while continuing to clean her gently. Now he pulls out the wet diaper and has her lift up her butt as he slides the new diaper under her. He sprinkles the baby powder on top of her, and then looks up at her. "Um, sweetie you are going to have to rub that into you. If you were still a helpless baby I would do it, no problem; however, with you being at this age, well that's a bit weird. So, I'll look away and you tell me when you're done, okay baby?" After a few seconds, Emily tells him that she is done and to continue changing her. He grabs the front of the diaper and places it on top of her; carefully placing each tab to make sure it fits nicely. Emily gets up and jumps onto her father to give him a hug. He quickly catches her, embraces her in his arms and reminisces about the loving times he spent with her like this when she was a toddler. After a few moments, he sets her down while telling her to get dressed. "Your Mom should be getting home soon. Be good, baby girl. I love you, always and forever," he says as he slowly leaves the room.

"Love you more, Daddy! No, really, um. Than--thanks. You're the best!" Emily shouts happily as she begins to find some clothes to wear. Still feeling the unrelenting eagerness of being able to wear diapers without consequence, Emily searches through her clothes. After giving it some thought, she decides to pick out something that doesn't conceal her diaper too much, yet doesn't leave her diaper completely exposed either. As she looks through her closet she finds a bag of clothes that were supposed to be donated to the local Goodwill because they didn't fit her properly for one reason or another. Emily opens the bag and starts digging through it when she comes across her old baby blue short shorts with a matching baby blue t-shirt with the words "Mommy's Princess" air brushed onto it. "This will do," Emily thinks to herself as she takes off her current t-shirt and tosses it on the floor. She starts to put on the short fitting t-shirt. Emily wiggles her arms and chest around to see if the shirt is too tight; luckily, it is not. She then grabs her baby blue short shorts and proceeds to pull them up. As they get to her thighs, the shorts become tighter and tighter. With each tug Emily pulls up her shorts while pushing the diaper into her lower region.

Finally, after several pulls Emily is able to pull the shorts up over the diaper. After she is dressed, Emily sits and then bends over to sit on her bed. As she slowly sits down she can feel her shorts getting tighter and tighter. After what seemed to be an eternity Emily is able to sit down and wiggle her legs to try and stretch the short out. As her legs sway back and forth, open and shut; she pauses with her legs spread. Emily giggles as she looks down, "wow my dry diaper sometimes sticks out of the leg holes. More thoughts enter her mind. "I wonder what would happen if my diaper was full?" Emily gets up and starts to walk out of her room but the reflection of herself in the mirror catches her eye. "Wow," Emily thinks to herself as she notices that the complete outline of her diaper is highly visible, almost as if she was not wearing any shorts at all. Emily briefly feels the back of her shorts then walks out of her room to watch television in the living room. Before turning the TV on, she heads into the kitchen for a tall glass of sweet tea.

After a few shows and three tall glasses of tea, Emily lies down on her couch and falls asleep. All this excitement has made her quite tired. Emily wakes up after a few hours. She stretches out her arms and legs, which immediately triggers a massive urge to pee. Feeling lazy and groggy, Emily just lays there in a state of relaxation, letting the stream of pee flow out into her diaper. Slowly, an intense warmth covers her waist from front to back. As she expels the last drop, Emily sticks her hand in between her shorts and diaper. She gently caresses the front of the diaper, feeling the warm and squishy sensation. Emily feels aroused but decides not to pursue her emotions just now, as the living room is hardly the place for such activities. Emily continues to lie down as she waits for her hormones to subside. After a while, Emily jumps up and out of the couch. When she lands the soaked diaper sags and bulges out one leg hole. Emily looks down in amazement and grins. "I never thought I could get my diaper to look like a real wet baby's, this is awesome," Emily thinks to herself.

She begins to walk towards her room to get changed when the front door opens. Shocked, Emily squats in front of her couch waiting to see who walks in. Only a few short seconds pass by, but to Emily, it is an eternity. The door opens wide as Mrs. Suthers walks in, immediately noticing Emily crouched behind the couch.

"Emily, why are you trying to hide?" Mrs. Suthers asks sternly. Emily stands up with her all too obvious soaked diaper sticking out and replies, "Um, I forgot I was allowed to wear diapers so I hid from you. Sorry Mom, it's like instinct or something." Emily then runs up to her mother, gives her a hug, and apologizes some more. Mrs. Suthers thinks a small form of punishment for her daughter trying to hide is in order. She decides to have Emily help carry in the groceries from the car dressed as she is. Emily does not think it is an issue and quickly walks outside. She keeps walking and even gets to the car before noticing that her neighbors were out as well as some kids riding their bikes in the street. A bit frightened, Emily walks to the front of her mother's car to pull up her diaper as to keep it from sagging out of her shorts. Thinking there is no problem, she starts to carry in bag after bag until she gets to the last one. She sees it filled with a pack of diapers, baby powder and bottles. While carrying the last bag, she bends over and leans in, causing her shorts to pull down and exposing the back of her diaper.

Just as this happens one of the kids, a boy around 13 years of age rides his bike into her drive way. He immediately takes notice and shouts "WOOK AT DA WITTLE DIAP-WER GURL! AND WOOK SHE'S AWW WET AN STWINKY." Emily gasps, jumping into the car in a panic. The sudden panic attack causes her to wet in her diaper more out of fear. With her diaper already completely soaked, it begins to leak – not a little, but a constant stream. Her shorts become soaked as a puddle forms on the seat of the car. Emily starts to cry, as this situation is new and unexpected. She cannot think of a witty comeback since her head is astray. She instinctively screams for her mother. At that moment, Mrs. Suthers comes running out to see the young boy teasing her daughter. Furious, Mrs. Suthers grabs the boy by the hand and takes him into the house. The other kid riding a bike rushes off down the street. Once inside, Mrs. Suthers asks the scared boy for his house number. The boy, scared and on the verge of tears whimpers, "its (201)-555-7285!" Mrs. Suthers instantly calls the number.

**\*\*Ring\*\* ... \*\*Ring\*\* ... \*\*Ring\*\* ...** "Hello, may I ask who's calling?"

"Yes, this is Mrs. Suthers, and whom am I speaking with?"

"This is Sandra Cruze, how may I help you?"

"Well, you see Ms. Cruze... I live on Elm Avenue, about 4 houses down from the corner and your son Conner was riding his bike in front of my house and..." Ms. Cruze interrupts, "Oh no, did he get hurt, or worse, did he break something of yours?"

"No, nothing like that," Mrs. Suthers replies, speaking rapidly, "it's, well – your son is in a lot of trouble with me. You see, my preteen daughter is small for her age. Because of this, she has bladder issues and is put in diapers from time to time. Well, today was one of those times."

"Uh huh, continue," Ms. Cruze replies with more of a stern voice, slowly getting an idea of what happened.

"My daughter was outside getting groceries out of my car and my guess was her diaper was visible; and I have to admit it was in need of a change, but continuing on... Conner proceeded to ride his bike into my drive way and harass my daughter about her diaper to the point of tears and terror causing her to further pee in fear and making a mess out of the back seat of my car." Ms. Cruze is breathing heavily over the phone.

After a brief silence, she continues. "Mrs. Suthers, I am truly sorry about that. Have Conner wait for me at your house. I will be there in five minutes to pick him up. And I will give you a call later on tonight to discuss this further." Five minutes pass and a van pulls into the driveway. After the van stops, a young, skinny brunette with highlights walks out. As she walks up the driveway, she notices Mrs. Suthers' rear door open on her car. She takes a quick glance and can see a soccer ball sized wet spot and a faint smell of urine. This makes Ms. Cruze even more furious. She continues to walk to the front door, but this time her steps are heavier and louder.



The doorbell rings and Mrs. Suthers answers the door. "Hello, you must be Ms. Cruze?"

"Please, call me Sandra" she responds. "I am so sorry for the trouble that Conner has caused, and really; I am at a loss for words... I left my eight year old daughter at home watching TV while I rushed over here, so can I get my son?" asks Sandra.

"Sure thing, but what about his bike?" Mrs. Suthers asks.

"If you don't mind, can you keep it here? I do not think he will need it any time soon. And if I don't come back for it in a month, you can keep it!" This causes Conner who was eaves dropping, to begin whining. Sandra then yells for Conner to get into the van and to stop his complaining. On his way out, his mother smacks him on the back of his head. "How is your daughter doing?" Sandra asks Mrs. Suthers.

"She's calm now, thanks. I have her in the shower getting cleaned up." Sandra then reaches into her purse, pulls out \$60, and gives it to Mrs. Suthers.

"Please use this to have your car cleaned. It's the least I can do." Mrs. Suthers takes the money and shakes Sandra's hand as she leaves. After the door is shut, Emily's mom turns around to find Emily sitting on the couch in only her bathing robe. She walks over to her daughter, explaining that she had to lie to Ms. Cruze for her daughter's sake. Emily is happy about this but now has a more pressing issue.

"Um Mom, I was in the shower and I noticed something, and I really need your help – it's kind of scary." Emily says with a look of worry.

"With what?" her mother asks. Emily undoes her robe and spreads her legs, now standing stark nude. At first glance, Emily's mother knows what is wrong. "I thought this would happen sooner or later, so I happened to buy some cream while I was out. While I get the cream you go get a diaper and a towel then come back here. Emily does as asked, returning a few moments later. She lays down the towel on the floor and then proceeds to lift up her robe and lay down on the towel exposing her naked body. Her mother walks to her, gets on her knees and opens a white tube. She squirts a good amount of its contents on her fingers, applying it to her daughter's lower region, being sure to cover every surface from in between her legs to the top. Her legs and lower region are coated in a thick, white cream. Mrs. Suthers then opens up the diaper and puts it on her daughter carefully. Emily relaxes and enjoys this moment, wondering why her Mom is diapering her. Not wanting to ruin the moment, she keeps quiet and just gives her mother a sweet smile. "Well, you got lucky this time kiddo; the diaper rash was small and not full blown, so it should be fine by tomorrow morning. Until then, every time you wet yourself, change right away and sprinkle some cornstarch on it, before putting a new one on. It really helps a lot," Mrs. Suthers explains. Emily nods and gives her Mom a hug. She goes back to her room to listen to some music and play on the Internet. She only comes out for dinner. Feeling quite tired after a day filled with emotions and intense feelings, she decides to turn in early. She changes herself quickly, making sure to apply more cornstarch as her mother suggested. Soon after, she hits the pillow and is out faster than she can think about the day ahead.

### **[[Sunday afternoon, after lunch; Emily's house.]]**

Emily is alone in the house watching TV, wearing only a long tank top and her diaper. The doorbell rings and a man shouts "UPS" from the door. Emily leaps up in excitement. "Wow, they really did overnight it! They even delivered on a Sunday to boot," she thinks. "Just a minute!" Emily shouts while running to her room for some pants. Once dressed, Emily opens the door. The deliveryman places three large, unmarked boxes in the doorway. He has her sign his tablet and quickly goes back to his truck. Emily quickly shuts the door and rips her pants off. She is so excited about the packages she about to open, she is like a kid in a candy store. The first box is opened, revealing the package of Bambo Nature diapers. There are 48 diapers in the package, but the package itself is much longer than a bag of Luvs or Pampers. She tears open the bag and pulls one diaper out. Her jaw drops wide open in amazement as she sees how big and thick this diaper is. It still has a cloth-like cover, but looks as if it can hold a river. "Oh my Gosh this thing is so thick. Uh-oh... Somehow, my diaper just got soaked. I do not even remember peeing! I must be excited. Oh good, now I can go change into one of these thick ones!" Emily giggles to herself.

She takes the thick diaper and runs into her room. She quickly lies on her bed and takes off her wet diaper. She is still careful to wipe herself clean and apply more cornstarch so her rash will heal. Finally, she unfolds the Bambo diaper and slides it under her bottom and legs. As she fastens the tapes, she admires how it looks and feels. "Oh it's so soft and thick; fits me so good, too! Time to put this thing to the ultimate test!" Emily says as she jumps off her bed and literally waddles into the kitchen. She digs out a huge 48oz sports bottle and fills it up with sweet tea – the one beverage that causes her to pee, a lot. She gulps down almost the entire bottle as fast as possible, and then goes back into the living room to finish opening her packages. The second box contains the various baby items she ordered. She pulls out three onsies. One is lilac in color and is her size. Another is baby pink and in Britney's size. The third is purple and white and in Madison's size.

"Aww, these are gonna be so cute. I cannot wait to have Maddie and Brittney over for a sleepover. Hey, tonight would be perfect. We do not all go back to school till Tuesday. I am gonna have to call Mom and ask if it is okay... Oh, but first I better finish going through all this stuff!" Emily blurts out loud. She digs back into the box and pulls out some XL "Mam" pacifiers – the ones that are really hard to find. Again, she got enough for all three of them to share. Finally, she pulls out a few sippy cups, baby bottles, babyish pink socks, and a few short dresses. She cannot help but sit and daydream for a while, thinking about all the fun things they can do. This will be Emily's first sleepover (at her house) and she is excited to have one with her two best friends. Finally, she opens the third box – the package of Toys R Us 'Walker 3' for Girls vintage diapers and the package of Pampers 'Walker 3' for girls from 1991. Again, she is in awe of how thick these diapers are – and the fact that these are completely plastic backed. She pulls out one of each and feels the smooth, crinkly plastic cover. She unfolds one and looks inside. "Oh gosh... we're going to have so much fun with these!"

Emily decides she had better take all of her diapers and baby stuff and put them in the closet in her room, just in case an unexpected visitor comes over. After putting the items away, she runs back to the living room and decides to call her mother who picked up an extra shift at work.

"Hi Mommy. I am sorry to bother you but I wanted to ask if I could have Maddie and Brittney over for a sleepover tonight? Please? We do not have school till Tuesday so it would work out okay." Emily asks, speaking quickly. Mrs. Suthers agrees and says yes almost immediately. Emily hangs up the phone. "Wow, that was almost too easy," she thinks. She then dials Madison's number and talks to her for a few minutes, inviting her and Britney to come over.

"I hope your Mom says yes cause, um... I have SO much to show you. You're gonna freak!" Emily shouts over the phone.

"We miss you, Ems. Of course, my Mom will say yes. Um, can you give me a hint on what you got? And, oh, um... Does your Mom know about you wearing now? How did that go?" Madison asks.

"No hints, it's a surprise! Um, yeah my mom and dad both know and I... um. I wear all the time now, just like you and Brit. It is a long story; I will tell you when you get here. Okay, go ask your Mom, k?" Emily says with impatience. Madison puts the phone down and asks her mother if they can sleep over. Twenty seconds later, Madison returns to the phone.

"Okay, she said yes! We can come over after dinner, about seven o'clock. I can't wait to see what surprise you have. Um, gotta go... see you soon! ... [[click]]" Emily puts the phone down and decides to relax for a while. She opens up one of the large pacifiers and pops it in her mouth. She lies on the couch and turns some random babyish cartoons on. She suckles her pacifier and gets comfortable.

A few hours pass. Emily is still relaxing on the couch and enjoying her new pacifier as Mr. Suthers walks in the front door. He was doing some work at a friend's house. He walks past the couch and carefully looks over his daughter, giving her a slight grin and a chuckle.

"Hey baby girl, I see you've made yourself at home. You look adorable," he lovingly teases. Emily is not shocked or afraid at all, as she has become more comfortable with her father being so understanding and easy-going with this.

"Oh, he-he. Hi, daddy. Yeah, my packages came today! I paid extra for overnight shipping but it was worth it. Um, excuse me a min---" Emily says while sitting up and spreading her legs a bit. Her bladder feels as if it is ready to explode.

"Go right ahead, little girl. I hope the diaper you've got on can handle a flood cause it looks like there's about to be one," Mr. Suthers jokes. This causes Emily to giggle and squirm, forcing the stream of pee to come out even faster. Emily sighs and coos as she feels her lower region becoming somewhat warm. After what seems like minutes, Emily has finished wetting her diaper. She feels around the front and back of it to check for leaking. Amazingly, it's not even close to leaking, though it has become even thicker than before. She gasps and smiles proudly at her father.

"These diapiies are amazing! I can barely tell I'm wet right now. Um, do I have to get changed right away?" Emily asks, looking up at him sweetly.

"Well, no if you think it can handle another flood; you might as well get your money's worth, princess. Say, I hear you're having a sleepover here tonight?" Mr. Suthers asks curiously.

"Oh, yeah; Maddie and Britney are coming over around seven. Is that okay? It's my first sleepover here, daddy. I'm really excited!" Emily gloats.

"Of course it's okay. I am glad you are finally meeting new friends. Hmm... Maddie and Britney. Are those the Ludke girls?"

Emily nods her head proudly. "Yes and they're my best-est friends, ever. And yeah they both wear, too. It's kind of how we all met each other... during Trick-Or-Treating last Halloween."

Mr. Suthers nods. "Yes, I remember now. They are good kids. You girls have fun tonight, but remember your mother and I go to bed early at about eight-thirty because we both work early in the morning." Emily nods and promises to keep the noise level down. "Okay, well I'm going to go get dinner started. I'll be outside grilling. We are having grilled chicken and baked potatoes. I got a deal at the store just now." Mr. Suthers leaves the room. Emily sits and plays with her freshly wet diaper for a few moments, thinking it is time to go get something more to drink. She waddles into the kitchen, fills up one of her new sippy cups with apple juice, and takes it back with her to the living room.

Mr. Suthers brings in the grilled chicken and potatoes right around six fifteen. Just as he is setting the table, Mrs. Suthers arrives home from work. Emily is still wearing her half-wet diaper and short t-shirt. She gets up from the couch and runs into the kitchen to greet her mother. "Mommy, hi! Thanks so much for letting Maddie and Britney sleep over. I'm so excited! "Emily gives her mother a hug, then sits down at the table, eager to eat dinner.

"You're welcome, Em. Oh, I see your packages came today. And by the looks of your diaper you've already used it."

Emily blushes a little. "Yeah, um – kind of. I didn't change cause um these ones hold a ton and I don't even feel wet yet. Daddy said it was okay..."

"That's fine, just remember to take care of that rash you have. Oh, your friends coming over tonight... Just make su--"

Emily cuts her mother off, "sure to keep quiet after eight-thirty ... I know, Mom. "

"Well, yes that... AND – make sure your friends understand that I will not be changing them. They are the ones who are in diapers too, yes?" Mrs. Suthers continues.

"Oh, um... yeah. That is fine; um they can change themselves if they need to. Wow, this chicken is really good daddy!" Emily says, quickly changing the subject. Mr. Suthers smiles and nods proudly.

The rest of dinner at the Suthers house is mostly uneventful. Emily finishes first, rinses her plate and sets it near the sink. She excuses herself and thanks her parents for a great dinner, then runs off to her room to get ready for the sleepover. She gets out her new diapers and baby items, making sure everything is ready. She sits down at her desk and starts to make a list of what to play and do tonight. This being her first sleepover, Emily is a bit overwhelmed with ideas and feelings. She turns to a new page in her journal and begins writing about her day, following with a list of things to do at the sleepover...

1. *Play with diapers! No, I mean REALLY play with diapers...*

2. *Put on onsies and use pacifiers*
3. *Drink a lot of juice or kool-aid*
4. *See who can wet the most without leaking*

*After Mom and Dad Go to Bed:*

1. *Truth or Dare! I know Maddie likes this game.*
2. *Play a prank on Maddie. Need to get her back for that trick she played on me a few weeks ago...*
3. *Play silly games like Candyland*
4. *Have more to drink*

Emily giggles to herself as she reads over her itinerary. "This is gonna be so much fun. Oh, there's the doorbell!" Emily dashes to the front door and opens it. "Hi Maddie, Hi Britney! I missed you guys!" Emily gives both girls a hug and invites them inside. Mr. and Mrs. Suthers are in the living room watching TV.

"Hello Madison and Britney. It is nice to finally meet you. As I told Emily, you can have fun but please try to keep it quiet after eight-thirty; we both have to go to bed since we work early in the morning. "Mr. Suthers explains.

"Oh, no problem. We will be quiet. Thanks for letting us stay here," Madison says softly. Emily takes their bags and bolts off to her room, signaling the two girls to follow her. Mr. and Mrs. Suthers both look at each other and smile. They are happy to see Emily finally able to have friends over. The girls go in Emily's room and close the door. Madison and Britney sit on Emily's bed. Britney looks around the room, almost instantly seeing the pile of diapers and baby items on the floor. Her eyes open wide with a look of awe on her face.

"Wow, those diapies look nice! And... you gots pacis and sippy cups and... aww. So, um... your Mommy took it well?" Britney asks with excitement.

"Yeah, like didn't you just tell her on Friday? I thought she liked freaked out? That's what you text-ed me," Madison adds.

Emily sighs. "Yeah, she did, at first. I kind of thought she hated me that night. I mean she got real mad and screamed at me... But I didn't actually tell her myself. She found out from my agent who noticed I was wearing a pull-up in one of the photo shoots I did. Therefore, she was mad for a while but after I took a shower that night, she had me come in her room and we talked about things; and, she diapered me. She gave me a choice: I could either stop and never wear diapers again, or I could have them but I'd have to wear them all the time like you do. Um, of course I choose being diapered. My Mom is still kind of weird about all of this, but she doesn't yell at me anymore. I have to change myself, but it's not so bad," Emily explains to her friends.

Madison and Britney both look at each other, completely amazed. "Wow! Well, yeah I guess that's kind of what my parents did, except I didn't *have to* wear all the time if I didn't want to. Well, now I kind of do. Oh, what about your dad?" Madison asks.

"I thought he'd be really mad about it but actually he thinks it's cute. He even let me buy a bunch of diapers and baby stuff online. All the stuff you see on the floor. The packages arrived today! See this diaper I got on?" Emily lifts her skirt up to show off her Bambo diaper. All three girls giggle.

"Oh My Gosh that diaper looks nice – and thick! Does it hold a lot?" Britney asks.

"Tons. I'm wet now but can hardly tell. I drank like a ton of tea before and completely flooded it and it's only like half-full right now. These would be great for school, except they are really thick so you'd have to wear a long dress with shorts

under or something. I will have to pee again soon so we will see. Um, so I got you some things, too," Emily says as she hands Britney and Madison their onsies and pacifiers.

"Aww, thank you, so much! Um, can we wear them now as our jammies? Oh, and um... I kind of... um..." Britney begins to blush.

"You need a new diapy? Of course you can wear the onsie. Want me to help change you? How about you, Maddie?" Emily asks. "You can even wear one of these diapers – or I also got some older Pampers for girls that look nice."

Britney's eyes light up as she glares at the thick, pink, shiny plastic diapers. "Um, yes, pah-leese! Um, thanks!" Britney lies down carefully on the bed, kicking her pants off, exposing her soggy wet Pamper. Madison decides to help Emily change her sister, knowing Britney still enjoys the extra attention right now. They slide off the wet diaper and wipe her gently with baby wipes. Emily pulls out a fresh Pampers Walker 3 for Girls diaper and unfolds it. It crinkles loudly as it unfolds. All three girls shiver in excitement. The diaper is slid under Britney's bottom and pulled up between her legs. It is a little bit tighter than the size 7's, but will be okay for tonight. Next, they put the pink onsie on her; it fits perfectly. Britney takes the pacifier and happily sucks on it. She sits up and feels around the front of her diaper as it crinkles loudly.

"Do I look cute? Gosh, these diapers are nice. Um, thanks again Emily!" Britney says. She hops up and starts jumping on the bed. "Wee, he-he dis is fun!" Britney squeals.

"You look adorable. You are so welcome. What are friends for? Maddie, do you wanna get changed, too?" Emily asks.

"Yeah, I'm like not soaked but I could use a new diaper. Can I wear one of the diapers you got on? I bet I can get mine wetter than yours!" Madison teases.

"Oh, you're on! Need help changing?" Emily asks.

"Nah, I can handle it. I'm just gonna wear a diaper and t-shirt for now," Madison says while pulling out a fresh Bambo diaper. "Wow, these things are bigger than size sevens. This should fit me great! "Madison lies down and quickly takes her jeans off, removing her somewhat wet diaper and setting it aside. She wipes herself and quickly brings the new diaper in-between her legs. There is plenty of room to securely fasten the diaper in place. She finishes and tosses the wet diaper in Emily's trash. "Okay, so now we all need to like drink a lot. Do you have juice or something?"

"Yeah, I'll be right back!" Emily says as she dashes into the kitchen. She brings the entire pitcher of Kool-Aid into her room and fills up three large sippy cups, handing one to Maddie and one to Britney. "Okay, chug these down. If you want refills – help yourself. Whoever has the soggiest diaper by like 10pm wins! Um, I have to finish wetting this one first so I can change into a fresh one. Here goes. Three, two, one ... weeeeeeee," Emily says. She stands still, slightly squatting as she releases another steady stream of urine into her already wet diaper. As she continues, the front and back of her diaper becomes a dark shade of yellow. It gels up to max capacity and becomes extremely saturated, sagging more and more with every half second. Madison and Britney watch in awe, thinking Emily's diaper just may explode!

"Um, Em I think you'd better be done soon... it's getting really big, look! I bet you can't even walk," Madison says.

Emily continues to concentrate. She can feel how wet the diaper is along with an intense warmth down below. She finishes peeing, but remains still for a minute to allow the diaper to completely absorb. After some time, she feels around the back of her diaper and squishes the mushy gels all around. The diaper is now extremely heavy and soggy. The feeling is almost too intense for her, but she can't stand still any longer. She slowly sits down in her desk chair. Sitting down causes all the gelled-up fluff padding to squish around her butt and in-between her legs. Miraculously, it is not leaking, but getting very close. She squirms around in her chair and cannot help but moan with excitement.

"My GOD this feels amazing. Um, okay... I should probably change now. I have a diaper rash and I have to be careful with how long I stay this wet. Um... but wow!" Emily says in a high-pitched voice. She carefully stands up and walks over to grab a dry diaper. The soggy diaper sloshes and jiggles behind her, so thick it's hard to walk a few steps. She quickly plops

down on her bed and lays back. "Um, Maddie? Would you mind changing me? Its okay if you do not want to, but um... you're really good at it." Emily asks.

Madison grins proudly. "Of course; I guess I've had a lot of practice, changing diapers for Alyssa all these years." She un-fastens the diaper and slides it off of her. It almost goes flying across the room since it is so heavy. "Holy crap this thing is so wet and heavy! I can't even roll it up. Wow girl how much tea DID you drink?" Madison teases as she tickles Emily's tummy, causing her to giggle and squirm.

"He-he, uh – a lot. I think like almost a gallon. Um, be careful I got a rash. Can you put some cornstarch over it? It's supposed to help." Madison nods, knowing exactly how to do it. She gently rubs in the starch, and then slides the new diaper under and over, fastening the tapes. Emily sits up, giving Madison a hug. "Okay, um, so I made a list of things we can do tonight. I think we already covered the first three items. Oh, it's almost eight-thirty. After my parents go to bed, I want to play truth or dare. Are you up to that?" Emily asks.

"Sure, I'm game. You okay with that, Britt. I think we've played it before..." Madison says. Britney nods and giggles. Suddenly, Emily's door opens. It is Mrs. Suthers.

"Alright girls – we're going to bed now. Please remember to keep it down. You do not have to go to bed; just try not to make a lot of noise. Goodnight. I'd say have fun, but it looks like you already have that covered," Mrs. Suthers says, trying to keep a sense of humor.

"Okay Mommy, goodnight I love you!" Emily says. Madison and Britney smile and wave at her as she leaves and shuts the door. They wait about ten minutes to ensure both of Emily's parents are in bed. Emily turns her light off and turns on a flashlight, shining it on the floor. They are all three sitting on the bed. "Okay, so I'll start. I am going to spin the flashlight. Whomever it points to gets to go first. Here we go!" Emily spins the flashlight and it ends up pointing at Britney. "Okay Britt, truth or dare?"

Britney stops and thinks for a moment. She does not much care for dares. "Truth. Ask me anything," she says.

"Okay. So, um. I know you like diapers and wearing them and wetting them. But, um... is it just a comfort thing for you?" Emily asks. Britney is not quite sure what Emily means and looks somewhat confused.

"Yeah I love them. I have since I started bedwetting when I was like five. There were nights I did not pee in my diaper during my sleep, but I would wake up in the morning and soak it before getting dressed. Um, is that what you mean?" Britney asks.

"Sort-of. Okay, so this is kind of embarrassing and stuff. And like I'm almost 2 years younger than you so I probably don't even know what I'm talking about but like... okay... Before when I soaked my diaper – it like made me feel very good, uh, down *there*. My 'truth' question is – do you ever feel that way, too? You have to be honest." Emily explains.

Britney stops and thinks. She now knows what Emily is referring to, but cannot help be a bit shy to talk about it. "Um... well... ye...yes? I mean, yeah. Like when I would wake up and wet my diaper; yeah, it gave me that uh, 'feeling.' So, yes the truth is they are more than just a comfort thing – but uh, they also are very comforting for me, you know?" Britney says, stuttering a bit.

"Yeah, I totally know what you mean. Thanks for sharing that, Brit. I think it is good for you to get your feelings out about this. Nothing to feel bad about, we're all friends!" Emily says with heart-felt emotion.

"Uh-huh. My turn to spin the flashlight; and it lands on.... Emily! Truth or dare?" Britney asks.

"Truth, I'm not in the daring mood right now. Ask away," Emily says.

"Tell me something really embarrassing that recently happened to you," Britney asks.

"Actually something just happened yesterday. Can you guess what it is about?" Emily inquires, not waiting for an answer. Britney and Madison pay close attention to Emily's story. "He-he, okay here goes. So yesterday, I was wearing some

short shorts that were a little too small for me. I do not know why I do this to myself but I like it when my diaper is like sort-of noticeable. I did not plan to have to go outside while dressed this way. Well, my Mom went shopping and I had to go out and bring in bags from the car. My diaper was soaked and I guess it was obvious I was wearing one. Anyway, this teenage boy a few houses down was riding his bike and he drove up our driveway and saw my diaper. He immediately started making fun of me, calling me a baby and other mean things. I panicked, and sat in the back seat of Mom's car and out of fear and crying so much, I wet in my diaper more. It leaked all over the place, including my Mom's car seat. I did not know what to do so I just cried for my Mom and she came and helped me. I went in the shower to calm down. My Mom called the boy's Mom and got him in trouble. But she had to lie about why I was wearing diapers; It kind of sucks."

Madison and Britney gasp and give Emily looks of sympathy. "Oh, that does suck. We've all been there, though, right Brit?" Brittney nods in agreement.

"Thanks, but it's okay. This is the price we pay for total diaper freedom. I think it is all worth it. Hey, okay so since Maddie has not been picked yet -- you are it! Truth or dare? No one's done a dare yet so I think you should," Emily teases. Madison thinks for a few seconds.

"Oh, alright Emily, but isn't it Brittney's turn to ask truth or dare?" Madison wonders.

"Um, yeah it is; just a second. Britney, I need to talk to you quick. Come sit next to me," Emily says. Britney sits next to Emily so she can whisper in Britney's ear. Emily whispers the 'dare' she has for Madison, along with a little bit of hi-jinks to go along with it. Britney looks a bit concerned, and whispers back to Emily. She is concerned that the prank afterwards may be too mean. Emily explains to her a prank that Madison pulled on her not too long ago and that she is just getting her back for it. "It's all done in fun, I promise," Emily reassures her friend. Britney finally agrees to it and the girls get back to their game of truth or dare.

"Okay, Maddie. Emily tells me its trash night. I dare you to go and take the trash out to the curb, wearing nothing but a diaper," Britney explains. Madison gulps and gasps.

"Um, come on! Can I have another dare? Can I at least wear a long t-shirt?"

"Nope you have to do this dare; diaper only. Hey, do you have to pee yet? If so, let it rip." Emily says.

Madison sits up and begins to relax her bladder muscles. A half second passes and she is now completely flooding her diaper. After about twenty seconds, she sighs and smiles, rubbing her fingers over her warm diaper.

"Okay, my bladder is empty. Holy cow these diapers *are* amazing. If I had peed that fast into a Pamper, it would be leaking all over the place by now."

Emily giggles, "Yeah I know! These diapers really are amazing. Britney, how's your retro Pamper holding up?"

"So far so good but I haven't had to pee yet. Um, probably in a half hour or something..." Britney says.

"Well we need to go and collect all the trash from the house into a big trash bag, then you can take it out to the curb. The trash bin is in the garage," Emily explains.

"Ugh, okay then. I will collect all the trash. Trash bags in the kitchen somewhere?" Madison asks.

"Under the sink. We'll meet you by the garage in five minutes," explains Emily. Madison goes and gets a large black trash bag from under the kitchen sink. She goes around the house, emptying trashcans into the large bag. The trash bin in Emily's room is full of wet diapers and is quite heavy. "Good God, this trashcan weighs a ton! What the heck is in...? Oh, yeah... wet diapers. Ha-ha; silly me!"

Madison finishes collecting the trash and is now lugging a very heavy bag of trash around. She opens the garage door. Emily helps her lift the heavy bag into the large trash bin, and then opens the garage door. "Okay. You drag this trash bin from here to the front curb, in just your diaper. You have 30 seconds to get back here. Ready -- set -- GO!" Emily exclaims. As soon as Madison clears the garage door, Emily hits the button to close the garage door. She then runs into the house, locking both

front and back doors. Britney follows her. Madison can hear the garage door closing behind her, but does not think much of it. She just figures Emily wanted to keep the bugs out or something. She quickly drags the trash bin out to the curb. Some people across the street are taking their trash out and happen to notice Madison standing in just a diaper.

"Hey, put some clothes on! Aren't you a little old to be wearing a diaper?" A woman shouts.

"Um, it's just a stupid dare my friends made me do. Oh, and um, who cares? I am not naked or anything. Mind your own business!" Madison shouts, sounding rather annoyed. The woman just shakes her head and goes back in her house. Madison decides she has had enough and begins running towards the front door. As she goes to open it, the knob does not turn; the door does not open. She runs around to the back door and turns the knob; same thing -- locked.

"What the heck? Emily, let me in!" Emily and Britney are behind the front door, trying not to giggle or laugh. Madison is now sitting on the steps, thinking Emily will come open the door soon. Fifteen minutes pass by. Madison stands up and begins lightly tapping on the door. "Emily, open up! The joke is over, okay. I'm getting eaten alive by mosquitoes out here!" Madison's plea for help falls on deaf ears as Emily and Britney are now in the kitchen making a snack. More people from across the street are now staring at Madison who is looking quite suspicious standing there, trying to get in. A concerned old woman who is a member of the neighborhood watch begins to approach the girl. Madison's heart begins beating faster and faster. She does not want anyone else harassing her about running around half-naked in just a diaper. Tears begin to roll down her eyes, and she begins to think this prank was not so nice. "Britney and Emily this isn't funny anymore. Let me in!"

As Madison is frantically tapping on the door, the old woman is standing right behind her.

"Excuse me young lady -- just what do you think you are doing? I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Suthers are sleeping. You better have a good explanation for this!" The old woman snaps.

Madison's heart sinks into her stomach. She tries to think of something to say; something simple like it was a misunderstanding -- she was sleeping over and got locked out by accident. Then she remembers she is standing there in nothing but a diaper. She freezes and becomes more and more afraid. She thinks the old woman is going to call the police and she will get in trouble for indecent exposure. Put into such a situation of panic and anxiety, Madison loses complete control of her bladder muscles and pees rapidly into her already wet diaper. This time she pees so much, so fast, even this 'magical' diaper cannot keep up. A line of urine runs down her leg and makes a puddle on the sidewalk. Madison takes her hands and puts them in front of her diaper, trying to hide it, all while the tears continue to flow.

She attempts to speak to the old woman. "I -- um -- I got... I," but she is unable to finish. The old woman quickly catches on to what is happening.

"Oh dear, you poor thing. I think I get what is going on here. You are staying here. You are Emily's friend?" Madison just slowly nods her head while continuing to sob and cry.

Britney stands behind Emily and can see what is going on. She feels bad for her sister. "Emily! Let her in. The prank is over; she has been through enough. That old woman is going to call the cops." Emily sighs, feeling a bit bad about a prank gone too far.

"Okay, you're right. I'm sorry," Emily says as she unlocks and opens the door. Madison comes running in, sitting herself down on the floor. The old woman looks a bit upset.

"Emily, what is going on here?" The old woman asks.

"Um, nothing. We were playing truth or dare and we dared Madison, my friend, to go take the trash out while wearing a diaper. It is stupid, I know. I am sorry. Somehow, the door got locked; I did not mean to keep her locked out this long. We went to get a snack and lost track of time. Really, Mrs. Novak, it's all right." Emily explains. The old woman just shakes her head.



"Alright, well thank goodness it was just a silly prank. Goodnight, Emily." The old woman turns around and walks back towards her house. Madison is now bawling and shaking. Britney goes over by her sister to try to comfort her, but Madison rejects her help.

"Get away from me. You were in on this, too! It's bad enough I went out in just a diaper and had people yell at me, but then you lock me out, too?!" Madison cries while wiping tears from her eyes.

"Maddie, I'm really sorry. Do not be mad at Britney. It is not her fault. She didn't want to do this in the first place and tried to say no. I convinced her to. I am so sorry. I did not mean for it to go like this. We were going to lock you out, but only for like a minute. We went to make a snack and lost track of time, really. I was just trying to get you back from a few weeks ago. Please do not hate me. You and Brit are my best friends. Please, I'll do anything to make it up to you," Emily pleads.

Madison takes a few seconds to calm down and collect her thoughts. "Britney -- I'm sorry I was just upset. I am not mad anymore. Emily, it's okay but next time you want to pull a prank on me, um, please, not so extreme!"

"Okay, deal. I am sorry Maddie. Um, well I guess you won the peeing contest. He-he, come here. I will help you get changed," Emily says as she offers her hand for Madison to be pulled up. Madison stands up and begins to walk towards Emily's room. Her diaper is so wet and heavy, it is about ready to fall off. Madison cannot take it any longer and rips the diaper off right in the hallway. She decides it would be best to take a quick shower and that it is okay but she can diaper herself when she has finished.

As Madison is showering, Emily and Britney play a quick game of Candy Land in her room. Britney is winning and about to pick a card when she stops and looks down at her diaper. "Uh-oh," she says with a slight giggle.

"Ooh, you're gonna pee! Go for it. Let it go. Feel the rush of the rapids. Whoosh whoosh," Emily jokes. This just causes the desperation level to elevate. A steady rush of pee begins to flow into Britney's diaper. Emily unsnaps Britney's onsie so her bare diaper is visible, watching as it turns color and swells.

"All done! Gosh, this feels amazing. I love my Pampers but these ones feel even better. They like gel up differently. And that crinkly feeling... Uh, I... la-la-la-LOVE it," Britney moans with delight. Emily can't help but grin from ear to ear.

"Oh yeah, you are totally like me. I completely know what you mean. Now I can't wait to wear one of those ones. Um, do you wanna get changed now, or maybe enjoy it for a while? You can lie on my bed and just um, do whatever. I won't look," Emily says. Without saying a word, Britney jumps up on the bed and lies down. Emily is unable to look away and cannot help but hear the vintage Pampers diaper crinkling and squishing as a diaper of that era does when wet. She smiles, knowing exactly how Britney is feeling. Just then, a thought enters Emily's mischievous and curious mind. She crawls up on the bed and gets closer to Britney. "I think you need some help here. Your confession before got me thinking. Just lie back and relax. I am sorry but I gotta feel just how wet you are!" Britney pays no mind and lies there motionless. Emily slowly takes her hand and begins running it over the smooth, squishy plastic backed diaper of which Britney is still wearing. She gently massages the squishy diaper, rubbing her fingers into it as it crinkles louder and louder. The feeling is something of which Britney has never felt before. She likes it, but makes a funny face, squealing softly while twitching and clenching her feet. Emily looks up at her friend and giggles. "Does baby like that? Hee-hee, me too. Hold on I -- I'm not done." As Emily continues, her diaper rapidly becomes wetter than it was a few seconds ago.

Meanwhile, Madison turns the water off and steps out of the shower. After quickly drying off, she throws on a pink t-shirt. She diapers herself into one of her Pampers size 7's. There are some interesting sounds coming from Emily's room, making Madison curious as to what's going on. After turning off the bathroom light, she slowly walks towards Emily's room, finding the door cracked open. Not wanting to barge in, she decides to wait outside the door and peek in on what is happening. She watches the entire interaction between Britney and Emily and begins to feel that warm, fuzzy sensation down below. Madison knows all too well, what Britney is feeling at this moment. Five minutes of this pass and as Madison is standing there watching, she unconsciously rubs the front of her diaper. Shortly after, she can feel her diaper getting wet and warm. She

stumbles and lets out a soft shriek, falling into the door, causing it to open all the way. "Um, hey -- sorry, I must have tripped or something," Madison fibs.

Emily and Britney look up, realizing Madison had been watching them. The two girls look at each other, giving each other silly smiles and synchronized giggles.

"Um, it's okay. Britney just enjoyed her wet Pamper a bit too much, that's all." Emily teases. "And, by the look of it, Maddie -- you kind of liked what you saw, too?"

Madison blushes, looking down at her warm, wet diaper. "Uh, yeah I guess so. Hey, actually I -- I am glad this happened. We all need to accept that we all like diapers for a few different things. It does not just have to be about being comforting. We are, um... almost teenagers. So we never need to feel ashamed or weird about this, right?"

"Yeah, you are so right about that. Gosh, I am so glad we had this sleepover tonight," Emily says as she quickly looks down at her somewhat wet diaper. "Oh my, all this excitement has caused me to wet again, but not that much. It will be fine for tonight. Oh, Britney -- we need to change your diaper now. It looks a bit, mangled, ha ha ha!" Emily says, completely cracking up. Britney giggles, lying down as Emily changes her. After her diaper is changed and onsie is back on, Britney begins to yawn and rub her eyes. She tells Emily she just wants to lie down and rest, if she does not mind. All three girls decide it would be best to lie down and just talk quietly until they fall asleep.

"Um, Emily -- in the morning you are gonna be soaked and um, you're gonna let me help you get changed, um, if you know what I mean..." Britney rambles, somewhat shy to be talking like this. Emily giggles and coos, knowing exactly what Britney means.

"Oh that will be fun. Hey, no need to be shy about this. I'm glad we can have fun like this; we're best friends, right? Well, I'm gonna get out my pacifier and relax. It's been a long day," Emily says while yawning. Britney agrees as she pops her pacifier in her mouth.

The girls talk a little about going back to school on Tuesday; how each girl is going to deal with wearing diapers. Emily wants to wear one of the Bambo diapers because she would not have to worry about having to change all day. Madison agrees, but wonders how they would hide such a thick diaper under their clothes. After about fifteen minutes of talking, they all roll over and say goodnight to each other. Madison reaches over and pops her pacifier in her mouth, as she gets comfortable. Seconds later, all three girls are sleeping like toddlers, suckling the pacifiers as if they were two years old.

*Oh, such an adorable sight to see...*

## Chapter 23 – "My name is Maddie Jane and I'm THIS many..."

The sun has set and it's a brand-new day. In Emily's room, we see three sleeping girls. Emily is the first to arise, as to be expected. She sits up and stretches her arms and legs. Almost immediately, she can feel a heavy, cold wetness from below. She puts one hand over the top of her onesie and feels a mass of saturated gels squish around, along with a moderate crinkle noise. She smiles and sighs softly, relieved that it did not leak. Peering over, she notices Madison and Britney are still asleep.

A few minutes later, Britney begins to stir, tossing and turning. Her eyes slowly open as she glances around the room, still half asleep. She spots Emily is awake and makes eye contact. A gentle smile comes across the girl's face as she lets out a quick yawn. Almost instinctively, she reaches for her pacifier and pops it in her mouth. She begins to notice that her diaper is still mostly dry. Oops, not for long. Before she can even think about it, a steady stream of warm urine begins flowing through the middle padding of her thick diaper. Britney enjoys the moment and makes a few gestures which make it obvious what's she's doing. She places her right hand over the front of her diaper, feeling it getting warmer and squishier with every half second. Just as this is happening, she notices Emily is looking right at her. Emily winks and smiles, making Britney's face turn a few shades of pink. Britney gasps, spitting the pacifier out of her mouth. "Oh, uh... Hi Em. Um, did you sleep goods?" Britney stutters.

Emily nods her head, still grinning widely. "Yes, I did. It's okay baby... I know you just went pee. It's gotta come out, why not enjoy it. See, look at mine!" Emily blurts as she unsnaps her onesie, exposing her soaking wet Bambo diaper.

"Hee-hee, I guess you got a point. Uh, wow. It's just – um – it's weird. Like usually I wake up soaked like you did but dis morning I didn't. Until I woke up and um, yawned – now I think I still peeing, he-he," admits Britney.

"That happens to me sometimes. I kind of like that too. Cause then it's still nice and warm. My diapy now is kinda gross cause it's cold from not wetting it in hours. Guess I should get changed," Emily says confidently.

Britney is listening, but her mind also seems to be somewhere else at the moment. She puts her paci back in her mouth and rubs the front of her diaper. "Em-a-wee? It – it okay if I wike – don't act wike I'm 12 today? Like you take care ob me? Um, at least till Maddie gets up?" Britney asks, her speech turning more and more three year oldish with every word.

Emily senses her friend needs some "baby time" and happily agrees. "Awe, sure. It's kinda cool I get to play mommy for a while. Okay. Um, but... I do kind of need help changing. Could you help get me changed and then I'll take care of you."

Britney agrees, but is feeling a little under-confident. "Yeah, um. I hope I do okay. I... I not the best at tangin' diapies. I mean... Maddie is the best at that. Last time I changed Alyssa she um... said I wasn't doing it right or something."

"Don't be silly. You will do just fine. I'm not picky. As long as the diaper stays on," Emily says with a giggle. She points to her closet where her diapers and wipes are. "Okay, I'll lay down on the bed. Don't be afraid. We're all friends here. "

Britney hops off the bed and waddles over to the closet, pulling out a fresh Bambo diaper, wipes, and powder. She approaches Emily and gently lifts her legs up and un-tapes her diaper. As she unfastens the last tape, the heavy diaper plops down and makes a thump. "My gosh. Em-a-WEE." Britney begins giggling hysterically. Emily joins in with her for a few seconds. Britney proceeds to wipe Emily's bottom and diaper area, making sure to get the important areas clean. "S—S—Sorry if dat's cold." Emily shakes her head as she quivers a little. Finally the new diaper is laid out and placed under Emily's bottom. She applies powder and brings the diaper up between the legs, fastening the left and right tapes. "The—there. All done. Um, is it too tight?"

"No, it's perfect. See, you did just fine! Okay little Britney. What should we do this morning? I think we should let Maddie sleep a while. She had a rough night last night." Emily explains.

"Uh huh, she not really a morning person. Um, I dunno. Oh, we can pla—pway games. Cannyland? "Britney begins tugging on her onesie and squirming. "Um. But... Can you tange me first? I don't wanna leak," Britney asks with a cute little expression on her face.

"Awe, of course little one. Alright. Which diapy does little Britney wanna wear today?"

Britney gets her overnight bag and pulls out a Pampers size 7. "Dis will be good." She hands it to Emily.

"Do you like these? I mean do they feel good and hold well? I'm still so used to just wearing Pull-Ups... using 'real' diapers is kind of new to me," Emily asks as she removes Britney's onesie and begins unfastening the diaper.

Britney nods her head quickly. "Uh huh. They really comfy and for during the day can hold like 2 or 3 pee pees. I mean they nothing like these Bambo ones but I like 'em. Um, wow I guess I wetted a lot, too." Britney blushes.

"Ha, yes you did little girl. Well, that's cool. The people who make these Bambo diapers also make Pull-Ups and they are supposed to hold a lot, too. I wanna order some and see if... if my mom will let me wear those to school. It... would be easier than a diaper. Um, to change and stuff," Emily says while gently wiping Britney with baby wipes. Britney squirms and coos, putting her pacifier back in her mouth. Emily takes out the new Pampers and slides it up between Britney's legs, applying powder just before taping it snugly. "Alright, cutie-pie. You're nice and dry... for now. Oh, um... I guess we should get you dressed." Emily digs through Britney's overnight bag, seeing some pink shorts and a baby blue care bears shirt. "Aww, this will be cute," Emily says while helping Britney into her outfit. Britney cooperates, lifting her arms up for her shirt. Emily smiles, admiring her work. "Now, for me... This orange skirt will do for easier changing." Emily quickly dresses herself into the skirt and a purple shirt. "There! Now let's go find some breakfast. Pretty sure my Mom's still asleep and Dad's at work already. So we're kind of on our own. But I'll take care of you, okay?"

Britney grins at her friend in agreement, keeping her pacifier securely in her mouth. The two girls quietly leave the room and toddle to the kitchen. Britney sits down at the table as Emily prepares two bowls of Cinnamon Toast Crunch with milk. She places a bowl in front of Britney, who gently claps and awes in excitement. "I love dis kind, tha-thanks. Oh, do you gots any sippy cups?" Britney asks sweetly. Emily thinks for a moment. She suddenly remembers she ordered a few of those, too. She dashes back into her room and comes back into the kitchen with two sippy cups. One is pink with a straw spout and the other is purple with a more traditional sippy cup spout. She fills the purple one with apple juice and gives it to her friend. She then fills the pink one with orange juice and places it next to her cereal bowl.

"There, all set. Let's eat, I'm hungry. Do you need help... I mean do you want me to feed you?" Emily asks, not quite sure just *how* babied Britney wants to be.

'Nuh-uh. I do it myself. Thanks for da sippy. I – I love purple!" Britney begins eating her cereal. She manages to get most of it in her mouth but drips some milk down her chin and some on the table. Emily giggles, telling Britney how adorable she is right now. The girls finish the breakfast within minutes with Emily helping Britney clean up and wash her face and hands.

"Alright. So um we can watch cartoons or play games or build stuff with Duplo blocks... Whatever you want. But I warn you, if you choose Candyland, I'm gonna totally beat you! I could play that game with my eyes closed when I was 4. Just saying," Emily teases. Britney laughs as she thinks about what to do.

"O-tay! You're on. Canny-wand. I gonna win. I awways beat Alyssa when we pway!" Britney beams with excitement as they run off to the living room to play. Emily gets out the game board and gets everything all set-up. A half hour passes and Britney is declared the winner. This makes her very proud, in her three year old state of mind. "I told you I gonna win! I told you. Dat was fun. Um, what next? We can just watch TV till Maddie gets up, yeah?"

"Yeah, let's clean up quick and then we can watch – oh – do you like Regular Show? It's on Netflix and um, it's really funny and stuff," explains Emily. Britney thinks and quickly shakes her head for no.

"I never heard of it but yeah we watch dat. Um, can I have more appa juice?" Britney whines softly.

"Ha! Sure. You know, silly... Apple juice goes *right* through you," teases Emily, playfully.

"Um, DUH! So what. Dat's what my diapy is for," Britney responds in a fit of giggles. Emily runs off to refill the empty sippy cup. She returns and gives the cup to her friend. Britney plops down on the couch and begins drinking from the cup rapidly like there is no tomorrow. Emily starts with season 2, episode 1 of Regular Show. After only a few minutes, Britney is completely engrossed and the giggles between both girls remain continuous.

Mrs. Suthers is awoken around 10:30 by a phone call. Groggily, she answers. "Hello?" On the other end is Carol Ludke.

"Oh, hi there. This is Carol, Madison and Britney's Mom. I was just calling to ask if you could be sure my girls are ready by noon? We've got a big day ahead of us, getting ready to return them to school," Carol explains cheerfully.

"Yeah, I need to do the same for Emily. Noon will be just fine, thanks Carol. Uh huh, bye now." Mrs. Suthers puts the phone down and figures she'd better get up and dressed and see what the kids are up to. As she comes out of the bathroom, she peeks into Emily's room, seeing Madison still asleep on her sleeping bag, but no sight of Emily or Britney. She slowly walks into the living room and stops, seeing Britney relaxed on the couch, sucking on a pacifier. Emily is beside her, still engrossed in the television. Emily notices her after a few moments.

"Good morning, Mommy. Um, we're just watching cartoons. Maddie is still asleep and we wanted to leave her cause I don't think she slept well. Did you? I mean I hope we weren't too noisy last night," Emily says sweetly.

"I slept good, thanks. We didn't hear a peep. So I came down to let you know Mrs. Ludke called. She is coming over around noon to get Britney and Madison."

"Aww, darn. Why they have to leave so soon?" Emily pouts.

"Emily – you are all going back to school tomorrow. Mrs. Ludke needs time to get her girls ready. And we need to get *you* ready, as well. Since you've last been to school, things have changed, haven't they? And we need to figure some things out with you," Mrs. Suthers says sternly.

Emily becomes a little embarrassed, even though Britney is currently not paying attention. "Uh, Mommy do we *have* to talk about this now? Okay, I understand. We'll go get Maddie up soon. Can I get you anything? Pancakes, bacon?"

Mrs. Suthers chuckles a little. "No, I'm just fine. We will talk about this later. Go enjoy your friends for now. Oh, just one more thing... Come here a minute, please." Emily knows what this is about. She gets up off the couch and reluctantly walks over to her mother. Mrs. Suthers lifts up Emily's skirt and quickly checks her diaper to see if it's in need of changing. To her surprise, it is still dry. "Alright, you're good. Go back to your show," Mrs. Suthers says as she walks into the kitchen. Emily toddles back over and sits beside Britney on the couch.

Britney looks over at her friend curiously. "What was dat about? Are you in trouble?"

Emily shakes her head. "Nah, that's just my mom being my mom. Um, but you and Maddie have to get ready soon. Um, your Mom is coming at noon to pick you up. Something about you have to get ready for school tomorrow. "

"Stupid school. I no wanna go to school," Britney exclaims while folding her arms and pouting.

"Awe, come on. It's not so bad. I'm sure your mommy is gonna have everything planned out. I don't wanna go back either but... we kind of have to. We should get Madison up soon," Emily says as she gets up. "Come on, let's go."

Britney sighs and jumps up. As she begins walking, a very wet diaper can be heard crinkling and sloshing behind her. She begins to walk slower and places her hands around her bottom. "Um. Uh-oh," she whispers.

"What's the matter – oh, um. You're soaked. Stay here baby, I'll go get you a new diapy and come change you quick, okay?" Emily says. Britney nods and by instinct lays herself down on the floor, ready to be changed. Emily walks towards her room. She's about to enter when she notices Madison is awake. She is laying on her tummy, pacifier in her mouth, and reading a picture book meant for very young children. She points at the pictures and giggles, as if someone is reading the book to her. She is almost in a state of meditation – not fully aware of her current surroundings. A very large bulge and wet spot on her onesie indicates her diaper is leaking. Madison is oblivious to all of this. She continues to carry on as if she is a toddler, not something she does often. Emily can't help but think this is cute, but at the same time is a bit puzzled because it's usually Britney who she'd expect to act this way. She decides to go in the room and get the diaper, before Britney ends up leaking. She enters with Madison still unaware. Emily digs into Britney's bag and pulls out a size 7 Pampers. As she's about to head towards the door, she trips over a toy on the floor, making a noise. As she gets back up, Madison is startled and instantly turns red in the face. She jumps up and sits down on her butt, squishing even more pee out of her diaper.

"Oh my Gosh! Um, how... how long were you? Um, you... you didn't see that. Um... Really? I'm totally freaking leaking. How is that even possible? Ugh, I'm so sorry I made a mess," Madison cries.

"It's okay Maddie, really. I was just in here to get a diaper for Britney. I didn't see much, but it looks like you were having fun being a baby. It's me, silly. It's cool. But, you should go shower and get dressed. Your Mom is gonna be here in like an hour to pick you and Britney up."

Madison sighs and smiles awkwardly. "Okay, I will. Um, you're a good friend Emily. I'm sorry we fought a little last night. I just don't like pranks like *that*, okay? And uh; what you saw – stays between you and me. I don't want my Mom getting any ideas. It's just... I have these stupid daydreams sometimes... it's like I can't control it. You know? "

"Yes, I know. That's probably why you peed so much, too. Hee-hee, just kidding. Okay I gotta go change Britney. See you soon. We'll be in the living room watching TV," Emily says as she dashes out the door and back into the living room. Madison heads to the bathroom to take a much needed shower. Emily enters the living room, finding Britney on the floor, suckling her pacifier.

"What took so long? Everything okay in dere?" Britney says, talking with her pacifier still in her mouth.

"Sorry about that. Maddie woke up and I was telling her about things. She's getting ready now. Okay, time to change you, silly girl. You're just wet, right?" Britney giggles and nods her head. Emily carefully changes her friend into a dry diaper and helps her put her shorts back on. They go back to watching TV.

It's eleven thirty in the morning. Madison enters the living room. She has dressed herself in jeans and a purple t-shirt with fancy pink lettering that spells the word "sassy." Her hair has been washed and combed and she is looking like a 'normal' 12 year old girl, despite the Pampers diaper under her jeans. She looks over at her sister, who is content, sucking her pacifier and playing with her hair. Madison sighs in awe and smiles at the sight. "Hey you two. What are you watching? I don't think I've seen this." Madison asks.

Britney squeals happily and spits out her pacifier. "It called Weg-U-War Show. It so funny. Um, Momma gonna come gets us soon. Cause we gotta...get ready for... that 'S word' thing," Britney says, making a pout-face.

Madison laughs. "Yes, school. I know. It'll be okay Brit. I'll help you with the homework we missed and stuff. You want to know something? You acting all cute like this... reminds me of Alyssa. I miss her. I never say that. Do you miss her, too?" Madison asks as she sits beside Britney.

Britney agrees. "Uh huh. I miss-did you too. Can I have hugs?"

"Awe, of course. I get the feeling I'm gonna have two little sisters to play with today. And...that's totally cool. I completely understand," explains Madison as she hugs her sister. Emily watches and admires the moment.

"I'm glad we're all friends. I wish I could come home and get ready for school with you. It sucks being an only child sometimes," Emily says.

"Hey, I can relate to that. You can always call me if you need to talk, Ems," says Madison.

"Thanks. I'll be okay. I had a great time, thanks for coming over. Oh, I think your Mom's here!" Emily shouts as she runs to the front door and opens it. Britney jumps off the couch, not able to contain her excitement. Behind Mrs. Ludke toddles Alyssa.

"Mommy!!!! Mommy!" Britney shouts as she runs up to her and holds her arms out, wanting to be picked up. Mrs. Ludke accepts and lifts the girl into her arms. Britney immediately puts her arms around her mother, hugging her tightly as tears roll down her eyes. Alyssa runs over to Madison who swoops her up into her arms and hugs her close.

"Aww, well hello Britney. Did you have a good time here?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

Britney catches her breath as she is finally placed back down. "Uh huh Mommy it was lots of fun; we gonna have to do it 'gain soon. Um, I miss-did you Momma. I miss-did you so much," Britney says, putting her pacifier back in her mouth.

"We all missed you girls, too. I'm sorry to come get you so early but we have a lot of stuff to do today, and I'm sure Emily does, too." Emily nods her head in agreement.

Madison sets Alyssa down so she can go give Britney hugs. She runs to her and jumps into her arms. "Bit-ney! Bit-ney! I miss-did you too. No more going on seep-overs wif-out me, you got it?" Alyssa says seriously. Madison and Emily giggle and both mention how "cute" that just was.

"I got it! I miss-did you too, sooooo much. When we gets home I gonna play wif you. Anyting you wants." Britney shouts.

Alyssa's smile cannot get any bigger. She gets up and goes over by her mother. "Momma can I pway wif Bitt-ney later?"

"Sure, sweetie but not right away. We do need to get Britney ready for school tomorrow," Mrs. Ludke gently explains. Alyssa frowns a little, but reluctantly understands. The girls say 'goodbye' to Emily as they go and get their overnight bags. Emily watches them all as they walk to the van and get inside. After it drives off, Emily goes into the kitchen where her mother is reading a magazine and having coffee.

"I'm glad you had fun, sweetie. Sit down, we need to talk about things." Mrs. Suthers puts down her magazine.

"Aw, Mom come on. Can't that wait? I need to go clean my room." Emily whines.

"*That* can wait, this can't. It's not just about school. While you were saying bye to your friends, I got a phone call. It was your agent. Now, before you have a fit... do realize that I did you a big favor. I had told you originally that you'd have to tell him about your diapers and all. I decided I've been a bit too hard on you, kiddo. So please, just let me finish before you say anything, okay?" Mrs. Suthers calmly explains. Emily, a bit shocked, nods her head and allows her mother to continue. "Alright. So he called with another assignment for you, and to follow-up on the last call we had, regarding the Pull-Up you wore during the last photo shoot. I explained it all to him, and that if you are to do any further modeling, you'd have to be in a diaper because now you're getting to the point where accidents are bound to happen. To my surprise, he didn't hang up on me, but now there is a new assignment for you. They want you to do a commercial. For a new 'night time' diaper product. He told me he had suspected this was why you were wearing a Pull-Up, and that actually for some kids who are models and actors, it's more common than you think. His own 8 year old daughter still wears diapers to bed. She won't do the commercial, though. She's too shy. So – he offered it to you. I told him we'd talk. So, what do you think?"

Emily's mouth is wide open and she is in complete shock. As a result, she begins wetting her diaper steadily as she continues to be in shock. Mrs. Suthers takes notice to her daughter's body language.

"It's alright sweetie. Take your time, I know that's a lot to grasp," Mrs. Suthers waits, going back to her magazine. Emily finishes flooding her diaper, and gasps when she realizes she just did so without knowing. Finally, she begins to form some words.

"Sa-sorry Mommy. I – I'm just shocked. A commercial? Like on TV? Not just a print ad or for a catalog? Um, I dunno. I'm not good at like...acting. And what do I do, wear a diaper and pee in it and talk about how cool it is that I wake up without wet sheets? Or the 'oh wow look at me I'm wearing a diaper but it's so thin you can't tell' kind of thing?" Emily says sarcastically.

Mrs. Suthers laughs. "See, you're perfect for the job! You can't act? You just did. Perfectly. I think you should do it. But no, this product – from what he told me – is not like the typical Goodnites. I like the concept because it's real and addresses a real solution to a real problem. The focus isn't on the diaper being discrete because that's just stupid. No diaper is discrete. If a kid wets the bed, everyone knows it. Their concept is – yes it's a diaper but that doesn't mean it's so horrible. And it'll keep your pants and bed dry. So I think you'd have lots of fun with this. They want you to do it because of your spunky personality. I'm serious when I say that I know you can do it. And I'm proud of you. I really mean that. I've done a lot of thinking the past few days. A lot baby girl. I'm still not 100% "over" this diaper thing of yours, but I'm starting to accept it more and more as time goes on. So, please give it some thought."

Emily is again in a state of shock. She sits for a few moments and thinks, trying to understand. Her Mom is a lot different today than she was two days ago. She wonders if maybe her Dad said something to her? She wonders just what kind of 'thinking' her mother did – or maybe did she have a weird dream? Whatever it is – she is beginning to like this. Tears begin to form in her eyes and roll down her cheeks. She tries to stop, but is unable to. She looks at her mother, unable to speak words. Mrs. Suthers motions for Emily to come sit in her lap. Emily gets up and plops down in her mother's lap as the tears continue to flow. "Sa – sorry Momma. I – I dunno. Um..."

"Shh, it's alright Emily Roo," begins Mrs. Suthers, using a nickname she hasn't called her daughter since she was 3, "you don't need to say anything right now. But do think about the commercial idea. We need to give him an answer by tomorrow," Mrs. Suthers says while gently rocking her 10 year old daughter. Emily enjoys the attention and relaxes in her mother's lap. Her diaper is now half soaked and very warm, causing her to squirm every so often. "Hmm...Someone

has a warm bottom. Would you like Momma to change you, little girl?" Normally, Emily would think this was "weird" but at this moment, she doesn't hesitate and quickly nods her head for 'yes.'

Mrs. Suthers has just removed Emily's wet diaper and wiped her clean, ever so gently. "So I see these new diapers you ordered really do the job. You could have wet this again, huh?" Mrs. Suthers goes to grab a new diaper.

"Yeah, um... I like them but there's just one thing. They're like really thick. Great for at home but Mom I gotta say I'm worried about school. I know you said that as part of my 'deal' I gotta wear the thickest ones so I don't have to worry about leaking but... it's gonna make me walk funny. Um... Please don't be mad but... okay I know I'm like having accidents now. I mean when I wet my diaper just before I totally didn't know I had to pee until it was too late. So I know I need to wear something – but does it have to be these for school?" Emily begs, expecting to get another stern lecture from her mother.

Mrs. Suthers slides the new diaper under her daughter and chuckles a bit. "Emily. Can you please stop being so afraid of me? I've always been your Mom. And I've always loved you. We can talk about these things," Mrs. Suthers says while fastening the tapes.

"Okay; but Mom I'm confused cause the other day you were like so mad and you were like saying how if I'm going to be wearing diapers I have to wear the thick ones and I... and I have to," Emily stops as more tears form.

"My goodness. I am so, so sorry. You're right, I did say those things. I was upset, and confused and... I took it out on you before stopping to think. That was wrong of me. So, let's put that behind us. I want to start over. I'm still somewhat confused but I realize now that you're my daughter and I love you more than anything. You've been such a strong, selfless, brave little girl since you were old enough to speak. You've helped your daddy and I though many tough times. You put on a happy face even when I know you were probably scared and sad. So all of this is starting to make more sense now, baby girl. But please, please don't be afraid of me. Let's talk about school and things. Yes, you do still need to wear some kind of protection. So, what would you *like* to wear to school? "

Emily gives her mother a quick hug. "Mommy I love you so much! Thank you for... for understanding. I dunno if someone talked to you or if you just really had time to think but – thank you. I don't wanna be scared of you. I just wanna make you proud," Emily takes a moment to wipe tears off her face. "So, yeah... For school – I wanna wear Pull-Ups. Not the Huggies ones with the Doc McStuffins junk on them. The generic Target ones. Same kind I wore at the last photo shoot. They aren't so thick but they hold enough if I have an accident. And, um – they feel good." Emily blushes and twirls her fingers in her hair.

"See, was that so hard? I am okay with this. My only concern is... if you are wearing less absorbent diapers to school – you're going to *have* to get changed after wetting them just once. I'm not saying this to be mean, but I just don't think you should be doing that yourself. "

Emily looks confused. "Okay, then what are you saying? I should ask my teacher to change me? Um, I...I can change myself. I just have some extras in my locker and ask to go to the bathroom and go change myself in a stall."

"No, of course not. Most schools have a school nurse. What you'd do is ask to go to the bathroom and report to the nurse's office. When you get in there she'll know what you need and will change you in her private nursing area. I can arrange it with the school. I'm sure you aren't the only kid who wears Pull-Ups there. What about your friends? Madison might be able to get by without help but Britney definitely is going to need help changing. She's completely diaper dependent now."

"Will anyone find out? I mean other kids or teachers?" Emily wonders.

"Not if you are careful. The nurse won't tell, she can't legally. So, I think that's a plan. I will call the school today and get it arranged. I'll also talk about it with Mrs. Ludke so she can make arrangements for her girls. There's still a big chance other kids will notice, sweetie. Thinner pull-up or not – it's still not underwear. It'll still crinkle and swell up and stick out when wet... but I'm not going to limit what you wear over them. You are a smart kid...you were able to wear them around me without me knowing, so.... I think you will be okay."

"Thanks, Mommy. Um, I need to catch up on my homework I missed. I'll be in my room a while," Emily explains. Mrs. Suthers nods and leaves the room, closing the door. Emily lays down on her bed and lets out a big sigh of relief. She is still quite emotional and begins to think about what just happened and why her Mom has pulled a 180 in the course of a few days. Instead of starting on her homework, an exhausted Emily closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep...



As the van is in motion, Britney is looking out the window. She notices the route her mother is taking is different. "Momma? Where we going? I thought we need go home and gets ready for ska—school?"

"We do but there's some things we need from the store, for both you and Maddie. And well... I thought I'd surprise you. It's lunchtime and I know I've got 3 hungry girls right now. Where would you like to eat?" Mrs. Ludke asks.

"Ooh! Mom, can we go to the pizza buffet place? We haven't done that in sooooo long," Madison begs. Britney claps her hands and starts chanting "Pee-ZA! Pee-ZA" which makes Alyssa copy and begin chanting as well. Mrs. Ludke laughs and heads towards a famous pizza buffet restaurant.

At the pizza buffet, everyone has gotten their choices of pizza, bread sticks, and drinks. They are sitting at a large booth table. Alyssa is in her booster seat and sitting in-between Madison and Britney. Mrs. Ludke notices both Madison and Britney taking big gulps of soda. This brings her to a thought. "Watching you drink so much soda reminds me of something we need to talk about. I'm pretty sure Britney will be wearing a Pampers 7 to school tomorrow, but what about you Maddie? Do you feel you have enough control to go back to school like normal, unless you have an oral report or speech to give? It's entirely up to you, sweetie."

Madison finishes her last gulp of soda and sits quietly for a few moments. During their little break from school, she has pretty much worn a diaper all day and night just like her sisters. Madison thinks about how her overnight diaper had leaked from so much uncontrollable wetting. She knows that going back to school wearing panties would be a complete disaster, but at the same time doesn't want to go back wearing an overly thick, crinkly diaper. Finally, she starts to discuss her thoughts.

"Um, well... I don't wanna just go back to normal 100 percent cause I'm kind of afraid I will have an accident. Um, maybe we see how today goes? Like I just drank a gallon of soda so I'm gonna see how long I can "hold it" later. I dunno Mom. Maybe we look at some Pull-Ups and I can kind of like re-potty train myself? Hee-hee. Seriously though, I saw an ad in a magazine the other day about a new and improved Goodnites that says it holds 40% more than Pull-Ups. Um, yeah. So probably those. Can we get those?" Madison asks, getting excited.

"Sure, I think that's a good idea. What about you, Britney?"

"I gonna keep wearing Pampers. Um, they usually hold up good but... um... I can't wear the same one all day without getting changed. Um... are we gonna have to tell the school?" Britney asks nervously.

"Yes, sweetie. Actually, I already called them this morning. I've made arrangements with the school nurse. From what she told me, this kind of thing is not as uncommon as you think. There may be other kids in your school who need to wear them. In fact she was telling me her own 8 year old daughter wears Pull-Ups to her elementary school because of occasional accidents. She's really nice. If you need to be changed, you just ask to go to the bathroom and instead go to the nurse's office. Same for you, Madison, if you want."

"The... nurse? Um...are other kids gonna see me get changed and stuff?" Britney asks, taking another sip of soda.

"No, you'd go in a private changing area. No one will know – especially if you go there during class. They'll just think you're in the bathroom," Mrs. Ludke explains. Madison takes a bite of dessert pizza and places the rest on her plate.

"I'm full Mom. Thanks for taking us out. Um, can we go to the store now?" Madison asks. Britney finishes her last bite and also thanks her Mother for dinner. Alyssa is being unusually quiet at the moment. She had finished her last bite minutes ago.

"Sure, let's go. Alyssa, sweetie? Are you all done eating?"

Alyssa continues to stare off into space, completely ignoring her mother. Her face is turning red and a look of deep concentration is displayed on her face. Mrs. Ludke and Madison look at each other and smile, fully aware of what is currently in the works. Madison turns to Britney and whispers "it's going to smell like a waste treatment plant here in five...four...three." Both girls begin to giggle. Finally, Alyssa makes a peep. "No! I no... I no wea – weady." Now, grunting sounds can be heard and a sharp odor fills the area.

"Oh, excuse me. Let's leave Miss Alyssa alone. She needs her privacy," teases Madison. Mrs. Ludke gives Madison 'the look' as to tell her to stop it. She asks Alyssa why she's not ready to leave.

"I'm... I'm pooping!" Alyssa blurts out. Madison and Britney cover their mouths, trying to hide their giggles. The commotion has caught the attention from a rabble rousing woman at the table behind them. The woman seems to be watching them like a hawk looking for its prey. A few minutes pass as Alyssa's look of concentration turns to a frown of discomfort. "Momma, I did poop. I need new diapy please," she says sweetly while fidgeting some more. Mrs. Ludke pulls a travel pack of wipes and a fresh size 6 Luvs diaper out of her over-sized purse. She lefts Alyssa out of her booster seat and holds out her hand for the girl to follow.

"Alright, come with Mommy. Madison, you and Britney wait here please..." Mrs. Ludke says as she takes Alyssa in to the restroom to be changed. Britney and Madison stand near their table, waiting patiently. Meanwhile, the nosy woman from the table beside them begins running her mouth off, talking to a friend that she is with. There are no children with her.

"My God did you see that? That girl looks like she's about five. She sits there, craps herself – says she's crapping herself – then asks to get her diaper changed? What the F— is up with that? Seriously if that was my kid and she was still crapping herself at that age – she'd be getting her ass whooped. And look at the mother.... taking her to get changed like it's no big deal. Didn't even ask the kid if maybe she should go finish that in the toilet? At this rate, she'll be crapping and pissing herself until she's 15. It's child abuse if you ask me! The kid can walk and talk. She can go poop in the toilet, too."

Madison overhears every word and is completely appalled at what she's just heard. She and Britney look at each other and shake their heads in disgust. "I'm sorry Brit but I can't just keep quiet about this," Madison says as she moves closer to the rude woman. "Excuse me, miss." Madison says, barely audible, somewhat afraid. The woman ignores her. Madison clears her throat. "I SAID – EXCUSE ME, MISS!" This gets the lady's attention.

"Yes? Can I help you little girl?" The snobby woman snarls.

"Um, yes. That – That girl you were just talking about. Tha – that's my little sister. She's four. And yes, she's not fully potty trained yet. Wha – why is that any .. any of your concern?" Madison says, fumbling nervously.

"Because it's disgusting! Four years old? She should be going to the bathroom like any other kid her age. Unless she's retarded or something – but even then I think too many lazy parents these days use that as an excuse."

Madison's face turns deep red from anger. She is furious and begins to shake. "How DARE you talk about my sister and my Mom like that! She is NOT 'retarded' – she's actually very smart and does very well at her preschool. She's just not potty trained yet. A—Again why is it any of your concern? Is she you—your kid? Do you change her dia-diapers? NO! So just shut up and mi—mind your own bus – business!" Britney watches her sister in awe, but can't remain quiet any longer.

"I'm her other sister. You are nothing but a stuck-up... Um, I'd say the 'B word' but I'm... I'm not like that. So I'm gonna say bully. And you do need to shut... shut up. Do you even have any kids of your... your own?" Britney asks. She is terrified to be talking right now, but she will always stand up and fight for her family.

The rude woman starts to laugh. "Oh, how cute. I can see why the smaller brat is still in diapers. Her 'big' sisters can barely form complete sentences without stuttering. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you just pissed yourself, too." Britney stands there silent and paralyzed. The way this woman talks reminds her all too much of her birth mother who is currently in prison. Flashbacks of the abuse she endured begin to play back in her head, and she begins transforming into a state of mental distress. Tears rapidly fall from her eyes and drip down her cheeks. She stands there, unable to move aside from shaking and quivering. Madison puts her arms around her sister and hugs her.

"My sister cannot bring herself to say it, but I can. YOU are a BITCH. I hope to God you never have children because they don't deserve someone like you. I bet you didn't know that my sister here – is adopted because she used to have a mean bitch of a mother – JUST like you. NO! You do NOT get to say another word," Madison screams, holding her hand out in front of her. Mrs. Ludke is returning with Alyssa during Madison's outburst. She immediately figures out what has just happened, watching in horror as Britney is still crying and quivering next to Madison.

"If this wasn't a family restaurant, I'd slap you silly right now, you prude piece of work! Seriously, mind your own business! Come on girls, let's get away from this miserable excuse for a human being." Mrs. Ludke shouts. She picks up Alyssa and they head towards the exit. Just before going out the door, Madison turns to the vile woman and flicks out her middle finger, showing a loud look of disgust in her facial gestures. The woman snarls back at her and continues to ramble on to her friend as Madison goes out to the van. Britney continues to cry and tremble as Mrs. Ludke helps her

with the seat belt. She kisses the girl's forehead. "There, there sweetie. It'll be okay. You'll never see that mean lady again, please don't worry."

"But...she... she like... she like... my... Ma....my old ma...ma," is all Britney can say between sobbing.

"Awe, Shh. Baby, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. But you're safe now. You've got me and Maddie and Ally. Come on... Mommy will get you a special treat at the store. I'm very, very proud of you for being so brave and standing up for your little sister. That took a lot of guts." Mrs. Ludke assures the girl.

Britney wipes the tears from her face and dries her eyes. "Tha – thanks Misses – I... I mean – Mommy. Um, Mommy?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"For the rest.... of today... except when I gotta do homework... but maybe even then. Can – can I like... Okay you know I'm 12 but... I don't wanna be 12 right now. You... you know?"

Mrs. Ludke places her hands over her heart and smiles proudly. "Of course you can be more like a three year old. Mommy will take care of you. I'm sure Alyssa will enjoy that, too. Okay, off to the store we go!"

At the store, the Ludke girls shop for school supplies. Britney picks out a new back pack, as the one she had was worn and dirty. An assortment of pens, pencils, glue sticks, and other common middle school supplies are placed in the cart. They begin to head to the front checkouts when Mrs. Ludke remembers something. "Oh, wait. Maddie – you wanted to look at those new pull-ups? " Madison perks up.

"Oh, yes! Follow me! Come on, Brit you can help me look." The two girls skip along to the baby / diaper section as Mrs. Ludke follows, pushing Alyssa in the cart. Britney spots a package of Goodnites for Girls. These are the 'new' kind with designs of Disney Fairies. The stretchy sides are purple in color, with the packaging describing "improved fit and absorbency where girls need it most." Britney points to the package with great excitement, all while keeping the pacifier snugly in her mouth. "Those are the ones I saw in the magazine! Yeah, the small/medium size fits me just like size 7's do. Perfect. Um, Mom?" Madison looks at her mother with that 'please can I get them' look.

"Yes, you can have them. They look cute, too. Let's hope these do the job. Oh, speaking of that... Are you still dry? I'm not asking to be mean. You wanted to see if you could 'hold' it?" Mrs. Ludke asks kindly.

Madison gasps. With all the excitement she didn't pay any attention to the condition of her diaper or if she had to pee. Slowly, she runs her fingers down her backside and begins pressing her hands against her padded bottom. Her diaper has undergone two soakings since lunch. As a result, she feels the diaper's gelled up padding mush against her. It's still warm, indicating the last time she peed being within minutes. She feels awkward – both enjoying the current sensation and being a little upset that she wet herself twice, unaware. Her face turns purple. "Um, no Mom. I'm totally soaked. Ugh."

"Madison – it's okay. That's why you need to wear them. I'm sure getting all upset from that mean lady at the buffet had a lot to do with it. You got up and spoke in front of people. You had 3 glasses of soda. It's only natural. Do you want me to change you here?"

Madison shakes her head. "Um, no. It's not leaking and um...it's still... um, yeah. It feels good yet. I'll wait till we get home. These new pull-ups should do just fine Mom." Finally, they make way towards the checkouts. Mrs. Ludke places the items on the belt, the big bag of Goodnites goes on last. The checkout clerk can't help but be curious, but then sees Alyssa and puts two and two together. She thinks to herself "oh the little one still wets the bed."

They Ludkes return home and it's about 2:30 in the afternoon. Madison's soggy diaper has now become less warm and starts to become uncomfortable. Just this once, she is feeling too lazy to go change herself. Britney and Alyssa run off to the playroom to play, giving Mrs. Ludke a chance to start getting the school supplies together and sorted out. Madison slowly toddles into the kitchen where her mother is. She looks up at her with her big, adorable blue eyes.

"Hi Mommy! Whatcha doing?" Madison asks playfully. Mrs. Ludke looks at her daughter with a puzzled grin.

"I'm getting Britney's school things together. And how can I help you, Missy? "

"You're not gonna believe this but... I kinda wondered if you'd wanna um... change my really wet diaper? I just don't wanna right now."

Mrs. Ludke's jaw drops. She places her hand on Madison's forehead, jokingly. "What? You want *me* to change you? Are you feeling okay?"

"Yes, Mom. Um, sometimes I still... I still like it when you do stuff like that. But not all the time so um don't get any ideas and stuff!" Madison says, obviously being playful.

"Awe, okay then. That was very sweet of you, Maddie. And I promise I won't. This will just be between you and me, just today. Alright – so do you want to try out those new pull-ups?" Madison giggles and nods her head rapidly. She runs into the living room, laying herself down and taking her jeans off. Mrs. Ludke removes the wet diaper and lets it drop to the ground. After wiping, she helps Madison step into the Goodnites pull-up. It fits well. Madison stands in it and admires herself. "Ooh, these are nice. Now, when I put my pants back on and walk... are they gonna crinkle?" Madison's mother helps her with her jeans. Madison walks around the room. A slight crinkle and evidence of padding can be noticed, but not too much. "These should be fine. At school it's so noisy anyway. "

"Now, is little miss Madison going to be a big girl today and try to pee in the potty, or..."

"I dunno yet! Maybe I will, maybe I won't. We'll see. Um, for now I think we need to get Britney ready for school tomorrow. I can help her with our homework later," Madison explains.

"Yes. Just remember she's in her little girl mode today so... go easy on her. That little incident at the restaurant didn't help at all," Mrs. Ludke explains. Madison nods as she heads to the playroom. Mrs. Ludke follows, grabbing the new back pack and school supplies. Britney and Alyssa are playing with dolls as they enter.

"Hi Mommy, Hi Maddie! We playing wif dolls and stuff. Um, what's going on do we gots get ready for schools?" Britney mumbles.

"Yes, sweetie. You girls can hang out in here. Madison can help you sort your school supplies and books that you need. And of course, pack a few fresh Pampers."

Britney giggles. "O-tay Mommy. I do it. I put stuff in my new backie packie." Mrs. Ludke admires her daughter's cuteness and gives her a kiss. She heads back to the kitchen to begin preparing dinner. Britney starts digging through the various school supplies as if they are toys. She picks up a few glue sticks that are purple in color. "Dese pretty!" Britney begins throwing random pencils, markers, and glue sticks across the room, just like if she was 3 and getting into mischief. She watches as items almost hit Madison, then giggles and claps.

"Um, Brit. I know you're playing and stuff but Mom didn't buy these school things for you to use as toys. Can you please not throw them?" Madison asks, somewhat annoyed.

Britney makes a pout face. "No! I gotta test dese – make sure they good quality! Right, Wissa?" Britney insists. She picks up a crayon and throws it. Alyssa giggles and begins to mimic her 'little' sister. Madison sighs.

"Whoa no! I'm doing this cause I love you and don't want you to get in trouble. Britney! No more throwing markers and crayons. You do it again and I'll take them all away. Got it?" Madison says in her best "big girl" voice.

"Okay, fine. No more throwing markers. Um, we gotta test them! Can me and Wissa color?" Britney sweetly asks.

"Awe, of course. But on *paper*. Not the walls. Paper," Madison says, placing some sheets of blank paper down on the activity table. Alyssa joins in and begins drawing a picture which consists of random abstract scribbles. Britney looks over at her sister's work and starts to mimic what Alyssa is doing. After a few minutes, little Britney gets bored. She picks up a purple glue stick and takes the cap off, twisting it to make the glue come to the surface. Madison is across the room, going through school books and homework assignments, laying on the floor. Out of nowhere, a projectile glue stick flings towards her at high speed. It lands and hits her, tip first, on her butt.

"Ouch! What the? Glue stick? BRIT-NEY!" Madison shouts, tugging at the glue stick to get it off. She removes it, but it leaves on her jeans a large spot of goeey, sticky glue. She gets up and places the opened glue stick on the table next to Britney. "Where's the cap?! There it is. Britney I told you nicely to stop throwing this stuff. You want me to tell Mom? That really hurt and I think I got glue on my pants!" Madison cries. Alyssa gasps and points, saying how Britney is going to "get in troubles."

"I. I'm sowwy Maddie. It was accident. I didn't mean to..." Britney says.

"Oh, stop that. I know you want to be little and all but right now you need to be 12 for a minute. I asked you to not throw things and you still did. That really hurt!" Madison says with slight anger. Britney snaps out of her three year old persona for a moment.

"Madison. I'm really sorry. I got carried away. I didn't think it was going to hit you. I'm...I'm sorry. Please don't hate me." Britney asks, completely serious.

"Yeah you did get carried away. You were too busy trying to make trouble you didn't even think about me and Alyssa. You could have hurt her! You can be three and all but you still have to pay attention and use common sense!" Madison continues, still very upset. Part of her is unsure why she is so mad at her sister.

"Maddie! What the heck? Why are you being so mean? I said I soww – I mean, I said I'm SORRY. I won't do it again, okay? I promise on a stack of Pampers." Britney jokes, trying to lighten the mood.

"Oh, very funny. Do you think if you joke your way out of this I'm just gonna forget? Um, well... it might work normally but not today. I'm really upset. And I don't even know why anymore. But it's like you did this on purpose and you think it's funny? It's not cool to be a bully – no matter if you're being 12 or 3. You need to know that." Madison retorts.

"Madison you're the one being mean now! If you are gonna be like this can you just leave? I won't throw any more things but I wanna play with my other sister who isn't being totally mean to me right now." Britney says.

"FINE, be that way! I'll be up in my room. Doing homework. If you decide you want help with yours, come get me," Madison shouts. She gets up and stomps all the way into the kitchen. Mrs. Ludke heard the commotion and is concerned.

"Madison Jane! What on earth just happened? You've been yelling at Britney for several minutes..."

"Mom, she was being a little brat! I told her not to throw her school stuff but she did anyway and a glue stick hit me in the butt. It hurt! And she thinks she can just be all cute and joke her way out of it again. Well.... I'm not having it. I'm just not. That's not fair! You know if I would have done that when I actually was three I'd have gotten my butt smacked. Um, probably by the nanny cause you know... no one else was around. But if it's 'cute little Britney' or 'cute little Alyssa' well they can do NO wrong! I'm not having it! I'll be up in my room. Doing homework that kids in 7<sup>th</sup> grade have to do!" Madison exclaims as she stomps to her room and slams the door loudly.

Mrs. Ludke sighs. She understands exactly what Madison's little outburst was about. Madison's not really *mad* at Britney but feeling left out and jealous; too stubborn and proud to admit it. Knowing her eldest daughter, Mrs. Ludke allows Madison some time in her room to 'cool off' before going up to have a talk, just Mom to daughter. In the meantime she goes back to preparing dinner for the evening.

Mr. Ludke is expected to be home for dinner within the hour. As dinner is now baking, Carol decides she'd better go have a little talk with Britney and hear her side of things. She walks over to the playroom. As she enters she sees Britney and Alyssa playing a game of Trouble! There is plenty of giggling going on. Britney spots her mother and quickly waves to her.

"What are you two up to, playing games? Who's winning?" Carol asks. Both Britney and Alyssa say "me is" in unison. Carol laughs. "Well I don't think it's possible to have two winners. I guess it's too close to tell. Alyssa, sweetie... would it be okay if Mommy talks to Britney for a while?"

"Uh huh. I go pway wif my blocks – I gonna build a big, big cass-el," Alyssa says proudly. She puts the game aside and moves over to where her Duplo blocks are. Britney has a seat on a chair near the activity table and starts to look all innocent and cute.

"What wrong, Momma? Um, am I in troubles?"

"Not really. I'm just a little concerned about what happened before and why Maddie is now locked in her room. She was not very pleased. Did you two have a fight?" Carol asks gently.

A big frown comes over Britney's face. "I dunno what her problem is. I was just playing and I, by accident threw a glue stick an – and it hitted her in the butt and then she just got real mad and started yelling at me and told me that I can't always be like a little kid... She got real mean," Britney pauses as a few tears begin to form in her eyes. "She... she

hates me. Maybe... I not live here no mores? Maybe Maddie no like me being here no mores." The tears turn into a steady stream as she tilts her head and stares at the floor.

"Britney! That is not true. You are in this family now and that will never change. I'm sure Madison didn't mean what she said. There's something bothering her and I'm going to talk with her later. But I know she loves you just like she loves Alyssa. Can you be honest with me, though? I'm not upset, but did Maddie ask you to stop throwing your school supplies? And you did so anyway? Britney, sweetie. Please look up at me. Mommy is not mad at you. We just need to come to an understanding."

Ashamed, Britney slowly lifts her head up and looks at her mother. "Yes... Mom...Mommy. Maddie ask-did me to stop. I kept playing and threw more. I was... I was naughty. I guess I know why she so mad. I...I gonna say I sowwy to her," Britney says, barely audible.

"Later. Right now I think we do need to talk about this. Even when you are playing as a girl closer to Alyssa's age – if you do something naughty, there will be consequences. I'm not saying this to scare you – but even Alyssa will tell you; if she'd have done that, she'd be punished. Nothing drastic, but tonight you'll have to go to bed 30 minutes before Madison does. Does that sound fair?" Carol asks.

Britney slowly nods her head for yes. "And 30 spankings until my butt get sore?" Britney is not joking here. This is the type of punishment she is used to from her birth mother.

"Good heavens, no. Britney I will never hit you. I love you and care about you way too much. I and your daddy will never hurt you. We just want what's best for you. Now, come here and give me a hug, sweetie-pie."

Britney gets up and gives Carol a nice, long hug. "I wuv you Mommy. Um, when is Da – Dad – Daddy gonna be home?"

"Very soon, in about a half hour and then we will have dinner. After dinner you can get your homework done and get ready for school. Oh, before I go... Are there any little girls in here who may be in need of a diaper change?"

Britney blushes. "No, not me I like bone dry but I pretty sure Wissa is soaked," Britney teases, raising her voice.

"Nut-uh Mommy I dry, too!" Alyssa blurts. Mrs. Ludke, being a very good mother, knows that both girls are bluffing.

"We'll see about that. Alyssa, Britney – line up in front of me please. This will go fast. If you're dry you can go back to playing. Alyssa since you're wearing a skirt I just need you to lift it up and turn around." Alyssa does as she is told. She is standing in front of Carol, her skirt lifted up and the back of her Luvs diaper fully exposed. The back of her diaper is saggy and fully saturated. Just as Carol is observing this, Alyssa gets silly and starts to shake her butt and dance, causing the wet diaper to jiggle and crinkle. Britney giggles and starts dancing along with her. "We have a winner. Alyssa is soaked and needs to be changed this instant. Come here silly girl – or the tickle monster is going to get you!"

Alyssa giggles and runs around in circles, trying not to get "caught" but she is not fast enough. Mrs. Ludke gently tackles the little girl and lays her down on her back, tickling her tummy and sides. Alyssa giggles and squirms, begging for her to stop. Mrs. Ludke stops the tickling and proceeds to change Alyssa's wet diaper. Britney lays herself down and pulls her pants down, getting ready to be changed. She places her fingers around her diaper, feeling how wet it is. It's not as soaked as her sister's, but wet enough to be changed soon. As Carol is still busy changing Alyssa, Britney gently rubs around her soggy spots and enjoys the sensation for a few moments.

"There you go, all dry and ready for another flood. You can go back to playing now, sweetie," Carol says to Alyssa. She runs off to play with her blocks. "Okay Brit – oh – thanks for being ready. Let's get you dry and comfy, baby girl." She unfastens the Pampers and slides it out from under her. "Your little sister wet more than you. How is that possible?"

"He-he, that cause she like had two more sippy cups since we gots home. Uh, Mommy? Can I have lots of powder this time? I wike powder," Britney asks. Carol agrees and generously applies the baby powder around her diaper area. Finally the new diaper is in place and fastened. She helps the child put her shorts back on. "There, all set. Daddy's going to be here soon, I better get upstairs. I'll call when dinner's ready."

"O-tay. Thanks Mommy. I gonna help Wissa with castle," Britney toddles over to her sister and continues playing with her until it's time for dinner.

Madison is in her room, sitting at her desk going over her homework, but mainly pouting and feeling guilty about the things she said to her sister. She hears Carol call for dinner. As she tries to get up, the dried glue on her jeans has stuck them to her chair. She tugs and tugs and finally breaks free, ripping a hole in her jeans. Unaware, she enters the kitchen for dinner. She passes by her father and gives him a hug. "Hi Daddy! Glad you're home."

"Hi Maddie, it's good to be home! Hey, is that a new diaper you've got on?" Mr. Ludke teases.

Madison is taken by surprise. "Uh, kind of. It's actually a pull-up. I'm like trying to sort of get potty trained – I mean, for school. Hey! How did you know... Do you have x-ray vision now?"

"No, silly. There's a big hole on the seat of your pants. I thought maybe it's some crazy new fashion statement you kids are doing so I didn't say anything."

Madison turns around and sees the hole. She wants to be mad, but instead just starts laughing. "No Daddy! Oh, I got some glue on my pants before. Must have ripped when I got out of my chair. Ugh. Oh well. Let's eat I'm hungry!" Madison says. Britney gives her sister a quick wink, relieved that she didn't start another fight just now about the glue stick.

Later that evening – the family has finished with dinner. During dinner, Madison and Britney do not say much to each other, even though they want to. Britney is instructed to go up to her room and get her homework done. Carol asks Madison to help her sister. Madison reluctantly heads up to her and Britney's room and gets out their homework and books. Britney follows and sits on her bed. She stares at Madison, trying to form up an apology. "Oh, how are those Pull-Ups working out? Di – did you pee in it yet?" Britney asks, trying to break the ice.

"Um, not yet so I don't know. I have to pee but I kind of want to try and hold it – just to practice for tomorrow. So, we better get this homework done. We just have some math and life science to do. Do you need help with anything right away?" Madison says quickly.

"No I'll do the math first; I like math. I gonna need help with the science stuff. Um, you're holding it? Tha– that's not good for you."

Madison gives her sister an annoyed look. "Well I have to see how much control I still have. I've been like twenty-four seven for a week. I don't know if I want to be totally in diapers all the time like you. I – I mean that's not bad that you are. Just not sure if that's for me. So I'm trying to see how long I can. Don't worry I'll probably be soaked in 5 minutes. Ha... Um, okay I'll be working on science while you do math." The girls begin working on homework and the room is pretty quiet for the next 15 minutes.

Britney cannot take the awkwardness anymore. She gets off the bed and stands next to Madison who is at her desk.

"Maddie, stand up. Just do it, please." Madison gets up and stands in front of her sister. Britney gives Madison a hug, wrapping her arms around her. "I'm so, so sorry! You are right. I was naughty before and I shouldn't have hurt you with the glue stick. Sometimes I – when I'm in that "little" mode – I get kind of crazy. I didn't wanna make you mad. I'm really sorry. It won't happen again. Can – can we please not be mad at each other no more? I hate that. We are best friends... I think. Right? Please? Say something." Britney says, almost crying. She lets go of Madison and sits back on her bed.

Without hesitation, Madison responds. "We're not just best friends. We're sisters. For life. I'm not mad anymore. And I'm sorry, too. I kind of overreacted. I'm fine now. Uh, okay... You're not gonna let me off the hook so I'm going to tell you something. Sometimes I just get jealous, okay? And I hate that cause I know you need all the attention and love you can get now. And I want that for you. But I still get jealous. It goes back to when I was younger and Mom and Dad weren't there for me much... But they always were for Alyssa. I'm sorry sis. I'm supposed to be the big one here and be strong. So, I'm sorry you had to see that. It's all cool now, I promise." Madison says.

"You're right, Madison Ludke. I'm not gonna let you off the hook. But not like you think. I can be a big-kid too when I need to be. And right now I'm doing that, for you. You got nothing to be sorry for. But I think I do know what you need sometimes. And you are not gonna believe me but you just need to let it happen. So this whole thing with how you don't want Mom to baby you and stuff. I think sometimes, you should let her. You need it just as bad as I do. Maybe try it tonight at bedtime. I have to go to bed a half hour before you – part of my punishment. So, you and Mom can have some time together. You don't gotta say anything right now. Just think about it. And know I say this all cause I love you. Very, berry much!"

Madison nods her head and grins at Britney, not saying a word. She knows Britney is right – but she still struggles with just how much “baby time” she wants right now. The girls go back to doing their homework until it's Britney's bedtime.

Carol comes in the girls' room to change Britney into her pajamas and tuck her in. “Madison, can you come down in the living room with me, please?”

“Okay Mom. Are you going to yell at me, about before? I... I'm sorry. I already made up with Brit. She's cool about it now.”

“You're not in trouble, Maddie. Let's go so Britney can get some much needed sleep. We just need to talk for a little bit. Goodnight Britney. Mommy loves you,” Carol says as they leave the room and go downstairs.

Madison is about to sit down on the couch but needs to take care of something quick. “Um, just a second Mom I gotta do something before we start. I've kind of been holding it in. I guess I can still do that but now I'm gonna explode. Hope this thing holds!” Madison blurts out as she squats and relaxes her bladder muscles. “Um, almost done... is there a puddle on the floor? No? Good. Okay, done. “

“Wait Madison – don't sit down yet. Give the SAP a chance to soak that all in. You'll need to be careful with this at school, too. “

Madison stands still. She can feel the SAP powder rapidly transforming into gel. “Yup, it's working. I'm gonna slowly sit down now.” As she sits, Madison feels the familiar squishy, warm feeling around her butt and groin. “Ah, these feel nice. And it didn't leak. Yay! Um, sorry. Okay Mommy. What do we need to talk about? About before, right? I'm really sorry. I wasn't thinking. I shouldn't have yelled at her like I did. “

“Thanks sweetie. I'm not upset with you. I had a little talk with Britney, too. She understands that even when she's being a little girl like Alyssa, she still has to listen and not get into trouble. That's why she went to bed early tonight. But I wanted to talk about why you got so upset. About what you said before you slammed your door – how Alyssa and Britney always get to be cute and it's not fair...”

“Mom, it's okay. I was being selfish, okay? I'm over it. Me and Brit are best buds again. All is good,” Madison says. She begins to squirm and ‘play’ with her wet diaper, not even aware she's doing it.

“Well I want to talk about it. Madison, I know you're trying to be the big sister here. And I love that you want to help and be sure both your sisters are taken care of. That's the little mother hen in you I've always admired. But – I also know that a part of you is still hurting. The little girl inside you wants to come out sometimes. I know I can't fix what happened in the past, but I want you to know that if you ever feel “left out” now – you come tell me. Even if it's just a hug out of nowhere, or you want me to read you a story. I just want you to know you can. Never be afraid. I'll always be here for you,” Carol explains passionately.

Madison sits and thinks for a few moments. Her eyes become moist. “Mom I'm not mad at you either. The past is the past. Sometimes I get sad about it. And sometimes I act like I don't want you to baby me. It's like I'm ashamed of that. Britney called it something... oh, yeah. Stubborn? I love you Momma. And I love daddy. And... Um. Momma? “

“Yes?”

“Hi! My name is Maddie Jane and for the next 20 minutes I'm this many!” Madison holds out her left hand, showing five fingers. She twirls her fingers in her hair. “I like to color and play with dolls and I like to dance and sing. I... I wear these special pants that um... sometimes I go pee-pee in. I don't always make it to the potty on time. Um, they not diapers. I'm not a baby. Okay, they *are* kind of like diapers. But they keep my pants dry and um. I like them! That's my story and I'm gonna stick with it. So, wanna play a game with me? I like Uno. Let's play Uno – I'm gonna totally win. Cause I'm this many and I – I'm smart. “ Madison says, making her voice sound more childish.

Mrs. Ludke grins from ear to ear. “Awe, see! *This* is the sweet little ‘Maddie Jane’ that I miss. You don't have to be ‘that many’ all the time, but when you need it most – don't be afraid to. Now, sure I'd love to play Uno with you. But first I think my little princess who is ‘that many’ needs to get her jammies on; and maybe a fresh diaper – I mean – pull-up. How does that sound?”

“Oh – alright. I guess my diapy – uh – pull-up is getting kinda cold and squishy. Mommy can you please change me? Like you do Alyssa? And I want a diapy. A real diapy. I'm this many but I had this many glasses of water and no pull-up is gonna hold all that in,” Madison says in a silly fit of giggles.



“Oh, I agree. I’ll be happy to do just that!” Carol leaves the room and comes back with a Pampers size 7, baby powder, a pink footed sleeper, and wipes. “Lay down, Maddie Jane. Mommy will get you dry and comfy and then we can play that round of Uno!” Madison squeals with delight, smiling up at her mother – completely lost in the moment of being an adorable, diapered five-year-old princess from the land of Cuteness (with no worries about the impending day ahead).

## Chapter 24 - "ELEMENTARY DAZE"

Tuesday morning comes quickly. Madison is dead to the world, her eyes moving rapidly during a session of intense dreaming. Carol Ludke enters her girls' bedroom to find both Madison and Britney in deep sleep. Knowing Madison may be in the middle of a dream, she gently shakes the girl and softly says her name. "Madison Jane, time to get up sweetie."

Madison moans and tosses around. In her dream, she hears something else. She's again at some strange daycare, the one she's been at before in similar dreams. They are outside for free play. "No, I don't gotta go... no, I don't gotta," she mumbles. Carol looks over at her daughter, again gently nudging her.

"Madison it's time to get up. You do have to go to school today, so does Britney. Come on. Do you want mommy to change you and get you dressed?"

Madison opens her eyes but is still in a state of confusion and not quite herself. "Mommy why you at daycares? Um, I'm this many, five. I don't wear diapers I wear Pull-Ups. And no I change myself okay?" Madison blurts in a childish tone. Mrs. Ludke laughs.

"Oh, silly girl. You must still be dreaming. Snap out of it. It's morning, you're twelve and you have to get ready for school today," Carol instructs the confused child.

Madison gasps and turns red in the face. "Darn it! I keep having these dreams and when I wake up it's like I'm not fully out of the dream. Sorry, Mom. Um, I'm back to real life now. Um, I'm wet but I can change myself and shower. You can get Brit ready I'm sure she'll want to be babied and stuff. Um... sorry you had to see that!" Madison jumps out of bed and goes to her closet, picking out an outfit and a new Goodnight to wear, then heads towards the door.

"I thought it was cute. No need to be embarrassed. If you get done in the shower before we're ready, help yourself to some breakfast," Carol says in passing. Madison enters the bathroom to get ready while Carol tends to Britney. She decides not to wake the girl, but to begin changing her soaking wet diaper as she's still passed out. As she is applying baby powder, Britney opens her eyes and notices her mother changing her. She yawns and stretches her arms.

"Ma-momma? Uh... um, good morning. Do... Do I *have to* go to school?" Britney whines, squirming as the powder is applied.

"Yes, baby. I know you're scared but I've done everything I can to make your day as comfortable as possible. We even rearranged some of your classes so you and Maddie are in a lot of the same periods together. She'll be there for you if you need help."

"Okay, momma. Tha--that's good. Um, what about if I need-a get, um... changed? "

"I've arranged with the school nurse to have you see her when you're in need of a new diaper. Just tell your teacher you need to go to the restroom and head to the nurse's office. When you get there, she will know why and you'll get changed in her private quarters. No one will see you." Carol says as she fastens the new diaper in place. "Now, what do you want to wear today? "

"Something that makes me look like the other 'big kids.' Um, my new Gap jeans and that pink shirt with the Dolphins on it? The jeans should um, you know... hide things. Oh, what about Maddie? She gonna go to the nurses' office, too?"

"That's up to her. She thinks she will be able to change herself. We'll see. Okay, I'll help get you dressed. Want me to do your hair all nice, too?"

"Uh-huh, please. I'm still nervous. I hope I do okay. The other kids are gonna wonder why we missed school. I really don't wanna say much." Britney says while getting her jeans on.

"You don't have to. Your teachers all know and they can explain things if needed. You and Maddie will do just fine. Okay, jeans, shirt, and socks on. Now let's do your hair. Then I have to go get Alyssa ready for preschool. "

Britney's mind goes off into a tangent. "Preschool. Wish I could go back there today. Hee-hee. Um, can you put my hair in pigtails? "

"Of course. Pigtails it is!" Carol quickly fixes Britney's hair and sends her down to the kitchen to join Madison for breakfast. Carol opens the door to Alyssa's room, finding her awake and playing with her dollhouse. She has managed to dress herself in a rainbow colored skirt and un-matching shirt with striped socks, still wearing a very soggy diaper.

"Hi Mommy! I'm weady to go to school. Um, but my diaper wet. You tange me, pwease?"

Carol grins and tries not to laugh, seeing how silly her daughter looks dressed that way. "Of course, cutie-pie. Can I also change your shirt? I love the skirt but we need a different shirt, okay. Lay down on your bed and I'll get you all dry," Carol says. She grabs a new Luvs diaper and a matching t-shirt and proceeds to undo Alyssa's wet diaper.

"Mommy you proud-a me? I gots dress-did all by myselfs."

"I am, sweetie. You're getting to be such a big girl -- who also wets her diaper very, very much. Soon we may have to find something a little more absorbent, at least for night time. Okay, time for some powder," Carol explains. She applies baby powder and quickly fastens the new diaper in place while giving Alyssa's tummy a few tickles.

A giggling Alyssa looks up at her mother and squirms away. "I can't wait for school. I gonna pway wif Lily again. She my bes-dist fwierend," she says joyfully. Mrs. Ludke engages in a conversation about preschool as they finish getting ready.

Now all three girls are finishing breakfast and ready for school. They get buckled into the van and head towards the middle school where Madison and Britney attend. The moment arrives and the van is parked in the drop-off zone. Madison helps Britney get unbuckled and they exit the van. They both say goodbye to Carol and Alyssa and make their way inside. On the way to their lockers they see many familiar peers and teachers. Some kids smile and wave, others point and gossip amongst their friends. Finally, they get to their lockers. Britney takes her jacket off and hangs it up, then her backpack, taking out the books needed for the next few classes.

"Um, Maddie? What do we have for 1st period now?" Britney asks nervously.

"We have choir, then science. Choir should be fun. We're going to start doing songs for the spring concert in March. Science -- I'm not sure what we're doing there now. But we have both those classes together. Just relax, Brit. You're gonna be just fine. Let's get to homeroom. We're a little early and I'm sure they've got stuff to go over with us." Madison explains.

"Yeah, you lead the way I forget which homeroom we're in."

"It's Mrs. Hopkins, silly. Oh, hey can you um, do me a favor... follow me and let me know if you can tell I'm wearing protection," Madison whispers in her sister's ear. Britney giggles and nods her head. Madison begins walking towards their homeroom class. She had chosen to wear jeans with a higher waistband to ensure her Goodnight didn't stick out. As she walks, Britney studies her composure. To Britney, she can notice a slight bulge here and there. After a minute, they arrive inside the homeroom and approach Mrs. Hopkins' desk.

"Well good morning, Miss Madison and Miss Britney. Welcome back. Anything I can help you two with before classes start?" Madison and Britney both look at each other and then the teacher and say no in unison. "Well, it's good to have you back. You can take your seats and talk quietly until the first period bell rings."

Madison and Britney sit down in desk adjacent to each other. "Well?" Madison whispers.

"Oh, um. I didn't see anything. I mean I can tell a little cause it's me... but anyone else -- nah. What about me? Can...you tell?" Britney asks.

"Nope. Now maybe after you pee a few times that'll change. Ha, just kidding. So, let me check here. Emily has a few classes with you and me. Curious to see what kind of protection she chose to wear today. Next hour in science she'll be there." Madison whispers.

"Oh, that's cool. I forget she's so smart she has some of our classes. So, when you need to... get changed. You gonna go to the nurse?" Britney can't contain her curiosity.

"No, I think I can handle it myself. They're just oversized pull-ups. Okay, bell is gonna ring. Let's get going to choir. I'll lead the way!" Madison says as she gets up. "Bye Mrs. Hopkins, see you later!" The girls bolt out the door and head towards the music room. They enter the class and each take a seat next to each other. Other students enter and begin sitting around them. The girls are sitting in the 3rd row of seats, in the middle. A girl takes her seat to the left of Britney as an awkward, shy boy bumps Madison's desk as he plops down in his. "Oh, um. Sorry. Uh, Madison, right?" The nervous boy says, barely audible.

"Yeah, Madison. Hi, Andrew. Did I miss anything important?" Madison says calmly. Andrew is an average sized 12 year old. He is shy and is one of the few boys in the choir. He has had, what he thinks, to be a secret crush on Madison since the school year began. Madison can sense this but doesn't tease him and tries to be friendly. She's not really sure at this point if she has the same feelings for him, but would accept him as a friend. She's also terrified that he may 'find out' of her wearing diapers.

"Hi. Um, not really. We're going to start working on the songs for the spring concert. Um, it's good you're back though. Is it okay if we sit together? Oh, Britney's back, too. She's like your best friend?" The boy says, stuttering every so often.

"Yeah, and now she's my sister. That's why we missed so much school. I don't think it's a secret Britney didn't have the best home life. Um, her Mom went to jail and my mom and dad adopted her. So we've all been adjusting to that. But yeah, we're glad to be back, too. As much as school sucks sometimes. After a week or so you do kinda miss it," Madison says with a wink in her eye. This sends shivers down Andrew's spine.

"Oh wow, that's really cool! Um, thanks for talking to me, Maddie. Ca-can I call you that? I mean you don't have to be nice to me. Hardly anyone else in this school even acknowledges I'm here," replies Andrew, looking at the floor.

"Hey, stop talking that way. I think you're okay! You can always talk to me. Um, don't get any ideas but we can be friends. I'm not the most popular kid here either if you haven't noticed. Who cares about that. I'm here to learn and have fun. That's all that matters," Madison speaks proudly.

"Thanks, that means a lot. So, I think I'm gonna volunteer to do a solo in one of the songs. Um, you should too. You have a -- a pretty voice," Andrew whispers.

Madison thinks about that. A few months ago, she may have been reluctant, but then she remembers she has that 'stage fright' problem all worked out now. "Yeah, I... I might," she responds.

"Oh, wait. You don't really like being in front of an audience by yourself. Um, sorry. Didn't mean to bring that up. But if you want to do it, I can try to help you with that," Andrew says.

"Awe. Well, I'm over that now. Really. Last few times I had to get up in class I didn't have any issues. So, I think I will do a solo," Madison says, grinning. Andrew smiles back at her. Suddenly, the girl next to Britney looks over at her.

"Hey, you're that Britney girl, right? I'm Jessica and next to me is Jenny. I think you remember us. So, like what happened to you?" Jessica rambles.

"Um, I got in a bad accident and stuff. I really don't want to talk about it, sorry. But yeah I remember you. It's good to be back. You remember Madison? She's my best friend. Well, now she's my sister, too." Britney says, trying to talk like a 'normal' twelve year old.

"Wow that's cool I guess. Yeah. Hi Maddie. Glad you're back, too. Okay, I guess we'd better stop talking... teacher's coming," Jessica says, talking really fast. Madison and Britney look at each other but say nothing. The teacher enters the room and prepares the list of songs to work on. Before starting the class, she gets up and introduces Madison and Britney and welcomes them back to the class. Madison and Andrew decide to do a solo in the upcoming spring concert, much to the teacher's delight. The rest of the class goes on as normal. The bell rings and it's time for second period Science.

Madison and Britney enter the science room and immediately spot Emily. They run over to her and all sit down across from each other. "Emily! How was your first class?" Madison asks excitedly.

"Boring. Social studies can't get any more exciting, you know?" Emily says while quickly plopping down into her desk seat. As she does this, a slight crinkle sound is noticed by Madison, who turns to whisper something in her ear.

"So, what did you end up wearing? I mean, under your skirt and tights?"

"Just the Target brand pull-ups. Did you notice anything?" Emily whispers back.

"Uh, no except for a little crinkle... but mine do that, too. I hope mine lasts till lunch period," replies Madison.

"Yeah, me too. My Mom doesn't think pull-ups are gonna be enough. We'll see I guess. Sucks though, I like already have to pee. Going to try and hold it for a while."

Madison giggles quietly. "That's not good for you. Just, um... pee a little bit here and there. Go slow and you'll be okay. No floods." Emily grins and nods, then starts talking about 'normal' things with Britney and Madison until the class officially starts.

"Good morning, class. Before we begin I'd just like to say welcome back to Madison, Britney, and Emily. As we go along with today's lesson, I may stop and review a few things they missed while out. So please help me to help them get caught up. We're currently in the middle of our lesson on the theory of gravity and how the Earth's gravity affects us..." Mr. Olsen rambles on. All three girls try to stay focused but Emily can't help but be preoccupied. During the teacher's lecture, Emily tries to relax, letting out a small stream of pee, then stopping to allow for the pull-up to absorb. By the time the class is almost over, Emily's bladder now feels empty again and her pull-up is wet, but not fully soaked. The bell rings and the children get up out of their desks. Madison stands by and waits for Emily so they can walk to third period Writing class together. Britney has to get to Art. She is a bit nervous because this will be a class she's on her own, not with Madison accompanying her.

"I gots Art class... Uh, I mean. I HAVE art class next, right?" Britney asks.

"Yeah. Me and Emily have Creative Writing. You know where the art room is, right? Brit? Cheer up. You're gonna be fine. And you love art. I know you will have fun. I think that Jessica girl has art with you so you can talk to her. She's nice and so is Jenny," Madison says calmly, patting her sister on the head.

"Yeah, I know where it is. Thanks Maddie. Um, I'll see you at 4th period Gym," Britney says as she walks out of the room. Emily and Madison grab their books and go to the English room where Creative Writing class is. As Emily walks, she can feel her wet pull-up swishing behind her. The crinkle sound is muffled by the normal noises in the school hallways.

"So, I took your advice. Good news is my bladder is empty and my tights are dry so I think I'll be fine if I don't have to pee again before lunch."

"Good luck with that, silly. I know you better than that. You think about water and have to pee. Hee-hee, sorry. But really if you have to pee again maybe just go to the bathroom if you can hold it and then stop at your locker to get a dry pull-up to change into. That's what I'm gonna do," Madison says.

Emily shrugs her shoulders, looking a bit preoccupied. "Uh, I can't. My Mom made a deal with me. If my pull-up gets really wet I have to go get changed at the nurse's office. I don't want to, but I have to. She'll know if I didn't and right now I don't wanna upset my mom. She's been really cool about all this. I mean like she completely did a 180 and isn't all mad at me about it anymore. So, I made this deal..."

"I understand. Well, Britney will be going there to get changed too so maybe you'll meet up with her. If you pee again before lunch you should go. Those pull-ups don't hold as much as those other diapers you were wearing," Madison explains.

"Yeah, I know. I'll try to at least be aware of how much I'm going. Writing class is gonna be boring. I'll try not to think about waterfalls or something!" Emily says as they enter the classroom. The girls giggle softly as they take their seats. The class begins and the teacher begins talking about writing technique.

"We are going to focus today on descriptive writing and using similes. Anyone know what I mean by that?" The teacher asks her class. Andrew raises his hand and is called on.

"I think it's like this. I want to describe something enormous and breathtaking. So I'd say something like 'The rain water rushed into the storm drain with much force and speed, foaming like the gushing waters at the scene of a giant waterfall.' Instead of just saying 'the rain water went down the storm drain. It was fast and loud.' Um, I think that's what you mean?" Andrew explains. During this time Emily and Madison can't help but look at each other, covering their mouths to hold back the giggles.

"YES! That's very good, Andrew. So think of that when writing your assignment for tomorrow. Now let's take 15 minutes to give you a head start on the assignment..."

Emily looks over to Madison and whispers, "um, seriously? He just *had* to talk about water and waterfalls? Great."

"I thought it was kind of cute...Uhm... I bet he's a good... um...." Madison says, starting to fidget. "Darn it, now I have to... pee. Whoa. Okay I couldn't have held that if I wanted to. What the heck?" Madison whispers as a gentle steam enters the padding of her diaper. Emily giggles.

"Uh oh. Maddie likes Andrew. He makes you pee in your pants. Yep, you totally like him," Emily teases.

"I do not! I mean... I do, but not like that. We -- we're just -- friends. There, all done for now. Thank gosh it was just a little," Madison blushes. Just then the teacher stands next to Emily and Madison.

"Girls, do you have a story you'd like to share with the class?" They both look down and turn red.

"Um, no ma'am."

"Then please get out your notebooks and begin working, please," the old woman says sternly. The girls nod and begin working on their assignment. Madison is not able to concentrate on much but what Emily said. Maybe she does like Andrew more than just a friend. She ponders this, and begins writing a short story about a boy her age. She describes him as being quiet and shy, but polite and smart. As she gets deeper into her story writing, her damp Goodnite slowly becomes a bit more saturated; doing so without consciousness.

Meanwhile, Britney is working on a drawing assignment in her art class. She is seated near Jessica and Jenny who have been making idle chit-chat with her. As the time goes on, Britney begins to become more and more comfortable not being in a class with her sister. She talks to the two girls about her birth mother and why she ended up getting adopted. The girls seem to take the news well, not saying much about it, not wanting to upset her. Unlike Madison or Emily, Britney has now has very little control over her bladder. Her diaper is damp already, but she has no recollection of when she used it. At this point she's like a 2 year old who is wearing a decent enough diaper to not even know she has peed a little. No one else in the room knows, either. At least, not that we think. A certain boy named Eric is in the art class and has been silently observing Britney since she walked into the building this morning. A few times today, Britney has noticed him staring at her, each time giving him a uninviting look as if to say 'go away.'

Britney is now concentrated on her drawing. She is sitting on a stool and leaning forward just slightly. This causes her shirt to lift up, exposing the waist of her jeans. Naturally, a little bit of her Pamper is now sticking out. Eric, who is sitting behind her, notices this. He quietly whips out his iPod Touch and takes a snapshot. He then whispers something to his friend next to him, showing him the device and the picture he took. Snickering can now be heard behind her, enough to be annoying. Britney turns around and gives Eric another sour look. "Um, what is your problem?" Britney shouts at him.

"I don't have a problem. But, I think you do. I think you shouldn't be in the 7th grade because you're a retarded little baby who still pees herself. That's what I think," Eric shouts back. Other kids look around to see what the fuss is about. Britney gets a sinking feeling in her stomach. He knows? How could he possibly know?

"Shut-up Eric! That's not nice. Britney is very smart and cool in my book. You're just jealous cause she can draw and you can't!" Jessica says angrily. Britney starts to go into panic mode. She just wants to disappear. She puts her head down and closes her eyes, trying not to cry, but the tears won't stop and soon she's sobbing and shivering, unable to stop. Jessica sits closer and puts her arms around the saddened girl, trying to comfort her.

"Whatever! I'm not jealous. Why would I be? I have proof she's an idiot. Look! If she's so smart how come she still wears DIAPERS!?" Eric blurts, holding his iPod with a zoomed in picture of Britney's diaper sticking out. Jessica keeps comforting her friend while Jennifer gets up and grabs the iPod out of Eric's hand.

"Eric, you're such a jerk! This picture doesn't prove anything. And even if it does, so what? Do you even know what happened to her? Why she missed a week of school? No, cause you're a jerk," Jennifer says while returning to her seat. She deletes the photo from the iPod and throws it back at him, hitting him in the chest.

"That's it! You're going DOWN. I bet you and Jessica piss your pants, too," he retorts. A few kids laugh along with him. Finally, the art teacher gets up from his desk and faces Eric.

"NO ONE is 'going down.' Except you, Eric Zitlow. You're going *down* to the principal's office to explain to him what just happened. Then you will be in detention after school today," an angry teacher orders.

"But, sir... I was just.."

"SHUT UP. Get your butt up and march down to the office. If you won't go on your own, I'll haul your butt down there myself. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yep, very. Alright, I'm going. Hey Britney and Jessica and Jen -- I'll see you BABIES later," Eric gathers his bookbag and runs out the door. Britney is still crying and shaking. The art teacher stands by her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

"Hey there. If you'd like to be excused to go collect yourself, I'll understand. And, no one here thinks you are stupid. Isn't that right, class?" Everyone in the class nods and says 'yes, sir.' "Good. Now let's get back to our artwork," he says while walking back to his desk. Britney slowly gets up and takes her bookbag. Her diaper is now completely soaked and she notices the moment she starts walking. A slightly larger bulge is now apparent.

"Britney, wait. Do you want me to go with you? I mean I'm here to talk if you want. I'm still your friend. Jen is, too," Jessica offers. Britney wipes the tears from her eyes and collects herself long enough to speak a few words.

"No.. it... it's okay. I'm just gonna go to the bathroom. Um, thanks for saying those things. That...that's nice. I...I'll see you later," Britney says as more tears roll down her face. As she walks out, some kids are seen staring at her. Especially one of Eric's friends, Jon.

"Holy crap, she *is* wearing a diaper. What's she going to the bathroom for? She's wearing one already," he laughs.

"Seriously? SHUT UP! Just shut up. So what if she is? Really why do you care? Would you like to wear one, too? Must be it. They say when a boy makes fun of a girl it's because he's jealous of something. I can arrange to get you some diapers, Jon. Just say the word!" Jessica says.

"Yeah, right. Not happening. You win, I'll shut up cause I really don't need a detention right now!" Jon says. The other classmates return to their work and begin cleaning up as the period is almost over.

Britney runs as fast as she can to the nurse's office. She is scared and afraid and hopes the nurse doesn't treat her the same way Eric just did. She passes by the school office where she sees Eric waiting for the principal. She thinks about going in to confront him, but just doesn't have the courage right now. Finally, she walks in to the nurse's office. There is an assistant at the front desk. The lady asks how she can help. "Um, yes I'm supposed to see Nurse Kimball. Uh, I don't really have an appointment but she should know why I'm here. I'm Britney. Um, Britney Ludke," she says softly, trying not to cry anymore.

"Yes, please have a seat; I'll tell her you're here," the assistant says as she goes into the nurse's room. Britney sits down, feeling the warm, squishy sensation of her wet diaper against her buttocks. Normally this would be a good feeling, but she's still terrified and upset about what just happened.

Moments later, Nurse Kimball comes in and stands in front of her. "Hi Britney, nice to see you. Please follow me." Britney gets up and walks behind the nurse, going into her private quarters. "You can lay down on the table right here. I'll go get the supplies," the nurse says kindly.

Britney lies down and unbuttons her jeans, sliding them off. The nurse stands near her, unfolding a new Pampers size 7. Britney looks up at her with watery eyes, trying to say something. "Um, Miss Kimball. Do...um. Do you think I'm... I'm dumb? And I shouldn't be here?"

Nurse Kimball looks shocked and puts her hand over her heart. "Good heavens, no. Why would you think that?"

"Um, cause I'm 12 and I wear diapers. And cause that's what Eric said in art class just now."

"Oh that boy is bad news. I wish they'd just expel him already. I'm sorry you had to deal with him. So, I take it he noticed you were wearing one? Well, he's the stupid one. Pay him no mind. You are a very bright and smart girl. So you wear diapers... We're not all perfect, you know. The fact that you made it back to school in such a short period of time after what you've been through -- that's a miracle. It just shows you are strong. You know what. I have a secret to tell you. I've got a daughter of my own. She's not quite in middle school yet, she's only 8. But she has accidents, too. During the day she wears pull-ups. Yes, even at school. Do I think she's stupid? Not at all. She's very smart and incredibly sweet, just like you sweetie. So, not only do I have a daughter like you who has special needs, I've gotten really good at changing diapers. Let's take care of yours before it leaks," the nurse calmly explains. Britney is relieved to hear this. All she can do is smile and watch as the nurse changes her diaper. She does so with care and a loving touch, just like Carol does at home. Nurse Kimball tapes the last tape and helps put Britney's jeans back on.

"Tha--thanks Miss... Um, Mrs. Kimball. Um, you -- you're really nice." Britney says, giving her a hug after getting off the table.

"You are so welcome. Call me Nancy, please. Anytime you need to be changed, just tell the teacher you have to go potty and come in here. I'm here during the school day. Okay?"

"Yes, Miss Nancy. Thanks again. I better get to um... gym class. See you later. Probably after lunch, hee-hee," Britney says while blushing. She walks out and makes her way to the gymnasium for gym class which is just about to start. Madison is sitting against the wall waiting for her.

"Britney! There you are. Hey, I have good news. Mom left a note for the gym teacher. We don't have to participate in gym today. We can sit out and watch. That's good cause um, I really don't know what to do about changing into gym clothes without the other girls seeing my diaper yet. Hey, you look kind of distracted. Wha...what's wrong? Have you gone to get changed yet?" An excited Madison asks.

"I -- I'm fine. Um, yeah I just got back from the nurse's office. She -- she's real nice. You... you should go to her when you're -- you know," Britney mumbles. She sits down next to her sister, trying not to cry again.

"Alright Britney; something happened. Was it during art class? You know we've been through this a million times, young lady. You can't hide stuff from me. From your best friend and loving sister. It's just not gonna happen. No secrets. Okay, fine. I'll tell you about writing class. Um, that boy Andrew. You know? He likes me. He's so shy and stuff, it's cute. Me -- all I could write about during Writing class was him. And when I thought about him it made me... um, pee. Hee-hee. So, now I spilled it. Now you go," Madison says playfully, not quite realizing that Britney didn't have such a good time in art class.

"Tha -- that's really cool Maddie. I'm sorry for not telling you. Something did happen during art. That jerk Eric. I guess he noticed my diaper and he took a picture of me when sitting on the stool and he got up and told the whole class how I'm a stupid baby who shouldn't be in 7th grade. So yeah I broke down crying and just wanted to die. Jessica and Jen stood up for me... Eric got sent to the principal's. I went to see Miss Kimball. Um, I mean Nancy. And yeah by the time I got in there I was like totally soaked. I'm glad you had a better morning so far, Britney explains.

"Awe, that's horrible. O-M-G I want to go give that Eric a piece of my mind RIGHT now. Ugh. I'm sorry, sis. I really wish I could have been there. I would have punched his lights out!" Madison says with great passion.

"It's okay, really. It's over. By tomorrow the whole school will know. Um, I guess it was going to happen. Least now I won't have to hide during gym like we are now. Stay away from Eric. He's a jerk and he'll try to hurt you like he did me. Not worth it. Just be careful around him," says Britney.

"The whole school doesn't have to know, Brit. I'm sure the kids in art class will forget about it by tomorrow. If they find out about me, it would suck but I'd risk it trying to protect you. You're my baby sis it's what I do," Madison says as she hugs her sister.

"Nut-uh. Alyssa is your baby sis. I'm your... um... I'm your - hee-hee. Okay. I'm your *other* baby sis," Britney says, cracking a sweet smile.

"Aww, that's what I love about you. After all this you can still keep a sense of humor. Well, the rest of the day should be better. So, do you think Jessica and Jen will still be your friends?"

Britney nods her head confidently. "Yup. They both told me they are and they don't care. I sure they are gonna have questions and stuff. But they are nice. Jessica offered to go with me to 'the bathroom' and comfort me. She's like cool. I don't know why we didn't talk to them much before. I always thought she was stuck up but I guess I was wrong," Britney says.

"Yeah, maybe she was just shy. Kind of like Andrew. Oh gosh... there I go. Ohmygosh! Um. I'm gonna need to get changed like now or there's gonna be a problem," Madison says while squirming.

"Uh oh, Maddie had another accident thinking about her *boyfriend*," Britney teases.

"Nut-uh! He.. he's just a friend. A really good friend who happens to be adorable," Madison blushes. Britney giggles for a few moments, then gets serious again.

"Maddie you'd better go before you leak. Um, you should go see the nurse." Britney whispers.

"Nah, I can do this one myself, just need to get to the locker room and grab a dry one from my gym bag," Madison says while standing up. She runs over to the gym teacher asking to go to the bathroom. Britney stays behind as not to make it look suspicious. Madison goes into the locker room and grabs her gym bag inside her gym locker. Under her gym clothes is a fresh Goodnight that she carefully pulls out. She goes into the bathroom and goes in the stall, removing her jeans. She stands there wearing just the wet Goodnite, admiring herself for a moment. The Goodnite is soaked, not one dry area of padding left. She rips off the sides and it plops onto the floor making a splat sound. "Wow. That was close," she thinks to herself. Finally



she slips the new Goodnite on and pulls her pants back on. She places the wet one in the trash can, making sure to bury it under used paper towels. She goes back to the gym and sits back down next to Britney in record time.

"Wow, that was fast. Um, did you make it in time? I mean before it leaked?" Britney asks.

"Yeah, just barely. One more drop and it would have. I guess I need to be more careful. I wonder how Emily's doing with her pull-up. She's in Home-Ec now," Madison says. The girls finish out the gym period talking about school, Andrew, Emily, and more Andrew.

Britney and Madison arrive in the math room for math class, where Emily again joins them. Emily is already at her desk when she spots her friends. Madison and Britney sit down next to her.

"Hey Emily, how was Home-Ec? Um, are you okay?" Madison asks. She notices Emily can't seem to sit still, her legs shaking.

"Home Ec was boring. Um, yeah I'm fine except I have to pee again and I'm still wet from science class. I was gonna go to the nurse's office during Home Ec but the teacher was being stupid and wouldn't let any of us go to the bathroom," Emily whispers.

"Oh gosh. You'd better go see her during math. How wet is your pull-up?" Britney asks.

"Not soaked, but wet enough. I'll leak if go much more," Emily says.

"Remember, go slow. Just do a little now, enough so you don't feel like having to go so bad," Madison suggests.

"Okay, here goes," Emily whispers back. She sighs and concentrates, allowing a little bit of pee to slowly trickle into the damp pull-up. Moments later, she smiles. "Okay, that's better." The bell rings and the teacher begins the day's math lesson.

Fifteen minutes later, Emily raises her hand. "Um, may I be excused to go to the bathroom? I'm sorry it really can't wait," she says desperately. The teacher agrees, giving her a hall pass. Emily bolts out the door and begins walking toward the nurse's office. As she walks by a set of restrooms, she ponders just going in there to finish peeing in the toilet and changing herself -- but then she remembers her mother and how upset she'd get. "I better do as she asked," she thinks as she continues on. As she walks in, Nurse Kimball is talking to her assistant. Emily looks at her, a bit shy and not knowing what to say.

"Oh, hello Miss Suthers. Head on in to my office, I'll be right with you," Nurse Kimball says cheerfully. Emily makes her way into the nurse's area. She stands near the bed-like table and takes her tights and skirt off, standing in just her wet pull-up. She looks down at it, seeing the little hearts are all faded away. She whispers to herself. "Uh oh I've been a bad girl. Ha!" Just then, Nurse Kimball walks in.

"Oh, Emily you didn't have to get undressed, but thank you. So, it looks as if you've had an accident?"

"Uh, yeah. Kind of. Am -- am I in trouble for that?" Emily says, making a cute little innocent face.

"Aww, aren't you adorable. No, sweetheart of course not. I can tell you are nervous to be here. It's okay. Your friend Britney was too but now she and I are pals. I'm not mad at you. I don't think you're any less of a student here. "

"Thanks. But um, why am I even here? I mean I can change myself. See, here's a new pull-up. I tear off the old one and pull the new one on. Um, like. the song goes. Mommy wow I can do this myself now," Emily says, using humor as a way to hide her awkward feelings.

"Ha! We have a little comedian here. I like that. Well, it's just that your Mom, who obviously loves you very much, wanted to be sure everything is done just right. She doesn't want you to rush and end up getting an infection down there. I'm a mother myself, to a sweet, spunky 8 year old girl. You remind me of her actually. She also has accidents and wears pull-ups. She goes to a nurse at her school, too. Sure, she can change herself but she actually prefers the nurse now. They are friends. I hope we can be, too. "

"Oh, okay. Um, so do you want me to lay down?"

"Yeah. I just need to get you cleaned up and then we can put the new one on. " The nurse begins wiping Emily with warmed baby wipes. Emily enjoys the experience of being wiped with warmed wipes, although it is still a bit awkward for her to be changed by a nurse. She thinks about the nurse's daughter.

"So your little girl is 8. Sorry if it's rude to ask but I'm curious. How come she has to wear pull-ups? I mean I get the accidents thing. That's me sometimes. But how come? Was she born that way?" Emily asks as the new pull-up is slid up over her legs.

"Kind of, yes. She was born with a small bladder. When it's full, she doesn't have much of a chance to "hold it" like normal kids do. She didn't potty train until she was 5 and even then always had accidents. We thought she was just stubborn but found out it was more than that. Sure, there are all these exercises she could do to try and make her bladder stronger and have more control. But all of that was just frustrating her. She's gotten used to being in pull-ups. She won't admit it but she likes them, too. What about you, sweetie? Here, I'll help get your tights and skirt back on.

"Well I'm kind of the same. Well, not the small bladder thing but let's just say after a while I started having accidents. And yeah, I kind of like pull-ups, too. Quiet though, you can't tell anyone! But your daughter sounds cool. Maybe I can meet her someday," Emily says.

"Yes definitely. She could use a new friend. You're 10, right?"

"Uh huh, almost 11. I'm best friends with Maddie and Britney, but you probably know that. Okay, all done. I better get back to class. Um, thanks. Britney was right - you *are* really nice!" Emily says.

"Thanks, Emily. I'll see you again soon. Bye now," Miss Kimball says. Emily leaves and heads back to the math room. She quietly enters, returns the hall pass, and takes her seat. Madison and Britney turn to her and give her a little wink. The rest of math class goes on as normal.

Britney and Madison are now at their lunch period while Emily is in Music class. During lunch, the girls are invited to sit next to Jessica and Jen. They are sitting at a round table, just the four girls. Britney slowly eats her lunch, but not as eagerly as she normally would. She's afraid her new friends are going to start making fun of her.

"Britney, are you feeling better? Eric is a jerk. Please don't listen to him. We still think you're awesome," Jessica says. Britney smiles slightly and looks up at her friends. She thinks there's no use in denying what was revealed.

"Thanks Jessica. But, um, I have to tell you something. I don't know, you probably have like a million questions for me right now. Is it true? Do I really wear them? Um --- " before Britney can finish, Madison interrupts.

"Britney, don't! Not now," Madison says.

"No, it's okay. Why should I lie about it. It's who I am, right? So, yes. Right now as I sit here I have a diaper on. Pampers size 7 to be exact. It started as.... I wet the bed... when I still lived with my real mom. After what happened I kind of lost control of my bladder. The doctors think it's stress. I dunno. But I know I have to wear them. So, if you think I'm a weirdo and all that, I get it. We don't have to be friends no more," Britney says as more tears roll down her face. Jessica sits closer to Britney and hugs her.

"That's silly. I still want to be your friend. What I said at art before is still true! So what if you wear them. I do have questions but right now is not the time to ask them. I have issues of my own. I think we all do. So, I'm glad you're my friend. And I'm going to be your friend no matter what. You could tell me you still suck your thumb -- uhh -- not that I do that or anything -- it wouldn't matter. " Jessica explains, realizing she may have just given away one of her 'secrets.' Madison's mouth drops wide open. Britney keeps crying, but now crying happy tears. She hugs her friend back.

"Jessica -- you're alright. I have to be honest for a while I thought you were kind of stuck up. I guess you're just shy. I think we can all be friends. What about you, Jen?" Madison asks.

"I'd like that really much. And I agree with all Jessica said. Um, me and Jess are like best friends. And I can tell you and Britney are, too. It's good to have friends who love and understand you. We are going to declare this our lunch table from now on. No one else is allowed," Jennifer says proudly. The girls hold hands and begin talking about various things until lunch is over.

During 7th period art class, Emily is struggling with a drawing. She's not the best at drawing, but has other things on her mind. Her pull-up has managed to stay dry for the time being. A boy next to her starts talking with her.

"Hey, do you like magic tricks?" the boy asks.

"Maybe. Depends what kind. Are you a magician?" Emily ponders.

"Well, yes. A practicing one. What I'm working on for the science fair is hypnosis. Do you know what that is?"

"I think. That's like when you try and trick someone to do something?"

"Mostly. It's like I put you into a trance and I command you to do things and you do them without knowing. So... can I try something on you right now? It probably won't work anyway," the boy says.

"What are you going to make me do? Nothing embarrassing!" Emily blurts out.

"Well that's a surprise. But nah, it won't be embarrassing! So okay, just sit here and look into my eyes. And watch this spoon as I wave it around. Focus on me and the spoon and what I say, okay?"

Emily nods and faces the boy. She watches the spoon moving back and forth.

"You are going to do as I say. You are going to repeat after me. First, let's count. As I move this wand, I'll count down. Ten... keep your eyes on the moving wand. Okay, spoon. Nine... keep focused. You will listen to only my voice. You will only think about the wand and hear my voice. Eight... you're no longer in art class. Seven... you're in another building. Six... you're in an empty room with just me. Keep watching the spoon! Five... repeat after me: I'm a little girl. I will only listen to what Josh tells me. "

"I'm a little girl. I will only listen to what Josh tells me," Emily recites.

"Good girl. Four: You have to pee. You have to pee bad. Three.... you're going to pee when I say go. Two... you're going to do it, right here, right now," Josh continues...

"Really Josh? You really think this is going to work," a girl next to him asks.

"Silence! Yes, it will. One.... okay, little girl. It is time. When I say go what will you do?"

"I'll pee. Right here, right now," Emily says in a monotone voice.

"And... GO!!!! GO!!" Josh shouts. Emily, in a trance, leans over and strains, starting to pee. Her pull-up rapidly becomes warm, causing her to gasp and 'snap out of' her coma-like state. She is quick to realize what just happened, now pretending to still be hypnotized.

"Little girl, please stand up. I need to check for something," Josh says. Emily stands up, pretending to still be under his spell. Josh puts his hand on her chair to feel for wet spots. Not finding any, he then runs his hand over the back of Emily's skirt. Again, he notices no wetness. "What the heck? How did that not work? I mean I saw her. She was peeing!"

"Whatever, Josh. You need more practice. It didn't work. Oh, and next time, try to do something a little less mean. If she would have peed herself that would not have been very nice," the girl next to him says.

"Bah, fine. Okay, little girl. Sit down... Look at me. When I count back up to ten, you will be back in Art class and will not remember anything I said or did. " Josh gets to 10 while Emily plays along.

"Whoa, that was weird. I was like in a different world or something. So, did it work?"

"No, it didn't. I really don't get why. I did this on my cousin last night and it totally worked. She had to change her clothes, but it worked," Josh chuckles.

"Seriously Josh? You are a fool," the girl next to him says.

"Um, wait? Why did she have to change her clothes?" Emily asks, playing dumb.

"Because he tried to make you pee yourself," the girl says.

"Wow, thanks Josh. Good thing it didn't work or I'd have to beat you up. What, don't think I can because I'm small? Try me!" Emily says, showing her adventurous side.

"Okay, you're right. That was mean. I'll focus on doing something less harmful next time. I'm sorry. Forgive me?"

"Yeah, I suppose. Just don't do it again, k?" Josh nods and the 6th grade kids go back to their projects. Emily slowly finishes wetting her Pull-Up, which is now completely soaked. Part of her wants to tell Josh his trick *did* work, but then reality kicks in and she decides to keep her mouth shut. But holy moly is her pull-up ever soaked. She knows she'll need to get to the nurse's office, and pronto!

Much to Emily's luck, the bell rings and it's time for her lunch period. She puts her art project away and bolts out the door. As she runs to the nurses office, her pull-up jiggles and squishes around. She has no time to stop and enjoy it now and quickly enters the school health office. "Um, you know why I'm here. Can I just go right back to the nurse's room? I'll knock first," Emily persists. The lady at the desk tells her that's fine. Emily walks towards the door, her soaked diaper crinkles loudly as she

does. She taps on the door and it's opened within seconds. The nurse greets her and tells her to stand near the examination table. She then helps Emily remove her jean skirt and tights, revealing a heavily soaked pull-up about ready to fall off.

"Oh my. I wasn't expecting to see you again until after lunch. Alright, well good thing you came to me now. Let's get that taken care of," Nurse Kimball says while tearing the sides and removing the pull-up. She balls it up and tosses it into the garbage pail.

"Yeah, I was gonna wait until after lunch but I know what a full pull-up feels like and I didn't wanna risk leaking. But yeah during Art class this boy wanted to try some stupid magic trick on me. I didn't think it would actually work but he wouldn't tell me what he was doing. He hypnotized me to pee my pants. Well, it did work but he thought it didn't because my pull-up held it all. Hee-hee, kind of funny," Emily says, now laying on the table as she gets wiped and powdered.

"Oh wow. That wasn't nice of him to trick you like that, though. It's a good thing you didn't leak. Alright, stand up. There we go. New pull-up is on. And now for your tights and skirt," says the nurse.

"Thanks. Yeah, I told him he better not do that again. He said he's going to try a different hypnosis trick for the science fair. I really hope so. Okay, um I'm gonna get to lunch period, I'm starving. Uh, hopefully I won't be back. I'll try not to drink too much. Or go potty if I have to," Emily says, hopping off the table.

"It's okay if you do come back, sweetie. That's what I'm here for. But if not, I'll see you tomorrow. Have a good lunch!" Emily skips out the door and out of the medical office. She quickly enters the lunch room, gets her hot lunch and finds a table to sit down. She sits amongst some other 6th graders that she gets along with. Nothing unusual happens and soon the 9th period bell rings.

It's now time for Emily's gym period, Madison's Art period, and Brittney's Social Studies. On her way to the Gym, Emily hopes that today's class won't require her to change clothes. There are times when they don't have to change, during certain non-athletic activities.

"Hi Emily. No need to change today. We're starting our unit on modern dance technique. You can join the other kids on the gym floor and we'll get started," a female gym teacher says. Emily is relieved. The first half of class is spent watching a video about basic 'ballroom dancing' technique. Emily tries to pay attention but the video is quite boring.

"Okay class. Now for the rest of the period we are going to pair up and practice. I will assign a girl to a boy. Please use the technique you just saw in the video. I will be watching and coming around to help. Keep it appropriate -- you know what I mean. Okay, here's your partners..." The teacher begins reading off boy/girl names. Emily is to dance with Josh, the boy from art class. She stands next to him and rolls her eyes.

"Oh, great. You again. Look, just don't try anything funny, you got it?" Emily says. Some other kids who were in the same art class start to laugh.

"Don't worry. I suck at dancing. I'll be nice," Josh shrugs. The class is told to start dancing once the music starts. Josh nervously stands in front of Emily and places on hand around her waist, the other holding her hand. They begin to dance awkwardly with each other. Emily is not nervous because she's with a boy, but more so that she's up close and personal with a boy while she's wearing a diaper. Josh keeps messing up and steps on Emily's toes a few times.

"Oww, um -- can you be more careful please? The teacher's coming. Pay attention," Emily whines. The gym teacher gives Josh a little lesson on proper form and helps guide him how to dance.

"Keep in mind, class -- you can use this as practice for the upcoming spring dance -- if you so choose to go," the teacher shouts. The kids continue on. As Emily is dancing, a slight crinkle sound can be noticed. Josh, who is now a bit more comfortable with the routine, takes notice.

"So when you move I hear this weird sound, like a plastic bag or something," Josh whispers in Emily's ear. She plays stupid as a puzzled look comes on her face.

"Um, not sure. Probably my shoes -- they squeak sometimes. Hey, you -- you're doing much better now," Emily whispers. As they continue to dance, Josh's right hand moves further down and now it's over Emily's butt. At first Emily doesn't notice, until she feels his hand grab it, almost as if he's trying to feel something. Emily gasps in shock. "Josh! Get your hand off my butt," she shouts. Josh's face turns beet red as his hand quickly moves away.

"Oh, sorry! Really I'm sorry I didn't know. It was an accident," he says. The teacher comes over to see what the commotion is about.

"What's going on here? Josh? Emily?" Josh starts to explain what happened and that it was a slip of his hand while Emily seems to be off in la-la land, completely ignoring everything around her. She has to pee and knows that holding it is not an option, so she must empty her bladder slow enough. Finally, she comes back out of her daydream.

"Oh, uh, it's okay. Josh just um... touched my butt for a minute. It was an accident. I'm fine," Emily says nervously. The teacher sighs and goes back to helping other students. Emily and Josh go back to dancing with each other -- not really dancing but faking it. Josh and Emily both have thoughts going on in their minds. Emily wonders if Josh noticed her pull-up while his hand was wandering over her butt. Her heart starts to beat faster. Her damp pull-up crinkles a bit more as she moves her legs. Josh wonders what it was he felt. "It wasn't just her tights. It felt like padding. I wonder if that's why her tights didn't get wet. She's got a diaper on? There's that crinkle sound again. It's got to be. But why?" Josh thinks to himself. Then, he whispers to Emily, "so in art class before. Are you sure my hypnosis didn't make you pee?"

"Um, yeah I'm sure. Duh! I had to go to the bathroom real bad right after, though. So maybe it sort-of worked. But not the way you wanted it to, sorry," Emily whispers back. Josh smiles.

"Very interesting. Okay Ems. There's something about you... I don't know what yet. But I'm gonna figure it out. I hope we're partners again tomorrow," he whispers while grinning. Emily just rolls her eyes and shrugs her shoulders, signaling she hopes they aren't partners tomorrow. Saved by the bell. It's time for last period!

In the computer lab, all three girls share the final period of the day for Typing class. The students are working on a typing assignment on the computers. The teacher is strict and does not allow for much talking, so the girls will have to wait until after class to talk about their afternoon. However, the juice Emily had for lunch is catching up with her. Since she is deeply involved with her typing assignment, she ignores the urges from her bladder and relaxes, allowing a steady stream of pee to enter the remaining dry padding. A few minutes pass and Emily stands up briefly to stretch. As she sits back down, she immediately realizes how soaked she is. She gasps and quickly raises her hand.

"Um, may I be excused? Really have to go, I can't hold it!" Emily explains. The teacher gives her the okay and she rushes out the door and runs down to the nurse.

"Well, Miss Emily. We meet again. And by the looks of it, just in time," the nurse says after removing Emily's soaked pull-up.

"Yeah, um I don't know what happened. I was in typing class doing my work and I didn't even know I had to go," Emily says.

"Well, that's nothing new, right? It's why you wear these. But, you know... You seem to wet pretty heavily. It's good you got to me in time, but I just wonder if you may need to wear something a bit more absorbent," Nurse Kimball suggests. Emily thinks about that for a bit.

"Yeah but um, then kids will notice. Um, what about your daughter? Do other kids in her school make fun of her?" Emily asks.

"Yes at this point her whole class knows. Some used to make fun of her but now most of them don't even care. You don't have to wear anything different right now, but just think about it. If someone does find out and you get picked on, come talk to me about it. We can make sure it doesn't happen again. I know Britney got picked on today and that's going to stop. We do not tolerate bullying in this school. Alright, all dry again. You'd better get back to class. Have a good evening, Emily!" Emily thanks the nurse and promptly gets back to class.

Madison, Britney, and Emily are walking towards the front of the school. They talk for a while about their afternoons while waiting for their rides. Britney is still in the same diaper she was changed into after her Art class. Madison's Goodnite is soaked, but not leaking.

"So, I made it all day without leaking, but I'm gonna have to change as soon as I get home. How about you, Emily?" Madison asks. Britney is curious to know, too.

"Well I think you noticed I had to go get changed during Typing class. I was mostly dry when I got in there but like all of a sudden I peed and didn't even know it again. The nurse thinks I need to wear something thicker, like your Goodnites. I dunno. I really don't want to because I think one kid already suspects something. This boy at gym class. We were doing dancing and he was my partner. He put my hand on my butt. He says it was a mistake but I think he felt my crinkly pull-up. And he kept telling me he was hearing noises like a plastic bag," Emily explains.

"Oh, that's scary. I hope he doesn't find out. If he does I hope he's not like Eric," Britney exclaims.

"Yeah, so I'll think about it. Part of me says what the heck. Part of me thinks it's kind of fun. I mean if he finds out... But part of me doesn't. That's just me I guess," Emily says. Just then, Mrs. Suthers' car pulls up. Madison notices.

"Hey Em, isn't that your mom's car? I thought you were getting a ride from my mom today?" Emily looks out towards the street and confirms it is her mother's car.

"Yeah, weird. Let's go over there and see what's up," Emily says. The girls carefully cross the street and gather around the car. The driver's side window goes down. "Hi Mommy. Um, I thought I was getting picked up by Maddie's mom?"

"Well, plans changed. I called Mrs. Ludke and told her I'd bring her girls home. Then we're going straight to a studio. They want you to film that commercial today!" Mrs. Suthers says with great enthusiasm.

"Whoa! Um, you got my outfit and stuff? Gosh, this is cool. Okay, let's go!" Emily squeals. The girls get buckled up in the back seat as the car heads towards Madison and Britney's home.

## Chapter 25: The Commercial

Emily waves goodbye as Madison and Britney run up the front walk to their house. Shortly after, the car drives off and Mrs. Suthers makes sure her GPS is set correctly. Emily is both very excited to be doing a TV commercial and extremely nervous at the same time. Thoughts rush into her head as she begins playing on her iPod. She wonders how long it'll take to get there and begins to feel her stomach growling.

"Mommy I'm hungry. Can we stop to eat on the way, please? How long is it gonna take? Are we there yet?"

Mrs. Suthers grins. "Yes, we can stop. It'll take about 45 minutes. I'll find a diner or something once we get into the next town, about 15 minutes..."

"Thanks Mommy. Um, I'm like really nervous. I never done a TV commercial before. I guess it's a good thing it's for diapers and stuff because I'm probably gonna have an accident or two." Emily begins to fidget and twirl her hair. She puts her headphones on and listens to music, trying to get her mind off things. After some 20 minutes of driving, the car stops in front of a local 'Mom and Pop' type diner. Emily takes her headphones off and unbuckles her seatbelt. She eagerly jumps out of the car and walks alongside her mother. An older woman greets them and shows them to a table. Emily plops down on one side of the booth as her mother sits across from her. Without even looking at the menu, she is ready to order.

"Well aren't you a cute little thing. What can I get you to drink, sweetie?" The waitress asks. Without hesitation, Emily tells the waitress she wants a large glass of chocolate milk. Not the kiddie size, saying with great emphasis. The waitress nods, looking at Mrs. Suthers to be sure it's okay. Mrs. Suthers gives her approval and orders an iced tea for herself. "Alright, I'll give you two a minute to decide and be right back with your drinks." Emily's legs begin to shake. For some reason she has to pee like there's no tomorrow and knows she won't 'make it' even if she tried. She decides to have some fun with this. Of course, Mrs. Suthers knows what's going on.

"Emily, do you need to go potty? The bathrooms are over there..." There is no response, instead Emily begins peeing, trying to go slow enough to avoid any leaks. She lets out about half of what's in her bladder, over a course of a minute, sighing slightly as she feels a soggy, warm sensation down below. A mischievous smile comes across her face.

"Not anymore, Mommy." Emily picks up her kids menu sheet and starts studying it, squirming a little.

"So that means your pull-up is wet?" Emily shakes her head rapidly saying no. "So you're dry? If I were to pull your tights down and look, the little hearts would still be on the front of your pull-up?" Again, Emily nods her head. Mrs. Suthers then instructs her daughter to get up and stand next to her. Emily slowly gets up and stands in front of her mother. Mrs. Suthers is about to check when the waitress comes back.

"Oh, do you two ladies need more time?"

"No, we're ready to order. I'll have the fried chicken dinner with mashed potatoes, no gravy. Emily will have the grilled cheese kids' meal with mixed fruit. Thank you." The waitress takes the menus and thanks them, promptly leaving the table. "Okay little girl, let's have a look." Mrs. Suthers pulls down Emily's tights just far enough to expose the front of her pull-up. Any hearts that were there are gone, now just blurry pink ink. "No hearts left and by the looks of it you're completely soaked. We should go change you now before it leaks, huh?" Mrs. Suthers says. A few people sitting at tables across from them happen to stop eating and stare. Emily is both embarrassed and loving this at the same time.

"Uh oh. I didn't even feel it, Momma. Um, no can we eat first. It not gonna leak. Please mommy I so, so hungry I think the food is almost here," Emily begins to talk a bit more like a 5-year-old. Mrs. Suthers agrees. The food arrives just a few minutes later. Emily attacks her dinner and takes big gulps of her chocolate milk. Before her sandwich is even half eaten, her glass of milk is almost empty. Mrs. Suthers tells her to slow down on the drink or she'll get a tummy ache. Emily giggles and begins eating the second half of her sandwich. As she continues, the remaining bit of pee left in her bladder begins to stream out. She feels her pull-up becoming warmer and squishier. Finally, she takes her last bite. "All done, Mommy. You proud of me; I ate-did all my food!" Emily fidgets, hoping her pull-up isn't leaking.

Mrs. Suthers doesn't even need to question why her daughter is acting this way. She knows it's her way of dealing with stress and nervousness and decides it wouldn't harm anything to play along. "I am very proud of you, sweetie. Now, I think we need to get you changed. As soon as the waitress brings the check, we can take care of that."

"We? Um, you're gonna change me, like right here?" And um, yeah I just went some more. Oops," Emily blushes.

"In the bathroom, silly. I'm sure they have changing tables."

"Yes, we do. We just got new tables last week in fact. Here's your check, hope everything was okay," the waitress interrupts.

"Oh yes, just fine. Thank you. Come on Emily, let's go..." Emily hops up out of her seat and walks behind her mother. An ever-noticeable crinkle sound can be heard with every passing step. They enter the bathroom to see 3 large stalls. The bathroom for now is empty. They enter the stall that has the baby changing table in it. Emily pulls down her skirt and tights and lays down on the table. Her pull-up is completely soaked but has not started leaking yet. Mrs. Suthers tears off the sides and pulls it off. "My goodness, Emily. How many times did you have to get changed at school today?" Emily slowly holds her hand up, showing 3 fingers. "Yeah, that's what I thought. These pull-ups are not absorbent enough to keep up with how much you pee. I think after the commercial tonight, you're going to have to think about wearing more absorbent diapers. Or, you could just give them up and get potty trained again."

Emily gasps and makes a pouty face. "NO! But, I like pull-ups. Okay Mommy... you're right though. Oh, well Madison -- she wears those new Goodnites to school now. I'll ask her if they work better. You can just put me in another pull-up for now. I'll be changing into that thicker one when we get there anyway. Um, do I actually have to pee in it for the commercial? Wow, really? Cool. Guess it's a good thing I had all that milk then. It won't take long, chocolate milk goes right through me! Thanks, Mom. Um, you are really good at changing diapers." Mrs. Suthers helps her get dressed back into her tights and skirt. As they are walking out of the diner, the waitress spots them.

"Have a great evening. Good luck with the potty training. I have a little granddaughter about her age who still has accidents... what is she, about 5?" Emily tries really hard not to giggle, wanting to play along. She holds out 5 fingers.

"Uh huh, I'm five. Um, I just had a accident. Next time I'll go potty... maybe. The food here is really yummy, thanks miss!"

"Aww, you're very welcome." The waitress turns to Mrs. Suthers. "You have a very sweet little girl there. Goodnight now." The two leave and head towards the car. As soon as Emily gets in the car she giggles and giggles loudly.

"That was so fun! She really thought I was five? I dunno why Mommy but I just love that. Was I really that believable?"

"Yes, you were. You are very cute. See, you have nothing to worry about. You fooled everyone here. You'll do just fine for the commercial -- because I think you're playing a girl about 7 or 8. Okay, all buckled in. You know...when I think about it, you really *are* small for your age. Sometimes I think you should still be in a car seat. If I'm ever in an accident you'd go flying..."

Emily frowns. "Oh, Mom that's silly! I'm not *that* small!" Mrs. Suthers shrugs as she gets into the driver's seat. The car takes off, on the way to the recording studio.

They arrive after only a short drive. Upon entering the studio, Emily is shown to her dressing room and is told to get changed as recording will begin soon. The room is small and very basic. Emily's eyes are immediately drawn to the diaper sitting on the table. It's a pull-up style diaper, but about twice as thick. The outside is decorated in bright pink and purple with cute hearts, peace signs, and rainbows. She picks it up, standing completely still, admiring it for a few seconds. "Wow, this is SO thick and so colorful. Gosh, can't wait to see how these do." Emily takes her tights and skirt off and practically rips off the thin pull-up she's wearing. She then steps into the thicker one and begins prancing around the room. It feels very soft and comfortable against her bottom. As she walks around, the crinkle noise is very loud, much more so than a regular Goodnight diaper.

"You look adorable, sweetie. Here, this is what you'll be wearing over it." Emily quickly puts her pajamas top on, a short pink shirt, followed by pajama shorts. The pull-up diaper is so thick, it's obvious she's wearing one. She admires herself one last time in the mirror as a guy from the production crew knocks on the door saying it's time. "Okay Emily, let's go. Don't be nervous now, you'll do just fine!" Excited and eager, Emily runs to the door and proceeds to the studio set.

*Several hours pass... The commercial shoot has just wrapped up. Being somewhat nervous caused Emily to wet the diaper twice during the process. Despite the wettings being rather large, the diaper held it all and can still handle more.*

Emily yawns as her mother helps her into the car and buckles her up. She's still wearing the pajamas she wore for the commercial as it's now late and time for bed. Mrs. Suthers smiles at the girl as she closes the back door and sits down in the driver's seat. She starts the car and programs her GPS.



"Are you sure you don't need to be changed? It's about a half hour drive home. Don't want you to leak."

"Yeah Mom! Like I know I peed a lot but like I can hardly tell it's wet right now. I can change when we get home. Um, did they give you more of these?"

"Yes, there's a bag in the trunk and you'll be getting coupons for more soon. Like them that much?"

"Uh huh, I do. I might wear one to school tomorrow. I know they are thicker but I wouldn't have to change until lunch time with these. Oh, I'm so tired. I'm gonna go to sleep Mommy. Wake me up when we get home." Mrs. Suthers nods and begins the journey towards home.

"Wake up, Emmy. We're home. Come on. I'll get you changed, head on up to your room and lay on your bed, okay?" Mrs. Suthers explains. Emily waddles into the house and into her room, plopping down on the bed. She allows her mother to change her diaper as if she was a helpless two year old. She is changed into another one of the thick pull-up diapers. "There, all done. You did great today, kiddo. Goodnight!" Mrs. Suthers tucks her daughter in and turns out the light, leaving the room. Emily drifts off to sleep within seconds.

Emily awakes the next morning naturally, about a half hour before her alarm is set to go off. Just as she opens her eyes and realizes what time it is, she begins to realize what it was that woke her up. She has to pee like there's no tomorrow. Her overnight diaper is still bone dry. She decides it's time to put these new diapers to an ultimate test. She relaxes as her legs stop shaking, letting out a fast stream of pee. She is so used to trying to pee slowly but this time holds nothing back. She can feel an intense warmth all around her butt. Amazingly, the diaper is able to keep up with the flood, quickly wicking away the liquid. As she nears completion, she can feel the padding rapidly transforming into a squishy gel-like consistency. The diaper is now completely soaked and has doubled in size. She stays still for about a minute to ensure the diaper has fully absorbed everything she just put into it. Finally, she slowly gets up. As she gets out of bed, she can barely walk. She feels the front and back of her diaper and it squishes and sloshes all around. "Wow! It didn't leak. Um, I better get changed." She takes her pajama shorts off and then slowly rips the sides off the super saturated pull-up. It falls and plops to the ground. She picks it up to toss it in the garbage. "Holy crap this thing weighs like 5 pounds! Yeah, totally wearing one to school. I think these jeans should hide it okay." Emily grabs a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, along with a new thick pull-up. After she is dressed, she looks at herself in the mirror. "Well, I'll have to be careful not to let it stick out over my jeans but I think it'll be okay." She does her hair and goes to the kitchen to have breakfast.

At school, Emily is one of the first kids to arrive in her homeroom. She sits at her desk, reading a magazine as she waits for the first bell to ring. In comes Josh, who seems eager to present a small box to Emily. He places it on her desk, right on top of the open magazine. "Hey, what's this?" she asks.

"Open it. I got you something." Josh has a slight smirk on his face. Emily opens the box, expecting to find jewelry or something of the sort. Instead, she is alarmed to see a size 3 pink and purple pacifier. She looks at Josh with a confused look on her face.

"Don't look so shocked. I'm pretty sure you're going to like this. I mean, you're a baby and all. I know you wear diapers. Bet you got one on now, huh?" Josh teases playfully.

"I – I do not! You just can't let it go, can you? Your stupid trick didn't work on me, okay?"

"Actually, it did. Your pants didn't get wet when I hypnotized you because you peed in your diaper. Don't deny it. I figured it out. Yesterday at gym class. That was a diaper I ran into and by the way it felt, it was wet then, too. So, here's what you have to do. Today, at lunch, you have to suck on the pacifier for five minutes. If you don't, I'll tell the whole school about you."

Emily pouts, looking as if she's about to cry. "You're such a jerk. But fine, I'll do it. Just go away now, please." Josh sits down at a desk behind her. The first period bell finally rings. Emily puts the pacifier in her backpack and dashes out of the classroom. While Emily is somewhat annoyed, something inside of her is actually excited about this. The mixed emotions run wild in her head for a while.

A few hours pass. Emily, Madison, and Britney are in their 5<sup>th</sup> period math class. While Madison and Britney will both be in need of changing by the end of class, Emily's diaper is still dry enough to withstand more. She ponders to herself if she should still go see the nurse between classes to change but decides against it. Later as she's on her way to lunch, she remembers about the pacifier and how Josh said she has to suck on it or else be exposed. She figures some kids may think it's weird, but she'd rather them see her with a pacifier than know about her diapers.

"I'll just make something up. It was a dare... yeah, that's it." Little does she know, Eric (the bully) has been watching her every move. Just as she's about to take another step, he jumps up from behind.

"STOP right there, baby brat. It's time to check your diaper. You've been a bad little girl, haven't you?"

"Eric, shut up and let me go. I'm hungry and want to eat!"

"Did you just tell me to shut up? Oh, that does it baby! I've been watching you today. Just like Britney, I don't understand why you go to this school." Eric quickly lifts up Emily's shirt. The back of her pull-up is sticking up past the waistband of her low-rise jeans. "See! I knew it! A diaper. And I bet it's wet, isn't it? Stupid baby!" Tears fill up in Emily's eyes. She slaps Eric's hand away and quickly plops to the ground, burying her head into her lap, sobbing and shaking. Josh was watching from the corner. Seeing what just happened, he suddenly feels really bad about what he did to Emily earlier. He decides enough is enough and jumps out in front of Eric.

"Leave her alone, Eric! She's a nice girl. It's none of your business if she wears them or not."

"Yeah? And what are you going to do to stop me, nerd-boy?" Josh turns red with anger and quickly makes a fist.

"This," Josh says as he quickly punches Eric in the stomach. This breaks out into a fight. A small crowd has gathered with most of the kids cheering Josh on. Emily remains on the floor with her head buried. She can feel a warmth around her diaper area as she continues to quiver. The fight continues, but is broken up by a teacher passing by. Eric and Josh are sent to the principal's office. Eric is immediately suspended for a week while Josh, who claims he was defending Emily and himself, is let go with a warning.

As soon as he is let go, Josh hurries back to the hallway outside the lunchroom where Emily is still sitting and sobbing. He sits down next to her and attempts to put his arm around her, but Emily rejects.

"Get off me! You're just as big of a jerk as Eric!" She goes back to sobbing and sniffing.

Josh sighs. "Emily... Didn't you see what happened? I beat him up. I almost got expelled from school but the principal understood I was acting in self-defense. I'm sorry about this morning. You're right, I was a jerk for that. You don't have to suck on the pacifier. You can throw it away if you want. I'm sorry, okay? Really. Will you forgive me? I think you're a nice girl. I'm so, so sorry. "

Emily dries the tears from her eyes and looks over at Josh. "Um, why should I? I mean, thanks for beating him up but if you just did that to try and make up for what you did earlier – I dunno if I like that. "

"I understand. Okay, fine. I'll tell you a secret. I picked you for my magic trick yesterday because um, I like you. I know it was stupid of me. But I'm one of those silly boys who teases girls when I like them. I guess it's how I deal with being too shy to just say I like you. It's stupid and I'm sorry. But admit it – I think you kind of liked me too and that's why you went along with it and then kind of tricked me, too? You – *knew* -- my hypnotism would make you pee, but - you know..." Emily sits and thinks for a moment, then a little smile comes across her face. He's right, and she can't deny it anymore.

"Yeah, I totally know. Okay, fine. I forgive you. But you have to swear you won't pick on me anymore about my - you know what. And, um. That pacifier – I, um, hold on," Emily digs into her backpack and pulls out the pacifier, then sticks it in her mouth and suckles it, "I wuv it! Tanks for that. I was kind of excited, and terrified at the same time - to whip it out at lunch time and suck on it, ha-ha! "

"Aww, that's adorable. Keep it, it's yours. I promise, I won't talk about *you know what* during school. But I do want to be friends. Can we be?"

"You mean like boyfriend-girlfriend? Uh, okay. But um, I'm different. I mean, well, duh. But like you're gonna put up with me being weird and crazy? I'm not like other girls. I got kind of an attitude, too. Sarcasm is like my middle name..."

Josh chuckles. "I kind of figured that out already, silly. Like I said, I've always liked you. I'm sorry I teased you. Truth is, your 'weird' thing isn't all that weird. I mean it's different and stuff but I think it's really cute now I think about it. Hey, let's go to lunch. Oh, um... do you need to go get, um... changed? I bet all of this made you kind of nervous?"

Emily grins and nods. "I do, but it can wait till after lunch. The one I got on now holds a lot, trust me," she snickers. The two walk into the cafeteria and stand in line to be served lunch, holding hands. They sit together during lunch making small talk (about normal things as there are other kids nearby). Emily so badly wants to put the pacifier back in her mouth, but figures enough people have seen her weird side for one day and fights the urge. Instead, she ends up drinking two cartons of chocolate milk instead. Wearing such super absorbent diapers, she is less concerned about how much she drinks during the day.

Emily finishes up her lunch and leaves the cafeteria early, figuring she'd better get a fresh diaper on before afternoon classes start. She whispers to Josh where she's going and says goodbye to him, giving him a quick peck on his cheek. Some kids nearby see this and tease him playfully. "Ooh, Josh has a girlfriend!" Josh is slightly embarrassed but smiles anyway, not at all bothered by the teasing. Emily giggles as she heads towards the nurses' office.

"Well, good afternoon miss Emily. I was wondering if you'd be coming to see me today," Mrs. Kimball says as Emily follows behind her. She jumps up on the table, taking her jeans off.

"Yeah, um I got these new pull-ups that are thicker and hold a lot so I didn't need to get changed till now. It's like really soaked now. Um, I *think*." The nurse examines them curiously, then carefully rips the sides down.

"Yeah, you've definitely wet this a few times, but I am impressed. Your regular pull-up would have been a leaky mess. Are these a new product? I think these would be great for my daughter." The nurse proceeds to wipe Emily's bottom and then slides a new Snuggies Super Dry on her."

Emily explains how they just came out but should be available at most retail stores in the area.

"I got these because I um - did a commercial for these. We shot it last night. And so I get these for free now. They're mainly for kids who wet the bed but they're marketed as protection for older kids who have accidents. So yeah they are a lot thicker but it's nice not having to worry about leaks so much." Emily pulls her jeans back in place and hops off the table.

"Very nice, I'll have to look for those."

"Hey, I'll bring some extras in next week. I mean not just for me but for your daughter. The ones I got are supposed to fit kids from age seven to ten." Nurse Kimball thanks Emily for the offer as she walks her out of the room. Emily hurries back to her locker to get ready for her afternoon classes.

The day progresses without any more serious drama. During typing class, the three girls have a chance to talk during work time. Emily whispers to Britney and Madison about last night's commercial and how it will premiere on Saturday morning during morning cartoons. Madison suggests Emily come over for a sleepover on Friday night and they can all watch the commercial together the next morning. All three girls agree and are excited for Friday to come. Any excuse for a sleepover is always something to look forward to.

---

Friday afternoon after school finally arrives. Madison, Emily, and Britney are sitting outside in front of the school, waiting for Mrs. Ludke to arrive. Madison is fidgeting and unable to hold still. Britney asks her what's wrong.

"Ugh. I have to pee so badly," Madison cries. Britney and Emily look at each other and then back at Madison. Then they both say "so? Go!" Madison continues to fidget and shake her legs. "Yeah, easy for you to say. You're both wearing better protection than me. My Goodnight is completely soaked already. I thought I'd be okay not changing

since before lunch but then during 8<sup>th</sup> period I got nervous about something and flooded it. Not sure why I'm peeing so much. But anyways if I go anymore it's gonna leak. Um, I'll try and hold it till Mom gets here."

"You got nervous? Was Andrew talking to you? Did he ask you something?" asks Britney, full of questions.

"Um, stop it you're gonna make me pee. But, um – yeah. You know the spring dance? He passed me a note in class asking if I want to go. As his date. That made me daydream. And when I told him yes at the end of class... that's when I couldn't hold it anymore and flooded what was left of my dry pull-up. So, I don't think these Goodnights are going to be enough for me. Think I need something like Emily's got on."

Britney gasps. "Wow Maddie that's really cool. He must really like you. No one asked me yet. They probably won't, either. No boy in this school wants to take a dumb baby like me to the dance." She looks down, making a pouty face.

"Britney! You're not dumb. You know what – something happened to me today. That bully Eric somehow figured out I was diapered and he teased me in the hallway, right before my lunch period. I'm sure a few kids nearby saw everything and yeah at first I was really scared and embarrassed. But then Josh, that boy who I thought was a dork, came and beat him up. Eric got suspended. Josh got a warning. After he got back from the office he came and sat by me. He knows everything. I even sucked a pacifier in front of him. And now he says he's my boyfriend. Um, I kissed him on the cheek at lunch. So, don't say that, Britney. You're a sweet, fun, and *smart* girl. I'm sure someone out there will see that." Emily gives her friend a hug.

"Thanks, Emily. That... that's really cool, too. But even so I don't really wanna go to the dance this year. Just not ready for that." Britney continues to hug Emily.

"Now, Madison -- It would help if you went to the nurse like me and Britney do. Changing by yourself sucks and you'll always put it off and hope the diaper doesn't leak. That's no good," says Emily. "At first I thought it was stupid too but now it's kind of fun. You should do it. Nurse Kimball is really nice." Just then, Mrs. Ludke's van arrives. The girls quickly run towards the van and get in. Britney sits right next to Alyssa. Both girls are very happy to be reunited with each other. Emily gets in next, then Madison, who continues to fidget and shake her legs.

"Mom please tell me we're going right home?"

"Yes, I've got dinner in the oven. What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Gotta go potty. Real bad." The other girls look at each other and can't help but snicker. It just sounds funny to them to hear Madison say such a thing.

"Hmm, okay sweetie. Hold on we'll be home in no time." Carol wastes no time getting home. She wonders why Madison doesn't just use her pull-up, but then figures maybe she has to poop, which she almost always does actually use the toilet for. Minutes later they arrive at the Ludke home. Madison is the first to get out. She runs all the way to the back door, then dashes upstairs to the bathroom, shutting the door on the way out. She gets her pants and wet pull-up pulled down just in time. As soon as her butt hits the toilet she begins peeing like a rapid waterfall. She sighs and thinks to herself. "Oh yeah, that totally would have leaked!" As she finishes, by force of habit she pulls up wet pull-up back on, then quickly feeling the cold, soggy mess – rips it off. "Um, I need a *real* diaper for the night. No more stupid pull-ups." She goes into her room, in just a t-shirt. The other girls are still downstairs, helping Mrs. Ludke with dinner. Madison carefully diapers herself into a fresh Pampers size 7. Standing in the mirror, she admires herself. "Ah, much better. No more pants, either. I wanna be cute and comfy. She reaches into her closet and pulls out a short Disney Princess nightgown and slips it on, then runs downstairs and presents herself to the others in the kitchen. "Here I am," she says in her five year old voice.

"Aww, feeling better now, dear?" Carol asks her daughter.

"Uh huh. Comfy pajamas, dry diapy, good friends. Life is good. Um, what's for dinner Mommy?"

"We're having lasagna tonight. My famous recipe of course. Is that okay with you, Emily?"

"Oh gosh yes. I love anything Italian. And you're a good cook, Mrs. Ludke. Thanks for letting me sleep over tonight. It's kind of special. Um, the commercial will be on tomorrow morning," Emily smiles proudly.

"Oh, yes. Always a pleasure to have you here, sweetie. And always remember if you need a change just ask. You're just like family here." Emily nods and says thanks. Emily and Madison run off to Madison's room while Britney is playing with Alyssa in Alyssa's room. Britney at the moment is in need of some "little" time. Madison and Emily both understand. The two girls get to talking as they listen to soft music in the background.

"So Emily how are those new diapers holding up? Think I could borrow a few for Monday? I seriously can't wear these Goodnites anymore. They just can't keep up."

In a childish tone, Emily blurts "they not diapers, they big girl pants!" Both girls giggle. "Okay, but really – yes they are amazing. I just wet in them again just now and I still barely feel wet. Um, they are about twice as thick as your Goodnites, though. Takes some getting used to. You will probably waddle a bit. As I said before, someone noticed today that I was wearing. But I really don't care much anymore. Not giving this up because a few dorks at school can't get over it. And really I kind of need them now. I think you do, too. And what's nice is they are still pull-ups so if you do have to go potty to poop – you can easily pull them down. I'll just get you and Britney a whole case of them. I get whatever I want for free now, for doing the commercial."

"Sounds really cool. Maybe after I wet this Pamper I'll have my Mom... Um, I mean... I'll change myself into one of yours."

"Maddie, have your Mom change you. Why are you so against that?"

"I'm... I'm not. It's just, I don't do the whole getting babied thing as much as Britney or you do. Nothing personal. I mean sometimes I like to be a little kid. Like I mean I came down before acting like a five-year-old. That's fun. But I dunno when I get babied *too* much it just makes me feel weird. And I feel like I'm taking that attention away from Britney – who really needs it more than me right now. So, yeah."

"You're such a good sister to her. But you can't just put your feelings and needs aside, either. I'm not saying be a baby all the time. I don't want that either. But if one night you just wanna be a little kid -- *be* that little kid. It's good for you, too. I've gotten so much more comfortable with my own parents lately – it's a good feeling," Emily explains.

"Yeah, you're probably right. Okay, I'll try to loosen up a bit tonight. When I'm wet I'll ask Mom to change me. Promise. Can't wait to try those new pull-ups, too. You should put your pajamas on. I want to see how thick they are." Madison says. Emily agrees and takes her pants off. Standing in just her half-wet Snuggies Super Dry, she shows it off to Madison before putting her pajama bottoms on.

"Wow, even the design is so totally cute. I bet they are soft and comfy. Do they gel up nice when soaked?"

"Oh my Gosh yes. The other morning I actually woke up dry so I just sat in bed and completely peed the heck out of it. It held it all in but got so nice and squishy. So yeah it's good for about 3 normal wettings during the day, or one major flood in the morning. This one is on the second wetting now. Getting soggy, but still room for one more." Madison watches in awe as Emily puts her purple pajama pants on. Emily then buttons the matching shirt up and paces around the room. An obvious bulge is apparent and the pull-up crinkles loudly as she walks. "Yup, totally awesome. I can't wait!"

*Meanwhile, in Alyssa's room....*

Britney and Alyssa are sitting at her pink activity table, playing with her Play-Doh set. Alyssa is making various food related items while Britney is making animals. Britney is thinking about the dance and how it seems both Madison and Emily will have dates. She blurts out a silly question.

"Hey Alyssa. Do you like boys?"

Alyssa makes a funny face. "Boys silly!"

Britney breaks out into a fit of giggles. "Um, yeah they kind of are. Well, Maddie has a boyfriend now. Did you know that? And she's gonna go to the dance with him. I don't really have any boyfriends. I don't really want one right now. I'd rather be little and play with you. Am I being stupid?" Um, don't answer that."

"You no stupid, you smart giwl. So what if you don't got boyfwiend. Boys silly! You stay home and pway wif me, kay?"

A big smile comes across Britney's face. "Aww, thank you. You are so right. Your pancakes look yummy. Hey, what's wrong? Keep going Aly...there's lots of dough left."

"I know. I gonna makes more just a... min." Alyssa stands up and leans over slightly, making a face as she begins peeing in her already damp diaper. "Almost done," she giggles.

"Oh, hee-hee. Is Alyssa going pee-pee?"

Without hesitation, Alyssa smiles and says "uh huh," then suddenly plops back down on the chair. Her now soggy Luvs makes a slush sound as it crinkles slightly. She squirms a bit, smiling some more.

"Want me to change you? I think you were wet when I got in here. Um, I'll tell you a secret. I just peed too, I think. Hee-hee."

"Nut-uh. Not yet. Aff-er dinner," Alyssa says while going back to Play-Doh." Britney giggles and decides she'll wait till after dinner to get changed, too. After a few more minutes, the girls are called down for dinner.

Madison enters the kitchen to see her father sitting at the table. She jumps up into his lap, deciding it's time to "let it go" and allow her little side to come out. "Dadd-eeeeeeeeeee! I missed you so much! Did you have a good day at work?" She gives him a hug.

"Aww, good evening, cutie. I see you're nice and comfy. Yeah, work was good. I'm here on time, that's what counts. Where are your sisters?" Oh, hi there Emily. Glad you could join us tonight." Emily smiles at him as she takes her place at the table.

"They upstairs in Aly's room. They are coming, just putting away their toys I think. Glad you had a good day. Um, I did too but I glad it's Friday." Just then a trail of soggy, crinkling diapers can be heard as Britney and Alyssa rustle into the room. Madison sits in her seat, giving her sisters a chance to greet Mr. Ludke. Britney and Alyssa both jump into his lap next and give hugs and kisses.

"Hi my little princesses. Having a good day?" Britney and Alyssa both say yes and talk about how they were playing with Play-Doh. "That's great. Seems as if you both are in need of new diapers, though. Can it wait till after dinner?"

"Uh huh, daddy. We're hung-wee. Let's eat!" Alyssa and Britney say together. Too adorable for words. The family sits down to an awesome home-cooked meal, making small talk about school and Emily's commercial.

After dinner, Alyssa and Britney are immediately taken up to their room to get changed. Derrick changes Alyssa while Carol changes Britney. Emily and Madison go upstairs to Madison's room to play and talk. They don't have much planned for the night except to watch a few family movies.

At the end of the first movie, Madison's diaper has become completely soaked. Once again, she was so focused on the movie she didn't even noticed the times she had peed. Her mother is sitting near them in a recliner but gets up to put the next movie in. "Okay, 'Dear Dumb Diary' is next. Your girls should like this one, it's about a girl your age who goes to middle school."

"Momma...wait." Madison looks up at her mother with a cute look on her face.

"What is it sweetie?"

"Um. I'm wet. A lot. Too much soda. Um, can you. Will you....?"

"Of course I will. You don't have to be afraid to ask me. Wait, are you sure?"

"Yes Momma, I sure. Please, it getting cold and icky now." Madison stands up and takes her Mom's hand. She takes her up to her room and places her up on her bed. She un-fastens both tapes and slides the soaked diaper off,

then wipes her daughter gently. "Um, Momma. I wanna wear one of Emily's new pull-ups. She said it was okay if I wear one, she's got lots packed. They are in her bag. If you put me in this you won't have to change me till tomorrow morning. Really."

"Alright, sweetie," Carol digs into Emily's bag, pulling out a Snuggies Super Dry pull-up. "Goodness, these are nice and thick. Alyssa could use something like this at night. She's starting to leak through her Luvs." She helps Madison pull the new one on.

"Yeah. I think they make them in smaller sizes, too. We can ask Emily later. Heck maybe you can get her to wear them all day and maybe she'll actually go potty to poop. I know she hates being poopy now, more than usual."

"Definitely worth a try. We'll have to find the smaller size and try them out on her. I don't think she's ready to give up diapers altogether. I mean, are you?" Carol teases.

"Nuh-uh! Um, I'm a big girl but sometimes I have accidents. Um, okay, a lot of times. Ha-ha. But yeah I know why Alyssa doesn't wanna give them up. I mean, I know now. Thanks Mommy. Gosh these are so soft and comfy. Let's go watch the next movie!" They go back down to the living room. Madison sits back down next to Britney and cuddles up to her. Emily has just finished wetting her pull-up. It is completely soaked and she can't help but squirm around the couch, enjoying it just a bit. She knows she will have to get changed. Just as Carol is about to sit back down, Emily stands up and looks towards her.

"Oh, sorry... um. I was... just gonna ask if... Um... "

"Of course. I should have asked if anyone else needed changing. So, now I will. Anyone else besides Emily need a diaper change?" Britney and Alyssa both shake their heads for no. Britney is wet, but only slightly. Alyssa is still dry, for the moment. "Alright, we'll be back in a jiffy." While Emily is getting changed, Madison talks to Britney about the new pull-up she's wearing and how awesome it feels while dry. They chit-chat about how Emily was in the same diaper since lunch time and how Madison probably won't need a change until morning now. Emily and Carol come back and finally start the second movie.

Half way through the last movie, Alyssa has fallen asleep, sitting in her daddy's lap. He carefully carries her up to her room, changing her diaper as she remains asleep, a skill he has become quite good at. He then tucks her in under the covers and kisses her forehead. The other girls are all in Madison and Britney's room, getting ready for some quite conversation before bed. Mr. Ludke comes in to check on them. He knows Emily and Madison are dry but hadn't checked on Britney in a while.

"Hi girls. No rules tonight but do try to be quiet as Alyssa is just next door and is sound asleep. Britney, do you need to be changed, sweetie?"

"I do, Daddy but Maddie said she'd help me. Thanks Daddy. Ni-nite, I love you," Britney says. He smiles and says goodnight, then closes the door slowly. Madison tells Britney to lay down on her bed as she prepares to change her sister's diaper. She asks if she'd like to wear one of Emily's. "No, just a Pampers like usual. I don't think I'm gonna go that much tonight. I didn't drink much during the movies I was still full from dinner. I don't really like pull-ups much anymore. Still like the real thing. No offense though."

"None taken. Okay, here's your pacifier," Madison gives it to her sister. Britney pops it in her mouth and sucks on it contently during the entire diaper change. After she is clean and dry, the girls are pretty tired themselves and decide to call it an early night, as the commercial premiere is early in the morning and they don't want to miss it. Emily actually dozes off to sleep first, being exhausted from a crazy week. Madison is still laying down awake, as is Britney. She suddenly remembers a certain prank Emily pulled on her a few weeks ago and decides it's time for payback. She doesn't want to do anything as cruel as the last prank, but something enough to call it even.

"Psst, Britney, you still up?" Britney rolls next to her sister and takes out her pacifier.

"Yeah, kinda. What's going on?"

"Nothing. Just remembered I have to get Emily back. Remember that bad prank she pulled on me? Yeah. Well I know how to get her back. Tonight. We go down to the kitchen and make some fake poop. Yes, we'd use mushed up bananas that are just warm enough. I saw this online the other day. You like mush up a banana and put it in the microwave for like 15 seconds. Then stir it up. And then we'll spoon it down the back of her diaper."

"Eww, are you for real? She's gonna think she pooped herself. That's kinda mean."

"Yeah, it is but not even close to what she did to me. She told me I can get her back someday. Will you help me?"

After some hesitation, Britney agrees. The two girls quietly go down into the kitchen to mix up the fake poop concoction. After it is done, Britney gets the idea to put it into a squeeze bottle. "This will be easier to squeeze it into her diaper," she says. Madison agrees, giggling slightly. They tiptoe back upstairs. Emily is currently sleeping on her tummy, the top of her pull-up sticking up nicely through her pajama pants. Madison gets in position and carefully inserts the tip of the squeeze bottle down the back of Emily's diaper. She slowly squeezes it until all the mush mixture is in the diaper. Britney covers her mouth, trying to keep from laughing too loud. Emily starts to stir a little so Madison quickly remotes the squirt bottle and jumps back into her bed. Emily rolls over and lets out a little moan, but remains asleep. She appears to be having a dream and is starting to get restless. Suddenly she gasps and sits up, opening her eyes. She notices Madison and Britney are looking at her.

"Oh, um. Sorry. I was having this really weird dream. It woke me.... Um. OH MY GOD. Um. No way. This isn't happening." Of course, she's referring to how she thinks she just pooped her diaper. Madison and Britney try to keep from laughing.

"What is it, Emily? You wet in your diaper? That always happens, silly."

Emily squirms uncomfortably. "No. I... I... I pooped. It's so gross I hate pooping in diapers. I never do it, I *never* ever do it. Okay, I did it once but I hated it I said never again. Just pee, I only like to pee in them. But, something doesn't make sense to me. I pooped but it doesn't smell bad. It FEELS bad. But it doesn't stink bad. Wait, it – smells like bananas! What?" At this point, Britney cannot hold in her laughter any longer. She busts out laughing and bounces up and down in fits of giggles.

"Really I don't think it's that funny. Actually I'm pretty embarrassed. I mean I know we all wear diapers but we don't poop in them. So... what's so funny?"

Madison decides this has gone on long enough. "Gotcha! You didn't really poop. It's fake poop. After you fell asleep, we made fake poop out of warm mushed up bananas. I put them down the back of your pull-up while you were still asleep. I'm sorry I did this but I think you know why. Are we even, now?"

With a smirk Emily blurts, "Yeah, we're even. BUT – YOU get to change me. That's only fair."

"Oh, I suppose. I've changed Alyssa's poopy diapers enough times. This should be easy. At least it doesn't smell like a sewer this time." Madison gets up and grabs a new pull-up and some wipes. She carefully rips the sides off Emily's 'poopy' pull-up. The fake poop mixture is mushed all down the back of the diaper. "I wish poop really did smell like bananas. Would make things easier overall," Madison says. Britney continues to laugh and giggle and finds this quite funny. She is still in a four year old mindset, being quite tired and silly. As she continues to giggle, she relaxes her bowel muscles and ends up pooping in her diaper, but this time it's for real. She thinks, at the moment, it was just a fart. As Emily's diaper is changed, a foul smell fills the room.

"What the heck? Emily did you actually poop for real now? It reeks in here!" Madison gasps, covering her nose.

"Hee-hee, no Maddie. I just farted. Sorry," Britney says. Except, it wasn't a fart. She soon realizes this as she sits down, exhausted from so much laughing. She feels the warm poop mashing around her butt. Her smile turns to a frown...then tears form in her eyes. Embarrassed and scared, she begins crying and shaking. Madison is worried her parents will hear so she quickly sits next to her sister to try and comfort her.



“Shh, Brit. It’s okay. It was just an accident. It happens. Remember that time we were playing outside and I pooped? It happens. Shh, really it’s gonna be okay. I’ll change you right now. It’s really okay. Lay down, okay?” Britney slowly nods and lays down on her bed, unzipping her blanket sleeper. Madison makes no fuss about having to change her 12 year old sister’s poopy diaper, and treats her as if she was Alyssa. Britney lays quiet, with pacifier in her mouth to keep her calm. Finally, the deed is done. Madison takes the two messy diapers into the bathroom’s diaper pail so it doesn’t stink up their room. As she comes back, they all lay down and tuck themselves in, completely exhausted.

...The Next Morning...

---

“Okay quiet, it’s about to start!” Emily says. The entire family is in the room, gathered around watching Saturday morning cartoons. The screen fades to black. The first commercial ends up being some stupid cereal commercial. But the second one is the Snuggies Super Dry commercial.

----- *Begin commercial* -----

The commercial begins in black-and-white. It opens in a child’s bedroom with two little girls, about age 8, in their pajamas. It is actually mocking a Goodnights ad from a few years back. A narrator says “these girls are having a sleepover. One of them is wearing night time protection. One is not. Can you tell which is? No, you can’t. Mandy wets the bed. Until now, she never went on sleepovers because she was too afraid of what would happen. But thanks to her super thin and magical underwear, she can wet the bed all she wants and NO ONE will know.” The scene fades to black but the voiceover comes back.

“GET REAL. Let’s face it. Not all kids stop having accidents by some magical age. And those ‘night time underwear’ things – that are so thin – aren’t really that thin. They stick out. They make noise. And, oh yeah, they LEAK. So even if her friend were to not notice she was wearing protection, her WET pajamas in the morning would give it away. With that said, we’d like to show you a little girl who loves going on sleepovers now. She wakes up dry. And her friend – she doesn’t care! She’s her friend after-all. “

The scene opens to the same bedroom, this time in color. We see Emily standing next to another girl. Emily is wearing pajama shorts and a Snuggies XL that sticks out the back and is clearly visible. The other girl is wearing pajama shorts but not wearing a pull-up. They are shown having a playful “pillow fight” with each other. In the commercial, Emily is playing a girl named Mandy. As the pillow fight emerges on, “Mandy” is so excited she has an accident and pees in her pull-up, but doesn’t make mention of it. A woman enters the room with some glasses of milk.

“Okay you two, time to settle down now. I brought some milk in to help you sleep. Mandy, do you need to be changed before bed?” Mandy looks down at her shorts, then back at her Mom.

“No Mom. I had an accident while playing but I’m still totally dry! It’ll be fine for tonight. These Snuggies Super Dry pants never leak.” The girls sit down and drink their milk. Mandy is still thirsty. “More, please!” The mother doesn’t hesitate. The scene fades into morning where “Mandy” is shown waking up. As she jumps out of bed, her sheets are rolled back and her mother places her hands over the sheets, indicating they are still dry.

“My Snuggies Super Dry Pants may be wet now, but my PJs and bed are still dry. And that’s all that matters!” The scene fades, showing a package of Snuggies Super Dry pants. A final voiceover says: “Snuggies Super Dry Pants. For bigger kids who still have accidents... and for parents who aren’t in denial about it. Super absorbent. Super thick. Super comfy. Bigger kids deserve the best in comfort, too. Available in several sizes and for boys and girls.”

----- *End Commercial* -----

Everyone (except Emily) in the room claps as the commercial ends.

"Oh my gosh that was awesome! So true, too. Those Goodnights commercials are such a joke. You did great, Ems! I love it. And yeah, these Snuggies are amazing. Still wearing mine from last night. It's soaked and ready to fall off but no leaks! Think I'm gonna wear these to school on Monday. Totally," Madison says.

"They are very thick, though. Are you sure about that, Maddie?" Carol questions.

"Yeah I think so. Kids are gonna find out. Some already know about Britney. She got through it, so can I."

"Yup, me too. It's not so bad. If people want to make fun of is, oh well. We've got a lot of friends who don't care at all. Thanks everyone, glad you liked the commercial. It was a lot of fun to do. And yeah I actually *was* wet in the commercial at the end. I had to drink a lot that night, he-he. The little girl next to me in the commercial was actually my agent's daughter. She actually wears them for bedwetting but was too shy to model them in the commercial so that's where I came in." Emily explains.

"That's really cool! You're a good actor, you gonna do more commercials?" Asks Britney.

"I might, but not for a while. I still like doing photo shoots better. Not as hard and don't have to say anything. I kept goofing up my lines..." Emily goes on. After a few minutes, all the girls are assisted with diaper changes and then have breakfast together.

## Chapter 26: Dancing in Diapers

About a month and a half passes by. It's now the last Friday in March. The Spring School dance is on Saturday night. We find Madison in her last hour typing class, caught up in a daydream.

--- *Madison Daydream* ---

"Aww, does little Maddie need help changing her soggy, wet diaper? It's alright, Andrew will take care of you."

Madison coos and nods her head, then takes Andrew's hand as they walk into a 'family' restroom. Madison hops up onto the baby changing station as Andrew pops a pink pacifier into her mouth, then lifts her skirt up and un-tapes her diaper. "Goodness, you sure know how to soak a diaper. Shh, it's okay. I'm not mad. Let's get you cleaned up and in a nice, dry diaper. [Several minutes pass] There... all done." Andrew hugs the girl and sets her down. Madison giggles, taking his hand as she skips out of the family restroom. People around them stare and point, but Madison pays no attention and continues to skip along, suckling her pacifier contently as if she is two years old.

---- *Back in typing class* ----

Madison is startled as she feels a hand tapping on her shoulder. It's Britney, trying to get Maddie's attention. Britney hands Madison a note from Andrew. She smiles at her sister, then carefully reads the note. The note reads: "Can't wait for the dance tomorrow. Are we still on?" Madison looks behind her and smiles shyly at Andrew, nodding her head for 'yes.'

Later that evening, everyone at the Ludke house is enjoying dinner. A conversation comes up about the middle school dance. Madison blushes as she talks about how she's nervous to be going to her first dance with a boy, and that she hopes he doesn't notice her diaper. Mrs. Ludke half-jokingly suggests not to wear one, but Madison really dislikes the idea.

"That's out of the question, Mom. Um, I'd totally have an accident. You know, I kind of got used to them and sometimes I don't even know when I'm going. And um, I'm gonna be nervous. I'm not going to wear one of those super thick Pull-Ups but... at least a Pampers 7. Um, I know. I can wear tights or leggings under my dress. That way if my dress lifts up he won't see me standing in just a diaper. That's what we do if we wear dresses or skirts to school. Just have to be careful not to leak. I won't drink much tomorrow..."

Britney is not paying much attention to the current conversation. She also isn't eating much of her dinner, even though it's one of her favorite meals – baked chicken and rice. Instead, she is just playing with her fork and twirling it around in her rice, looking somewhat sad. As a reaction of motherly instinct, Carol immediately knows something is troubling the child.

"Britney, sweetie, what's the matter? I thought you loved chicken and rice?"

Britney looks up at Carol with heavy, sad eyes and a look of discomfort on her face. "I do, Momma. Um, I dunno. I don't really feel good all of a sudden. I got a tummy ache, not really hungry right now." Now it looks as if she's about to cry.

Carol sets her fork down, finishing her final bite. "I'm sorry, sweetie. Do you need to go lay down? Mommy will take care of you." Britney gets up out of her seat, walks over by Carol and takes her hand. She agrees and the two go up to her room. Madison, Alyssa, and Mr. Ludke all continue eating their dinner.

"Aww, poor Brit. I don't think she's really sick, though. Pretty sure I know why she's sad," Madison says softly.

"Why's that, Maddie?"

"Because Dad... she is sad about me going to the dance. She didn't get asked and a few times she told me she doesn't want to go. Like she's afraid or something. Now I think she feels left out. It sucks. I still want to go but don't want to feel guilty because it makes her sad."

"Madison, you don't have to feel guilty. Britney is still dealing with the aftermath of what happened to her. I don't think she's really ready for boys or dances and such. I'm sure your mother will do something really special with Britney tomorrow night. Please don't worry about it. Just be there for her like you always are. Don't tease her about the dance, though. I know you won't, princess." Madison nods, then takes a big gulp of her juice.

"I gonna play wif Bit-ney ta-morrow! We gonna have fun. Momma take us somewheres!" Alyssa blurts. Both Madison and her father laugh, agreeing that would be lots of fun.

Meanwhile, up in Madison and Britney's room, Mrs. Ludke has changed Britney's diaper and is now putting on her pajamas, her favorite pink blanket sleeper. She zips it up and tucks Britney under the covers. Britney clutches her giant stuffed Dolphin, but again looks as if she's about to cry.

"Sweetie, what's the matter? I know your tummy hurts but I can tell there's something else bothering you. It's alright, it's just you and me. You can tell me. Did something happen at school today?"

Britney stays quiet for a while, but begins to speak with some hesitation. "Kinda. Not today but um, it's about the dance tomorrow. I'm not going. Maddie wants me to but I just don't wanna. And no one asked me but I don't care I don't want to dance with a boy. But Maddie does and she's so excited. I dunno I just feel stupid. Even Emily is going with Josh, the boy she likes." The child's eyes begin to fill with tears and one starts to run down her face. Carol sits close to her, giving her a warm hug.

"Aww, sweetheart; you're definitely not stupid. You're just not ready to have a boyfriend. That's nothing to feel bad about. In fact I think it's great. I'm not really ready for Maddie to be into boys right now, but I knew this day would come. She's a lot like you, but she's also different in some ways. She's not going to be mad that you aren't going. Trust me on that. She loves you more than anything – she'll understand. Hey, I know. Tomorrow night you, I, daddy and Alyssa will have our own special night. We'll go somewhere fun. Maybe the bounce house place? Would you like that?"

Britney wipes the tears from her face, then a great big smile comes across her face. "Yeah, Momma! I like that a lot. I better get some rest so my tummy can feel better. I love you, Momma. How come you and daddy are so nice to me? Uh, sorry. Silly question but... it's still hard for me to understand sometimes. Just not used to all this yet."

"Oh Britney. You never have to doubt how much daddy, me – and Maddie – and Alyssa *love you*. You are so, so special and we could never do anything to hurt you. So much so, it's making me cry. But don't worry, that just means I love you, too. Goodnight little mouse. I'll see you in the morning. If you need anything just holler."

Britney gives her mother another hug, then turns over, closing her eyes and snuggling with her Dolphin as she suckles her pacifier. Within minutes she is sound asleep. Carol goes back into the kitchen and begins cleaning up and doing the dishes. She explains to Madison that Britney is asleep because she doesn't feel good, but also not to ask her about the dance anymore and that Britney will be having a special night with her and Mr. Ludke.

"That's really cool, Mom. Daddy already told me about why she's sad. I'm so sorry but I understand now. I hope she has fun tomorrow. Alyssa will love it, too. I might go to bed early tonight, too. I'm so nervous about tomorrow! Ugh!"

Carol laughs a bit. "Oh, Maddie. You'll be just fine. I'll help you get ready tomorrow and make you look super cute. Just -- no French kissing. And make sure he keeps his hands.... On your hip and shoulder. Lord – I did *not* think I'd be needing to have this talk with you until maybe 3 more years. Gosh. Hmm, where do I start?"

"Oh my Gosh, Mom! Stop! I like Andrew. Um, a lot. But not like *that*. Um, I'm still that cute 5 year old inside who sometimes pees my pants. Hee-hee. Please, no need for '*the talk*.' We've already gotten it at school..."

"Oh, good. I know, sweetie. I was just joking. It's just I'm not ready for my little girl to have a boyfriend. I'll get over it. I'm happy for you and I know you'll be just fine. Want to help me with the dishes?"

"Sure Mommy, I'd like that. I'll dry." The two begin doing the dishes and talking about the dance. Mr. Ludke and Alyssa go into the living room to play and watch TV, the usual Friday evening routine. A half hour passes and the dishes are now washed, dried, and put away. Madison walks into the living room to see Alyssa cuddled up in her daddy's lap, watching a Strawberry Shortcake movie. Madison sits down next to her father on the couch. "Is it okay if I sit here? Um, I love this movie."

"Of course, princess. Cuddle up. There's always room." Madison gets comfortable and begins to relax. After about an hour, Madison struggles to keep her eyes open. She yawns softly and rubs her eyes. Without even thinking about it, she slowly empties her bladder, her diaper is now very warm and soggy. Feeling the warm mush around her bottom, she coos and squirms a bit. Mr. Ludke looks over at her. "Everything okay?"

"Uh... yeah um... I just getting.... Um... soggy... I mean... sleepy," Madison blushes. Mr. Ludke looks over at Alyssa to find her sleeping and motionless. He calls his wife into the room.

"What is it, dear?" Carol asks, looking over at her daughters. "Awe, now this is just too cute for words." Madison giggles.

"Yeah, it is. Ally is sound asleep. And little Maddie here was just about to doze off I think, but I think she may need a diaper change. I'd do it but I've got this adorable 4-year-old sleeping on me..."

Madison, being overtired and in a silly mood, decides to have some fun with this. "Nut-uh. Um, my pants are dry. Totally dry. See? Not wet spots. And I not sleepy. I wanna finish the movie!" Madison yawns, trying to hide it.

"Yes, your *pants* are dry. Cause your diaper didn't leak. But it will if we don't do something about that. The movie is already over, silly. Can Momma help you get dry and in your PJs?"

Madison makes a fake pout face. "Oh, okay I guess. But um I didn't wet my diaper. Um... uh oh. Never...mind." Madison gives her father a hug and kiss on the cheek, then jumps up and takes her mother's hand. "Okay Mommy... I ready."

"That's my good girl. Follow me, but be quiet. Britney is asleep." Madison nods. She tip-toes into her room and quietly lays down on her bed. Carol un-tapes Madison's diaper. Just about every dry area in the diaper is completely saturated. She hadn't been changed since she got home from school. "Goodness. Good thing these Pampers can hold so much. But, you really should tell me when you're that wet so you don't get a rash."

"Sorry Mommy. I - I'll try next time to tell you sooner. I love you Mommy. I'm so, so sleepy," Madison whispers.

Carol quickly puts the new diaper on and dresses Madison in her pajamas, then carefully tucks her in. "Goodnight princess Maddie. Mommy loves you too, very much. Sweet dreams, little one. Maybe about Andrew. Do you want your paci?" Madison blushes and nods her head. Carol hands the pink pacifier to Madison. She immediately sucks on it, rolls over and within seconds is asleep.

Saturday morning arrives. The sun is up with the sky free of clouds. Little Alyssa begins tossing and turning in her toddler bed, whimpering softly. She is having some sort of bad dream and it involves Britney. Alyssa has always been a sensitive child, and can usually sense when others close to her are sad or not feeling well. At last she is jolted out of sleep, but instead of crying, she gets up and makes her way into Madison and Britney's room. She slowly climbs into Britney's bed and cuddles up next to her, softly shaking and whimpering. Britney rolls over and opens her eyes, seeing Alyssa next to her, then notices some tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Uh oh, wha-what's wrong Ally? Um, did your diaper leak?" Britney says softly, trying not to wake Madison up.

Alyssa shakes her head. "No... Diapy wet but no leak. I had-did bad dream. You sad. You real sad and hurt. You okay, Bwit-ney? You still sick? I scared you still no feel good and feel sad," Alyssa stutters.

Britney gasps, taken back by the sweet girl. She hugs her little sister and comforts her. "Aww, it's okay. I feel much better today. I just needed some rest. Nothing to be scared of. You're so sweet, little sis. So, so sweet. If I'm crying now it's cause I'm so happy you're my sister. Um, we're gonna have lots of fun today. We should go downstairs though so we don't wake Maddie up. It's still kinda early. Let's go in your room and change your diaper, k?"

Alyssa smiles and excitedly jumps out of bed and toddles back into her room. She lays down on her bed and allows Britney to change her. Britney looks in Alyssa's closet to find a new diaper, but notices the box of Luvs is empty. How could that be? Mrs. Ludke always makes sure to have plenty of diapers in stock for all her kids. She thinks of using one of her Pampers 7's, but knows it would be way too big on Alyssa and would most likely leak. "Uh, Ally... did Momma put a new box of Luvs somewhere? Cause this one is empty." Alyssa stares at the wall blankly.

"Uh oh. Momma forgets to get more? I go wake her up?"

"No, no. Mommy and daddy like to sleep in on Saturdays. Um, there's got to be something in here. Oh, yeah. Here's something. There's some Pull-Ups in here. They're not as good as Luvs but um... should be fine till Mommy can get you some more Luvs. Or you know... if you want you could just go potty," Britney giggles, making it obvious she's joking. "No, just kidding. Okay, let's get you dry - at least, for now." Britney takes the pink pull-up and some wipes and places them on the bed. She removes Alyssa's night gown and takes off the almost leaking Luvs and carefully wipes Alyssa's bottom clean. She then slides the new Pull-Up on and helps Alyssa get dressed. Since she's in a pull-up which has the possibility of leaking, she decides to have Alyssa wear a short purple Care Bears skirt and matching t-shirt. She stands Alyssa in front of the mirror. Alyssa lifts up her skirt and admires her Pull-Up which has a picture of Doc McStuffins on it. "Aww, you look so cute! Okay, let's go get some breakfast."

"Wait, Bitt-ney. What 'bout you? You need new diapy?"

"Nah, not yet. I'm not that wet yet. It can wait. I'll get changed when Mommy's awake. Let's go get breakfast and watch Saturday morning cartoons!" The girls quietly toddle downstairs, eat some cereal in the kitchen, then cuddle up on the couch watching cartoons. They remain there until about 9:30 AM when Mr. and Mrs. Ludke come into the living room, seeing Britney and Alyssa cuddling on the couch. Alyssa is sitting in a way that has lifted her skirt, exposing her Pull-Up. Carol looks at her, looks back at Britney, and does a double take.

"Well good morning you two. I wasn't expecting you to be up yet. Everything okay? Brit, are you feeling better sweetie?" Carol asks.

"Uh huh, Mommy. I feel lots better. Alyssa had a bad dream about me so I helped her get dressed and we had breakfast. We didn't wanna wake you or daddy or Maddie. So we came down here and just chilled," Britney says while twirling her hair with her fingers.

"Thanks for taking care of Alyssa, sweetie. You're such a nice little helper. Oh, is Alyssa okay now? I'm curious why she's wearing a Pull-Up? Is she getting potty trained all of a sudden?"

Alyssa gasps and makes a pouty face. "No, no potty! No more Wuvs left. They all gone Momma."

"Oh my goodness. I could have sworn I bought another big box at the warehouse store yesterday. Yeah, guess not. I knew I forgot *something*. Okay baby girl, I'll go take care of this quick. I'll run to the store and get a bag of Luvs to hold us over until I can get back to the warehouse store. By the looks of your Pull-Up I'd better hurry." Alyssa's pull-up is already damp with most of the design on the front faded. She pays no mind to it. Britney looks over at her sister and giggles a bit, then fidgets a bit herself. Her diaper has also become wetter than it was when she woke up.

"Britney, are you wet? I can change you quick before I go," Carol asks.

"Uh oh. Yeah. Um, thanks Mommy. Should I go in my room?"

"No, Maddie's still asleep. I'll go get a diaper and change you out here. Be right back." Carol quickly gets a Pampers 7 from Madison's room, along with an outfit for Britney to wear. She changes her into a similar skirt and t-shirt in what seems like no time at all. "There, all set. Now I'd better get to the store since I see Ally just polished off another sippy cup of juice. See you girls soon!" She grabs her purse and rushes out to the car. Britney sits back on the couch. She looks at her skirt and realizes her diaper will show if she isn't careful. She thinks to herself, "so what. I'm not going to school today. Big deal." The girls continue to watch cartoons and play with puzzles that are scattered around. A few minutes later, Madison enters the kitchen where her father is enjoying his morning coffee and newspaper. Madison enters wearing just her soggy diaper and a long t-shirt. Somehow her pajama pants are nowhere to be seen.

"Mornin' Daddy! Um, what's for breakfast? I'm totally hungry and thirsty! We gots any bacon or eggs? And orange juice. And... um... dry Pampers? Uh, oops. I mean... um..." Derrick just laughs.

"Good morning, princess. Your Mom had to rush off to the store so there's nothing prepared but if you're a good girl I'll make you some eggs. But first I think you're in need of a new diaper. I don't do this often but since Mommy's gone I will change you. If you want."

Madison thinks for just a split second. Normally she'd say 'no, I can do it' but for some reason is feeling some kind of attachment to her father at this moment. "Yes, Daddy, please. I had too much warm milk last night or something. Um, I'll be up in my room you can change me when you're ready." She runs to her room and lays down, waiting for her diaper change. Derrick enters a minute later, helping Madison remove the wet diaper. He remarks on how Madison wasn't kidding – her diaper is soaked from top to bottom. She blushes and sucks her thumb adorably as her father continues to wipe and powder her bottom, then slides and tapes the new Pampers 7 into place. He tells Madison to pick out an outfit to wear and get dressed while he gets breakfast cooking. Madison puts on some jean shorts and a pink t-shirt. She goes into the living room and sits down next to her sisters.

"Whoa, how long have you been up? Feeling better, Brit?"

"Uh huh, much better. We got up at like 7:30. Alyssa had a bad dream. It's okay now, I helped comfort her. Um, did you sleep well? Ready for the dance tonight?" Madison nods and explains how she's excited but nervous at the same time. They talk about Emily and how she has it easy because at least Josh already knows she'll be wearing a diaper. "Don't worry about it, sis. Andrew is a nice boy. He's gonna find out eventually and when he does, I think he's gonna be easy-going about it. Don't get too nervous cause you know what happens when you do. Even the thickest diapy in the world can't keep up with that, he-he."

"I know, I know. I'm just gonna wear a Pampers and um try not to drink too much punch. Um... why is Alyssa wearing a Pull-Up? By the looks of it I can tell she's not trying to go potty," Madison snickers.

"She ran out of Luvs. Mommy went to the store to get more. So I put her in a Pull-Up for now. She likes them because they got Doc McStuffins on them but yeah they don't hold like Luvs do. Mommy better hurry," explains Britney. A few minutes later, Madison's breakfast is ready. She goes into the kitchen and begins chowing down like there's no tomorrow. As Madison

is gulping down her orange juice, the back door opens. It's Carol, holding a bag of HUGGIES Snug and Dry size 6. Madison looks at the package, then her mother with a puzzled look on her face.

"Yeah, the grocery store was out of Luvs AND Pampers so it was either Huggies or the store brand. Huggies will have to do until I can get to the warehouse store." Madison shrugs her shoulders. "Hey, they have Minnie and Mickey Mouse on them. She'll love it." Carol sets her purse down and enters the living room to see Alyssa playing on the floor in a now soggy, wet Pull-Up.

"Hey baby girl. Let's get you changed before you leak. Mommy got you some more diapers. Can you lay down please?"

"Not now Mommy, I busy. I not that wet. Not really. It wait," Alyssa mumbles.

"Alyssa you *are* wet. Your little designs are faded and you're going to have an icky, leaky pull-up if we don't change you now. Come on now. Mommy was nice enough to go get you more diapers.... Can you please lay down?" Carol says sternly. Alyssa sighs and decides she'd better not upset her mother. She puts her toy down and lays on her back, putting her legs up. "Thank you, that's my good girl." Carol opens the bag of Huggies and pulls out a fresh diaper. Alyssa immediately notices they aren't the usual Luvs she is accustomed to.

"No Wuvs? Momma I want Wuvs," Alyssa cries.

"I know sweetie. The store was out of them in your size. They only had these. But look, they have Minnie and Mickey on them. See? It's just for a few days, okay?" Alyssa smiles when she sees the designs and quickly nods her head. Carol quickly changes Alyssa and lets her get back to playing. "Well, they fit her nice. Hopefully they can keep up with a busy four-year-old," Carol says to Britney. "Alright, Mommy needs to go have a late breakfast and then I think Madison needs some help getting ready for tonight." Carol leaves the two girls to play together as she enters the kitchen. Madison is just finishing up her breakfast along with her father. Carol helps herself to some eggs and coffee and sits down to read parts of the newspaper.

"All ready for tonight, Maddie? Did you pick out a dress to wear?"

"Uh, yeah I'm gonna wear that fancy pink dress I have. The one that makes me look like a princess. Um and just a Pampers 7. I'm gonna just be careful and not drink too much punch or whatever. Can we do my nails and can you do my hair later?" Madison asks sweetly.

"Of course, sweetie. Now, are you going to bring a spare diaper along? In case you really need it..."

"Um, I guess. In my purse I can sneak one in. But hopefully I won't have to worry. Um, I wonder what Emily is gonna do. I wonder if she needs help getting ready. Hey, can I invite her over? She can get ready here and we can take her to the dance? That would be fun. And maybe she can sleep over afterwards? Yeah? Please?"

Carol and Derrick both chuckle. "Sure, if it's okay with her Mom. Why don't you call her and invite her over. I can come get her if need be," Carol says.

"Oh goodie! Thanks Mom, thanks Dad! Um, I'll go call her now." Madison dashes to her room to make a phone call.

"Hello, Suthers residence," a woman answers.

"Um, hi it's Madison. Is Emily there?"

"Hi Maddie. Sure, just a moment. EM! Maddie is on the phone!" In the background Emily can be heard running towards the phone. She grabs the cordless phone and takes it into her room.

"Hi Maddie! I'm just trying to figure out what to wear tonight. I mean both for a dress and what kind of diaper. Hee-hee. Um, anyway. What's up?"

"Yeah, me too. Oh, I was just wondering if you'd like to come over to my house for the afternoon and we can do lunch and do our nails and get ready. My Mom can do your hair and stuff too. And then after the dance if you want you could sleep over. I'm sure Britney would like that, too. So, can you ask your Mom?"

"Oh gosh yes I'd love to. I'm kinda bored here anyway. Mom is kind of driving me crazy. She keeps thinking I should wear one of those really thick night time Pull-Ups but I don't wanna. It's hard to dance and move around in those. Anyway hold on I'll ask," Emily says, taking the phone away from her ear. She goes back to talk to her Mom. "Mommy can I go to Maddie's house and get ready for the dance there? They will take me. And then after I was invited to sleep over. I'll pack all my stuff and diapers and all that. Can I, can I? Please?" She pleads.

"Yes, I suppose you've been a good girl lately. Just please remember what I said about that boy. You're still only 10. Nothing inappropriate, okay? And have Mrs. Ludke take pictures of you in your cute dress. I want to see it, okay?" Mrs. Suthers explains. Emily gives her mother a quick hug.

"Ugh, Mom I'm ten and three quarters! Oh, you said yes? Thank you Mommy! And I promise. He's just my friend Mommy I don't really think about boys like that. Honest Mommy I'm still your baby girl. See, I only dis many... "Emily says, holding up 5 fingers. She puts the phone back to her ear. "She said yes! Um, can your Mom come get me?"

"Yeah, no problem. We'll be there in like 30 minutes. See you then. Bye Emmy!" <Click> Madison runs back into the kitchen. "Hey! Emily's Mom said yes. It's a go. Um, can we pick her up in 30 minutes? I'll go with. Thanks Mom!" Madison runs out of the room and goes to play with her sisters, not even waiting for a response.

Some hours pass by. Emily and the Ludke's have just finished dinner and now it's time for Madison and Emily to get their dresses on (and diapers changed) and get ready for the dance. Britney and Alyssa head to the playroom to play until it's time for their special night while the other two girls get ready. Emily and Madison are in Madison's room, taking their clothes off. As Emily takes her leggings off, she is now standing in just a generic pull-up that is very wet.

"Whoa, you're not going to wear just a thin Pull-Up tonight, are you? You'll leak for sure." Madison says as she removes her shorts, exposing her wet Pampers.

"No, I just wore this for today. When I'm just at home it's easier. I know I can wet these once and be okay. And it's easier for when I actually use the potty to poop, you know. But in my bag I have something better. Not the night time ones, but an actual diaper. I can still wear size 6 so I'm wearing a Pampers Baby dry. Um, will you change me into one? I'm not so good at putting them on myself. "Madison agrees to diaper her friend. Emily helps by taking off and throwing away her wet Pull-Up, then lays down on the bed. As Madison unfolds the fresh Baby Dry diaper, she admires the designs and how they have an even stronger "baby scent" to them.

"Oh, these are so cute. And smell even better. I wish they made Baby Dry in size 7. You're lucky. Have you worn these before?" Madison gently wipes Emily's bottom and then slides the new diaper in-between her legs.

"Kind of. I just got these a few days ago. I was at the store with my Mom and I realized I've never tried these yet. So I got some. They are nice and hold pretty well. Tonight I should be able to pee it twice without a problem. If I don't drink too much. But I'm gonna bring an extra one in my little purse just in case. Are you, too?" Asks Emily.

Madison fastens the tapes of the diaper snugly. "Yeah, just in case. If I have to change that badly I'll have to sneak off and say I have to go potty. Gosh, you're lucky, Em. Josh knows you wear. I'm worried Andrew is gonna freak out if he finds out. Oh, um... mind changing me now? Just a Pampers Dry Max 7 that's over in my closet. The one I got on now is quite wet. To the max. Ha-ha, I made a funny!" Madison giggles as she trades places with Emily on her bed. Emily giggles along with and grabs a fresh Pampers and proceeds to change Madison's diaper.

"Try not to worry too much. I thought Josh was gonna tease me and be mean to me forever when he found out but he didn't. Um, I'm thinking I might even bring something else along with me tonight." Emily manages to get the new diaper in position and tape it snugly."

"Oh yeah? Ah, dry again. Thanks Em! Um, so what are you bringing?"

"That's a secret. You'll find out later. Okay, now we need to get dressed. Is your Mom coming to help us?" Madison calls for her mother to come in. Within seconds, Carol arrives. She helps both Madison and Emily get dressed. Madison is now wearing a pink, frilly dress along with pink tights. Emily is wearing a similar style dress, but is purple and baby blue in color, along with matching tights. Both are wearing white Mary-Jane shoes. Carol then helps the girls get their hair done. Emily wears her naturally wavy, strawberry blonde hair down with her bangs combed while Madison opts for pigtails. When the girls are completely dressed, Carol stands them next to each other and gets out the digital camera. She snaps a few pictures of them in various poses.

"You two are absolutely adorable. Let's go show daddy!" Carol says. They all go into the living room. Madison runs towards her Daddy and holds her arms up to be carried. Derrick swoops Madison into his arms as she rests her head on his shoulders.

"Daddy don't I look pretty... like a princess?"

"Aww, you sure do. You're going to be the star of the dance. Andrew is a lucky young man. Which reminds me..."



"Daddy – save it. Mom already had that *talk* with me. Um, we're just friends. I'm Princess Maddie. I'm 5! 'Member?"

"Oh yeah, silly daddy. I know you'll be a good girl tonight. Are you ready to go? Dance starts soon. Oh, and Miss Emily, you look adorable as well. That boyfriend of yours is also lucky." Derrick says cheerfully.

Emily blushes. "Tha-thanks Mr. Ludke. Um, yeah we better get going. Oh, Maddie don't forget your purse." Madison gasps and runs back into her room. She gets her purse and folds up a fresh Pamper and slides it in the purse. Mrs. Ludke gets in the van and backs it out to the driveway as the girls get in. The drive to the school seems to take forever. Madison is filled with emotions and nerves, but tries to loosen up. Throughout the day, she has had more to drink than she consciously remembers. Finally, they arrive at the school. Mrs. Ludke gives her daughter a hug and snaps a few more pictures as she walks them to the school gym where the dance is. She leaves, blowing kisses to the two girls.

"I'll be back to pick you up in two and a half hours. Have fun!" The girls wave as Mrs. Ludke walks away. They enter the gym and as most middle school dances are, find a group of their friends to talk with until the other kids arrive. Josh and Andrew have not arrived yet, so Madison and Emily find Jennifer and Jessica to talk with.

"Hey, where's Britney? I thought she'd be here?" Jessica asks Madison.

"She just isn't feeling up to it. She didn't have a date and just thought it would be too weird for her to go. Maybe next year. She's doing something special with my younger sister and my parents tonight. But you know we should have a sleepover soon. At my house... or yours." Madison says. Emily nods along with her.

"Oh, yeah that would be fun. We can talk about it at school on Monday. Oh, I think my date is here. And there's Andrew. Um, go talk to him!" Jennifer says while walking towards a boy that entered. Madison gets butterflies in her stomach.

"Oh gosh there he is. Um, okay... Um, I'm gonna get some punch first," says Madison.

Emily taps Madison's shoulder. "No, no! Go talk to him first. You ask him if he'd like some punch then go get some with him. He's more nervous than you are. Hey, I'm younger than you; how come I know this stuff?"

"Uh, cause I'm like really nervous around boys like him. Okay, um. Here goes. Oh, hey, I think Josh is here. Yeah, he's behind him." Madison begins to slowly walk towards Andrew. Emily giggles and runs past her, getting right in Josh's face.

"Joshie! You made it. Yay. You ready to dance with me? You sure I'm not gonna embarrass you?" She gives him a quick hug.

"Why would you? I like you, you're fun. You're cute. Hey, let's get some punch. I bet you're thirsty..." Emily giggles and skips along with him to get some punch. Now it's Madison's turn. She continues to walk slowly, not paying attention to where she's going. A few seconds later she walks and bumps right into Andrew.

"Uh, oops. Sorry. Um, h—hi Andrew. I – I'm glad you came. Oh, uh. You look really nice," Madison says shyly.

"Thanks. Oh Maddie, you look really pretty. I like your dress and your hair is nice. Um, sorry. This is my first dance I don't really know what to do. "

Madison giggles nervously. "Me either but you're doing just fine. Um, I think we should get some punch while we wait for the actual dance to start. So, the punch is over there by Emily and Josh. Let's go say hi. Um, wanna hold hands?" Andrew slowly holds his hand out to her and they join hands, walking slowly together. Madison takes a cup and pours some punch into it and hands it to him, then gets one for herself. She begins to drink hers, but instead of a slow sip, she gulps it down like she hasn't had anything to drink all day. "Um, sorry. I...I'm really thirsty." Emily looks at her friend and gives her a wink and a smile, trying to signal to her to relax.

"It's okay Maddie, I'm already on my second glass. I'm thirsty, too. Um, have as much as you like it's free." Andrew laughs and nods his head. After several minutes of awkward small talk, the lights go down and music starts playing. A DJ introduces himself and puts on a fast rock song to get the kids into the mood. Madison and Andrew join Emily and Josh on the dance floor, dancing crazily to the music. Madison begins to get more comfortable and starts to have fun with her friends.

An hour and a half into the dance, Madison has loosened up more. The sugar from all the punch she drank (again, not realizing how much) may have something to do with it. A slow song comes on and students are encouraged to dance "formally" with their dates. Emily happily takes Josh to the dance floor and begins slow dancing with him. He keeps his form (from what they learned in gym class) and appears to be much more relaxed than the last time he danced with her. Emily begins to feel pressure building up in her bladder. Thinking she is still wearing a wimpy Pull-Up, she tries to hold it back, making a funny face. Josh seems to notice almost instantly.

"What's the matter, Ems? Am I dancing too fast?" Emily continues to strain her face a bit.

"What? Uh, no. You're fine. Um, I think I had too much punch. I gotta... um, you know..."

"So? Go. You're wearing one, aren't you?"

"Um, oh yeah. I am. A real one, too. Uh, good cause I really can't hold it anymore. Um, just a sec." Emily continues to dance, but much slower until she is done wetting her diaper. She wets more than usual, but the Pampers Baby Dry manages to contain it all. She smiles as the warm, squishy sensation surrounds her bottom, then whispers in Josh's ear. "All done. No leaks. All good." She begins to blush, just a little.

"Good girl. Um, do you have an extra one just in case?" Emily nods as they continue to dance.

Meanwhile, Madison is having a similar experience, except she cannot announce to Andrew what's she's doing, nor is she able to "hold it," at all. She feels the similar feeling of a steady stream expelling into her diaper. She tries to act normal, but can't help but be in a temporary state of paralysis as she continues to wet herself. All she can think of is "I hope it doesn't leak" over and over. Finally, after what seems like an eternity, she stops peeing. Her diaper is just about at capacity, but not yet leaking. Certain expressions come on and off her face during this time.

"Maddie, are you okay? Do you need to go to the bathroom or something? Sorry, I'm not trying to be mean. Um, my little sister makes those same faces when she has to go sometimes. And you had a lot of punch. If you need to go that's fine you know."

Madison comes out of her little daze. "Wha? Oh, um... I'm fine. Just nervous I guess. No I don't have to go. Not yet anyway. You—you're a really good dancer. I mean for someone who hasn't done this. You're good. I like your... um, cologne. Or aftershave or whatever it's called. Um, want to get some more punch? I'm so thirsty I don't know why. You'd think I'd have to pee by now. Um, maybe I'm sweating it out. Ugh, too much info. I'm nervous. I'm...I'm sorry."

"Aw, don't be nervous. It's just me, silly. I'm the one who's nervous. Cause you're a really sweet, nice, pretty girl. And I've always liked you, even when I've said I didn't. And I didn't think you'd say yes to the dance thing... but you did. You're a really special girl. So stop being nervous. I'm a nice guy, I think. I'm just shy. You know."

Madison smiles and gives Andrew a little kiss on his cheek. "Aww that is the nicest thing anyone ever said to me. I... I'm gonna cry. Um, sorry. Let's get some punch and sit down for a bit. K?" Madison takes his hand and leads him to the punch bowl. They pour glasses for each other and go sit down at a nearby table. Madison again drinks her punch like it's going out of style.

"Well, I mean it Madison Ludke. You are a nice girl and I want to be your friend. Doesn't have to be boyfriend/girlfriend or anything serious. Just friends. Whatever you're comfortable with. Oh, is Britney feeling, okay? I noticed she's not here tonight."

"Yeah, she's okay. She just didn't want to come cause she didn't have a date and really isn't ready to do this kind of thing. She's been through a lot, you know? So you have a little sister, too? How old is she?"

"Yeah, just one sister. She's 6. My parents' kind of spaced it out a bit but it's nice for them now because they get me as a free babysitter, heh. She's not so bad, though. Annoying at times but you know..."

"Uh huh. My little sister Alyssa is four. Four and a half. She makes those funny faces when she has to go, too... And then we know when it's time to change her diaper. Yeah, I know... she's still not potty trained. Wants nothing to do with it. But she's a sweetheart. We love her."

"That's not so weird. My sister is sort of potty trained. I say sort of because, like she'll go when she feels like it. Very stubborn as well. She still wears Pull-Ups because she has a lot of 'accidents.' Only reason she's in Pull-Ups is so she can go to school. They won't take her if she's in diapers cause of the poop thing but she's pretty good about pooping in the potty, even at school. Just pee she gets lazy with. Uh, sorry. You don't want to hear about the toilet habits of my little sister. Um, so you just have your little sister and Britney?" Little does he know, this subject matter actually doesn't bother Madison, not at all.

Madison begins to feel more relaxed. Andrew may not know of Madison being in diapers, but at least they share something in common with their younger siblings.

"Yeah, that's it. We're a pretty happy family. So, besides me what kinds of things do you like – or like to do?"

"I'm far from normal. You probably already sensed that. I mean I'm a boy yeah but I'm not like big into sports or football. I like some "boy" things but I like some girl things too. Maybe having a little sister has something to do with it. Don't tell anyone but sometimes I play Barbie with her or help her paint her nails. I'm not gay, I swear. Okay, normal stuff. I like watching movies, I love music – rock music, alternative, even classical and jazz. Oh, I also like to go roller skating. Since I was like 5. I'm pretty good at it now. I do speed skating. Maybe we can go sometime. With your family I mean. And oh yeah I play guitar. Not the best at it, but okay. It's fun to just jam. And I like video games. Normal boy stuff there. What about you?"

"Can I marry you? Ha-ha, just kidding. But I mean you are just cool. I like that you aren't like 'normal' boys. So what if you play girl stuff with your sister. That just means you're a good big brother! I like movies too and music – similar tastes. Roller skating! I'm not so good at it but I'd love to do it more and get better. That would be fun. I'm glad we did this tonight. This is fun. You're not like what I thought. Um, sorry. That's a compliment, I mean it."

"Thanks, you're not what I thought you'd be, either. In a good way, too. Well, I think we should go back and dance. I think it's over in like a half hour. I'm really having fun. So, may I have this dance, Madison?" Andrew gets up and holds his arm out for Madison to grab on to. Madison accepts and takes his hand, re-entering the dance floor. Slow songs continue to play and this time the two dance together with passion and elegance. Others around them point and applaud them. Even the DJ makes a comment. "Well, if this was prom, I think I'd know who'd be King and Queen. Great job, you two!" Madison blushes, and this time without hesitation, wets her diaper a bit more. Since her diaper has been extremely soaked for some time, Madison pays no mind to it and just figures it's wet from before.

As a new song comes on, Emily is still dancing with Josh. She has become quite comfortable with him, and decides it's time to bring out her little secret. She knows Josh will think it's cute, but at the same time, wonders what the other kids will think, or if they will even notice. She goes over to the table they were sitting at and pulls out the pink pacifier from her purse. She returns to Josh, dancing with him with the pacifier in her mouth.

"Hewwo Joshie! I missed you!" Emily mumbles. Josh continues to dance with her and can't help but smile and admire her.

"Aww, you look adorable. But aren't you worried about the other kids?"

"Not really. I really don't care. I wanna be myself here tonight. And this is me. It makes me feel safe and happy." Some other kids nearby notice, but don't really seem to care much, except for Jessica who can't stop looking at Emily with her pacifier. Emily notices her friend staring at her and looks at Jessica as if to ask "what?"

"So, you think this is a rave, Emily?" Jessica says in a friendly, joking way.

Emily giggles. "Yeah, something like that..."

Madison looks over to see Emily sucking on the pacifier and her heart almost skips a beat. "Oh my gosh," she says out loud, then realizes she said it out loud and starts to turn red. Andrew asks her what's wrong. "Oh, um. Just my friend Emily is being kind of silly. She must think we're at a rave. See?" Andrew looks behind him to see Emily with a pacifier.

"Ha, that's kind of cute. My little sister... yeah, she still likes those things sometimes. It comforts her I guess. Hey, personally I say if it makes her happy that's cool."

Madison can't believe what she's hearing. "Yeah, he-he. That's Emily. She's kind of different. In a good way you know! Well, kind of like me, I guess. Um, never mind. Hey, um... there's like one song left I think. Let's make it a good one." As she continues to dance, she can feel something running down her leg. All the constant movement from dancing has caused her diaper to leak and now pee is running down her leg. Madison closes her eyes and wishes to herself when she opens them, it was all a dream and her diaper is dry, but of course that doesn't work. She's now panicking inside, wondering what to do. She could excuse herself and go to the bathroom and change, but with only 5 minutes left of the dance she might miss saying goodbye to Andrew. Not able to contain her emotions, she begins to act as if she was really a little five year old. Tears begin to roll down her face and she starts to quiver.

"Madison? You have that look again. Why are you crying? Did I step on your toes? I'm sorry if I did." Andrew wonders.

"No, um. It's not you. It – it's me. Um, that pacifier Emily has. I wish I had one right now. They... they are soothing. That's why she has one. I... I'm sure." Madison stutters as more tears roll off her cheeks.

"Huh? I'm sorry I don't think I understand. Oh, you... you like pacifiers? Like I said, that's cool. You know. It's like how some girls like to have teddy bears until they're in their 20s. I get it. It's cool. Don't be afraid I'm not going to say anything. "

Madison wipes the tears off her face. "Um, well. It's more than that. Um right now I need to get to the bathroom. But I don't want to now cause then I'll miss saying bye to you and stuff. Um. I dunno. Doesn't matter cause after tonight you're never gonna talk to me again. Tru-trust me."

"Madison, stop that. Okay if you need to go to the bathroom, go. I will wait I won't leave till you get back."

"Okay, but... I'm not going because I have to go. I already....um. There's no easy way to do this. Come with me."

"Um, okay? But? I can't go in the bathroom with you."

"No, just outside. In the hallway. I have to show you something quick. And again, after I do, you'll never talk to me again. All that stuff about me being nice and fun... Yeah, forget it." Madison tugs on his arm and leads him out to the hallway, in front of the girls' restroom. No one else is out there.

"Madison if you are not comfortable with whatever you need to show me, you don't have to. But I highly doubt I will stop liking you – unless you tell me you're a Nazi or something."

Madison shrugs as she starts to lift her dress up. "Yeah, hold that thought." She holds her dress all the way up, exposing her thin tights and leaking diaper, then puts her dress back down. "Like I said, I already went. While we were dancing before. In my da—da—diaper. And I had too much freaking punch because I was so nervous and now I leaked, so I gotta go and change. So, yeah. I'm 12 and I still wear diapers. It's a long story and I'm sure you don't want to hear it cause you think I'm a total freak who should be in *pre*-school, not middle school. I've heard it all before so it's okay you can sa – say it," Madison says while sobbing.

Andrew is speechless for a few moments, but instead of turn away and leave, he sits down on a nearby bench and tells Madison to come sit in his lap. "Come her Maddie. Yes, come sit in my lap. There you go. Sit down. Relax. It's going to be okay. You're still a special, fun girl. I still like you. A lot. And if you want to tell me, I'd like to hear your long story. It's really not so weird. I kind of knew something was different about you – but wasn't sure what or how to talk about it. Shh, don't say anything. It's alright. I promise we are still really good friends. And I won't tell anyone. Okay? Please, calm down, it'll be okay." Andrew comforts her, playing with her silky hair. Madison wishes she could stay with him like this all night, but knows she needs to go get changed before someone comes out and finds them. She again wipes the tears off her face and collects her thoughts.

"Aww hey, why are you being so nice? Uh, don't answer that. You really are special, too. Um, I will tell you my story, but right now I gotta go change. I have another one in my purse. Um, be back in 5 minutes. Can you just go wait in the gym with Emily and Josh?" Madison quickly enters the girls' room as Andrew heads back to the gym. The dance has ended and the DJ is putting away his equipment. Emily and Josh are sitting at a table talking when Andrew sits down and joins them.

"Oh hi Andrew. Where's Maddie?" Emily asks curiously.

"She's in the bathroom. She had a little issue to deal with. I'm supposed to wait for her here. Um, is someone coming to pick you up?"

"Yeah, Maddie's Mom should be here soon. Um, is Maddie okay?"

"She was a little upset but I calmed her down. I'm sure she's fine. Just nervous. For some reason she thought I wasn't going to like her anymore..."

Emily gasps. "Uh... OH. Yeah, um. Well, obviously you still like her, right? That's super cool. You're alright!"

"Hey Emily, do you need to go to the little girls' room, too? Um, I bet you're..." Josh interrupts.

"Shh, quiet! Um, I'm fine. It can wait till I get home. I mean, to Maddie's. I'm sleeping over there tonight."

"Okay, little girl. Just checking..." Andrew gives them both a strange look, but decides not to ask. He patiently waits for Madison to return. She comes in moments later and takes a seat next to Andrew.

"Wow, you're still here! I'm better now. Um, thanks for waiting. Hi Emily! You had some guts putting that paci in your mouth before. Was it fun?"

Emily winks at her friend. "Yeah it was great! No one cared. Jessica teased me and asked if I thought I was at a rave. But she kept looking at me... like she was jealous or something. Kind of weird. But totally worth it. Um, did your... um... you know..."

"Em, he knows. Yes, I had too much punch. It leaked. I had to go change. It's okay now, but I have a little story to tell Andrew. And, uh, Josh."

"I pretty much figured you wore, too. No real surprise. And I think it's cute. So, go ahead," Josh says.

"Okay. So Andrew you may remember how when I'd have to get up in front of the class and give reports, I'd get real nervous and usually would end up peeing my pants... I'm sure you remember that? In fact, I know you do cause you were the one who never teased me about it."

"Yeah, I remember. And I always felt bad for you. I guess I can relate... I used to wet the bed until I was 9. So, yeah."

"Well I got sick of always wetting myself when giving reports. So last September when we had to do an oral report about cooking and baking, I came up with this brilliant idea. I bought some Goodnites and wore one to school that day. During the report, I still got nervous and I still wet myself, but this time it went in the diaper and not my pants. So no one knew. Well, I loved the idea so much, I kept wearing diapers and pull-ups to school. Came in handy for anytime I got nervous. Oral reports, tests, I even auditioned for the play. To make a long story short, I started to like it and wore them to school and around home even when I didn't need to. I would use them for their intended purpose. Eventually, after being in them so much, I kind of got used to it and now would have accidents, even when not nervous. So I had to keep wearing them. And one day, my parents found out. They didn't totally freak, but were more upset that I lied to them. They had thought my accidents at school had stopped but in reality I was wearing diapers. So I got in trouble for a while, but my Mom and Dad started to understand why I like being in diapers. It's about a lot more than preventing accidents. It's like Emily's pacifier – um which I also like. But it's a comfort thing. I could go on and on and someday when we have more time, I will. But yeah, I wear them. All the time. I don't usually poop in them – kinda like your little sister. Just pee. Anyway, my offer still stands. If you think I'm weird and gross and stupid you can get up and walk away now. I'm sure your Mom is here anyway. Mine should be soon." Madison rambles.

"Madison! Enough with that. I told you 10 minutes ago I still like you. I always will. I still want to be your friend. And I understand completely. I totally do. Do I think it's a little strange – yeah, kind of. But so what. It just makes you unique. I'm not going to think anything less of you and I won't tell anyone. I just have one question that I think I already know. Does Emily wear, too?"

Before Madison can answer, Emily opens her mouth. "Yup! Pampers Baby Dry size 6. This one is no longer dry but like I said it can wait till I get home. Um, my story is a little different from Maddie's, but we became friends by accident last Halloween. And I'm glad we did. Maddie's a great girl. Thanks for accepting her. And me. I hope we can all be friends here."

"That's really cool. Most definitely. We can talk more in homeroom on Monday. My Mom is here, gotta run. Madison, I had a great time and I want to be your friend. See you on Monday! Bye!" Andrew gives her a quick peck on her cheek, then dashes off to go meet his mother Madison gets shivers down her spine, gushing and acting all giddy. Soon after, Madison's mother arrives and the girls get into the van. On the way home, Madison explains to her mother what happened, and that Andrew and her are still good friends. Carol is delighted to hear this. A few minutes later, the van pulls into the driveway. The girls go in the house to see Britney and Alyssa already in their PJs, watching a movie with Mr. Ludke, cuddled on the couch. Madison and Emily sit down on the floor besides them. Alyssa gives Madison a big hug.

"Maddie, Maddie! Me and Bitt-ney had-did lots of fun. We went to big bouncy place and den we gots ice cweam and den we gots a movie and now we watch-did it! You have fun too?" Alyssa says with great enthusiasm.

"Aww, that's great! Yeah, me and Emily had lots of fun at the dance. I'm glad you and Britney had so much fun. I missed you so much, silly girl. Hey Brit, Emily's sleeping over tonight, is that okay?"

"Yay! That's totally okay. I'm glad you had fun, Maddie. I did, too. I got to be a little kid again. Mommy knew just what I needed. I wore my skirt the whole time. People saw my diaper. It was kind of exciting, he-he. I just pretended like I was 5 and no one cared. Hi Emily, I'm glad you're here! We're gonna have even more fun tonight, but I am kind of sleepy so don't be mad if I fall asleep on you guys." Britney says rapidly.

"Oh, I won't. I'm just as tired. Dancing is hard work sometimes. Um, what are we watching?" Emily begins to fidget as she wets her diaper a second time.

"Big Hero 6. It's almost over." Emily nods and turns around to face the TV.

"Madison, Emily... before you get too comfy, I think you should get your pajamas on. And Emily, I think you may need some help?" Carol suggests.

Emily tugs at her diaper from under her dress. "Uh oh, um. Yeah, too much punch. Come on Maddie..."

"But, I'm...I'm dry. I don't wanna get my jammies on I like this dress," Madison pouts for a moment but then gets up and follows Emily to her room. "Just kidding. I'm coming!" She goes into her closet and pulls out pajama bottoms and a top. "I can get my jammies on by myself tonight, Mom. I think Emily needs your help more than I do." Madison goes into the bathroom to get dressed.

"Um, is it okay Mrs. Ludke if you change me? Sorry it's still kind of weird for me. I could change myself but I'm just too tired."

"Of course, it's okay. I'm happy to help and I'm a pro at changing diapers. Do you want another Pampers, or your special night time ones?" Emily indicates she wants the night time diaper, then helps Carol take her dress off. She gets her diaper changed and then dressed into a Strawberry Shortcake blanket sleeper.

Madison enters the room wearing her pink pajamas and of course, Pampers underneath. "Can we stay up here and talk for a while, Mom?" Carol agrees, telling them to be quiet as Alyssa will be going to bed soon. The two girls talk and listen to music until Britney comes up to bed. She climbs right into bed and pops her pacifier in her mouth.

"I sowwy I'd stay up and talk but I'm just so sleepy. Had a big night. It okay if I go ni-ni?" Britney asks. Emily and Madison both say "of course" and help tuck her in. Only about twenty minutes later, both Madison and Emily drift off to sleep, tired from an evening of excitement and fun.

## Chapter 27: The Big Adventure – Getting There

Seasons change, months pass. The girls manage to make it through pre-school (Alyssa), the 5th (Emily) and 7th grades (Madison and Britney), all with above average grades despite what each of them have went through since September. Little Alyssa recently celebrated her 5th birthday just this past May. It has yet to be determined if she'll be going to kindergarten this fall. Of course, she had a big party at Chuck E Cheese and had to take a few breaks in-between. Not to go potty, but get her diapers / pull-ups changed. However, Alyssa is making some progress in the area of toileting. As you may have noticed, recently she's been not so fond of pooping in her diapers. She has graduated to wearing (super-absorbent) Pull-Ups and actually trying to go potty for pooping - about 90% of the time. During Kindergarten screening, the school did express concerns for her not being fully potty trained, but if she is able to at least be "BM trained," they'll consider her for the upcoming school year as she is very bright in other areas of development. The school board should have an official answer within the next month or two.

Back to present day; It's the last day of school around dinner time on the first Wednesday of June. Madison, Britney, Emily and the Ludke's are currently attending an end of the year picnic and cookout, put on by the area school district. Most of their classmates, including Andrew and Josh are present. The Ludke's and Suthers' have just finished eating dinner. It's being held at a nearby park that has a picnic shelter area and of course a large playground. Emily, Madison, and Britney are all sitting together across from their parents and of course, Alyssa. It is a rather warm day and all the older girls are wearing shorts or skorts as well as tank-tops or light t-shirts. As Madison chews her final bite of a cookie, a thought enters her head.

"So, Mom. This trip we're going on. Um, how long will it take to drive there? And Emily gets to come with, right?"

"It'll take about two and a half days of driving. We'll stay overnight at a hotel when we get half way," Carol explains.

A frown comes across Madison's face. "Ugh, wow. We're going to need some serious protection if you know what I mean. And lots of movies to watch. Why can't we just fly?"

"Maddie, you know why. Your daddy doesn't like flying..."

"I don't, either. It's scary! It'll be fun, Maddie. You'll have me and Emily and Ally. I sure Mommy will have lots for us to do and we'll stop at fun places and stuff. And no one will know us. We can just be who we want and act how we want," Britney says, trying to stay positive.

"Yeah, I guess so. It's cool Emily is going. But when we get there... Um, I haven't seen my cousins since like 5 years ago. They're gonna find out. Um, oh well. Why worry about that now. We made it through school this year without getting into too much trouble, right?" The girls nod and laugh together. Suddenly, Josh approaches.

"Hey Emily, Hi Maddie and Britney. You girls want to play over by the swings with me and Andrew? I bet you do, Maddie!" he teases.

"Uh, yeah, that'd be cool. Can we, Mom?" Madison blushes. Mrs. Ludke gives the okay, but tells the kids to stay in sight. Alyssa stays at the picnic table as she is not quite done eating yet. Madison runs over towards Andrew who is pushing his little sister, Annika on a swing. The other kids go off in a slightly different direction near the slides. Annika keeps yelling for her brother to push her faster and higher. He does somewhat reluctant, making sure not to go *too* fast (she just ate, after-all). Madison sneaks up behind him and puts her arms around his shoulders. "Guess who!"

Andrew jumps up a little, somewhat startled. "Hmm, is her name Maddie? Is she kind of cute and fun?" He turns around, admiring his friend. Madison blushes and giggles. "Yes, it is. Glad you came. Um, I'm just pushing my little sister on the swings. My parents couldn't come, they're busy with work. So, I'm in charge of her. Uh, where are my manners..." Andrew grabs the swing and stops it, then asks his sister to step out and say "hi" to the girls. The little girl jumps off the swing and stands in front of Madison. "This is my little sister, Annika. Can you say hi to Madison? She's, my friend."

The little girl begins to play with her skirt, pulling it up briefly and unintentionally exposing her pink pull-up.

“Hiya Maddie. Are you my Andy’s girlfriend? He talks a lot about you, sometimes.”

Madison blushes some more. “Aww, well I guess I am. I like him a lot, too. I’d like to be your friend, too. I have a little sister who’s 5. Maybe she can come play with you on the swings when she’s done eating. How old are you?” Madison already knows the answer but just wants to make polite small talk to break the ice.

Annika holds out one hand showing all 5 fingers and the second hand with just her thumb out. “I – I’m six. Six and a half. I just finished first grade.”

“That’s cool. I wish I was still in first grade. Uh, I mean... isn’t it great it’s finally summer vacation? More time to play.”

Annika nods and grins. “Uh huh. Are you gonna be helping to babysit me? You are nice. That’s why Andy talks about you so much I think.”

Madison laughs, looking at Andrew and winking at him. “Aww, he does? Thanks. I’m fun, too. I’d love to help babysit sometime. If that’s okay with your mommy and daddy. Hmm, I wonder if Andy’s told them about me yet?”

“Yeah, it should be. Uh, I have kind of. They want to meet you but that would be cool. They aren’t home much. Very busy with work and stuff.” Andrew shrugs, looking down at the ground like he’s a bit embarrassed.

“Hey - I know exactly how you feel. My parents used to be like that. Um, we’ll talk about that some other time. I think I see Alyssa coming over. Annika, you’d like her she’s a fun girl, too. “The two little girls introduce themselves and like second nature begin playing with each other as if they were best friends already. Madison and Andrew sit on the swings together and talk as they keep eyes on their siblings. Madison begins to pump her legs and swing slowly. “So, like early Friday morning I have to leave for this trip we’re going on. To visit my cousins and go to some family reunion. I wish I could stay here. I’d rather help you babysit...”

“Are you serious? I’d love to go on a road trip. My parents are always traveling but we hardly ever get to go with. I’m left to take care of Annika. Um, don’t take that the wrong way. I love her and always wanted a little brother or sister... Just, you know... A road trip sounds like fun.”

“I guess so. It’s just, it’s my dad’s side of the family. They live so far away we hardly ever see them. They never come here. I haven’t seen them in like 5 years. I worry about how they’re gonna react to... you know. Obviously, they will find out. It would be more fun if you could come with me. But I know that’s not possible. I totally get how you feel about your parents being gone all the time. The first 8 years of my life I saw more of my auntie and nanny than my own parents. But it’s all good now. I’m sure your parents work so hard for good reasons.”

“Yeah, they mean well. I just wish they’d have more time for us... But enough about me. Wish I could go with you, too. Uh, I’ll miss you. Maybe after you get back you can come play at the park with me and Annika. We come here a lot.”

“That’d be really cool. Looks like her and Alyssa are already good friends. Um, does she still mostly pee in her pants yet?”

“Yeah, didn’t you notice her Pull-Up before? Pretty sure it just got wetter, too. You know, those facial gestures she makes. It’s funny.... At the dance last spring I could totally tell you were either about to pee or peeing. It’s cute, don’t worry. Not making fun. Honest.”

Madison giggles. “Aww, thanks. Well, she’s really lucky to have such a nice big brother. And I’m lucky, too. Thanks for listening to me ramble. I’ll try to get more excited for this trip. I know Britney and Emily are totally excited. I should be, too. Just worried about my other family. They’re kind of weird about things like this.”

“Don’t sweat it, girl. Be yourself. If they can’t like you for who you are, they are stupid. Really. I like you a lot more now. Not cause you wear diapers. Well, that’s cute. But no... because you were honest and told me right away.”

“Awe, I like you a lot, too. You were always the one who didn’t tease me when I had accidents. Um, thanks for that. I’m not gonna cry, really. Just allergies. And um... I gotta pee. Um.... Tha—that’s better.” Madison giggles as she



feels her diapered bottom become warm and squishy, squirming and being sure to make ‘funny faces.’ Andrew watches her in awe, grinning.

“See, there’s that look! Too funny. Um, so... like. What’s it like. I mean. To...”

“To pee in my diaper? It’s totally freaking awesome. You should try it someday. Um, really.” Madison blurts.

“Well, I mean is it like peeing in your pants? Cause that kind of sucks. It can’t be, though or Annika would totally go to the bathroom *all* the time.”

“Yeah, it’s much better. Um, it just feels nice. It gets warm and squishy and... stuff. Hard to explain. But we kind of like it. And it’s not just the feeling of peeing in them. Like it’s a comfort thing, too. Britney can tell you more about that, Ems too.”

“I bet. Sorry, didn’t mean to bring it up, I was just curious. Anyway, we’ve got to get going soon. Annika’s most likely soaked and we need to get home before dark. Thanks again for coming and hanging out. Um, can you text or email during your trip?” Andrew says, stopping his swing and getting out of it.

“Oh, totally! We’ll have laptops and tablets and stuff. I’ll email you along the way and maybe send you a few pictures. Um, yeah, I’m totally soaked now too and I think my parents want to get home so we can pack. Let’s go get our sisters...” The two gather up Alyssa and Annika. Madison takes Alyssa back to her parents where Britney and Emily are also waiting. Soon after they head home and get ready for the big trip.

----- Friday morning, 4:00 AM -----

Everyone in the Ludke household is still passed out, except for Carol and Derrick who are frantically getting the van loaded up and last-minute items packed for the big road trip. Carol is busy installing a car-seat for Emily. Mrs. Suthers’ insisted that for Emily to be safe on the trip, she must be in a car-seat. Carol agreed to this, but Emily has no idea. Her mother did not want to give the girl a chance to protest and fuss about it.

Derrick enters Alyssa’s room, finding her soundly sleeping. Her night-time diaper is only half-soaked but still needs to be changed. He manages to change her into another overnight diaper without waking her, then dresses her in a simple sundress for easy changing during the trip. He then carries the sleeping child down to the van and places her in her 5-point harness car-seat. He gets her situated, along with a sippy of juice in the side cup holder and places her favorite stuffed kitten in her lap. As Carol finishes installing Emily’s car-seat, she looks at sleeping Alyssa and gives her husband a smile. “Good job, daddy. I’ll go get Maddie and Brit ready. Can you finish loading the car?” Derrick agrees, being careful not to make too much noise.

Carol starts with Britney, who will pretty much sleep through an earthquake when in a deep enough sleep. She changes her into a new diaper the girls recently received, thanks to Emily – a Snuggies size 7 Extreme Absorbency. These are a new line of diapers made by the same manufacturer of the Super Absorbent Night Time Pull-Ups Emily did the commercial for. They are also marketed for older children and come in sizes 6 to 8. Britney is then dressed into a cute pair of denim short-alls and a pink t-shirt underneath. All the while, Britney remains asleep, suckling her pacifier. Madison is next. Carol begins changing her heavily soaked Pampers as she begins to open and rub her eyes. Half asleep, Madison begins to mumble some words. “Wha? What time... it still dark? Mommy? I so sleepy... change me and I go back asleep.”

“Shh, it’s okay Maddie. You can go back to sleep in the car.... Now, I’m going to put you in the same diaper I just put Briney in. The new ones Emily gave us. This should keep you dry until lunch time.”

“Um, okay Mommy. Car? Why am I gonna sleep in the car? Where are we.... We going?”

“Don’t you remember, silly? We’re going on a big road trip. To Wisconsin. For the family reunion.”

“Uh. Wis-con-sin? What the heck is in Wisconsin? Oh yeah, cheese heads. Isn’t it like cold there all the time? Uh, I so sleepy. Um, don’t forget Brit’s Dolphin or she gonna be really sad. And Ally’s kitty. Um, na-nite Mommy...” Madison says, closing her eyes.

“Shh, it’ll be okay. Its summer now, sweetie. It should be warm there now. Go back to sleep. I’ll get you in your booster seat and then we’ll go get Emily.” Carol keeps Madison in her pajama shorts for now, figuring she can get dressed when they stop for breakfast later. She carries her down to the van and gets her situated in her booster seat,

then does the same for Britney. Madison passes out within seconds. The van rolls down the driveway and they head to Emily's house.

As the van pulls in front of the Suthers' home, Mrs. Suthers comes out with her sleeping daughter in her arms. Emily is also still in her pajamas. Mrs. Suthers walks up to the van as the side door slides open. "Oh good, you got the car-seat installed," she whispers, placing Emily in it and fastening the harness. Emily doesn't even flinch, remaining asleep. "She's been changed and should be good for a while. Probably won't wake up until 9 or so. Here's her suitcase and a box of her favorite diapers and pull-ups. If you need anything along the way, just give me a call. Thanks again for letting her go. She's been looking forward to this since she knew she was invited by Maddie."

"No problem at all. We're always glad to have her. She's a delight! Never a dull moment with these girls I tell ya. I'll keep you updated and have her call you frequently." Mrs. Suthers wishes them a safe trip and dashes back into her house. The van rolls off with four little girls fast asleep in their booster and car-seats.

---

It's 9:30 am. The sun is shining and Derrick Ludke has been driving for about 4 hours. On the freeway, he spots a sign showing a nearby city is coming up in about 5 miles. Madison is the first to awake. The bright sun beaming right at her face is what did it. She opens her eyes and looks around. She's in the back seat, next to Emily. A slight cool breeze passes by from the A/C vent. A song by Genesis is playing through the speakers. Mr. and Mrs. Ludke are softly singing along – anything to keep sane during the seemingly never-ending road ahead of them. "This is the land of confusion!" Madison softly giggles, trying not to be noticed. She looks over at Emily, then at her sisters, then back at Emily again. She can't help but notice Emily is seated in a child's car-seat with a five-point harness, much like Alyssa's. Then, she notices Emily's hair. It's bright purple! She begins to giggle, louder than she realizes. Carol turns around to see Madison is awake. She says good morning, but to please be quiet as the other girls are still asleep. Madison tries to quiet down but it's too late. Emily begins to twitch and her eyes open. Emily feels trapped, like she can't move much. In a state of confusion and disorient, she starts to whimper a bit, then looks down to see she's in a child's car-seat.

"What the? Why... um, is this some kind of joke? And Maddie, are you laughing at me? That... that's not nice!" Emily cries as she pouts and struggles to move. She places her hands over her face, trying to hide any tears. Carol again turns around – now with a look of sympathy on her face.

"Good morning, Emily. I'm sorry about the car-seat. Your mother insisted that if you were to go on this trip, you needed to be in a car-seat like that. She's worried because you're so small that if we got in an accident you'd get seriously hurt. I know it may be embarrassing but she didn't do this to punish you. She's just really concerned about you is all. And Madison, I sure hope you are not laughing at her because of it. Cause if you are, perhaps you'd like to sit in one, too? I can arrange for that, young lady..."

Madison's giggles stop immediately, bringing upon a look of displeasure and shame. "Uh, no. Sorry Mommy. I'm not laughing about that. Um, really. I'm – sorry -- Emily. Uh, I like... your hair. Did you do that yesterday?"

Emily nods. "Yeah um, I wanted to do something silly with my hair. I had to like beg my mom a million times to let me do it. But wow, I'm kind of mad at her right now. If she wanted me to sit in a baby car-seat she could have asked me. Ugh!" Out of pure unconscious habit, Emily's legs begin to shake – she has to pee and there's no holding back. As Carol begins to talk, her legs stop and she slowly allows her bladder muscles to relax. She begins to fidget and stare off into space for several seconds as she feels a rush of warmth flow into the thick padding of her diaper.

"Sweetie, she just didn't want you to argue with her. It's not so bad. Think of it this way – you'll be really safe in case something like that were to happen. Alyssa doesn't mind hers. You'll get used to it. Let's not worry about it. Mr. Ludke is stopping at this exist so we can get some breakfast. Are you hungry?"

“Uh... yeah. Um, I smell bacon. Yummy. I want bacon and pancakes. And, uh... maybe a dry diapy.” Emily says while blushing.

“Yeah, me too! Are we going to McDonald’s? I see the arches Mommy you can’t lie.” Madison blurts.

Carol laughs. “Yes, sweetie. And I’m sure diaper changes are in order for all of you. Oh, good morning, Britney and Alyssa. Time for breakfast!” Alyssa and Britney rub their eyes and look around, a bit groggy.

“Mowning Momma. Um, I starving and so thirsty. I smells bacon! Tummy hung-wee!” Britney says, talking more as if she is three again.

Alyssa giggles, completely agreeing with her “older” sister. She looks over herself, seeing she’s been dressed into a skirt. “I not seep in my jammies? Um, I not wearing pull-up? Momma, where are we? Are we in Wi-con-shin yet?” Alyssa’s pure adorableness cannot be missed.

“Awe, she’s too cute sometimes,” Emily squeals. The van stops and is parked at the side of the building. Carol gets out and begins helping Alyssa out of her car-seat.

“No, sweetheart. We’re not there yet. It’s going to be a long, long trip. We left early this morning when you and your sisters were still sleeping. Daddy got you dressed and he put you in a special night diaper because we didn’t want you to leak during the long ride. Okay, all unbuckled. Let’s go have some eggs, bacon, and pancakes!” Alyssa smiles and completely forgets about everything else. Her little mind is focused on eating a yummy McDonald’s breakfast. She doesn’t even notice or care how wet her diaper is. Carol helps the other girls out of their seats and they all hold hands together. As they enter and get in line to order, a few people around them seem to be staring. Apparently, it’s weird to see ten and twelve-year-old girls still in their pajamas at 9:30 in the morning. Or maybe the thick diapers showing through has something to do with it. Whatever the reason, the girls don’t really care at this point. They are 350 miles away from home and it’s summer vacation. They happily order their meals and go sit down. Carol brings out a booster seat for Alyssa and sits her in it, then looks at Emily. She thinks about asking if Emily would like a booster seat, but then decides against it as she is unsure if that would insult her or hurt her feelings.

Emily sits down, then looks at Alyssa sitting in her booster seat. A pouty look comes across her face. “Hey, how come she gets a booster neat and not me? No fair. I want one, too. Uh, I mean. Please?” Madison looks at her, looking a little confused. Britney isn’t as confused, knowing exactly what Emily is up to. She gives her a smile and a wink.

“Oh, I’m sorry Emily. I was going to offer you one but didn’t want to offend you. I’ll be right back!” Carol gets up and grabs another booster seat. Emily gets up and allows Carol to place it down in front of her. She climbs into it and smiles, saying that’s much better. Almost immediately, everyone digs in to their breakfasts. Not much talking takes place until their meals are almost finished. Britney and Alyssa gulp down their orange juices like there’s no tomorrow. Emily asks for seconds of her juice. “So, who here needs to be changed?” Each girl raises their hands as they smile proudly.

“And I need to get my play clothes on, too. So does Maddie. Did my Mommy pack my clothes and stuff?” Emily asks, again acting and talking bit less than her age.

“Yes, I have an outfit for you in my purse. And of course, dry diapers. Who wants to go first?” Emily indicates she’d like to go first, since her diaper feels as if it’s about to explode. Her Mom changed her at 3:30 am into just a Baby Dry for some reason. Emily jumps out of her booster seat and runs over by Mrs. Ludke, taking her hand as they walk into the family restroom.

“Oh goodie they have one of these family rooms. All places need these. Um, can you help me up on the changing table – it’s kinda high,” Emily asks. Carol is happy to help and lifts the girl up onto the changing table, removing her pajama bottoms.

“My goodness. Good thing you went first!” Carol un-tapes and removes the soggy Pamper, quickly rolling it up and tossing it into the nearby pail. It is soaked from end to end.

“Yeah, my silly mommy only put me in a Baby Dry. They are good for during the day but not so much at night or long car rides. Um, I hope she packed my night time ones...” Emily looks a bit worried until she sees Carol pull out a fresh Super Snuggies size 6 night time “for girls” diaper. She claps her hands happily.

“Awesome! Okay, I totally forgive her for that car-seat thing now. Now I don’t have to worry so much about all that juice I drank, ha-ha.” Emily giggles a bit as she is wiped clean with the cold baby wipes, then enjoys the rest of the diaper change. The tapes get fastened and then her shirt is removed. “You are so good at changing diapers. Um, thanks. I hope you don’t get sick of this... I mean during the trip. Um... I feel funny being changed, um... you know I’ll be 11 soon.”

“Oh, nonsense. I don’t mind, at all. And you can be who you want to be. We’re on vacation. You can be 5 if you want. I won’t mind. Never, ever be ashamed to ask to be changed, okay?” Emily nods with a cute smile on her face. “Okay, now I’ve got these cute pink shorts for you to wear and a tank top. Your diaper will most definitely show... But we don’t care, do we?”

“Not at ALL! Thank you, Mrs. Ludke. Thanks so much. Um, I can help you get me dressed.”

“Only if you want to. And hey, call me Carol. No need to be formal. Alright, arms up cutie-pie.”

Emily helps Carol get her dressed and is then lifted off the changing table. She admires herself in the mirror and giggles.

“Oh yeah, I’m totally a toddler girl today. I love it! Okay, all done here!” She opens the door and waddles back over to the table they were sitting at. “Okay, Maddie it’s your turn.”

“You look cute, Ems. Um, yeah, I’m about ready to get out of this cold, wet diapy. Come on, Momma.” Madison says cheerfully.

“You know, that family room is big enough. Alyssa, Britney, come with us. We’ll have a marathon changing session.” The girls giggle as they follow Carol into the family room. This leaves just Emily sitting across from Derrick. She is not as open and spunky around him yet so this is a bit of an awkward moment. She tries to think of something to talk about.

“So, um... Are you sick of driving yet?”

Derrick chuckles. “I was sick of driving 2 hours ago”, sarcastically. “Nah, just kidding. It’s not so bad. As long as I have good music to listen to. And of course, you girls along to keep things interesting.”

“Hee-hee, yeah. Um, where are we going, exactly?”

“We’re going to a small town in Wisconsin to go to a family reunion and check out a business opportunity. We will be staying at my brother’s house. They have three kids. The youngest is seven and the oldest is 14, I think. All girls. The reunion is for my entire extended family. Most of them still live in Wisconsin. It’s a small town near, get this – Madison.”

“Ha! That’s funny. Maddie should get a kick out of that. Um, does your family there know about how Maddie and Britney are – like me? You know. Do they even know about Britney yet? Um, sorry for the questions. I’m just curious and excited. And nervous about what they will think of me, sort of.”

“They know about Madison. Well, my brother and sister-in-law does – I don’t know if they told the girls. Maddie hasn’t seen them since she was 7 or 8. Alyssa has never seen them. And they know we adopted Britney and about her

challenges. I wouldn't worry too much about it, Emily. My brother and his family are very nice, easy-going people. Just like me and Mrs. Ludke."

"Okay, cool. Oh, um. She told me I can call her Carol," Emily giggles nervously.

"Ah, yes! And you can call me Derrick. Whatever you're comfortable with. Wow, speaking of that... My wife is amazingly fast. Here they come already!" Carol, Madison, and Britney approach the table. Madison has been dressed into jean shorts and a tank-top, her hair done up in a pony-tail. She takes a final gulp from her orange juice.

"All ready to go back in the car? It won't be so bad. We got tablets and laptops and stuff. And we can play games and talk. And we shouldn't have to worry about stopping to pee, ha-ha!" Madison giggles. They dash out to the van. Madison gets in first and helps her sisters get situated. This leaves Emily, who is about to ask Carol for help. Carol lifts the girl up and gently sets her in her car-seat, then fastens the harness. She gives her a smile and gets into the driver's seat (it's her turn to drive for a while).

As the van rolls down the highway, more 80's music can be heard. While Madison doesn't mind, she's getting a bit sick of it. "Daddy! Can we listen to something a bit more this... century? Please?"

"Well, I suppose. But please no Bieber or Nicki Manaj. I just can't stand that garbage," Derrick teases. Madison, Britney, and Emily all begin laughing hysterically.

"Gosh Daddy, me either! No, I mean cool stuff. Like Garbage (the band), Kitten, Muse, Metric, Pantograph, Arcade Fire, Band of Horses, Young the Giant, Foster the People, Arctic Monkeys, Glass Animals, Chvrches, etc."

"Yeah, we don't like that silly pop junk. No thanks."

"Not bad, girls. I know just the XM station to put on. We'll listen to this for a while." Derrick says while fiddling with the car stereo. He sets the station to an alternative station. The music blends into background noise as Alyssa begins talking to Britney. They are, of course, sitting next to each other.

"I wanna read books. Where my books? Will... you read some sto—stow – stor-ies to me?" Alyssa stutters.

Britney reaches over and grabs some preschool level story books. "Yeah, that be fun! Let's start with this one – it's about Dolphins. "Britney happily begins reading the book to her little sister, enjoying it just as much. Madison and Emily start up their own quiet conversation.

"I can't wait to get there... But for now, what should we do to keep busy?" Madison asks.

"We could play a game. We're all wearing the same diapers, right? And we won't get changed again till dinner maybe?"

Madison nods. "Yeah. I know what you're up to. And there's no way you're gonna win. "

"We'll see about that. You better start chugging some juice. And it's gotta be juice. Apple works best. "Emily reaches into a small cooler and pulls out 3 juice boxes and tosses them in Madison's lap. She then gives 3 to herself. She inserts her straw into one of them and quickly sucks down the entire 8-ounce box within seconds, then lets out a small burp. Madison gasps, then drinks a juice box just as fast. She then slams down her second one before Emily can get her straw inserted into her second one. This continues until both girls have drunk 3 juice boxes within 5 minutes.

Madison rubs her tummy. "Uh, I'm full. No more for now. "

Emily giggles. "Don't worry, you'll be ready for more soon. I'm gonna have to pee in about 20 minutes I guarantee it. In the meantime, I'm gonna play some games on my tablet." Madison decides to do the same. Both Madison and Emily become engrossed in their video games. Hours pass by. Emily's first wetting takes place about 25

minutes after her last juice box was consumed – but this time she was too busy with her game to even notice. By the time this trip is over, Emily may be completely un-potty trained. At least, for peeing. Madison is still a bit more aware of when she pees, but doesn't hold anything back. By 1:30 PM, the van pulls off an exit and it's time to stop for lunch. Britney and Alyssa are still reading books and playing silly games together. Emily puts her tablet down and turns it off. She looks out the window and sees they've pulled into a truck stop with a big family restaurant attached to it. The van turns off and Mrs. Ludke gets out, opening the side doors. She helps Emily out of her car seat, then Alyssa. Madison and Britney help themselves out.

Emily stands straight, stretching her legs and arms. As she walks, it's obvious to her she's wet, but knows her diaper can still withstand another big wetting – or two smaller ones. Madison walks beside Emily, feeling slightly wetter. She whispers in Emily's ear. “I bet I'm wetter than you.” Emily shakes her head, then whispers back to Madison. “Nut-uh. Contest isn't over yet. I'm not asking to get changed at lunch. Make sure you order a big soda and drink it all. Whoever doesn't leak by dinner time wins!” Madison giggles and skips along.

They are seated inside the restaurant and all order their drinks and meals. Alyssa surprises everyone by eating most all of her grilled cheese sandwich and French fries. Emily and Madison continue to drink as much as possible. As Britney takes her last bite of her lunch, she looks around and sees there's an indoor playground. She looks over at her mother.

“Momma, can we play for a little while? Please?”

“Awe, how can I say no to that cute face? Sure, sweetheart. You can all go play. 15 minutes. Oh, but first. Anyone need to be changed? Or go potty?” Britney, Madison, and Emily all shake their heads. Alyssa hesitates for a moment.

“I mostly dry but um. I gotta go poop. I no wanna go in my diapy Momma. We... we go potty?” Alyssa says softly. Her parents look at each other, a little shocked. Mrs. Ludke grabs her purse and holds out her hand.

“Of course, sweetie. Thanks for telling me you want to go potty. Let's go!” They rush towards the family restroom. Carol carefully takes off Alyssa's night diaper – which is more than “just a little” wet, then helps the child sit down on the potty. “Okay, now you know what to do, right? Just push until it all comes out and then I'll help you get cleaned up.” Alyssa nods and happily grunts and pushes. Within seconds she has managed to BM in the toilet. Carol helps her daughter wipe and clean up, then allows her to flush the toilet. She then lifts her onto the nearby changing table and is about to put a dry diaper on the girl – but Alyssa stops her.

“Momma I wanna wear pull-up. The fick ones. I like dem better.. And – I'm five now. Okay?” Alyssa says confidently.

“Awe, sure sweetie.” Carol pulls out a Snuggies Extra Dry 4T-5T pull-up out of her purse and helps Alyssa slip into it. Being thick, it causes Alyssa to waddle and crinkle just as loudly, but she is happy to wear this. She can still feel like a “big girl” while still peeing in her pants without fear of leaks. They wash Alyssa's hands, then she runs over to the play area where her sisters and Emily are already playing.

Emily has quickly made friends with what looks to be a seven-year-old girl. As Emily is climbing up the ladder of a slide, the seven-year-old is right behind her. The thickness and loud crinkling of Emily's half-wet diaper is very noticeable. Emily gets to the top and slides down as the little girl follows right behind her. Emily spots a pink car to sit and rock on, inviting the little girl to sit next to her. The little brunette girl strikes up a conversation.

“So how old are you? I'm seven – almost eight. My name's Michelle” Emily decides to have some fun with this. She's in some weird truck stop in western Nebraska. Who cares what anyone thinks? Emily holds out 6 fingers.

“I – I'm six,” she says as her legs begin to shake and she begins to fidget.” It's obvious she is about to pee again.

“Oh, that's cool. Uh, hey I think you need to go potty. There's bathrooms right over there,” Michelle points.

“Thanks, but I don't need to go potty. Um, well... not anymore. Ahh, all done.” Emily blushes, no longer shaking her legs. She shifts around and squirms a bit, feeling her now warm, squishy diaper between her legs and butt – causing a slight crinkly sound. “

“Wait, you... you still wear diapers?” You just went pee in it?”

Emily smiles proudly. “Uh-huh. I'm not potty trained. I just pee in my diaper. It's not so bad. I never have to worry about finding a potty in time. I just... go!” The little girl looks at Emily in amazement. Emily somewhat expects the girl to start teasing her and calling her names. Instead, after some seconds of silence, a little smile comes across the girl's face.

“That's kinda cool. Um, does it feel all warm and nice when you go in it?”

“Uh-huh! It's the best. Okay, um. I gotta confess something. I'm not really 6. I'm really 10 but I'm on vacation and I wanna act more like I'm 6. I really do wear diapers though. Kind of a long story. Um, how about you?”

“I'm really seven, almost 8. Um, I'm not wearing a diaper now and I gotta pee so um, I'll be right back!” Michelle gets up and runs over to the bathroom. Emily goes over by Madison.

“Oh, that poor girl.” Emily blurts.

“Huh? What's wrong with her?”

“Nothing – but she's not diapered. She just had to run to go potty.”

Madison giggles. “Yeah, poor thing.”

“But – she found out about me and she seemed really interested. Asked me does it feel warm and squishy when I pee...”

Madison ponders for a moment. “Five bucks says she's a bed-wetter.”

“I don't have five bucks. But, um. Three tootsie rolls say she's not really a bed-wetter but wears them at night anyway.”

“You're on!” Madison shouts. Just then, Michelle comes back and sits next to Emily. She sees Madison and shyly says “hi” to her.

“Oh, this is Maddie. She's my best friend. I'm on vacation with her family. She's 12.” Emily explains.

“Hi, Maddie. Uh, do you like diapers too?”

“You got it! It totally rocks. You should try it sometime...” Madison says without any hesitation.

Michelle blushes, trying not to make it noticeable.

“What's the matter? No need to be afraid. We won't make fun of you. I mean look at us...” Emily says.

“Oh, okay. Well, I – have tri...tried them. I wish I had one on now like you two. I'm on a long car trip too and we have to stop like every 2 hours so I can pee. It's so stupid. But um, I sometimes wet the bed so I get to wear Pull-Ups at night. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and I'm dry but have to pee so I just go in it. Yeah, it's the best. “

“Awe. I wish you could ride with us...” Emily says.

“Me too. I was gonna wear a pull-up for the trip but I think my mom would notice so I didn't. Oh well. “

Just then the girls heard Carol calling them. It is time to get back on the road. The girls all say goodbye to Michelle, then run over to Carol. As Emily runs, she can feel her heavily wet diaper sagging between her legs. It is also twice as thick as it was when dry. Carol immediately notices.

“Emily, I think we need to get you changed before we get back into the car.”

Emily tries to play it cool. “Um, huh? No, I... I'm fine.” She tries not to blush.

“Well, I sure wouldn't want you getting an icky rash. And Maddie, I'm pretty sure you need to come with us. How about you, Brit?”

Madison makes a pout face, but knows it's best she gets changed before another several hours in the car. “Yes, Mommy.”

Britney has just finished filling her diaper. She begins to giggle a bit. “Uh oh. Um, yeah wet too. A lot.” The only one dry at the moment is Alyssa. Carol takes the 3 girls into the family restroom and does another quick assembly line changing.

She changes Emily first. Her diaper is completely soaked. Madison's is wet, but could have handled another small wetting. Britney's is the driest, but she also didn't drink as much apple juice in the car earlier.

Emily grins over at Madison as she pulls her shorts up. “See, told you I would win. I was the wettest!”

“Yeah, yeah. Here's the next challenge. We're in diapers, right? No potties for the next 350 miles. That means we have to use our diapers for.... everything. Pee and poop. You game?” You too, Brit.

Britney makes a funny face. “Um, well I guess if we can't hold it... right Mommy?” Will you be mad if we do?”

Carol gives the girl a kiss on her forehead. “Of course, I won't be mad. Maddie is right. I know you girls don't really like doing #2 in them but if you can't hold it – you can't. “

“Ugh, I'm not really a big fan of pooping in my pants but – fine. Shouldn't be a problem though if I gotta poop I'll just hold it till we go out for dinner. Um, Carol? How much longer till we get to the hotel room for the night? Do they have a pool there? Can we go swimming? Um, do we have to wear swim diapers?” Emily is full of questions.

Carol finishes helping Britney get dressed and begins walking out of the restroom. “We should be there maybe an hour after we stop for dinner. Yes, you'd all have to wear a swim diaper of some sort. Just in case.”

“Cool! And I hope it sticks out of my suit. That will be fun,” Emily giggles. Carol just laughs and pats the precocious child on the head. They all get back into the van and get their books, toys, and tablets situated. Derrick again takes over driving duty for a while.

About 3 hours pass by as they drive through more of Nebraska the state that never ends. The stop for dinner is about a half hour away now. Alyssa fell asleep for a nap shortly after the van began moving. This leaves Britney who is reading a book, Emily and Maddie, watching movies. Suddenly, Britney puts her book down and sits up a bit in her seat. She looks as if she is concentrating on something, then begins to get red in the face. Madison looks over at her sister, then whispers into Emily's ear. “I think Brit is pooping. And she doesn't even seem to care.” Both girls watch, but try not to make it noticeable they are staring.

“I think Britney is really getting into the baby thing. Maybe she likes it but is too shy to show it. Kind of cute. Shh, don't laugh or anything. If she likes it, that's cool. I hope I can hold it till we get to the hotel though,” Madison whispers. Now a familiar smell begins filling up the back seat. Emily and Madison don't make mention of it at all.

“Um, me too. I have to poop pretty bad. Ugh. Looks like I'm gonna lose this challenge.” Emily whispers.



Finally, Britney leans back in her booster seat and sighs a bit. She looks around to see if anyone has noticed. She then starts to squirm, making funny faces like a 2-year-old who just realized she pooped.

"Britney, are you okay?" Thirsty? Sleepy? "Madison asks, looking concerned.

"Yeah, we gots any juice left? Uh, I... I'm okay. Uh... are we gonna be at the hotel soon?"

Madison reaches into the cooler and pulls out a juice box and hands it to Britney. "Soon I think, if we ever get out of N-E-freaking-braska."

"Madison, that's enough! Don't teach that kind of language to your sisters," Carol says, half-jokingly.

"Sorry Mommy but Nebraska is so boring. How can people live here? Ugh. Um, are we almost to the hotel and dinner place?"

"Yes, about 20 minutes away. We should probably wake Alyssa up soon... and... oh... I think she had an accident in her sleep. Phew!" Carol gasps, now smelling *Britney's loaded* diaper stinking up the van. Derrick cracks open a few windows.

Britney looks down and a frown comes across her face, a little ashamed. "It... it's not Alyssa. I did it. I... I'm sorry," Britney blushes and hides her face with her hands.

"Awe, it's okay sweetie. I told you I wouldn't be mad. We're almost to the town where the restaurant and hotel is. I'll change you first, okay?"

Britney stops hiding her face, feeling a bit relieved. "Okay Mommy! We gonna go swimming tonight?"

"Yep, we sure are!"

"And we gotta wear swim diapiers, too," Emily says gleefully. Britney smiles and nods her head.

"So, do you like pooping now? Not trying to be mean just wondering," Emily whispers.

"Uh, it's really not so bad. Um, I mean not for a long time but it's kind of fun actually doing it. Um, makes me feel littler. I kinda like that right now. You should try it. I mean for real, not with a banana," Britney giggles softly.

"Uh, I might end up going soon... I really gotta go badly," Emily whispers, crossing her legs.

"It's not good to hold it in. Just go. You'll get changed soon," Britney responds.

"Not now. I don't want Mr. and Mrs. Ludke to pass out from the smell. He-he, um if I don't think about it too much, I'll be okay. Are you wet, too?"

Britney nods. "Yeah, a lot. I had lots to drink at lunch. But not leaking. Your new diapiers are amazing,"

Finally, the van pulls into a parking lot. They are at "Bob's American Home Cooking" family restaurant somewhere outside of northeast Nebraska. Alyssa has just woken up. She rubs her tummy. "Momma I hungry... We gonna eat din din now?"

"Yes, we are, sweetie. Daddy just pulled up to a restaurant. What do you want to eat?"

"I wan.... Bas-getti," Alyssa blurts. "An gaa-wic bread. An... an dat stuff daddy dwinks."

"Silly Alyssa, you can't have *wine*," Madison giggles.

"Yeah-huh. I... I *twenty-five*. I old enough," the little girl giggles, obviously being playful.

"How about we settle on grape juice," Carol says as she lifts the girl out of her car seat.

“Okay Mommy,” Alyssa says. They get into the restaurant. There is a small line of people waiting to be seated. Apparently, Bob's is *the* place to be in this town. The host greets Mr. and Mrs. Ludke and takes their name down, saying it'll be about a 10-minute wait. Of course, this gives Carol a chance to change Britney's stinky diaper.

“Okay, come on Britney. Let's go get.... I mean... let's go potty.” Britney blushes as she takes her mother's hand and waddles into the ladies room. Luckily this restroom has a private stall with a changing area in it.

Meanwhile, the other girls wait with Mr. Ludke. The nearby benches in the lobby are full so they all have to stand. Alyssa seems to have a problem standing still, and is now doing a “pee-pee dance.” An old lady behind her notices, and taps on Derrick's shoulder. “Sir, I think your little girl has to go potty.” Just then, Alyssa squats down a little and begins rapidly peeing into her pull-up like there's no tomorrow. Fifteen seconds later she turns around, twirling her skirt just enough for her pull-up to peak out and crinkle.

“Not no more, lady. I couldn't hold it. It okay I gots my pull-up on, see?” Alyssa proudly lifts up her skirt, showing her now soaked pull-up. The little hearts on the front are all fading away. The old lady just gives a weird look and turns away.

Emily can't help but giggle. “Awe, good job Ally! Maddie, your little sister rocks. She's getting my spunk. I... I love it! Guess what kiddo? I just peed a lot, too,” Emily whispers as her face turns pale pink.

“Oh, you girls are something else!” Derrick says to them. Soon after, a dry and clean Britney toddles out from the restroom and joins them. At last, a server comes out and shows them to their table. Once again, a booster seat is given to Alyssa *and* Emily. The waitress comes over and drops off some menus, kids' menus, and crayons. Alyssa immediately begins to carefully color on her coloring page. Britney joins her. Emily tells the waitress she is 7 and of course the waitress doesn't question it. Maybe it was her thick diaper sticking out of her shorts that gave it away? Drinks are ordered and then their meals. Alyssa proudly tells the waitress she wants “basgetti”, garlic bread, and grape juice.

As the family is just about done eating, Emily's urge to poop is now at center stage. She can't hold it any longer. Her face turns red and she stops trying to hold back any longer. “Uh oh.... Um, I guess I.... I lose this one, Maddie.” Madison smiles.

“Ha, I knew it! Um, oh man. Mommy it stinks in here. Can you please go change her?” Madison covers her nose.

“Of course. Come on Em. No worries. Anyone else need to come with us?” Madison gets up.

“Yeah, but not to be changed. Um, to go potty. Uh, like... now,” Madison bolts to the bathroom. She runs into a stall and quickly throws her wet diaper off, then sits on the toilet. She just makes it, doing the rest of her business in the toilet. She sighs relief. She doesn't care what Britney or Emily say, she's not going to poop in a diaper if she doesn't have to. It's just too gross for her. Emily enters and gets up on the changing table.

“Hi stinky-butt!” Madison says from the adjacent stall as she's wiping herself.

“Oh hush! You know, Britney's kind of right. Um, it's not so bad. Yeah, I mean it stinks and stuff but it's not *THAT* bad. Um, if you got someone to change you. Um, sorry Mrs.... I mean – Carol.” Emily says.

“No worries, sweetie. I'm used to it. I don't even smell anything. It's a mommy thing,” she says. Emily giggles.

“Oh, you can just put me in a pull-up cause we're gonna go swimming soon anyways. No need for a big thick diaper now.”

Carol nods, grabbing a normal girls' pull-up from her oversized purse. Madison puts her half-wet diaper back on, knowing she'll be taking it off again soon. She gets out of the stall and washes her hands.

They return to the restaurant where Alyssa, Britney, and Derrick are waiting in the lobby. He has already paid the bill.

“Okay, let's get to the hotel and get checked in for the night. I know I'm looking forward to the hot tub they have in the pool area!” Derrick says. They leave the restaurant and get back into the van. The hotel is only 5 minutes away. The short drive there seems like seconds compared to the rest of the day spent in the car. They get checked in and enter their room. It's a large hotel room with 3 beds, even a toddler bed for Alyssa. As soon as they get in the room, all any of the girls can think about is getting in the pool. Alyssa digs in her little suitcase and finds her adorable Strawberry Shortcake one piece suit. She holds it out in front of her and runs up next to Carol.

“Momma help! I wanna go swim-in.”

“Yes, little miss... We are all going swimming. Just a second, I need to find the swim diapers.”

“Swim diapy? Why not I just wear pull-up? I already wet anyways,” Alyssa says.

Madison giggles. “No, silly. You can't wear regular diapers or pull-ups in the pool. They'd try to soak up all the water and like explode on you. Swim diapers are like special pull-ups that don't hold much water. It's in case you poop.”

Alyssa makes a pout face. “I not gonna poop in da pool! I no need wear swim diapy.”

“Ally, if you want to go swimming you have to wear one. It's the rule. I know you poop in the potty now but it's in case of an accident. Look, Maddie, Britney, and Emily are all going to wear one, too. Come on, sweetie. Let's get you out of that wet pull-up before you get a rash...”

Alyssa sighs. “Oh, all-wite.”

“That's my good girl. “Carol helps her youngest child get changed into a swim diaper and her swimsuit. Madison, Britney, and Emily begin to get dressed.

Madison tries to find her swim diaper. “Um, Mom? Where's ours? I don't think I'll fit in the ones Alyssa wears.”

“Oh, yes. I ordered some special made ones online. They are re-usable. These two should fit you Britney and this one should fit Emily.” Carol hands one to each girl. Madison's is pink and baby blue. Britney's is purple and green and Emily's is pink and purple. They help each other get dressed. The swim diapers are a bit bulkier than Alyssa's Little Swimmer. After they all have their suits on, Emily stands in front of a mirror to admire her swim diaper poking out the sides of her bright orange and pink suit. Britney and Madison do the same.

“And really, who cares. Let's all act like we're 7 or 8 and totally not potty trained. If any other kids ask, just be proud about it!” It'll freak them out and be really funny,” Emily says. The other girls nod and giggle amongst themselves.

The girls enter the pool. It's a large pool with a special kiddie area with shallow water and water toys. Alyssa starts toddling to that area, wanting Britney to go with her. “C'mon Bitt-ney! We go play in here!” Britney happily follows her and they quickly jump in the water and splash around. The other children there, ranging from 2-6, begin playing with them immediately.

Emily and Madison go to the normal sized pool. This pool has a slide, and they immediately get in line for it. A boy behind them, about 9 or 10, can't help but notice the swim diapers sticking out of their suits.

The line moves a little as more kids go down the slide. Emily notices the boy staring at her.

“What are you looking at, boy?”

“Your diapers. Um, the baby pool is over *there*,” the boy points. Some other kids nearby start laughing.

“Why is it that only babies can wear diapers? Yeah, I wear diapers. Who cares, jerk?” Emily sticks her tongue out at him and gets up on the slide, pushing herself down. Madison's turn is next. She turns to the boy.

“Yeah, go suck eggs. You talk all tough but you know what – I bet you pee the bed at night. Uh huh – you just blushed. Busted! HA!” Madison goes down the slide, giggling all the way down. Now the boy leaves them alone. Eventually the other kids join Madison and Emily and play with them – paying no mind to their diapers.

Carol and Derrick are relaxing in the hot tub nearby. They watch the girls play and quietly talk about their day and the trip ahead. “Derrick, does your family know about the girls? I mean that all of them are now wearing some form of diapers. I just don't want there to be any unnecessary drama. “

Derrick sighs. “Emily asked me that earlier. My brother and his wife know about Britney. I'm not sure if I told them about Maddie, but I think I did. Regardless, I don't think there's much to worry about. Their youngest girl still wets the bed and wears pull-ups at night and I think has daytime accidents so she already has something in common. “

“I suppose you're right. I worry more about Britney, though. She's so fragile right now. I hope she's able to make friends with her new cousins and relatives.”

“I'm sure she will. Really, I have a pretty diverse family, as you know. Let's not worry about it. I'm more worried about getting there on time. We should get the kids to bed soon. I'm pretty beat myself. “Derrick yawns. Carol agrees. She calls out to the girls. “Five minutes then it's bed time.” Usually, the girls would fight and cry to keep swimming. However, they are all just as tired.

Back in the hotel room, the girls are changed out of their suits and swim diapers. Alyssa lays down in her bed, snuggling up to her teddy bear. She's got her night diaper on and just a t-shirt. “Ni-ni Momma. Ni-ni Bitt-ney. Ni-Ni Maddie. Ni-ni Emmy. Ni-Ni Daddy! I love you.” Alyssa says weakly. Derrick goes over to her and gives her a hug and a kiss.

“Night princess. Have good sleeps!” Madison, Britney, and Emily are tucked in to the same queen-sized bed. Britney is suckling her favorite pacifier and cuddling with her Dolphin. She gets hugs and kisses from Mom and Dad, as does Madison and of course, Emily. All three girls are asleep within minutes.

...

As usual, Emily is the first to awake. It's early, about 8:00 AM. For some reason she is anxious to get a move on and make it to Wisconsin. She looks over at everyone else. Even the adults are still asleep. She thinks to herself... “Um, I'm hungry but I don't wanna wake up Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. Oh, this hotel has free breakfast down in the lobby...” Emily looks down at herself. She's wearing a purple and pink nightgown, her hair is crazy, and of course her thick, crinkly night diaper. But she's in the middle of nowhere. She figures she'll just blend in. She slips into her slippers and carefully opens and shuts the door. She toddles down to the front lobby and goes over to the breakfast buffet. They have the usual donuts, waffles, bagels, juice, eggs, bacon, sausage, and fruit. She takes a bit of everything and pours herself some orange juice. She decides she'll eat down in the lobby, and sits herself down at a small table. Others nearby don't pay much attention to her, until another little girl approaches the other side of her table. She looks to be about 9. She has dark brown, long hair that's done up all nice with a bow on top. She's dressed for the day, wearing jean shorts and a pink top. She looks over at Emily.

“It okay if I sit here?” the girl says, shyly.

“Yup, sure. Um, sorry I'm not dressed yet. Everyone else is still sleeping but I'm hungry. Oh, I'm Emily. Uh, I'm... I'm 7,” Emily tries not to giggle or show that she's lying.

“That's cool, same with me. I mean my mom is still sleeping. I got myself dressed and stuff. I'm Alison and I'm 9. “The girl takes a big gulp of juice. Emily is busy eating her breakfast, but can't help but fidget and shake her legs. Yeah, she has a full bladder and there's no use trying to stop it. Suddenly, she relaxes her bladder muscles and feels an intense

warmth surround her groin. For a moment she is off in la-la land. She smiles and lets out a big sigh. Of course, she just realized what she's done in front of her new friend, and gasps a little.

“Are...you okay, little girl?” Alison asks.

“Who? Me? Hey I—I'm not *that* little. And... You're not *that* big. But yeah, I... fine. Just had to... um... stretch? My bed – wasn't the best. But this food... So yummy,” Emily says, trying to change the subject. Alison just gives her a funny look and giggles, going back to eating her breakfast. A few minutes pass and both girls are now done eating.

“Okay, I better get back to my room before anyone misses me. It... It nice meeting you, uh... Alison,” Emily gets up out of her seat and goes over to throw her garbage away. The girl follows, doing the same.

“Nice meeting you, too. Where is your room? I'll walk you back. Um, your mommy probably wouldn't want you to be out here alone,” Alison says.

“Ha! My mommy isn't here. I'm staying with my friends and their mommy and daddy. But, okay. I'm upstairs in 218. Um, let's go I guess,” Emily says, a little nervous that her saggy, crinkly diaper will be noticeable as she walks.

Emily walks down the hall to the elevator. There is a rather loud sound of her diaper crinkling with every step she takes. Alison follows behind her, wondering what it is she's hearing, but not wanting to say anything. The girls enter the elevator. The ride up seems like the longest 10 seconds of Emily's life. Finally, the door opens. Emily runs out and down to room 218. Alison runs after her. “Okay, this is it. Um, nice meeting you. Hope you have a good vacation,” the girl says as she starts to walk away.

“You, too. Thanks for walking me back,” Emily inserts the key-card in the door and walks in, quietly closing it on her way in. She notices everyone else is awake now. “Oh, um... Hi. Sorry, I woke up and I was really hungry so I went and ate. Um, that okay?”

“Yeah, that's fine. Thanks for letting us sleep in a bit. We were all tired from driving,” Carol says, finishing changing Alyssa's diaper. Madison and Britney are already changed and dressed, watching cartoons.

“Hey, I wanna get breakfast too! Do they have waffles?” Madison whines. Emily nods, twirling her nightgown. “Yeah, and just about everything else. Um, Mrs.... I mean... Ca...Carol?” Emily looks up at her sweetly.

“Yes, sweetie. Lay down on the bed here. I'm all finished with Ally. Let's get you dressed. What do you want to wear today?”

“Um, shorts are fine. But um, oh. When are we gonna get to your relatives' house?”

“Not until after dinner, I think.”

“Okay, then yeah. A thick diapy is fine for now. Um, thanks.”

“Emily, you don't need to be nervous around me.” Carol gets out an outfit and thick diaper for Emily to wear. The other girls go down to eat breakfast while Emily is getting changed.

“Sorry, I'm just nervous about meeting your family. I'll get over it...” They talk a bit as Emily gets changed.

At last, all girls are changed, dressed, and fed. Mr. and Mrs. Ludke grab some bagels and coffee for the road, then check out of the hotel and load the suitcases into the van. Emily and Alyssa are securely bucked into their car seats while Maddie and Britney are in their booster seats. It's Derrick's turn to drive. He gets situated and starts to set the GPS. The car takes off, rolling towards the highway. “Bye-bye middle of nowhere!” Madison shouts as she pops a pacifier in her mouth and takes out her tablet. She's not quite awake yet so is in a rather babyish mood. Emily looks at her and giggles,

taking out her pacifier (the one she got from Josh) and sucks on it contently. Of course, now Britney has to get hers out. Mrs. Ludke quickly snaps a picture.

“Mom, don't you dare post that anywhere...” Madison says.

“I won't, silly. But I couldn't resist. You look so cute together.”

----- *Endless driving.... Nothing exciting... Until.... About 4:30 PM* -----

“Hey, girls! Wake up! We're getting close,” Carol shouts.

“Uh, wha? What's wrong? Um, did someone poop?” Madison mumbles.

“No, look! We.... we in Wisconsin!” Britney shouts with enthusiasm. The girls look around.

“Oh, cool. It's about... time. Um, how much longer till we get to your cousins' house?” Asks Emily.

“I dunno, Momma, where are we?” Britney asks.

“We just entered Wisconsin so we're in the southwest corner. We'll be at aunt and uncle Ludke's in about an hour,” Carol says.

“Yay! I'm so sick of being in the car. Um, are we gonna stop first before we go to their house?” Madison asks.

“Yeah, in about 45 minutes we'll stop for dinner. What's the matter, Maddie?”

“I think you know, mom. We've all been in the car slamming juice boxes and soda since lunch time...”

“Yeah, um... totally,” Emily blushes as she fidgets and squirms.

“Don't you worry, we'll take care of that at the restaurant. I know of a fun place right outside of town.”

They pull into the parking lot of a weird looking family restaurant. It's actually an old barn converted into a restaurant. The barn is brightly colored, a different color on each side. They enter and are shown to a booth. Of course, with all girls needing changes, Mrs. Ludke immediately takes them to towards the restrooms.

“Oh, cool. They have a family room!” Madison says as she pulls open the door. For a “family” restroom it is pretty large. It has two toilets and a large diaper changing area.

“Momma, I go first please? I *really* wet!” Alyssa begs, tugging at her skirt. Carol lifts the girl up on the changing table and pulls her skirt down, then rips her pull-up off. One more drop and it would have leaked. Carol asks if Alyssa needs to go potty (for poop) but she shakes her head for no. She quickly slides a dry pull-up on her and helps put her skirt back on, then lifts her down. “There we go, all set. Who's next?” Emily raises her hand and jumps up on the table, laying down. Her diaper could have held another wetting, but she's been wet long enough and doesn't want to risk leaking. Carol is about to pull another super thick Snuggies diaper out of the diaper bag when Emily stops her.

“Um, I wanna go back to wearing the thinner pull-ups. Um, because I don't really wanna be waddling around in such a thick one when we get there. I... I know I'll have to be careful and not pee as much. But I wanna be more like I'm 7 and just have accidents on occasion, you know?”

“Sure, of course. Pull-up it is,” Carol puts the diaper back in the back and pulls out a much thinner Target brand girls' 4T-5T pull-up. Emily pulls her shorts back on and admires herself in the mirror.

“You can barely tell now, cool. Okay, your turn, Maddie.” Madison hops up on the changing table. She also decides its best not to wear such a thick diaper. She and Britney opt for their usual Pampers size 7. Carol reminds them

to be sure they get changed more often, though. Especially Emily. Being back in regular pull-ups, she will have to change after one small wetting or it'll leak.

The girls walk out of the family restroom and to the booth. Madison sits next to Emily; Britney sits by Alyssa.

The waitress comes by and takes their orders.

“Can you.... Tell I'm wearing one?” Madison whispers to Emily.

“Only slightly. Like sometimes I can see a little bulge in your jeans but only if I'm like staring. Let's try not to worry. We're gonna be here a week, right? I'm sure they are gonna find out at some time. Your Dad says they are all nice. Aren't they?”

“Yeah, I guess so. The older one – I think she's like 14. I worry about her. But I'll try to relax...”

Soon the food comes. Everyone is very hungry and not much discussion takes place during dinner. They finish eating and get back into the van, eager to finally arrive at their destination.

10 minutes into the trip, a sign can be seen. “Welcome to Middleton.” Madison recognizes this name. She knows they are getting close. “Oh my Gosh, we're finally here! Um, how far Mommy?”

“Two blocks! You remember the name of the town they live in?”

“Uh huh! I'm so excited to see my cousins again... but, also kind of nervous.”

“Me too... Um, I.... I've never met them yet,” Britney says, looking down.

“Awe, sweetie pie. They are all very nice. I'm sure all you kids will have a great time. Don't worry about a thing. Oh look, we are here!” The van pulls into the driveway of a decent sized, two-story house. It has a large front and back yard. The two younger girls are out in the backyard playing. They see the van pull in and run to the front. Emily and Alyssa are helped out of the van while Madison and Britney hop out on their own. A very excited girl walks up to them and greets them.

“Hi! You made it, huh? We're so happy you came. Oh, sorry. My name is Amber. I'm 7 and a half. And this is my sister Megan. She's 9. Um, which one is Maddie?” The angelic, blond and pig-tailed girl asks. “

“That's me, I'm Madison. I'm 12, almost 13. This is my sister Britney, also 12. And this is Emily, my friend. She's almost 11. And finally, the little one is my sister Alyssa, she's 5. It's nice to meet you all. But... wait, where's.... Cori? She's like close to my age, right?” Madison asks.

“Yeah, she's inside talking on the phone, I think. She just turned 14. Um, let's go inside and you can meet my mom and dad. Um, Alyssa do you wanna sleep in my room?” Amber asks. Since they are closer in age, it only makes sense. Alyssa happily nods and takes the girl's hand. “Yay! Let's go in my room you can put your things there and we can play with stuff. I have doll houses and Legos and puzzles and all sorts of stuff. Oh, and my mom will put an extra bed in there for you. My room is big enough.” The two girls run along upstairs to Amber's room. Meanwhile, Megan quickly befriends Madison, Britney, and Emily and offers to let them all bunk up in her room. Each girl has their own room in this house and their rooms are quite spacious. You can tell this is an upper middle-class home. This leaves just the Ludkes standing in the living room.

“Well, those *were* our kids... and their friend Emily. You'll meet them later...” They all just laugh.

“We get it, I'm sure they are all sick of being cooped up in the car for 2 days. Let them play and get to know each other. Our home is your home, you know that. We're just glad you all could make it. “

“Thanks, Jen. We're glad to finally be here. Hey, before we sit down for coffee and such, I just want to go over what we talked about on the phone a few days ago... About the girls... Britney, especially...”

“Derrick, you don't have to explain. We have no problems with your girls and their needs. And if my kids give them any trouble, well – they will regret it. They are pretty good kids. Amber shouldn't be too surprised. She still wets at night and sometimes has pee accidents during the day. Megan is pretty easy going. And Cori – well she probably won't be around much. She's at that phase where she's always hanging out with her friends or talking on the phone. But if any of them give your girls trouble, just let me know.”

“Thanks, Jen. Well, now that we have *that* out of the way – what's on the agenda tonight?”

“Oh, that's a surprise. But I know you and the misses need to get away and have some fun. So, I've got our usual babysitter coming over soon. And the four of us are going out on the town. Nothing special. Maybe a karaoke bar or two. Sound good?” Derrick's sister-in-law says.

“Oh, that's not necessary. Really, we're just happy to be here with family.” Mrs. Ludke says respectfully.

“We insist! You can't say no. Ashley is already on her way. She'll be here in five minutes... “

“Well then.... I guess we shall have to take you up on this offer. But, about this Ashley... is she CPR certified? Does she mind diaper changing? Is she good with kids?” Derrick asks, mostly teasing.

“Seriously? She's been our babysitter since she was in high school. Yes, she's a good kid. She's 21 and all our girls absolutely love her. I'm sure your girls will, too.”

Derrick goes over to the foot of the stairs. “Girls, can you all come down here please?” He shouts.

All the children, including Cori (who is finally off the phone) come running down the stairs. They all line up next to each other in the living room. Cori looks over at Mr. and Mrs. Ludke.

“Aunt Carol, Uncle Derrick. Wow, it's been a while. Nice to see you. And Madison – you're the only one I remember. But, hi. It's nice to have you all here.”

“Awe, thanks Cori. You sure have grown into a beautiful young woman,” Carol compliments. Cori smiles awkwardly.

“Alright, kids. We have an announcement to make. All the adults are going out tonight. I've got Ashley coming to keep an eye on you. Tomorrow we will all have fun, so please get to bed at a decent hour.” Jennifer explains.

“Aw, Mom! I can watch them. I'm 14 I'm old enough to babysit,” whines Cori.

“I appreciate that, sweetie. But there are 4 extra kids here. You can help Ashley out, okay?”

Cori sighs, but slowly agrees. Just then, the doorbell rings. Jennifer opens it and in walks Ashley.

“Hi Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. Oh, and hi people I don't know. I'm Ashley. I see I have some extra kids to look after tonight?”

“Yes. My brother-in-law and his wife are visiting with their girls. First, we have Madison and her sisters Britney and Alyssa. And next to them is Emily, who is Maddie and Britney's friend.” The girls all nervously wave at Ashley. Madison can't help but stare at the young woman. For a 21-year-old she stands rather short and petite. She has shiny, long brown hair and wears just a small amount of makeup and eye shadow. Something about her just captures Madison's interest. She has a feeling she is going to like this babysitter. Britney is having similar feelings.



The adults decide they'd better get a move on as it's already getting close to 7:00 PM. They all get into the car, except Carol who stays behind to talk to Ashley. She pulls her aside into the kitchen while the kids are all watching TV in the family room.

“Hi Ashley, nice to meet you. I fully trust you are a good babysitter so don't think I'm here to lecture you. I just want you to know some things about my girls. Let me start with the two older ones. Madison and Britney. Well, first, Britney. She's not ours by blood. We adopted her when her abusive mother was arrested. Needless to say, Britney has some emotional issues. She's very fragile. And at times, she doesn't always act like a typical 12-year-old. So, with that said – she also has regressed and has become diaper dependent. She wears Pampers size 7. Madison the same, though her regression is not always quite as severe. She doesn't really like to admit to the fact that she now *needs* them, but she does. Emily, their friend, is 10 ½ and she has recently started wearing pull-ups during the day and diapers at night. And finally, the youngest Alyssa. She's 5 and still wears Pull-ups full time. She will usually go potty for pooping but pee is usually still done in her pull-ups. Oh, sorry... You look a bit overwhelmed. I hope I didn't scare you.”

Ashley isn't really scared, more like shocked. She thinks to herself. “Wow, the 3 older girls are little mini-mes! And the 5-year-old – kind of like Kelly was at that age.”

“Oh – no, not at all. Just trying to keep everything straight. I certainly don't have a problem with any of this. Not sure if Jen told you, but her younger girl, Amber – she still wears them at night and sometimes I think she should wear pull-ups during the day. She still has a lot of accidents. Not really sure why. She didn't 'potty train' till almost 5, though. So yeah, it's not a problem at all. I'm still a kid at heart, too. We'll get along just fine, I'm sure!”

“Great! Sorry, I'll get out of the way. I'm just being a mom!” They both laugh. Carol runs off and gets in the car as they head to their night of fun. Ashley goes into the living room and sits down next to Britney. She wants to be sure Britney is comfortable with her first, knowing what Carol just told her.

“Hi Britney. Please don't be shy or afraid around me. Your mom told me everything. I think it's cool and I can tell she loves you so much. In fact, I hope we get to hang out more while you're here because I have some stories to share with you and Maddie. But for now, please don't be afraid. And if you need to be changed, just – whisper in my ear, okay kiddo?” Ashley whispers. Britney smiles and gives her a hug, instantly snuggling up to Ashley and getting comfortable. This is huge, as Britney usually takes more time to adjust to new people. But again, there's just this special vibe she gets from Ashley.

“Awe, see... we're gonna get along just fine!” Ashley says as she gets comfortable. The girls all begin to watch a Disney movie that's on Netflix.

## Chapter 28: Madison, meet Madison, WI. Madison, WI – meet Madison Ludke.

The Disney movie ends. Amber wants to watch one of her favorite shows and asks the others if it's okay if she picks the next thing to watch. No one seems to mind, except Cori who seems somewhat annoyed.

"As long as you don't pick that stupid baby show that you're too old to be watching..."

Ashley gives Cori a look of disappointment. "What do you want to watch, sweetie?"

"It – it's not a *baby* show! I wanna watch Strawberry Shortcake," Amber whines.

Emily just about chokes on her breath. Not caring what Cori may think, she speaks up. "Hey, I love that show. Um, I even have Strawberry Shortcake pajamas and I have most of the movies on DVD. I know adults who like it. Totally cool with me!"

"Whatever. Um, watch what you want I'm gonna text my friends," Cori snaps.

"Yay! Uh, before I start it I wanna go get my jammies on and get ready for bed," Amber says.

"Good idea, sweetie. Do you need any help?" Ashley asks. Amber shakes her head for no.

"You sure about that, baby? Don't need any help putting your *diaper* on?" Cori teases.

"I'm not a baby! And I don—don't wear *diapers*!"

"Yes, you do, brat. Go on, get your diaper pants on, baby." Emily, Maddie, and Britney all look at each other. They don't have to talk out loud but all seem to know what each other is thinking. They take mental notes to try and stay away from Cori as much as possible. Emily begins to fidget as all the dry areas in her pull-up are now soaked. She tries not to draw any attention to it. Tears start to well up in Amber's little eyes.

"You are so mean! I hate you!" Amber starts to walk towards the stairs to go to her room. Cori sticks her tongue out at the girl. Ashley is *not* pleased.

"Cori! Last warning. You want me to take that phone and flush it down the toilet? No? Then knock it off! You need to be nice to your sister!" Britney covers her ears, not really liking the sound of yelling right now.

Cori sighs. "Okay, fine. I'm sorry Amber. You're not a baby. Go get your jammies on." Amber bolts up the stairs, trying not to cry anymore. She rushes into her room and opens her dresser drawers. First, she pulls out a fresh size S/M Goodnites for girls. The kind with Tinkerbell on them. Then she gets some pink strawberry shortcake pajama shorts and matching shirt. She pulls off her shorts and underwear, tossing them in her hamper. Then she quickly pulls the Goodnite up, then her shorts and shirt. Usually, she would go to the bathroom first, but she is excited to go back and watch her favorite show with her cousins. She goes back downstairs and enters the living room. As she walks, a noticeable crinkle is evident, as well as the tell-tale bulge showing through her shorts. No one says anything. Amber sits down and presses play on the remote.

Britney has uncovered her ears and is excited to watch the show which of course she likes just as much. Twenty-three minutes pass and the first episode is over. Emily's pull-up is cold and soaking wet, becoming uncomfortable. She wants to go change, but doesn't want to do it herself. She whispers in Madison's ear. "Um, Maddie?" Maddie leans to her ear, showing she's listening. "Uh, my pull-up is soaked and getting gross. Um, will you help me?"

"Just... ask Ashley. She already told us if we need to be changed, she will help us. She's really cool about it. Really."

“Yeah, but I don’t want Cori to make fun of me, too.”

Madison sighs. “Okay, well I’m soaked too. I’ll tell Ashley we’re going to go get our PJs on and use the bathroom. And we can change each other, K?” Emily nods her head. “Amber you can start another episode. Um, me and Emily are gonna go get our PJs on and go potty. We’ll be back soon, okay?”

“Sure thing, Madison. Britney, do you want to get yours on, too?” Ashley asks.

Britney thinks for a moment. Her diaper is in need of changing but she doesn’t want to go just yet.

“No, I’m okay for now. I’ll go change a bit later. Like after this next episode.” Ashley nods and smiles. The next episode starts. Emily and Madison slowly get up off the couch and walk towards the stairs, trying not to let their soggy, crinkling diapers be too noticeable. As they get to the stairs, they run up and go into Megan’s room, shutting the door. Madison immediately opens her suitcase and pulls out a long purple nightgown and just a Pampers size 7. Emily does the same, except she has one of her super thick night time pull-ups. She looks at Madison curiously.

“Just a Pamper? Aren’t you afraid you’ll leak?”

“Nah. I’m not gonna drink much before bed. I’ll be okay. You first. Lay down and I’ll change your soggy pull-up, you naughty little girl,” Madison teases, playfully. Emily giggles and lays down on Megan’s bed. She rips open the sides of Emily’s pull-up and slides it out between her legs. “Wow, you just about leaked through this one. Good thing you told me when you did. Okay, time for some serious protection – but first, you need some wipes and powder.” Madison gently wipes Emily’s diaper area and applies a bit of baby powder, then helps her slide the thick pull-up on. Emily stands up and takes care of putting her own nightgown on.

“Thanks Maddie! Okay, your turn. Take your jeans off and lay down. Emily removes Madison’s soggy Pamper and tosses it in the trash. As Emily is taping up Madison’s diaper, they can hear footsteps coming up the stairs. They don’t think much of it. Maybe it’s Ashley going to the bathroom. They could only hope. Nope, it’s Megan. She opens the door to her bedroom to find Madison getting diapered. Madison gasps and a sharp pain enters her stomach. She’s terrified that Megan will laugh at them and go get Cori. Emily quickly finishes putting the diaper on as Madison rushes to slip her nightgown on. Megan is motionless. Not really because she’s shocked, but because she doesn’t want to say something that might offend them. Despite Madison’s fear, Megan is *nothing* like her big sister. Emily tries to think up an explanation but has no ideas. Both Emily and Madison are shaking with fear, almost in tears.

“Um, I can explain...” Madison whispers.

Megan stands next to Madison and gives her a friendly smile. “You don’t have to. Don’t worry, I’m not like Cori. My little sister wears pull-ups to bed because she has accidents sometimes. You need them at night too, Maddie? That’s okay. You’ll grow out of it someday, just like Amber will. You’re still cool to me,” Megan says. A big look of relief comes across both girls’ faces.

“I need them, too,” says Emily, lifting up her gown.

Megan continues smiling. “It’s totally cool. We can talk about it later when we go to bed. You’re still bunking with me, right? And Britney, too?”

“Yup, totally! You’re alright, Megan. Thanks for not laughing at us. Um, so... were you coming in to get your PJs on?” Emily asks. Megan nods her head. “Yup, just getting my jammies and then going to the bathroom. I’ll see you two back downstairs in a bit!” Madison and Emily give her a smile and walk back downstairs together. They quickly sit back down, hoping nothing is noticed.

Ten minutes pass and the 2<sup>nd</sup> episode is over. Alyssa is having a good time watching TV and wetting herself carelessly, but there comes a point where even she wants to have her pull-up changed. She's managed to wet it to capacity and it's starting to bother her. She nudges Britney who of course is sitting next to her. Britney whispers and asks what's wrong.

"I wet. A lot. It feels icky now. You... help me?" As the two are whispering, Megan comes into the room wearing her pajama shorts. No noticeable padding on her butt is evident.

"Britney squirms and whispers back, "uh, I am too. Um, oh. Ashley can change us. She's really nice, she won't make fun."

"Uh huh, buh – I no want that mean girl to know I need-a-get ta—tanged."

Britney gets a brilliant idea. "Don't worry, kiddo. I got this." She clears her throat. "Ashley? Um, Alyssa has to go potty but she's kind of scared to go alone. Can you come with us? Then we can get our jammies on, too. "

"Awe, of course. I'll be happy to help. The bathroom is upstairs, sweetie. Come here, I'll give you an airplane ride up." Ashley gets up and swoops Alyssa into her arms, "flying" her like an airplane. "Here we go, air Alyssa is ready for takeoff. Destination: potty town!" Cori laughs. "Ashley you are so weird – ha-ha."

Alyssa giggles all the way up with Britney following behind them. They all go into Amber's room, where Alyssa will be sleeping. Ashley "lands" Alyssa on Amber's bed, then digs into her suitcase and pulls out another thick pull-up.

"As-wee? Um, I don't really gotta go potty. Um, but my pull-up wet."

"I know that, cutie pie. No need to worry. I've got a dry one right here. We'll get you changed and, in your jammies, alright?" Alyssa claps her hands. She lays down on the bed, fully trusting Ashley as if she is her own mother. Ashley changes the girl like a pro, in record time. Britney was feeling a little nervous about asking to get changed, but after seeing this, she's eager to get changed by her. Alyssa hops off the bed. Before Britney can even say anything, Ashley looks at her. "Okay, your turn Britney. Climb up on the bed and I'll get your all cleaned up in no time." Britney happily hops up on the bed and lays down. Not afraid at all to be herself, she clutches her stuffed dolphin and enjoys every moment of the diaper change. Ashley changes her into another Pampers and remarks about how adorable they look on her. Britney can tell Ashley has a lot of experience with changing diapers, especially on older children. She takes it all in and feels like she's in heaven. She can be herself around Ashley – and Ashley completely "gets it." Who is she and why does she understand? Is she, or was she, like Britney? These thoughts race through her mind as her diaper is carefully changed by the hands of an angel. "There, all set. Now, would you like to wear shorts or a nightgown?" Of course, Britney chooses the nightgown – to better hide her diaper (as long as she doesn't lift it up or sit funny).

Off they go back downstairs. The next episode of Strawberry Shortcake is playing. Amber has just polished off her second cup of root beer. Her bladder was half full a half hour ago and soon will need to be emptied. Britney and Alyssa sit back down and cuddle on the couch together. Amber is sitting on her own little chair. She's at the point where she knows she has to pee, but doesn't want to. She squirms a bit, trying not to make it noticeable. Cori is too busy on her phone to notice anything right now, including fireworks or a nuclear blast. The episode ends. Madison is sick of TV and wants to play a quick game before heading to bed.

"Hey, I'm sick of watching TV for now. Let's play a game. What's your favorite game to play, Amber?" Amber ponders for a few moments, still fidgeting from time to time.

"Oh! We have a Wii. Wanna play Mario Kart? We have enough controllers. Ashley, can you set it up?" Ashley gets up to get the Wii working.

"Yep, of course. Hey, maybe you should go potty first? Kind of looks like you have to go..."

Amber shakes her head. “No, I’m okay. Just had an itch. Um, I wanna be princess peach!” The girls get their controllers and get ready to play. Ashley lets them know they can play 3 rounds and then it’s time to lay down in bed. Cori gets up off the recliner.

“Whatever. I’m going up to my room. Goodnight kids, goodnight, Ash.” She runs upstairs. Ashley says goodnight. The game begins. Emily, Madison, Britney, Alyssa, and Amber are all racing together. Most of them are sitting, but Amber prefers to stand. Time advances quickly as it always does during ample fun. It’s now the 2<sup>nd</sup> race. Amber is in the lead and is quite excited. Along with the excitement comes a bladder that can no longer stand to be full. She’s not about to drop out of the race now to go potty. Her subconscious remembers she’s got a pull-up on and uses it to her advantage. The floodgates of her bladder release quickly as she approaches the finish line. Just as her Princess Peach kart passes the finish line, Amber finishes soaking her pull-up. She’s so caught up in the moment, she hasn’t yet noticed what just happened.

“Yay, I won!” Amber jumps up and down several times. She loses her balance and falls down on her butt. Her soaking wet pull-up makes quite a sloshy sound and she instantly feels the gushing, warm gelled up wetness surrounding her bottom. She gasps, now realizing what just went down. But, at the same time, she can’t help but enjoy it. “Uh... oops,” she says out loud.

“What’s the matter, kiddo?” Ashley wonders.

“Oh, nothing. I just, um. I fell. I’m okay. Um, okay... who’s gonna win the next race?” Amber tries to change the subject. Emily looks at Madison and gives her a wink. They both know what Amber just did. The girls go back to the next race. Emily wins this one, but doesn’t get quite as excited. She’s getting tired, after-all.

“Good game! Um, I’m getting sleepy. We should go lay down,” Emily says.

“Good idea. Okay, I think Alyssa sleeps in Amber’s room. Madison, Britney, and Emily sleep in Megan’s?”

“Yeah, Ally can sleep in my room. Mommy put an extra bed in there I think.” Amber stutters, distracted from her squishy pull up. Not even realizing it, she has her hands on her now warm, swelled up bottom. Ashley knows exactly what’s going on now.

“That’s right, but first I think you need to come with me to the bathroom, okay?”

“Um, why?” Amber looks confused.

“I don’t think you want me to say it out loud, sweetie. Come on, let’s go. Girls, you can go up to your rooms. Alyssa, I’ll be in to tuck you in shortly.” The girls hustle up the stairs, now leaving just Ashley and Amber.

“Why do I have to go with you? I don’t have to go potty.

“I know that. You took care of that during the game. So now you need to get changed so you don’t leak.”

Amber’s face turns beet red. “Um, no.... I did – I didn’t go pee. I’m – it’s still dry. “

“Amber, come on – level with me. It’s okay, you know I’m not upset. You had an accident. So, let’s go take care of that.”

“Oh, fine. I went in my diap – I mean... Pull-up. I didn’t wanna lose the race....”

“I know, sweetie. I know.” Let’s go, it’ll take a second... The two go upstairs and into the bathroom. Amber’s pull-up is changed in record time and the two enter Amber’s room to get tucked in. Amber climbs into her bed as Ashley pulls her covers over her. Alyssa is in her bed. Ashley tucks her in and gives her a kiss. “I’ll be here all night. Just holler if

you need anything. If you're wet, too. Okay cutie?" Alyssa nods and says "ni-ni Ash-wee." She rolls over and is asleep within seconds.

Ashley leaves the room and goes into Megan's room to check on the other girls. "Hey girls. You can stay up and talk for a while but keep it down. Amber and Alyssa are already asleep."

"We'll be quiet. Ashley, are you going to be here tomorrow?" Britney asks sweetly.

"Yeah. I'm sleeping over here tonight because your parents will be out pretty late. Why do you ask?"

"Um, no reason. I just really like you. Um, you're super nice and I -- I feel like you know me or something. You just, you *get* me."

"Awe, that's really sweet. I'm glad I got to meet you girls. You're very sweet, all of you. Okay, have a good sleep. Holler if you need anything. Goodnight!" They wave goodbye as Ashley closes the door. Megan is eager to talk to the three girls about diapers. She can't help but be curious. Right now, she thinks they all just wear for nighttime.

Megan isn't quite sure how to break the ice so she just brings up a random thought.

"So, what kind of music do you like?" Emily and Britney just shrug, so Madison blurts out a few of her favorites. *Metric, Elle King, Garbage, and Joy wave. And lots more, but that's what first come to her mind.* Megan starts softly humming along to a song... "*Help, I'm alive my heart keeps beating...like a hammer.*"

Madison giggles. "You like Metric, too? Awesome song, one of my favorites. I wanna see them in concert so bad but my mom thinks I'm too young... ugh. I'm gonna be 13 soon," she sighs.

"Yeah, I wanna see them too. Wish we didn't live so far apart; we could go together. Um, so I think Britney and Emily are already asleep. Um, can I ask you kind of a personal question?"

"Uh, sure. It's about what you walked in on earlier? Me and Ems getting, um – dressed?" Madison tries not to turn red.

"Yeah, that. Hey, I'm not going to make fun of you. I told you, I'm used to it. Amber wears them at night, but sometimes I think she really doesn't *need* them. If it's like that for you, too – that's okay. I'm just kind of curious, I guess. Do you, like wearing them? Have you needed them at night since you were little? Um, sorry for all the questions."

"It's okay. Uh, no I haven't always needed to wear them at night. It... it's kind of a long – and weird story. Um, so last September at school I had to give an oral report. I have this nervous habit of peeing in my pants when speaking in front of a group of people. Well, I was fed up of that happening so I went and bought a pack of Goodnights and the day of the oral report I wore one under my overalls. All the kids were expecting my pants to get wet after my report. But they didn't get wet. The pull-up got soaked, but didn't leak. My classmates didn't tease me anymore. They didn't know I was wearing a diaper. So, yeah – that's kind of how it started..."

"But, how did wearing one to school cause you to become a bed wetter?" Megan inquires, a bit confused.

"Um, well. That's another story. I, I don't want to bore you. And you'll think I'm weird and stuff. I mean seriously I'm going to be 13 soon and I still wear diapers. You really don't want to know..."

"Yes, I do! I told you I won't make fun. You're my cousin, I like you and I wanna know more about you. You are family and we don't get to see you much. If it makes you feel better, I'll tell you a secret about me. Not even Cori knows. If I tell you mine, will you tell me more about yours?" Madison reluctantly nods her head. "Cool! Okay, so here goes. I'm 9 but I still do something that is very babyish, I guess. My Mom knows, but she always tells me to stop when she catches me doing it. When I get nervous or scared – or sometimes tired, I suck my – thumb. There, I said it!"

Madison starts to giggle. “He-he, oh – sorry. I’m not laughing *at* you. Here, let me show you something. You might actually like this. It’s also something Emily and Britney like. Hold on,” Madison digs into her suitcase and pulls out one of her pink toddler size pacifiers, then pops it in her mouth. “These are much better for you than sucking your thumb,” she giggles.

Megan gasps, a little shocked. An intense feeling of excitement comes over her. She *wants* that pacifier and she wants it – *now*.

“Oh my... gosh! Really, you and Emily and Britney all get to use those? And your mom doesn’t get mad? Um, Maddie?”

Madison pops the pacifier out of her mouth. “You want one, don’t you?” Yeah, I thought so. One sec!” Madison gets out another pacifier from her bag and hands it over to Megan, who is a bit afraid to put it in. “C’mon, you know you want to. Your mom’s not here and I won’t tell.” Megan gets a look of innocent mischief on her face as she puts the pacifier in her mouth. She begins sucking it like she’s been using them for years. Madison coos. “Awe, you look so adorable. You can keep it, okay? Just hide it in a safe place.”

“I will, thanks! Okay, so you like pacifiers and you are wearing.... OH! I just kind of remembered something. Since you got here – I didn’t see you get up to go to the bathroom, not even once. In fact, Emily and Britney didn’t, either. When we were watching TV, it seemed like Emily had to pee and then a minute later she didn’t have to. Do you wear them – like, all the time?”

“Yeah, well that’s the other part of the story. When I wore that diaper to school and I used it, it wasn’t just nice because I didn’t have wet pants. I liked how they felt, both dry *and* wet. So, I started wearing them in place of underwear. To school, at home, everywhere. For the first few weeks, my parents didn’t know. Back then, Britney wasn’t my sister, she was my best friend. She came over for a sleepover one night and it was then we both found out about our secrets. I liked diapers from wearing one for my little problem. She was a bed wetter but grew fond of them, too. After that sleepover, she started wearing them to school and stuff, too. And well, during that sleepover, my nightgown lifted up while we were playing and my parents saw what I was wearing....” Madison continues to tell the rest of the story, leading up to how Britney got adopted into their family, thanks to her abusive mother.

Megan is at a loss of words. During the whole story, she had the pacifier in her mouth. She pops it out so she can talk clearly.

“That is quite a story. But wow, Maddie. You are a great friend and now sister. Really sucks what happened to Britney but I’m so glad your family was able to help her get out of that bad place. So, okay, I just got one more question and then we can go to sleep. I’m sleepy. How did Emily get into this? She’s my age, right? Uh, can I really keep this pacifier?”

Madison nods happily. “Of course, you can. It’s my gift. We have tons of ‘em, ha-ha. Okay, Emily. She’s almost 11. Britney and I met her last Halloween while trick-or-treating. She’s a few grades behind us but she’s smart so she’s in some of our classes. Anyway, we kind of bumped into her while trick or treating and we couldn’t help but notice she was wearing a diaper under her costume. We got her to confess and she told us how she got into it. That’s a really long story, and to be fair, I’ll let her tell you tomorrow. But basically, she began wearing a lot more after becoming friends with me and Britney. Now she’s our BFF, totally! We love her like a sister. And my little sister Alyssa does, too. She’s not potty trained. Well, sort of. She wears pull-ups and will use the potty for poop, most of the time. Kind of like me. I try not to poop in them. I’m not so fond of that. Just wetting. But, see we’ve been wearing them so long now, we have pee accidents like a baby. Kind of “un-trained” our bladders...”

Megan is purely fascinated by all of this. “Wow. You know, I think my little sister Amber is kind of like you girls. I mean that nicely. She has pee accidents during the day a lot. Mom has said a few times she might put her back in pull-ups during the day. I guess I can see why now. Um, so – it really feels good when you, uh – go in them?”

“Oh gosh, yes! Hey, you are always welcome to try one of mine. Our diapers are in our suitcases and there’s more in our van.” Megan is a bit intrigued by this, but for now decides it’s best to get some sleep.

“Uh, maybe tomorrow sometime. I’m really tired and um, I don’t want to risk anything. Um, I’m gonna put my pacifier away now and lay down. Thanks for telling me everything, Maddie. You’re a really cool cousin.” Megan hides her pacifier under one of her dresser drawers, then gives Madison a hug on the way back to her bed.

“Awe, no problem. Best Cousins Forever, he-he. Goodnight, Cuz. “Madison is exhausted from a long day and is asleep within minutes.

---

*Sometime around 2:30 AM Sunday morning...*

Ashley is passed out on the couch with the TV on. The back kitchen door opens with a few drunk adults stumbling in.

“Shh, you’re going to wake the kids!” Jennifer whispers. She is the designated driver and is already back into her motherhood role. The others stumble in, quietly. “I’ll go check on the girls. We’re just going to let Ashley sleep over; she’s used to that anyway.” Jennifer goes upstairs and cracks open Amber’s door. Both Amber and Alyssa are soundly sleeping. Jennifer then checks on Megan and the older girls who are all passed out cold. She notices Megan fell asleep sucking her thumb again. She’s too tired to bother with it. Finally, she makes sure Cori is sleeping. Her light is off, but she’s still up playing on her phone. “Cori, get to bed. Not going to say it again, young lady.” Cori grumbles but quickly puts her phone down and rolls over in bed.

Carol passes Jennifer on the way to the guest room. “How are my babies,” she slurs. Jennifer explains to her that they are all sleeping peacefully. “Well, that’s great. If you don’t mind, we’re going to go pass out now, too. Thanks for...a fun night out, we – needed that!” Jennifer nods and heads towards her bedroom. --

The bright sun beaming through, sounds of birds chirping and cicadas buzzing gently awakes young Amber. She stretches and yawns a bit, then out of habit feels around her diapered bottom to see how wet she is. Just slightly damp. “No need to get changed yet,” she thinks to herself. She looks over at Alyssa, who is curled up in a fetal position. Her diaper is obviously a bit more swelled up and has taken quite a hit, but still has room for more. She gently crawls over by Alyssa and nudges her. “Morning, Alyssa. Wanna get up and go have breakfast? Um, I can’t cook but we can have cereal. You like Lucky Charms?”

Little Alyssa rubs her eyes and slowly sits up. “Mow-Nin. Uh huh, I love wuck-ey charms,” a groggy Alyssa says. She doesn’t even care how wet her diaper is, as she’s very used to waking up this way. Amber, trying to be like a “big sister,” lets her motherly instinct come through.

“Um, do you need your diaper changed first? I can...help.” Alyssa looks down and squirms a bit. Her diaper crinkles loudly as a big grin comes over her face.

“Nu uh. I not *that* wet yet. I hung-wey! Let go eat!”

Amber laughs a bit. “To tell you a secret, my pull-up is mostly dry, too. Um, I’m supposed to change back into underwear but I don’t wanna yet. Let’s go. Shh, be quiet everyone’s still asleep. I think our mommies and daddies got drunk last night,” Amber whispers.

“Dwunk? What’s dat?”



“Oh, it just means they had like too much fun and got all weird or something. I dunno, that’s what Cori always says. He-he, let’s go Ally.” The two slowly toddle down the stairs and enter a very clean and quiet kitchen. Alyssa sits down in her booster seat and watches as Amber gets out the cereal, 2 bowls, milk, orange juice, and 2 small cups. Seeing the cups, she instantly shakes her head back and forth. Amber looks at the girl, confused. “What?”

“I want my tippy cup!” Alyssa whines. Of course, she means sippy cup. Amber puts one cup away and finds Alyssa’s sippy cup drying in the dish strainer. She pours orange juice in it and puts the cute pink cap on it, handing it to Alyssa. The girl smiles and takes a big gulp of juice. Amber pours her cereal and adds milk, placing the bowl with a spoon in front of Alyssa, then prepares her own. The two little girls go about eating their cereal and polishing off their juice like they haven’t drank in days. Alyssa finishes first. “Dat was yummy, tanks Am-ber! What we do now, go watch TV?”

“In a minute, little cousin. I’m almost done, then we can go watch Strawberry Shortcake! Um, you sure you don’t need to get changed?”

Alyssa shakes her head. “Nut-uh, not now,” she says confidently. Amber finishes her cereal and takes a last gulp of juice. She clears the table and places the dirty dishes around the sink, then helps Alyssa down from her booster seat. They tip-toe into the living room, seeing Ashley still passed out on the couch. “Be quiet, Ash-ey still seeeeeeping,” Alyssa whispers. Amber tries not to giggle too loudly. She turns on the TV and Roku box, going into her Netflix profile and starts an episode of Strawberry Shortcake. The girls sit together on the part of the sectional not occupied by sleeping Ashley. It doesn’t take long for Ashley to wake up, despite how quiet the girls try to be. She stretches and sits up on the couch, a bit disoriented. “What, oh... Uh, good morning you two. That’s funny, my alarm on my phone didn’t go off. Anyone need anything? Bacon, eggs, dry pull-ups?” a cheerful Ashley says.

“Nope, we had Lucky Charms and juice. I helped Alyssa with hers. And, um... we’re *mostly* dry. Um, I didn’t change out of mine yet. I don’t wanna yet, okay? Please don’t tell my mommy,” Amber blushes.

Ashley winks at the child. “Of course not. Uh, I don’t think the adults will be up anytime soon. They had a pretty late night. I was pretending to be asleep when they got home but they were pretty ‘out of it.’ Just glad they had a good time. So, what are we watching? Oh, Strawberry Shortcake. Good show. Well, I’ll be back in while, going to have something to eat and get dressed for the day. Just holler if you need anything, kay?” Both girls nod as Ashley makes her way to the kitchen. Ashley decides to cook up some eggs and bacon. She figures the good smells will wake the other girls up. She wants to do something special for them, as she wants them to feel comfortable around her. They don’t know yet, but Ashley will be hanging out with the Ludke’s most of the week while they are visiting.

Meanwhile, upstairs in Megan’s room, the smell of sizzling bacon and fried eggs begin to fill the room. It instantly wakes up Megan, who is a bacon fanatic. “Oh my gosh, Ashley is making bacon and eggs! Maddie, Britney, Emily! Wake up! You don’t wanna miss this!”

Madison moans and rubs her eyes. “Um, wha? Ashley, who’s Ashley? Oh... the babysitter? Um. What’s so special about her bacon? Um, uh.... Do you think she’s got time to change me first? I’m too, tired. It – it’s too early!”

“Yeah, I’m sure she will, I’ll go get her,” Megan says, fidgeting and shaking. “Um, but first I have to pee! You know you girls are really lucky right now!” Megan bolts down the hallway and enters the bathroom. She pulls her PJs down and sits down, immediately letting out a steady stream. Back in Megan’s room, Emily is now wide awake.

“Um, what does she mean we’re all lucky? Maddie, did you tell her? She knows?” Emily asks.

“Well, she already caught us changing last night. You and Brit passed out but I stayed up a little and we talked. Don't worry, she's really cool about it. And look, now she's jealous that the 3 of us could just go in our diapiers. He-he. Um, also – she's got a little secret, too. “

“What's that,” a sleepy Britney asks.

“You'll like this, Brit. She told me last night she sucks her thumb when she's sad or anxious. I gave her one of my pacifiers to suck on and she totally loves it!”

Emily snickers. “Oh, we're gonna convert her in no time. We totally got this!” All three girls have a short giggle fit as Megan comes back in the room.

“What...what's so funny?”

“Nothing, Emily just told a funny joke. Um, can you go tell Ashley to come up here, please? We're all soaking wet and are gonna need some help.” Megan giggles and heads down to get Ashley.

Megan enters the kitchen and sees bacon and eggs on the table. She runs to Ashley and hugs her.

“You made my favorite! You're the best! Oh, um... the girls upstairs need your help. Um, changing...”

“No problem, kiddo. I know how much you love bacon. Help yourself. I'll go take care of the girls. Amber and Alyssa are watching TV, keep an ear out for them, okay?” Ashley heads upstairs to attend to a marathon diaper changing event. She enters Megan's room and quietly shuts the door.

“Good morning, girls. Hope you all slept well. Megan tells me you need some help? Who wants to go first?” The three girls stare at each other, speechless. “Hey, don't be scared. I'm Ashley. I don't judge and I'm *really* good at changing diapers. Alright, I guess if there's no volunteers, I will have to check to see who's the wettest.” Finally, Britney raises her hand.

“I am, I am. My diapy is gonna explode I just went more when Emily made me laugh a lot. I... I'm ready,” Britney lays down, removing her PJs and sucking on her pacifier.

“Aww, so adorable. Alright, sweetie. Here comes a fresh, dry Pamper.” Ashley takes out a dry Pampers Cruisers size 7 from Britney's suitcase and of course wipes and baby powder. As she unfolds the diaper to get it ready, that overwhelming Pampers smell overcomes her for a moment. “Gosh, still that lovely Pampers smell.”

Madison and Emily look at each other, somewhat curious.

“Oh, did I say that out loud? Whoops. Uh, well, I mean... When Amber was still in diapers, she wore Pampers and they always smelled so nice... It just brings back memories,” Ashley is just about finished changing Britney's diaper, fastening the last tape. Britney smiles and coos at her.

“Dat was fast, but you did good job. Almost as good as my mommy does. Thank you, Ash-vey,” Britney says, still with her pacifier half in her mouth.

“No problem, sweetie. Need help getting dressed for the day?” Britney could usually dress herself, but she's totally taking advantage of this. She just nods her head. Since it's a warm summer day, Ashley helps her into a pink skirt (just long enough to cover her diaper – if it's not windy) and one of her many cute Dolphin t-shirts and matching socks. Finally, she helps comb her hair and puts it in a pig-tails. “Awe, you are too cute. Now, you know the deal. When that diaper gets too wet, come find me.” Britney looks at her, a bit confused.

“Yes, sweetie. I'll be here all week. Jennifer asked if I can help out. Later today we're going to go to the mall and do some other fun things while the adults are busy with their business stuff.”

“Yeah, you know daddy isn’t just here for fun. He’s looking at buying another restaurant up here or something. Anyway, can I be next?” Madison blurts out. Ashley grabs a fresh Pampers for Madison and begins removing her soaked diaper.

“Yeah, I think Madison wins the wettest contest, unless Emily’s is more soaked than this. Ha-ha.” Ashley gently wipes Maddie’s bottom, powders her, and slides the fresh Pampers in place.

“We’ll see about that. I might be little but gosh can I soak a diaper like it’s going outta style!” Madison and Britney laugh and snicker.

Ashley tapes up the Pampers, looking for clothes for Madison. “You girls are so silly.”

“It is okay, Ash. I can dress myself. But thanks for changing me. You are *really* good at this! Um, don’t tell my mom she’ll get jealous, ha!” Emily is next in line. She whips off her gown and eagerly lays down on the bed as Madison gets herself dressed in a pair of jean shorts and a tank top. She can’t help but admire herself, seeing if it’s noticeable she’s wearing protection.

Ashley takes one look at Emily’s soaking wet, soggy Pull-Up and laughs. “Yeah, I think we have a winner. Um, what kind of diaper is this, exactly? Too thick to be a Goodnight. “

“They are new. Um, they’re called Snuggies Nighttime Pants for Girls. They’re for older kids who pee rivers, like me. They are awesome, but really only good for night time or long car rides cause they are really thick and hard to walk in.”

“Oh, nice. I think we should get these for Amber. Her Goodnites almost always leak overnight. Doesn’t help she drinks like a gallon before bed, but any-way... Alright, I forget, Emily – do you wear pull-ups during the day or Pampers like your friends here?”

Emily thinks for a moment as Ashley is wiping and powdering her bottom. “Uh, ooh, that tickles. Um, I think I’m gonna go with a Pull-Up today. I have some in my bag. The Target brand ones.” Ashley reaches in the bag and pulls one out.

“Oh, these are pretty thin. Are you sure you don’t want something a little thicker?”

“Actually, they hold pretty well if you wet them slowly. And yeah, I’ll be okay. Sometimes I actually do go potty. If I know I’m gonna pee a lot I’ll usually find a bathroom. And, I kinda get a thrill out of it, um... yeah.”

“I totally know what you mean... when I was your age.... Um, oh... we don’t have time for that right now. Bacon is getting cold!” Ashley blushes.

“Um, you got something to tell us? I don’t mind, I don’t like bacon much anyway,” Emily says as her dry pull-up is slid on. She also gets herself dressed, also in a skirt, but with a pair of knit shorts under them (to hide her pull-up better, of course).

“Well, I do but honestly, I need to get back downstairs and check on Amber and Alyssa. I’m sure they are also soaked by now, or soon to be.”

“Huh? I thought Amber was potty trained. She just wears at night?” Madison questions.

“Yeah, but she still has her Goodnight on and it wasn’t very wet when she woke up, which means she’ll have to pee and if she has one on, she uses it. Anyway, I *will* chat with you girls later about stuff, but a babysitter’s job is never over. I must go downstairs. C’mon down and have some breakfast. I made eggs too and toast. Megan is there devouring the bacon.” Ashley rushes off to go be with Amber and Alyssa. Emily, Madison, and Britney make their way into the kitchen and help themselves to eggs, bacon, and toast and jam. Megan is just about finished.

“All dry now? You all look cute today. We’re going to have fun. But now you have GOT to try Ashley’s bacon. It’s the best!” Megan takes her last bite.

“Okay, I’m not a big fan of bacon, but I’ll try. Yes, all dry.... For now. Um, where did you guys find Ashley? She’s really cool,” Emily says, taking a bite of the bacon. “WOW! This *IS* good!”

Megan giggles and says “I told you so! She puts magic in them, or something.”

Meanwhile, back in the living room. Amber is sitting in Ashley’s lap, watching another episode of Strawberry Shortcake. Her Goodnite has managed to stay just slightly damp, but the pressure in her bladder is building as she subconsciously begins to fidget and squirm. “Amber, sweetie? I think you need to go potty,” Ashley whispers in her ear.

“No, I don’t. I’m fine. I went potty when I woke up,” she lies.

“Oh, really? Well, you better not pee on me. I just got dressed,” Ashley jokes.

“I won’t, but even if I do it’ll go in my pull-up, silly.”

“Oh yeah, you’re still wearing that. Well, still you know your mommy wants you to go potty when you know you have to. And I’m pretty sure by the way you are fidgeting that you have to. “

“Do not. I just got an itch.”

“Sure, okay. Then you won’t mind if I start talking about the ocean. The roaring, gushing water. When it rains it pours and all you can hear is piddle, paddle. Swish, swoosh. Gushing, roaring waters. The flood gates break loose. Here comes a massive wave of slushing water! Oh nooooooo! Swoooooooosh.” Ashley teases.

Of course, now it’s too late. A fast stream of pee begins gushing into Amber’s Goodnite, only taking seconds for her entire bottom to feel warm and slushy. Ashley feels the warmth on her legs that Amber’s sitting on. Amber knows there’s no sense holding it back and lets it completely saturate her pull-up.

“Well, NOW I had to go! No fair. You tricked me! Um, uh oh. Ashley?”

“Yes, I’ll help you change. Let’s go up to your room.” Amber jumps up and runs up the stairs as her now soggy Pull-Up jiggles and crinkles all the way. Ashley gets up but turns to Alyssa. “I’ll be right back, sweetie.”

Amber is in her room, sitting on her bed and “playing” with her soaked diaper before Ashley comes up. She can’t help but enjoy the warm, squishy diaper as much as she can. Ashley comes in and shuts the door.

“Alright, Amber. Fun’s over. Time to get cleaned up and dressed.” As Ashley picks out an outfit for Amber to wear, including a fresh pair of panties, Amber starts to cry. Ashley sits down next to her and comforts her. “What’s the matter? I was just playing. I’m not mad at you, Amber. We’re pals, like always.”

“Then why you say ‘fun’s over’? I had a diap – I mean – pull-up on and it was still dry. Why not use it. I didn’t wanna get up and go potty,” the girl continues to sob. Ashley hugs her.

“Awe, I know that, cutie. I was just teasing you, for fun. I’m not mad. I’m your babysitter and your mom wants me to try to encourage you to go potty. You know I don’t really mind if you go in your night pull-up. Just, you know, I have to keep your mommy and daddy happy, too. Now, let’s get you dressed. How about these cute strawberry shortcake shorts?” Ashley wipes Amber’s bottom with a baby wipe, then hands her a pair of underwear.

“What if I have an accident when we go away today? Can’t I wear a pull-up? Please?” Amber pouts.

“You know it’s what your mommy wants. Honest, if you were my little girl, I’d say sure. But it’s not up to me right now. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you have plenty of chances to go potty. I’ll remind you, okay?” After some convincing, Amber agrees and gets her panties and shorts on, then lets Ashley help her put a shirt on and do her hair.

“There, all set. Now, what are the chances little Alyssa needs to be changed?”

“Big. She had a LOT of juice for breakfast.” Just then, there’s a gentle tap at the door. Ashley opens it. It’s Alyssa.

“Hey there, Ally Pally. We were just talking about you. What’s up?”

“I wet, a lot. Ash-vey help me get tanged?”

“Of course. Lay down on Amber’s bed and I’ll get you cleaned up. Oh, your wear pull-ups, right? Do you go potty sometimes?”

Alyssa nods. “Uh-huh, they in my suitcase. Sometimes I go poopy in da potty so I wear pull-ups now but I still do pee pees a lot in dem,” she explains.

“That’s great, sweetie. Alright, off with the sogginess and on with the dryness.” Ashley wipes and powders her gently, then helps her slip a new (thicker) Pull-Up on. She can’t help but look at the packaging of these pull-ups. ‘Super absorbent disposable underpants for girls, size 5T-6x. 2.5 times more absorbent than Huggies Pull-Ups. Because sometimes big kids still need protection from accidents.’ Amber reads it along with her.

“See, cause sometimes big kids need protection, too. I so wanna wear one of these. I’d fit them too.”

Ashley sighs. “I know, Amber – but it’s *really* not up to me. I can talk to your mom about it but I don’t know if she’ll go for it.” Amber sighs. “Okay, sorry. Just, Ally is so lucky her mommy lets her wear them. Anyway, Ally, wanna go play downstairs? I got lots of cool toys and dolls and stuff.” Alyssa smiles and takes Amber’s hand as they walk down the stairs and run off to the playroom.

Megan, Madison, Emily, and Britney are all in the living room, watching episodes of Girl Meets World – a show they can all agree on. The adults (besides Ashley) are all still sleeping. Cori has just gotten herself dressed and enters the living room. “Hey Ash. Hey kids. Is there still bacon left?” Ashley tells her yes, but in the fridge. She’ll have to microwave it. Cori runs off to the kitchen to eat brunch.

A few hours pass. It’s now 11:30 AM. Finally, the adults are awake and they come into the living room.

“Good morning, Ashley. Thanks for holding down the fort while we were hung... I mean... resting. Everything okay? Where’s Amber? Did she wake up wet again?” Jennifer asks.

“She’s in the playroom with Alyssa. Yes, she was quite wet. I helped her get changed, back into underwear.” Jennifer nods and goes into the kitchen.

“Did Alyssa or my girls give you any trouble?” Carol says to Ashley.

“Oh, not at ALL. They are sweet kids. They were all changed and dressed. No problem, at all. I’ve been doing this since I was 13. It’s all good.” Carol puts her hand over her heart.

“Bless you. Can we clone you and send you to California? Ha, I’m kidding. But really, thank you.”

Ashley blushes, saying “you’re welcome.”

Noon rolls around and it’s lunch time. Jennifer and Carol have prepared sub sandwiches (and mac and cheese for the younger kids). Alyssa and Amber are still in the playroom. Just as she hears her mother calling for lunch, Amber is doing somewhat of a ‘pee-pee’ dance. Alyssa can’t help but notice.

“You gotta go potty? I just went pee a wittle,” she blushes.

“Lucky. I wish I had a pull-up on. Yeah, I gotta go but it can wait till after lunch. I don’t have to go much I can hold it. Let’s go, I’m starving. Think mom made Mac and Cheese for us.” Alyssa is excited. She gets up and runs into the kitchen, seeing her mom and dad.

“Mommy, daddy! You sleep-did a long time! You feels okay?” Alyssa says as she climbs into her daddy’s lap. Everyone laughs.

“Yeah, we were tired, honey – was out late last night. I see you’re having fun, that’s great. All that playing makes for hungry tummies. Let’s get you some mac and cheese,” Derrick says as he places Alyssa in her booster seat. Amber sits down next to Alyssa.

“Hi, Mom, hi daddy. Um, Alyssa is a lot of fun. I wish she was my lit – little sister,” she says, trying not to fidget too much.

“That’s great, sweetie. Say, do you need to go potty before we eat?” Jennifer says.

“No, I’m good. Let’s eat I’m starving!”

“You sure about that, pee pants girl?” Cori can’t help but slip that one in.

“I’m *SURE*, stupid head!”

“Okay, that’s enough, both of you. Cori, you tease her again and you can be grounded from all electronic devices for a month!” Jennifer says sternly.

“Ugh, fine! Let’s eat...” The dinner table is pretty quiet as everyone is famished. Everyone digs in, enjoying the food the two mothers have prepared.

---

It doesn’t take long for lunch to be completely devoured. Amber gets up and washes her face and hands. “Thanks Mommy, it was yummy. Um, Alyssa wanna go back and play with me?” Amber has to pee really bad and is now shaking and tugging at her shorts, doing a “pee-pee dance.”

“Amber, before you do anything you need to go potty,” Jennifer says with that certain look on her face. She is about to make a pouty face, when she realizes she’d better go take care of business.

“Uh oh, um, okay!” Amber runs upstairs and into the bathroom. She just has enough time to pull her shorts down and sit on the toilet. As she’s peeing, she thinks about Alyssa and how lucky she is. “Gosh it must be nice to just keep playing and pee in your pull-up whenever you want. And then get changed by someone when it’s wet,” she thinks out loud. She finishes and flushes the toilet, pulls up her pants and washes her hands. As she’s about to go back downstairs, a thought enters her head. She goes into her room, where all of Alyssa’s clothes and stuff are. She sees a bag of the 5T-6X super absorbent pull-ups. Quickly she closes her door and pulls one out. Gosh, it’s so thick, she thinks to herself. She holds it in front of her, thinking there’s a good chance it’ll fit. She takes her shorts and panties off, then slips the pull-up on. It fits her perfectly. She puts her shorts on over it and walks over to her mirror on her door. While walking, she can hear the loud crinkling. And then looks at her butt. There’s no denying she’s wearing heavy protection. Everyone would know. She frowns, and takes the pull-up off, hiding it under her pillow. She looks around in her closet, finding a half open bag of girls’ 4T-5T Huggies Pull-Ups. They were left over from last year when she used to just wear those to bed. Jennifer switched to Goodnites when the regular pull-ups kept leaking overnight. Amber quickly pulls one out and slides it on herself. It fits, and is much thinner than Alyssa’s pull-ups. She puts her shorts back on and walks around again. This time, the crinkle is not as loud and when *dry*, there is not much of a bulge. She smiles, thinking to herself that this could work. She knows later they will be going somewhere and she absolutely hates public toilets. She puts the pull-up bag back in her closet and goes back to the playroom where Alyssa is already playing with Ashley.

“Hey kiddo, did everything go okay up there? You were gone for a while.”

“Uh-huh, just had to go a lot. Um, what are we doing today?”

“I was going to take Maddie, Britney, Emily, and maybe Cori - to the mall for some shopping and video games and stuff. You'd be bored, I think. But I bet Alyssa would love to go to the big community park with you.”

“Yeah, that'd be fun! But who's gonna go with us? I think mom and dad are gonna be busy doing stuff with Maddie's mom and dad. Oh, Alyssa, this park is really fun. They have tons of things to play with and really big slides and a big sandbox. It's so fun!” Alyssa is all ears and bounces with excitement.

“I can call my sister and see if she can take you. She loves that park just as much as you do, I think.”

Amber giggles. “Yeah! Kelly is so fun!” Amber is referring to Ashley's sister Kelly who recently turned 18 and graduated from high school. She sometimes babysits for Jennifer when Ashley is not available. Ashley dials a number and waits for an answer. She talks to her sister for just a few seconds. There is no hesitation. Kelly will take any chance she gets to be a little kid again. “Sure, um, I just need to change and I'll be right over,” Kelly says to her sister. Ashley lets Amber know that Kelly is on the way.

Meanwhile, the other girls are in the family room watching TV and talking. Cori is with them, but mostly playing on her phone. So far, she has not caught on that they are all wearing diapers. Emily has just finished wetting her pull-up for the second time and it's about ready to leak. She gets up quickly and starts walking towards the stairs. “Um, be right back. Nature calls.” Of course, she knows Maddie, Megan and Britney know she's going to get changed, not go potty. Emily runs up to Megan's room and quickly changes herself into a dry “Up and Up” brand pull-up. She disposes of the wet one in the bathroom's trash can. Back in the family room, Megan bolts up out of the couch as Emily sits back down.

“Gee, thanks Emily. Now I have to go!” Emily grins, and asks if she needs any help, teasing. “Uh, no I think I can manage.” Megan runs off. As she's peeing, she thinks about what it must be like to pee in a diaper. The curiosity lingers in the back of her mind as she washes her hands.

Cori looks up from her phone to see the girls watching TV together. She looks at them. “So, I think Ashley wants to take us to the mall soon. There're some cool stores at our mall. I need a new case for my phone. And they have this pretty awesome video arcade. I think I'm gonna go with you guys.”

“Oh, that sounds cool!” Madison says, trying to sound more like a teenager than a 12-year-old in a soggy Pampers. Megan comes back in the room, as does Ashley.

“Hey we were just talking about you, Ash. Are we going to the mall soon? Can I come, too?” asks Cori.

“Of course. My sister Kelly is coming over to take Amber and Alyssa to the community play park. Once she gets here, we can go.”

“Play Park? Um, can I go, too? And don't even say it, Cori. That park is not just for babies. It's fun.” Megan asks.

“Chill, child. I wasn't going to say anything,” Cori snickers. Ashley nods and tells her of course she can go.

“Cool! I'm gonna go over by them – and make sure Amber goes potty before we leave.”

“Grab an extra pair of clothes for her, too. You never know,” Ashley says. Megan runs off to join her sister and Alyssa.

“Just put her back in diapers. Problem solved,” Cori again snickers. Maddie and Britney try not to react to that, but they *really* want to.

“How about we put *you* back in diapers, Cori? Your mom told you to stop teasing her. It’s very common for kids her age to have accidents. I did when I was seven! One more time and I’ll go get a diaper for you to wear. Don’t think I’m kidding!” Maddie, Emily, and Britney can’t help but giggle a little at this.

“No, never! Fine, I’ll shut up.” Cori screams. The doorbell rings. It must be Kelly. Ashley runs to open the door.

“Hey, sis. Thanks for coming. Amber is really excited to play at the park with you and her cousin. Oh, and Megan wants to go along, too. We just need to get Amber to go potty first.”

Kelly grins. “Awe, poor kid. Too bad she can’t wear what I’m wearing under my skirt,” she whispers.

“Yeah, I know sis but we have to follow Jennifer’s rules. Anyway, Megan’s bringing an extra change of clothes for her, just in case. Oh – and not that it’ll bother you any, but her five-year-old cousin Alyssa still wears pull-ups. I’m sure she’s due for a change before you kids leave.”

“Awe, no problem. I’ll change her now.” She walks into the playroom and spots Alyssa who is on the floor playing with toddler Legos. She kneels down. “Hi there, sweetie. My name’s Kelly. I’m Ashley’s sister and I’m going to be taking you, Amber, and Megan to the park. Are you ready to go?” Alyssa stands up and looks over the strange teenage girl. “My name Ah-wiss-ah. I’m this many,” holding out five fingers. She fidgets and squirms a bit, as her pull-up becomes warmer.

“Need help with something? If I were to guess I’d say you’re in need of a dry diaper?”

“Uh... not diapy. It... it pull-up,” she blushes. “Uh huh, it really wet. You... can you help me tange?” Alyssa asks, blushing slightly.

“Awe, aren’t you just too darn cute. Of course, I can help you!” Alyssa leads Kelly up to Amber’s room and quickly lays down on the bed. Kelly pulls out one of Alyssa’s pull-ups and looks it over. “Wow, these are some serious pull-ups. Bet you can go in these all morning, huh?”

Alyssa giggles as Kelly rips her soaked pull-up off. “Uh huh I been in dis one since after bweak-fast,” she says proudly. “But I try to do poo poos in potty now.” Kelly is already done changing Alyssa. Having her in a skirt is very helpful for this application.

“That’s cool. Do you want to try going poop before we leave?” Alyssa shakes her head and says she doesn’t need to go. “Okay then. We just need to have Amber go potty. Amber?!” Little does she know; Amber was in the hallway peering in on them the entire time. “Oh, there you are. Hey, you need to go potty before we go. I’ve been told to tell you that.”

Amber sticks her tongue out. “I don’t have to. I just went after lunch. If I have to go, I’ll go at the park.” Well, she isn’t really fibbing. It’s just that she’ll go in her pull-up, not the restroom. “How about you, Kelly? You need to go?”

“Nope, I’m good. Alright, I think we’re ready to go. The park is close by so we can walk. I’ll push you and Alyssa in the wagon if you’d like.” Both girls like this idea and they go out to the garage to get the wagon. Kelly lets Jennifer know she’s taking the 3 younger girls to the park and to call her cell phone if they need anything. They set off towards the community park which is just a few blocks away.

--- Meanwhile, back at the house. ---

Cori gets up off the recliner. “Okay I’m going to go get ready. I’ll be down in 10.” She bolts up to her room. This gives Maddie and Britney a chance to get changed. Britney looks up at Ashley with her cute, puppy dog eyes. Without having to say a word, Ashley knows what she needs.



“Yes, girls, let’s get changed quickly while Cori is busy making herself all beautiful.” Stay here, I’ll go get your supplies and change you both at once.”

“Hey, I’m... I’m not even that wet,” Madison says, most likely not telling the truth.

“Do you want to risk leaking at the mall and having Cori find out? Didn’t think so. I’ll be right back!”

Britney makes a face and turns to Madison. “How are you not soaked? Between the juice at breakfast and the Kool-Aid at lunch, I’m squishy,” she chuckles.

“Yeah, never mind. Here comes some more.... I’ll be soaked by the time Ash gets back. Guess she was right, ha-ha!” The girls laugh until Ashley comes back. She does a marathon changing session, changing both girls in less than 2 minutes. Just enough time to change them, toss the wet ones in the trash, and stuff the extras she brought down in her oversized purse.

“Okay, I think we’re all set. Oh, Emily, you need a dry pull-up?” Ashley asks.

“No, I changed a little bit ago. Um, could you put some extra pull-ups in your purse, too? Just in...case.”

“Already did when I went to get Maddie and Britney’s. You’re good. If you need to be changed while we’re out, just whisper it to me.... We can sneak off and find a family room. That goes for all of you, okay?” The three girls nod in unison. Just then, Cori enters and tells them she’s ready to go. They go tell the other adults they’re leaving. Hugs and kisses are given to Maddie, Emily, and Britney. Just as they are about to go out the kitchen door, Carol stops them.

“Ashley.... Emily’s going to need her car seat. It’s in our van. You can move it to your car. Van is unlocked.” Emily cringes.

“Car seat? HA! Aren’t you like, Maddie’s age? Like 12 or something? What’s the deal with that?” Cori blurts out.

“I’m... ten, almost eleven. But I’m small and my mom thinks I need to be in one because she thinks I’ll get killed in a car accident or something. Um, it’s stupid. But it’s not my choice. She wouldn’t let me go unless I promised to bring it along.” Jennifer gives Cori that ‘knock it off, mom’ look.

“Okay, I guess so. Amber still sits in one and you are kind of her size, so okay. Sorry. Can we go now?” Cori whines.

“Yes, have fun girls. Be good for Ashley!” Jennifer says. They go outside and wait for Ashley to install Emily’s car seat, then Emily gets herself in, trying not to be embarrassed about it. Off they go towards the West Towne Mall in Madison, WI. It’ll be about a 15-minute drive across the city.

..... *At the Community Play Park* .....

The three younger girls have been at the park for over an hour now. Alyssa and Amber are inseparable and don’t leave each other’s side. Megan is off playing with some of the older kids, some of whom are her friends. Kelly is close by, playing near Alyssa and Amber who are going up and down a big twisty slide. Amber goes down the slide with Alyssa close behind her. They reach bottom and Alyssa wants to go play with something else, but first she needs a drink. She asks Kelly if they have juice or water. Luckily, there is a beverage machine close by. Kelly gets two 12-ounce apple juices for both girls and hands it to them. They both stop and chug most of the bottles down. It’s hot and they’ve been playing hard.

“Amber, please tell me if you need to go potty, okay?” Amber ignores her and runs off to play again. They decide to go play near the jungle gym for a while. Climbing and playing games of tag take place for another half hour. They begin to tire from so much running around and want to play something more restful. Amber spots the large choo-choo train. Its kid sized but allows kids to go inside each car and pretend they are riding a train. There’s a slate table with

sidewalk chalk for kids to color with. Alyssa and Amber sit in one of the cars, side by side and start to color with the chalk. Alyssa suddenly gets real still and leans over a bit. She begins wetting her pull-up steadily and is in a daze for a few seconds.

“Lissa? I asked you a question. Do you wanna go into another car? That one’s got blocks to play with,” Amber points. Alyssa snaps out of her daze and gets up and runs over to the other train car. She sits down on the bench, feeling her pull-up squish with warmth.

“Uh, sow-wey. I was going pee,” she whispers. Amber smiles, then looks down and realizes she needs to pee. She forgets she’s wearing a pull-up and starts to cross her legs, trying to hold it in.

“Um, great. Now I gotta pee. I really don’t want to go potty here. The toilets here are so icky. You are so lucky your mommy still lets you wear pull-ups.” Alyssa gives her cousin a hug. Kelly comes over to check on the girls, immediately seeing Amber’s discomfort and shaking.

“Amber, there’s a bathroom just down there. Do you need me to take you?” Just then, Amber remembers she put a pull-up on before they left. She begins to relax and stops shaking as much.

“No, it’s okay. I thought I had to go but...it was just an itch. I’m... I’m fine now,” Amber lies. She sits still and concentrates. She begins to feel a soft stream of pee enter the padding of her pull-up. She knows she has to go slowly or the thin pull-up will leak. She tries not to be too noticeable, but Kelly knows exactly what she’s up to. Not wanting to embarrass the girl, Kelly decides not to say anything about it. She goes back over to the bench she was on and plays a game on her phone. Finally, Amber finishes peeing. Her Pull-Up is now gelled up to the max and most likely a bit more noticeable under her shorts. She stays sitting and starts playing as if nothing happened.

“Amber, you just pee your pants?” Alyssa asks curiously.

“Uh, what? No. I don’t have to pee anymore. Hey, wanna go down some slides again?” She tries to change the subject. Of course, Alyssa can’t say no to that. Amber gets out of the train car first and starts walking towards the slides and play bridges. As she walks, she can feel her warm, gelled-up pull-up against her bottom. The bulge is now easy to see and a loud crinkle noise emanates. Kelly takes notice, but wonders who put Amber in a pull-up before they left. As the girls start climbing up the slide, Kelly texts Ashley.

*Kelly: ‘Is Amber wearing pull-ups today?’*

*Ashley: ‘Not that I know of. I put her in panties after breakfast.’*

*Kelly: ‘Well she is now. And she just soaked it really good.’*

*Ashley: [WOW face emoticon] ‘Oh my. Jen is not gonna be pleased.’*

*Kelly: ‘We don’t have to tell her...’*

*Ashley : Kelly, you know we do. We don’t want to lose her trust.’*

*Kelly: [shrug face emoticon] ‘I guess so... Um, talk later I need to keep an eye on the girls.’*

Kelly goes closer to where the girls are playing. Amber has just sat down on top of the slide. Her squishy pull-up will not hold another drop of pee. She squirms and makes some funny faces. Alyssa tells her to hurry up and go down the slide, so she goes down. She runs back over to the steps, feeling her pull-up jiggle against her. Alyssa follows behind, and being in pull-ups herself, realizes Amber is wearing one. She stops her cousin.

“You gotta puww-up on and you really wet? It okay, I not make fun but you prob-a-lee wanna ask Kew-wey to tange you soon so you no get a waaash.”

Amber pouts. "Okay, okay. I put one of my old pull-ups from last year on before we came here. Cause I hate the potties here. And yeah, I peed a lot. It's really squishy. Um, I sort of like that though. But, um, you can tell I got one on?"

Alyssa giggles. "Uh huh, it gots real thick. Like mine. C'mon, go tell Kew-wey, she help you get dry." Amber's face turns beet red.

"But... she... she doesn't know. She thinks... Uh.... She's gonna tell my mommy. Oh.... I didn't think of... that. I didn't.... think I'd have to pee so much. Stupid apple juice!" Tears roll down Amber's cheek. Kelly notices and thinks Amber got hurt, so she runs over to her.

"What's wrong, Amber, did you get hurt?"

Amber wipes the tears from her eyes. "No. I... I'm.... wet. I went pee. I.... I'm sorry."

"Awe, it's okay sweetie. Accidents happen. Megan brought extra clothes for you just in case. Let's go to the restroom I'll help you change."

"Um, but.... I... I don't want you to see... Um..."

"What? See you naked? Silly, I used to change your diapers when you were still in them. Come on.

"No, not that. Ugh! Look, my shorts are still dry. That means I peed but went in a pull-up. I put one on before we left. Cause I didn't wanna have to go to the potty here. Cause they are gross and scary. Please don't tell my mommy." Amber whimpers.

"Shh, it'll be okay. I won't tell. Let's go get you cleaned up. You'll have to wear underwear home, though. So, try not to have another accident. Come on Alyssa, you probably need a change anyway." Kelly and the two girls go into the restroom, which happens to have a private changing area. She helps Amber out of her wet pull-up and back into underwear. She has Amber put on her back-up pair of shorts, to make it look like she had an accident. She then quickly changes Alyssa's half-wet pull-up. She lets the girls play for another half hour, then figures it's time to get them home for dinner. They go get Megan and get the two younger girls back in the wagon. As Kelly is walking them home, she can't help but enjoy her warm, squishy teen-baby girl diaper. Kelly is still very much a diaper girl and wears as often as she can. Amazingly, no one but Ashley, her family, and close friends know.

## Chapter 29: Scenes from a Mall

Ashley's car pulls into a parking spot at the West Towne Mall in Madison, WI. Emily begins to unbuckle herself, anxious to get out of her car-seat. Of course, Cori can't resist but take another jab at this. "Need help getting out of your baby seat, Emily?" Emily just sticks her tongue out at her while shaking her head.

"Cori, what did I tell you? We can just go right back home you know!" Ashley snaps. Cori sighs, promising not to say anything else. They walk into the mall, at the main entrance near the food court. It's an average sized mall, complete with everything teenage and pre-teen girls can ever need. Coffee, clothes, accessories, gift shops, and an arcade.

"Well, this is our mall. It's not the best but, it has some cool stores. First things first, I need an iced coffee. Ashley, to show how sorry I am for teasing, I'll buy you all drinks," Cori says sincerely. Ashley smiles at her. "Save your money, Cori. I'll buy today. Let's go and order. Oh, um.... girls, is it okay if you have coffee?"

"Yeah, totally. I love iced coffee. Ems does too, right?" says Madison. Emily nods with excitement. Britney doesn't really care for it, however. She asks for a smoothie instead. Cori orders a large iced caramel macchiato. Madison and Emily get large, (oops, that's Venti) iced vanilla lattes, and Britney gets a Grande strawberry smoothie. Ashley actually gets a hot skinny vanilla latte. "Hot coffee? In summer? Ick," Madison teases. Ashley explains it's not so bad and goes on to say how drinking hot coffee on hot summer days actually helps cool the body down. Emily laughs. "You sure know your coffee, Ashley." The girls sip their drinks for a while; Cori is busy talking to one of her friends who is at the coffee shop. A few minutes' pass and Cori is ready to go to the cell phone accessory kiosk to get a new case and screen protector for her beloved iPhone. Cori leads the way as Ashley, Madison, Emily, and Britney follow.

By the time they have walked over to the cell phone kiosk, Madison and Emily have both chugged down their entire iced lattes. Britney still has half of her smoothie. As Cori looks around, the three younger girls stay back and quietly talk among themselves. Cori is so involved and is not paying attention, at all.

"Hey Em, do you realize what we just drank?" asks Madison.

Emily gives her friend a silly look. "Um, yeah. Venti iced vanilla lattes. I'm *sooooo wired* now!" Emily jumps up and down, crazily. Madison and Britney giggle for a few moments at their carefree, silly friend.

"No, silly...we drank *large* coffees! You know what drinking large amounts of coffee does. Well, at least – I know what it does to *me*. My Pamper can probably take the flood, but you just have a thin, 'just for little accidents' pull-up on..." Madison looks concerned for her friend.

"Well, uh... I'll just pee slowly. And maybe I'll actually, um.... Go pee in the potty if I think it's gonna be *that* bad," Emily calmly explains."

Britney takes another sip from her smoothie. "Um, if it's anything like what it does to Maddie, I don't think you're gonna be able to hold it."

Emily now has a mischievous grin on her face. "Oh well. Then I'll have an accident. 'Naughty Emily soaked her pull-ups again.' I'm not worried about it." The other two girls gasp and tell Emily she's 'crazy.' Emily nods proudly. "Yes, and proud of it. You should try it sometime!" They all giggle hysterically.

Cori's phone case and screen protector have been carefully installed by the kiosk employee, who happens to be a teenage boy of whom she was flirting with most of the time, causing him to take longer. She comes over to the other girls to let them know she's done, then asks them if they'd like to go to Claire's and The Icing (an accessory store for young / teen girls). Madison, Emily, and Britney are excited as this is one of their favorite places in any mall. They skip along, following Cori who again leads

the way. As soon as they get into the store, Cori immediately wanders off to look at earrings. Emily, Maddie, and Britney go to the nail polish. Maddie looks over a few colors until one catches her eye.

“Ooh, sparkly and pink. Em, you got any mon... Whoa. Um.... Just a sec....” Madison is suddenly preoccupied, off in her own little world.

Emily and Britney look puzzled. “Maddie?” Britney and Emily say in unison. “Earth to Maddie,” Emily says, nudging the girl softly.

“Oh...um... yeah. Sorry. *Peeing*. Ca---can't--stop. Trying to go slow... butt getting hot. Just.... a.... second...” Madison continues having her little moment. Emily and Britney snicker, knowing exactly what's up.

Madison lets out a large sigh as she finishes flooding her diaper. “Yeah, so... there's *no way* your little pull-up is gonna hold all that. I – I'm not sure if my Pampers did. I mean, it's super warm and squishy right now. Um, is there a wet spot on my butt?”

Emily examines over Madison's bottom half. “No, but I can tell you're wearing a super soggy one. Um, you might wanna get changed...”

“How? Cori is just over there by the earrings,” Madison points.

Emily sighs. “Um, go whisper in Ashley's ear. Tell her you're wet. She'll know what to do.” Madison ponders for a few moments, but decides to risk it and have Ashley change her later, at a time when Cori is more distracted. “As long as I don't pee anymore, it'll be okay.” Emily and Britney give her an “I hope so” look as they grab some nail polish and get to the check-out line. Cori is there purchasing her items. They walk out of the store and meet up with Ashley who was sitting on a bench. The girls all show her what they bought as she admires their purchases.

“Okay, now Maddie, Emily, and Brit get to go somewhere *they* want since Cori picked the first 3. Any ideas?” asks Ashley. The three girls huddle up and whisper to each other.

“Baby Gap?” whispers Emily. “Babies R Us,” whispers Britney. They softly giggle.

“Yeah, maybe when Cori *isn't* with us,” Madison whispers sarcastically.

Britney speaks out loud. “Um, is there an arcade here? You know, like video games and air hockey and stuff?”

“Yep, down a few wings. I'll lead the way again”

“Thanks, Cori! Good idea, Brit. I love video arcades,” Madison exclaims joyfully. They all follow Cori.

As they are following behind Cori, Madison seems to have a bit of trouble walking *normally*. Her incredibly wet diaper crinkles louder than usual and causes her to waddle more noticeably. She decides to stray behind Ashley, to hide herself somewhat. Emily and Britney are now walking behind Madison. They whisper to themselves and both agree that Madison had better get changed soon or there could be a problem...

The girls are playing at the arcade. First, they play some racing games – the kind where you actually sit down on a motorcycle looking apparatus in front of a video screen. Cori is off with some of her friends again and not paying much attention to her cousins or Ashley. Ashley is nearby, keeping an eye on the younger girls. They decide to play some air hockey; a game Madison and Emily are fond of. Britney stands nearby to watch and help keep score.

It's an intense game so far. Britney has managed to wet her diaper, but not nearly as much as her sister. The score is Madison 6, Emily 4. Madison just needs one more point to win the game. As Madison is defending her goal area, her tank top lifts up a

bit too high, exposing part of her diaper sticking out of her shorts. Some random kids and teenagers who are around take notice. They snicker and point, saying things like “shouldn’t she be in preschool?” and “what a weirdo.” Of course, Madison and Emily are so in the moment, they pay no attention. Madison flings her hockey puck rapidly towards Emily’s goal. Emily fails to block it and Madison gets the winning point. She goes over and shakes her hand.

“Good game, Ems. Um, what.... should we ....do next?” Madison stutters as she squirms a bit, fidgeting from her soggy diaper that is now getting a bit uncomfortable. Just then, a teenage boy approaches her.

“Move over, baby. It’s my turn. What are you doing here, anyway? The daycare for babies is across the street.”

Madison tries to play dumb. “What are you talking about? I’m 12 and I can be here if I want. I go to middle school. What’s your problem?”

“My problem is you. Twelve? Then why, baby girl, do you have a diaper on? Don’t tell me it’s some kind of stupid dare because I can also tell you’re soaking wet. I have a kid sister still in diapers; I’ve changed enough of them to know. Go away baby, go get your wittle, wet diaper changed!”

Madison’s face turns beet red with embarrassment. She wants to cry, but manages to hold back the tears. This isn’t the first time she’s been *‘found out’* and certainly not the last. She’s almost starting to get used to it. Not wanting to make this even more embarrassing, she decides the best thing to do is excuse herself and go find Ashley. “Um, whatever you say. Too bad you know nothing about me but still feel the need to poke your nose where it doesn’t belong. Bye, jerk!” Madison runs over to where Ashley is sitting and sits beside her, really wanting to disappear. “Um, Ash. Um... I need... I... I’m....” Ashley gives the girl a hug before she can finish talking.

“I know, Maddie. I’ll help you get changed, but first I need to go talk to this boy. I saw the whole thing. Stay right here, okay?” Ashley gets up and goes over by the teenage boy who is getting ready to play air hockey with a friend. She grabs his shirt by the collar forcefully and yells “come here, we need to talk!”

“Who the hell are you? Get off of me or I’ll call security!”

“I’m Ashley. I’m a friend of the girl you were just being a complete dick to! You talk to her, or any kid, like that again and even your rent-a-cop, security guard buddy won’t be able to help you! Trust me.” Ashley lets go of the boy’s shirt and walks back towards Madison. For some reason, the boy is intimidated by Ashley. He looks ashamed and quietly says he is sorry before going back to his game.

“Thanks Ash, but you don’t gotta stick up for me. I... I’m sort of used to it by now...”

Ashley shrugs. “Nonsense. No one should ever treat you like that. I put him in his place. Now, let’s go find the family restroom in this place. Britney, Emily, before you get too involved, do any of you need... you know?”

Both Emily and Britney say no, telling Ashley they will be over by the “Flamin’ Finger” games. Ashley takes Madison to the family room to get her diaper changed. It’s a typical family room with a normal toilet, kid sized toilet, sinks, and of course large changing table. Ashley opens it up and before Madison can help herself onto the table, Ashley sweeps her up and lays the girl down, like a pro. Madison is a bit taken back by this. She knows not to be embarrassed around Ashley, but still can’t help but wonder why Ashley is so *accepting* of all this. She is about to open her mouth to talk, but Ashley stops her. “Shh, it’s alright. There’s no need to feel weird. When I was your age, I still got help changing by the school nurse.”

Madison gasps, looking somewhat surprised. “When you were... 12. You – you wore. Um, do you... are you wearing now?”

Ashley chuckles, then realizes the cat's out of the bag. "No, not anymore sweetie. But yes, when I was 12 I was completely diaper dependent, just like you are becoming. I started wearing them secretly when I was 7 because of a bedwetting problem. The diapers helped me stay dry at night, but then I began to *play* with them and wear them during the day. So, I think it's now very obvious why I'm so accepting of you, Britney, and Emily. You all may wear for slightly different reasons, but overall you're very much like I was," Ashley explains while un-taping Madison's heavily saturated Pampers and sliding it off under her legs. "And, it looks like you also like to really soak them, just like I did. Gotta get your money's worth, right?"

Madison begins to slowly giggle. She's curious about something, though. "You keep using the past tense. 'Like I *was*' and 'like I *did*'. How come you don't – *still*..." Madison shrugs. "Oh, sorry. I – I don't mean to be rude. I just... I'm curious. I thought me, Brit, and Ems were the only ones like this. I'm like fascinated. How old are you now, 21? And when did you... get, uh... re-potty trained?"

Ashley finishes wiping Madison's bottom and begins to unfold a new Pampers size 7. "We will be here all day if I explain it all now. We'll have to go out for coffee later and I can explain it to you. But just remind me to put you in something that can hold more. Coffee makes you pee rivers, too. Hee-hee. Seriously, though. I was about 16 when I decided to get *re-potty trained*. But, that doesn't mean I don't still enjoy being what's called a 'little'."

Madison again looks intrigued. "A *little*? What's that? A little person? I thought that's the nice way of saying midget?"

Ashley busts out laughing. "You are too cute. No, a 'little' is an adult, or in your case, teenager or preteen – who doesn't always act her age. We enjoy our 'little space' and 'little time' where we regress. I'll give you an example as I finish changing you. Legs up, please. Good girl. So, when I'm in 'little mode,' I'm usually around 6 or 7. Potty trained, usually. But I'll do things like color in a coloring book, play with dolls, play games designed for young children, play with blocks, have someone take "care" of me. Go to the park and play like I'm six. Tag, hide and seek, whatever. I'm sure you girls do similar things when you don't want to be a kid in middle school, right?"

Madison nods. "Uh huh, yes. So, it's really not that different. Just didn't know there are people who like to be '*little*' but not really into diapers anymore. That's *so* cool, though. Um. Do you have anyone you are *little* with? Do you have a boyfriend who sometimes is more like a 'daddy'?"

"I do. Guess I need to let you in on another secret. You met my little sister Kelly, right? She's a 'little' also. She's still much more into it than I am. Her 'little' age is more like 3 or 4. And, she's still pretty much diapered twenty-four, seven." Ashley is done changing the girl and helps her put her shorts back on, then lifts her off the table. "All set, kiddo."

"Wow! This is so cool. I'm so glad we came here and met you. Um, so... Like. Kelly – she's wearing one right now while she's at my aunt's house playing with the younger kids? Does she still fit into Pampers 7? You never told me, do you have a boyfriend? Ugh, sorry!"

Ashley dries off her hands after washing them. "Well, she probably could, but she'd leak through those now. She wears youth diapers or Super Dry Kids when she really needs serious protection. But yes, she is wearing one now. She does a very good job at keeping it a secret. I do have a boyfriend - but again, we can talk more later. For now, we'd better go see what Britney and Emily are up to. Oh, remind me; Emily – does she just have a pull-up on? "

"Yup. And when that coffee hits her, she's gonna leak like an overflowing sink. She thinks she is gonna pee 'slow enough' for that thing to hold. There's no way. My Pampers could barely keep up!"

"Oh my... that's not good. She reminds me a lot of an old friend of mine, who was also a diaper girl. Likes to live dangerously sometimes, ha-ha. Her name is Julie. You'll have to meet her this week, sometime. Alright, let's go find them."

"We might be going back to buy her a new outfit, too. Hope Cori doesn't notice..." Madison looks concerned.

"Oh, don't worry about her. She's on very thin ice with me as it is..." They walk out of the door together and begin to look for Britney and Emily.

Meanwhile, at the arcade – Britney and Emily are where they said they'd be, playing the "Flamin' Finger" machines. *Flamin' Finger* is a touchscreen game where you must follow a narrow and winding path with your finger without hitting the lines and under a strict time limit. It is very challenging, yet very fun and easily addictive. Britney is currently playing while Emily watches. Britney's diaper has become a bit fuller since they began playing, but she's not even aware of it at the moment. Emily's pull-up is only damp, but she begins to feel great pressure around her bladder. It's not uncontrollable, yet. She begins to fidget and do a slight 'pee-pee dance,' which she does normally, out of habit. Britney runs out of time on the game just before the end of the path. "Aww, so close!" Britney gasps. She looks over at Emily, who is still doing her "I can hold it" dance. "Ems, don't you... got a diaper on," she whispers. Emily nods. "Well, silly, you should use it. Uh, I went in mine. It's warm and squishy all over. Don't you wanna be warm and squishy, too?" Britney begins to place her hands over her butt as she smiles and sighs.

"Of course, but um. I'm just wearing a pull-up. I didn't think we were gonna have all that coffee. Um, I may have to actually try and go potty. Maddie was right, this pull-up isn't gonna cut it this time. Um, yeah. So far, I'm okay. I just let a little pee out... but... I gotta do the rest in the potty soon. Guess Maddie's still getting changed." Emily's pee dance begins to get a little more intense.

"Yeah, come on, we should go find the bathrooms. I was just kidding about that warm and squishy stuff. I thought you had one of those super thick ones on," Britney whispers.

"Oh, it's okay. I'm fine. Um, I think I can hold it till Ashley and Maddie get back. Hey, look. They got pinball machines. I love pinball and I – I'm good. Wanna see?"

"Yeah, but... you're gonna have a problem soon if you don't go potty. Um, you can play your game after you go, okay?"

"Uh, you're right. Um, run. I gotta GO!" Emily begins dashing towards the girls' restroom as Britney lags behind her. Emily runs past Ashley and Maddie who are by the snack bar area. "Can't talk now, gotta.... gah---go!" As she's running, a steady stream of pee begins to flow into her pull-up. Feeling the rapid warmth, she knows it's almost too late, but manages to get inside and into a stall. She quickly pulls her tights down and sits on the toilet. Now a very steady and what seems like never-ending stream of pee fills the pull-up to its leaking point. She can hear pee dripping into the toilet, and her pull-up is ready to burst. She begins to panic, not knowing what to do. She isn't wearing panties. Just tights and her skirt. She needs to remove the leaky pull-up and clean up, but how? At this moment, she literally feels more like a helpless three-year-old than almost 11. She begins to cry.

Back at the arcade, Britney catches up to Maddie and Ashley. "Um, Ashley. I think Emily needs help. Um, she had to pee bad and knew her pull-up can't take it. She started going in it while we were by the pinball machines, then ran to the potty. Um, can you go help her? Maddie and I will wait out here at the snack bar."

"Oh course, sweetie. Let me grab my purse... Okay, stay right here you two." Ashley runs into the girls' restroom. By the sounds of a whimpering little girl, she knows which stall Emily's in. She gently knocks on the door. "Just me, Ashley. Can I come in?" Emily unlocks the door. Ashley comes in, seeing her drippy pull-up looking like it's about to explode. "Goodness. Okay, Ashley's here. I'll get your clean and dry. Don't you cry, cutie-pie." Ashley carefully removes the soggy pull-up and tosses it in the trashcan in the stall (she went in the handicapped one). She then carefully wipes the girl clean, all while Emily stands motionless, still sobbing softly. "Shh, there, there. It's okay Emily. Accidents happen. This one was a bit too much for this pull-up to handle. Let's see what I got in my bag. Would you like something a little thicker? One of Maddie's Pampers? "



"Emily dries the tears from her eyes and cheeks. "Uh, yeah. I... I not feeling like much of a big girl right now. More like 3 and I wanna play and not worry about going potty. But - wait. How come... you aren't like, mad? Or making fun of me like Cori would be if she saw me?"

"Because I'm not Cori. And as I just got done telling Maddie, I'm more like you than you know right now. I will explain later, but for now let's just say I've been where you are. And it's adorable that you wanna be *little* right now. I totally *get* it. "

Emily is tickled with joyful emotion. "I... I dunno what to say. But thanks. You really are an awesome babysitter and friend. Um, yeah I wanna wear a real diapy for the rest of the day. I didn't get my tights or skirt wet, did I?"

"No, you're good. Pampers here we come. "Ashley quickly gets Emily dressed into a fresh Pamper and helps get her tights and skirt back on. Emily sighs and coos. "Oh yeah, much better. Thank you, Ash-vey!" Ashley gives her a hug and kiss on the forehead. "Anytime, princess. Now, I'm pretty sure Britney is due for a new diapy, what do you think?"

Emily giggles. "Oh yeah! She soaked herself while playing Flamin' Finger! She was telling me all about it while I was trying *not* to pee." They leave the restroom and go over to the snack bar where Britney and Madison are talking and sipping on sodas.

"Okay, Emily and Maddie are all set. Now, I think there's a little girl who may need a dry Pamper? Could that be, sweet little Britney?" Ashley whispers near them. Britney is somewhat leery to play along. She knows Ashley is 'cool' with it, but not *that* cool. Madison turns to whisper in her sister's ear. "It's cool, Brit. She totally gets it. She's like us... sort of. Play along, it's fun!"

A reassured Britney giggles and squirms. "Who, me? Nuh-uh. I dry. I not feel wet."

"Well, that's cause you're wearing Pampers. Even when they're wet, they're dry. But just to be safe, in case that soda you drank catches up with you.... We should go check just how dry you -- aren't." Ashley teases.

Britney gives in. "Oh, alright. I guess I am a *little* squishy. Um, family room? "

"Yep, Maddie and Emily will wait for us out here. Be back in a flash, girls." Ashley and Britney go into the family restroom. Emily and Maddie get to talking about how totally awesome Ashley is. They get a bit carried away, not paying attention to what or who is around them or how loud they are talking.

"Yeah and her sister Kelly – the one that was playing with Alyssa and Amber. She's totally like us. She still wears like all the time. Ashley said something about a Bambino. Like they hold lots more than Pampers. We might have to try those," Madison rambles on.

"Speaking of Pampers. I'm downgrading to a 3-year-old, effective immediately. I got one of your Pampers on now. Anymore floods, bring it on. I'm ready!

Madison giggles. "Aww, that's great Ems. Bout time you start wearing some real protection. Hee-hee. So, yeah. I can't wait to talk to Ashley more. And Kelly. This week is gonna be awesome."

"Uh huh. I... I'm just worried about one thing. Or, I mean – person."

Madison looks confused. "Who? My aunt and uncle? They know and they are cool with it. "

"Um, but there is one who isn't cool with it. The girl that teases Amber about her bedwetting." Before Madison can respond, a teenage girl approaches them. It's Cori.

"What's that? My ear is ringing. You two are talking about me?" Cori blurts out, taking a seat next to them.

Madison and Emily's faces turn red. A great sense of fear rushes through their bodies. For Madison, this triggers uncontrollable peeing. For Emily, she gets butterflies in her stomach.

"Um, Hi Cori. We were just talking about Ashley. Uh, how long have you been here?" Madison stutters.

"Long enough to know you are all a bunch of weirdos. First, I thought it was strange how this girl who's like 11 still has to sit in a toddler car seat. But, I let it go. Then, I thought it was odd how when she walked I could hear crinkling noises, just like Amber's pull-up diapers. Then, I thought wow, is that a diaper sticking out of the 12-year old's pants? But now I've heard it all. So, Kelly wears them, too? I wonder what my mom would think of that. Kind of sick." Cori taunts. Madison covers her face, trying not to cry. Emily brings out her "tough" side for a moment.

"Shut up, Cori. Your mom already knows and she doesn't care. You better be nice to us or Ashley is going to be very mad. You know *nothing* about us or why we are this way. So just mind your own business."

"Ha, right. This became my business when you little freaks invaded my house. I knew there was something weird about you. And your little sister, how old is she, 5? She still pisses herself, too?"

"You mean Madison's sister Alyssa? Yes, she does but again that's none of your damn business. Just go away. Go back to your stupid iPhone and dumb friends."

"Dumb friends? Look who's talking, baby brat. You think swearing and calling me stupid will scare me away? Nice try, diaper butt."

Madison gets up off her stool. She tells herself she's not going to cry. She can be a big girl when she needs to, just like Emily is doing. She slaps Cori on the right cheek. Not enough to do any permanent damage, but enough to hurt.

"There, how does that feel? You are all talk but inside you're just a coward and a bully. Sad that you have to pick on others who may be different from you – to deny your own insecurities. Oh, what's the matter? Think cause I'm wearing a diaper I don't know big words or how to act my age? Of course, you do – that's exactly why you are the way you are, bitch. Leave us alone!"

Cori stands there in shock for a moment. She then makes a mean face and says "whatever, baby" and runs away to her so-called friends. Little do they know; Ashley and Britney witnessed the whole thing.

"Damn it. CORI-ANN! **Get your butt over here. NOW!**" Ashley yells, completely not fooling around.

Cori comes over, but gets right in Ashley's face. "You're not the boss of me, bitch. You're just the hired help. And quite frankly, not a very good influence on these messed up kids."

"One more word out of you and you'll wish you hadn't messed with me. I *am* the boss of you when I'm in charge. What is your problem? First you constantly harass your little sister. Now your cousins? If there's anyone in this room who has some growing up to do, it's YOU. Now, go say goodbye to your friends as you most likely won't be seeing them anytime soon."

"Ugh! Okay, okay. I'm sorry for calling them weirdos and baby butts and all that. I'll stop, okay? Please don't tell mom."

Ashley laughs. "Ha, you're *way* past that, missy. You've had too many chances to knock it off and you didn't. Now you've upset your cousins and their friend. I'm done being nice. Let's go. Time to go home."

"Fine, whatever. Look, Maddie, Britney, Emily. I'm sorry for what I said. I won't do it anymore. And if I do, you can slap me again. Just, sorry. I don't deal well with this stuff. You gotta admit it's not something you hear about every day."

"CORI! Shut it! Now." Ashley grabs her arm and walks quickly towards the exit. The other girls follow behind, secretly giving each other high-fives and whispering among themselves.

"Cori's gonna get in so much trouble." "I hope her Mom makes her wear diapers. That'll show her." "Yeah, who knows, she might end up liking it." "NAH!" The three of them snicker softly as they walk out of the mall and towards Ashley's car. The ride back to Jennifer's house is long and quiet; seeming to take an eternity. Finally, Ashley's car arrives in the driveway. "Cori, I suggest you go on up to your room, and don't talk to anyone. I will be having a discussion with your mother. Emily, do you need help getting out?"

Emily shakes her head. "No, Madison already got it. Thanks, though. Um, should we go find Amber, Alyssa, and Megan?"

"Yes, please. You can all play with them and Kelly while I talk to Cori's mom. Cori runs in front and marches straight into her room, slamming the door. Jennifer is in the living room talking with Carol when she notices the commotion.

"Oh, good heavens. What did she do *this* time?" Carol looks over at her and shrugs. "Yeah, teenagers can be so fun sometimes Hopefully, Maddie and Britney won't be as bad as Cori has been lately." Carol laughs. Just then, the other 3 girls enter the room. Maddie and Britney run over to Carol, giving her hugs.

"Hi Mommy! We had fun at the mall, um – mostly. They have this really cool arcade. And, um, Aunt Jenny – I just wanna say that Ashley is an awesome babysitter. I'm glad we came. We need to come here more often. You are all so nice," Madison explains with great enthusiasm. Ashley is still out in her car, cleaning up and waiting for the right moment to talk to Jenny alone.

"Awe, that's good to hear. Yeah, we all love Ashley and her sister Kelly. They have been a blessing to this family. So, I'm curious. *Everyone* was nice to you... Even Cori?" Jennifer asks.

Britney and Madison look at each other and hesitate a bit. "Uh, yeah. We had a lot of fun," Britney stutters.

Jennifer looks a bit concerned. "Sweetie, you don't have to leave anything out. Was Cori not so nice to you girls? Call it a mother's intuition, but I just feel like something *not so good* happened. Cori seemed pretty upset when she came in, which usually means Ashley had to yell at her for something. "

Britney stands still, feeling a bit uneasy. She knows she should be honest, but she doesn't want to be a "tattle tale" either.

"Um, well you know she's 14. She can be kind of a bully sometimes... But, um. I'm used to it. Right, Maddie?"

Madison shrugs, a bit uneasy herself, and looks down at the floor like she's embarrassed. Emily joins in on the awkward silence, causing Carol to become concerned.

"Girls, you know if something is bothering you, we talk about it. That's what we do. Did something happen with Cori and you at the mall?"

"Yes, Mommy. She kind of, found out – about our... you know." Britney speaks softly as tears begin to form. Just then, Ashley walks into the living room.

"I can take it from here, girls. Jen, can we talk alone? I've asked the girls to go play with Kelly and the younger kids. Are they around?"

"Yeah they are all down in the playroom. Go ahead, girls. We will be going out for dinner in about an hour. The three girls make their way towards the playroom. As they enter, they see Kelly playing dollhouse with Amber, Alyssa, and Megan. Alyssa notices them almost immediately and comes running toward them.

"Maddie, Bitt-ney, Em-a-wee! I miss-did you. We having lots a fun wif Kew-wee! She a fun girl. You have fun shopping?" Alyssa takes turns giving them all hugs.

"Uh huh, we had fun. Ashley is lots of fun, too. Are you glad we came here?" Britney asks. Alyssa jumps up and down and nods with excitement. Giggles fill the room.

Kelly greets them and joins in on the conversation. "Yeah, Alyssa is a super fun girl. We're buds, huh cutie?" Alyssa blushes and fidgets. She makes a few funny faces. "What's the matter Ally?"

"Uh, nufing. Just my pull-up... really wet. You help me tange, pweeeese?"

Kelly's heart almost melts. "Aww, of course sweetie. Maddie, we were just playing with the dollhouse. Can you keep an eye on Amber while I help Miss Alyssa get changed?" Madison agrees, saying sure. Kelly takes Alyssa into the downstairs bathroom to get her pull-up changed.

Amber is a little annoyed. "I don't need to be *watched*. Um, I'm seven and a half."

"I know. Um, but do you want us to play with you? Hey, how about a game or coloring?"

"Yeah but I wanna play house. I'll be the baby. I'm two. You can be mommy. Megan can be older sister. Emily and Britney, um... you can be babies too?" Amber tugs on her shortalls, something she was not wearing earlier.

Madison smiles. "Yeah, that'll be fun. So, okay little girl... what do you wanna do now?" Megan moves closer to Madison.

"Amber thirsty. Me want more juice. In a bottle. Please?" Britney and Emily join in, saying "me too, me too!"

Madison looks over at Megan. "Um, are we just pretending, or are there bottles somewhere?"

"Just pretending. We have play bottles down here. Just... use those." Madison finds 3 props that look like baby bottles and hands one to Amber, Britney, and Emily. "There you go, cuties. Drink up. Mommy will be around to check your diapers in a little bit." Amber giggles at this, a little more than she should. The girls playing baby all pretend to drink from their bottles. As they are distracted, Madison can't help but be curious.

"Megan, did Amber have an accident while we were gone? Wasn't she wearing shorts when we left?"

"Yeah, we were outside riding bikes and playing tag and stuff and she just completely peed herself. My mom wasn't very happy about it. But she talked to Kelly about it. Um, Amber hasn't had to go potty since she got changed into shortalls. I think she's wearing one of her night time pull-ups; been hearing crinkling noises when she walks and stuff and seeing a bit of a bulge. You may actually end up changing her for real soon, heh. Hey, how was the mall with Cori? Um, did you have to get changed at all?" Sorry. Not trying to me mean. I'm just kinda curious. "

"It's cool. Yeah, we were kind of stupid and all had huge iced coffees when we first got there. I was soaked within an hour and Emily's pull-up leaked. Um, Cori found out. She made fun of us and now she's in trouble with Ashley and your mom."

Megan frowns. "Ugh, yeah that sounds like my big sister. She can be such a meanie sometimes. I seriously don't care if Amber has accidents – or if you all wear diapers. It's not hurting anyone, and if you like it, so what? I feel bad for you girls. Hope Cori gets grounded or something."

"Oh yeah, she's gonna be in major trouble. It's okay, though. We've heard it all before. Alright, I guess I should get back to playing Mommy!" Madison goes over to the three girls playing baby. "Everyone done with your bottles? Aww, good

girls. Okay, who wants to play with blocks? "All three 'babies' say "me, me, me" and get up to find the blocks. Amber gets them out and dumps them on the floor. She begins to build a 'princess castle' as she begins to fidget some more. Kelly and Alyssa come back in. Alyssa asks what they are doing, but instantly figures it out. She sits down next to Amber and helps her out.

"Hi Kelly. We're playing house and now the 'babies' are playing blocks," Megan says. Kelly laughs and watches the girls play. She then notices Amber's fidgeting. "Hey, I think Amber has to go potty. Do we need to remind her?"

"Oh, um, probably. Hey, Amber? I think you need to try and go potty. You look like you have to pee?"

Amber is still playing and in her 'baby mode.' "What's potty? I not know what that means. "

"Silly, it means you sit on the toilet and go pee," Megan says calmly.

Amber giggles. "I go pee-pee in diaper.... There, all done. I go back to playing now!"

"Oh boy... This might be my fault. I kind of convinced your mom that we should put her back in Pull-Ups because her daytime accidents have been happening more often. We went to Target earlier and found these new 'diapers' from Huggies called diaper pants for girls. The size 7's fit her nicely. They are like pull-ups, but a little thicker and hold more, or so they claim. She's been in this one for a few hours now. I bet she doesn't even know she's wet. Maybe this wasn't the best idea, heh." Kelly shrugs.

"Wow, you got mom to agree to that?"

"Yeah, it took some convincing, but she doesn't really know what else to do. She thinks it may just be a phase right now; with Alyssa being so close to her age and still in pull-ups, I know it makes her jealous. We are going out later and your Mom doesn't want to deal with wet pants. It doesn't help how Cori keeps teasing her about it. Well, I should check how wet she is." Kelly kneels down next to Amber. "Hey there. Did you really pee in your 'diaper' or were you just playing?"

"Um, no? I don't feel wet. Um, I was just playing."

"Hmm. Do you need to go potty now?"

"No! Can I play now?"

"One second. Stand up, please. I need to check something." Amber reluctantly stands up, allowing Kelly to un-snap her short-all straps, exposing her thicker, pink "diaper pants." Just like pull-ups, the lower front has designs that fade when wet. The flower designs are completely faded, indicating she wet it well. Amber looks down at her diaper and gasps. "Uh oh. Um, I didn't even know I went. I... thought I was just pretending. I... I'm sorry. Don't tell mommy she'll be mad. Um, I'm not that wet. Don't need changed yet."

"Yes, or you could leak if you have another accident. Your flowers are completely faded which means you wet this one a lot. I won't tell your mommy, this time. But you need to try and go potty next time, okay? These are just to keep you dry in case of accidents."

"Okay, thanks. I'm sorry. Um, I can change myself just bring me another diap – I mean, pull-up. "Kelly tells her there are dry pull-ups (diaper pants) in the downstairs bathroom. Amber excuses herself and goes to change.

Emily is intrigued. "Wow. Huggies Diaper Pants? These would be.... Perfect for me. Um, hey. My Pampers is just about soaked again. Can I try one of these? Please? Pretty please?" Kelly laughs, giving Emily the okay. After Amber comes out of the bathroom, Emily goes in to get herself changed. Two minutes later she comes out of the bathroom and parades around

the room, crinkling a bit as she does. "These are nice, very comfy, and cute. Not too thin but not too thick. Guess we'll see how they hold up tonight" Amber's mouth is wide open in shock and she can't help but be curious.

"Emily, you wear diap—I mean, pull-ups too? You have accidents, like me?"

"Yes, I do. Sometimes. It's nothing to be ashamed of. But yeah, you should still try to go potty when you feel you gotta go. Cause your mommy wants you to, okay?"

Amber sticks out her tongue sarcastically, "yeah, okay – but if they have those icky potties there, then no!" Just then, Jennifer calls down to say they are going out for dinner in ten minutes. Kelly uses this time to ensure Maddie and Britney (and herself) are changed into dry diapers and their hair looks nice. They go upstairs and meet everyone, excluding Cori who will not be joining them, in the living room. Ashley agrees to stay home with Cori, to ensure she doesn't do anything stupid like try to run-away or invite unwanted guests over. She has a little chat with her sister in private, letting her know she told Maddie, Britney, and Emily about 'everything.'

"Hope you're not mad, sis. They were *really* excited that you are so much like them. So, I'm sure they will have questions for you later," whispers Ashley.

"It's totally cool, Ash. No worries. This just gives me more *littles* to play with," Kelly giggles.

---

It's about a 15-minute drive to the family restaurant the van pulls into. Amber's face lights up with smiles and excitement when she recognizes where they are. It's famous Ella's Deli in the heart of Madison, Wisconsin. "Oh, my gosh I love this place! Cousins, you are gonna love it. It's so fun, and the food is yummy, too. They even got a carousel outside, see. Mommy, can we go on it after dinner? Please?" Amber kicks her legs and wiggles in excitement. Jennifer laughs and tells the girl yes, if she's good and eats her dinner. "I'm always good, Momma!"

Emily, Madison, and Britney look around in awe. It is quite the magical looking place.

"Looks really cool, Amber. I can't wait!" Madison shouts. "Hey, are we in Madison? This city has my name! It must be cool then, I'm already impressed." The girls all giggle as Kelly helps them out of the van. They walk into the restaurant, waiting to be seated. This place looks more like a carnival fun house than a restaurant. The ceilings and walls have moving objects to look at, from trains to planes, artificial flying birds, old time nick knacks and plenty of circus themed fun. There are a few games to play in the common areas. They are quickly taken to a large table, which is actually several smaller tables pushed together. Each table has a plexiglass surface with more fun things to look at. Model train sets, race cars, circus activity scenes, and more. The girls are all in amazement.

"This place is SO cool!" Emily says, grinning from ear-to-ear. She can't help but look all around, in wonder like a little kid.

"Yeah, my girls love it. We come often. You can order whatever you want, don't be shy. Kids menu or not, they won't judge," Jennifer explains. Just then, a waitress arrives to take everyone's orders. Emily and Britney order from the kids' menu, as does Amber and Megan. Madison is feeling famished and decides to get an 'adult' meal. She chooses the giant Philly cheesesteak hoagie with fries, a pickle, and a BIG glass of chocolate milk. She makes sure to mention she wants a BIG glass.

"Well, aren't you just adorable," the waitress cackles. As they wait for the food to arrive, Jennifer allows Kelly to take the girls over to the games and to look around more. It's like a small children's museum with plenty of things to touch and activate. Britney is having lots of fun, and has entered back into her 'little' mode, feeling and acting more like a four-year-old than an almost 13-year-old. Emily follows right along with her, as it helps her get over the trauma from earlier.

Dinner is served and everyone goes back to the table. Everyone digs in. Amber kept her promise and ate just about everything on her plate of grilled cheese, mixed fruit, and apple juice. In fact, she had 3 kiddie cups of it. The other girls, except Megan who isn't wearing protection, also had large quantities of beverages. As they are in line to pay, Amber is already asking if they can go on the carousel outside. "Yes, sweetie because you were good and ate all your food. But first, I think we should go potty. You usually have to go after eating, and you had a lot of juice," Jennifer explains. Amber makes a pouty face.

"But Momma, I don't have to go now. And the bathrooms here are always so busy. I'm fine Momma, I'll go potty later, when I have to." Jennifer gives her daughter "the look."

"Amber Lynn – you have to at least try. And not in your pants..."

"I don't wanna. I don't have to go now. It's scary in there."

"No, it's not. You go with me or no carousel. I mean it."

Amber sighs and pouts. "Okay, fine. C'mon Mommy..." Amber drags her feet into the girls' room. Jennifer takes her into a stall and helps Amber unsnap her shorts, then lets her pull her diaper pants down. Amazingly, they are still dry. Amber sits down on the cold toilet, but nothing comes out, pee or poop. "Mommy, I don't have to go. See?"

"Try, honey. Need some help? Let me talk about the ocean. Roaring waters gushing. Splish, splash. Wee-wee. Whoosh. Jennifer continues... Usually, such talk would cause the child to start peeing, but this time, she really *doesn't* have to go. At least, not yet. After a few minutes, Jennifer sighs and gives up. "Alright, guess you are telling the truth. Thanks for trying, sweetie." She helps her get re-dressed and they still wash their hands, because; well – public restrooms *are* nasty. Amber then runs out the door and to outside where everyone else is.

"Okay, let's go on the carousel! It's so much fun." Amber gets in line as the other girls follow. The ride lasts about five minutes. Emily, Britney, and Maddie all mention how cool this place is and thanks Jennifer for taking them. They get back into the van and get buckled up.

"Where are, we going to now?" a curious Britney asks.

"We're going to another fun place. It's a surprise but you will all love it. It'll take about 20 minutes to get there." Jennifer explains as the van rolls out.

Amber giggles. "I think I know, but I won't tell. If it's what I think, it's gonna be even funner than Ella's!" Alyssa looks out the window, trying to formulate in her mind where they might be going.

"We going Disney World? Gonna see pwincesses and Minnie Mouse and, and..." Laughter is heard all around.

"Awe, that's so cute. No, sweetie, Disney World is in Florida. We're a little too far north for that. Where we're going is fun, though. You've done it before with your sisters," Carol says.

"Oh goodie! Uh, where... where Cori?" Alyssa looks confused.

"She's in trouble for not being very nice to your sisters and Emily, so she's staying home. Don't worry, we'll still have tons of fun!" Kelly says joyfully. Alyssa quickly forgets about Cori and goes back to glaring out her window. All the girls kind of space out and before they know it, the van is pulling into the parking lot. Megan gasps and gets very excited.

"We're going skating! At Fast Forward Skate Center! We haven't been here in a long time! Thanks Mom! Thanks Aunt Carol!"

"You're welcome, sweetie. I know my girls love skating. When your mom told me about possibly going skating, I knew it'd be a no-brainer. Right, girls?" Carol asks.

Alyssa claps her hands. "Row-wer skating! Yay! Um, Mommy do they gots those skate helper things?"

Before anyone can respond, Amber chimes in. "Uh huh, we call them skate buddies. It's so you don't fall. I get them all the time. I love this place. Thanks Mommy." Emily unbuckles herself from her car seat and gets out of the vehicle with her sisters.

"Wow, roller skating?! I haven't done that since I was like 7. This is gonna be fun. Hope I remember how to skate." They begin walking towards the entrance.

"Oh, it's easy. You can get a skate buddy too if you want," Megan offers.

"Nah, I'll be okay. And hey, if I fall on my butt, it won't hurt so bad," she whispers. Megan looks confused for a few seconds but then 'gets it'. Oh yeah, Emily is *padded*. She smiles at Emily, nodding in approval. Jennifer pays at the front window and then everyone gets their rental skates in the proper sizes. They go sit at a large bench to get skates on. The adults split up in groups to

help the girls get their skates on. Carol and Derrick help Madison, Britney, Alyssa and Emily. Jennifer helps Megan, who tells her she doesn't need help but ends up needing help tying her skates. Kelly offers to help with Amber.

"Alright, Amber, take your shoes off and I'll help you slip these skates on. Oh, I'm supposed to tell you – if you need to go potty just come get me or your mommy, okay?"

"Uh huh, okay. Um, Kelly are you gonna skate, too?" Amber slides both of her shoes off, revealing her pink socks.

"Yes, ma'am. I love skating. Being doing it since I was still in... Uh, I mean... since I was little. Yeah. Okay kiddo, let's see here... right foot out, please." Amber raises her right foot. Before sliding the right skate on, Kelly gives Amber's foot a little tickle. She knows Amber is ticklish on the bottoms of her feet. Amber giggles and squirms.

"Sta-stop that, hee-hee. Or I'm gonna tickle you in your silly spot," Amber giggles more. She begins to fidget. A familiar feeling begins to surround her bladder. It seems as if the first glass of juice has started to catch up. Amber, being Amber ignores it, trying not to make it noticeable. It's not so bad, yet. 'I can hold it', she thinks to herself. Of course, Kelly already knows, but decides to pretend she doesn't. She gets Amber's skates on and tied snugly.

"Alright, you are set. Now I'll get mine on and you can skate with me for the first song, okay?" Amber nods happily. She asks if she can go over by the video games and "pretend" to play them. Kelly allows her. Alyssa already has her skates on and is over by the video games, watching some kids play. Amber goes over by her.

"Hi Alyssa! Um, y-you like roller skating, like me?" Amber stutters, fidgeting some more.

"Uh huh, it so fun. I like da snacks an...an da games an stuff too. This gonna be fun. Do...do they do the wim-bo [*limbo*] at dis one?"

"Uh huh! Not till later, but yeah. I'm gonna do it. If you win you get a free snow cone or popcorn. We...we're gonna...um... win!!" Amber stutters some more, a bit more distracted. She knows now there's no holding it back because the other two glasses of juice are going to come out soon enough. Asking to go potty isn't an option. The bathrooms here are 'icky' in her mind. "Um, I'm just waiting for Kel-Kelly. She's gonna skate with....me first."

"Amber? Don't you got a pull-up diapy on like me? Go in it. I did a wittle when we gots here," Alyssa blushes.

Amber loves how Alyssa totally *gets it*. "Um, oh yeah. But, um I'm still post-to try going potty. But not here. The potty here is scary. Okay, um. I'm gonna go sit on this racecar game here... and um, drive for a minute," Amber says. Alyssa giggles, sitting down in the racecar seat next to her. Amber gets very still and begins to concentrate on wetting her diaper. She smiles as she feels a steady warmth surround her. After a few seconds, she is done. Besides the warmth, she can barely tell she just peed her pants. The 'diaper pants' are doing their job. "Okay, that's better. Um, oh I think Kelly is ready. Here she comes."

Kelly taps Amber on the head. "Playing race cars? Hey you two, ready to skate? I'll take you both out for a few rounds if you're set." Alyssa jumps up out of her seat.

"We ready!" Alyssa shouts. Amber gets up as well and gets her skate buddy. "Yeah, let's go. And um, no I don't gotta go potty. I won't have to all night!" Kelly looks at her strangely.

"Yeah, okay silly girl. You just better hope that thing doesn't leak. All I'm gonna say," Kelly whispers in her ear. Amber just sticks her tongue out at her as they enter the skate floor.

Meanwhile, an hour passes. Emily, Maddie, Britney, and Megan are all skating together. After several laps, they decide it's time for some drinks and snacks. They head over to the snack bar. As they are waiting in line, Megan suddenly remembers something about this place. "Oh, my God, you guys... There's something here you are going to just love. Okay, um, well – I do. Um, I've always wanted to buy them here but was always too afraid to ask my mom."

"What is it, glow in the dark diapers or something? Tell us!" Emily whines. Madison finds that very funny and giggles hysterically.

"No, uh - they sell these light up pacifiers here. The nipple thing is candy coated so it tastes like a sucker, I think. But it's a pacifier. They even call them that. Light up pacifiers. See?" Megan points to where they are on the counter. All 3 girls gasp.



"Oh yeah, we are SO getting these," Emily shouts. The girls order their things and find a table to sit at. Megan tears open her pacifier package and pops it in her mouth, turning the switch on to make it light up. She sucks on it like an old pro.

"Awe, so adorable. Megan, you're alright!" Madison says as she opens her pacifier package. After a few minutes, they all have them in their mouths. They wave over at their parents – who also think it's adorable. After a while, the girls get to talking. Megan can't help but let her curiosity come out some more.

"Okay, so um.... I have to go to the bathroom in a little bit. Just wondering – are all 3 of you wet right now?"

Emily squirms around a bit. "Uh, maybe just a little – I don't know. I know I went while we were skating a little, but these new diaper pants things are decent. I think if I was just in a generic pull-up right now, I'd be almost leaking. How about you, Maddie and Britney?"

"I'm dry, mostly." Britney whispers. "Me too, maybe just damp. But that's subject to change, pun intended. Check back in 15 minutes, hee-hee," says Madison.

"Ha! You three are too funny. Yeah, all this talk about wet and damp... now I gotta go for real. Be back in a bit. Times like this I kinda wish...uh, you know." Megan says as she gets up to go towards the restrooms.

"Yeah, we know!" Emily says with a mischievous grin. She waits for Megan to be out of range. "Oh yeah, we will get this girl wearing in *no time*." They continue to talk and snicker as they finish their sodas.

--- Time passes quickly, like the minute hand is racing around the clock ---

It's now 8:15 pm. Amber is sitting at a table having a soda with Alyssa. The next table over she sees a familiar face. It's one of her good friends from school, whom she hasn't seen since 1<sup>st</sup> grade let out a few weeks ago. She's with her mother and older brother. Amber gets up and walks over to her table. "Hi Anna-Lynn! How are you?"

The little girl instantly smiles and hugs her friend. "I'm good. I didn't see you till now. It's kinda busy today. Um, Mommy, this is my friend Amber. You know, the one who always wanted to have sleepovers?"

"Yes, sweetie. I know Amber and her Mommy very well. Good to see you, Amber." Amber smiles shyly.

"Mommy, maybe Amber can come over someday this week to play at our house?" Ambers eyes light up.

"Possibly. I'll talk to her mom in a little bit. Or maybe, she could come over for a sleepover."

"Oh, um. Prolly not this week cause I got cousins from California staying with us for a while. Um, they are here with us now. But, maybe sometime this summer. I—I'd like to come over to play though. I miss you Anna-Lynn!"

"And who is this adorable little girl next to you?"

"Um, that's Alyssa. She's my little cousin – she's five I think." Alyssa smiles and holds out 5 fingers.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Alyssa. It's neat you're here all the way from California. I bet that was a very long car ride!"

"Uh huh, we in car for long, long time. I glad we here. My cousins very fun," she says while twirling her hair.

Anna-Lynn's mother excuses herself to go talk with Jennifer. The three younger girls become friends for the night, and decide to hang out and skate together for the remainder of the night. Suddenly, the music stops and an announcement comes over the PA system. "Clear the floor, please. It's time for the limbo! Form a line in the center of the floor and we'll get started."

"Yes, Limbo time! You both wanna do it with me," Amber asks as she stands up. Both girls agree and skate together to the center of the skating floor. The first 4 times under the limbo stick are pretty simple for the shorter kids. Britney and Maddie tripped the stick on the 4<sup>th</sup> try, but Amber, Megan, Alyssa and Amber's friend are still in the running.

Amber, Alyssa, and Anna-Lynn are waiting in the back of the line for the 5<sup>th</sup> time under the limbo bar. It's that time, again. Amber feels a strong pressure down below, and this time, it's not just a little. She has to go, and badly. She begins to fidget and hold her crotch like most little girls do when they have to pee. Her friend notices. "Amber, you gotta go? Can you hold it?" Amber begins to relax and wet her diaper, slow but steady. "Uh, yeah, I'll be okay. Um... we're almost done anyways. You think you're gonna win?" She changes the subject as she finishes flooding her diaper, which is now getting squishy and *very* warm. "Of course, I'm gonna win.

"Oh, here we go for round five." Anna-Lynn slowly skates under the bar and makes it. Amber is next. She goes very slow and crouches down, making it under. Finally, Alyssa and Megan make it under as well. Standing in line for the 6<sup>th</sup> and final limbo round, Amber runs her hands around her butt, feeling her soggy diaper. She squirms a little. She's relieved that her shortalls are still dry, but hopes she doesn't have to pee anymore or she might indeed have a problem.

"Amber, you *sure* you are, okay?" Anna-Lynn asks. Amber nods and ignores her. All girls end up "winning" the limbo and get coupons for free snacks. Alyssa goes over to Carol and hugs her, showing her what she won. The girls go and get their snow cones. Just what they all need, more sugar and liquids. Kelly helps them with their snow cones. They sit around a table, along with Amber's friend. As Amber plops down on the table's bench, she can tell just how soaked her diaper is. She makes a slight funny face, trying to shrug it off. "Hey, you never went potty after the limbo. Don't you have to go, like really bad?" asks Anna-Lynn.

Amber blushes. "Um, no I don't have to go that bad, it can wait." Kelly looks at her sternly.

"Amber – you'd better go or you might regret it. Here, I'll go with you, okay? "

"Um, do I have to? I don't wanna miss the numbers game!"

"Yes, you really should. They won't do the numbers game just yet. We have time. C'mon, sweetie."

"Go ahead, Amber. We'll wait for you," Anna-Lynn says. Amber decides she'd better play along. But she really doesn't have to go now. She already did during the limbo! She gets up and takes Kelly's hand into the women's room. They both go into a large handicapped stall. Luckily, the restroom is empty, for now.

"Um, Kelly I don't have to go. Um, I did already. I mean, it... it was an accident. It was during the limbo. I couldn't hold it no more. "

"I figured that. What I wanted to do is make sure you're not about to leak. Unbutton your shortalls and let's have a look." Amber unbuttons and drops her shortalls, now standing in her very soggy pull-up diaper. All the designs have faded and it's blown up like a water balloon. "Yep, you're soaked. Not leaking, so these definitely did the job – but one more accident and you're not going to be happy." Amber starts to look sad, as if she's going to cry. Kelly reaches into her purse and pulls out a dry Huggies Diaper Pants. "Cheer up, Amber. You think I'd take you in here without dry pants to put on? Come on now, you know I wouldn't. "

Amber smiles and gives Kelly a hug. She is changed into a dry diaper in no time. She looks at the rolled up wet one as Kelly tosses it in the trash.

"Wow, I pee a lot. Whoops. Um, thanks Kelly, you are great. Thanks for not telling Anna-Lynn, or mom. "

"Anytime, kiddo. Now, let's get back out there. I think there's about a half hour left of skating." They go back out to the table they were sitting at. Amber sits down, looking refreshed.

"Better now?" Anna-Lynn asks.

"Uh huh. Yeah, I peed a lot. Had too much soda, I guess. Um, let's go skate! "Amber and Anna-Lynn hit the skating floor while Kelly, Alyssa and Megan stay at the table to finish their snacks.

"Now that it's just us, Kelly. Was Amber like completely soaked?"

"Oh yeah. From top to bottom. Kid can pee, that's for sure. Don't worry, she got changed into a dry one. So, when the rest of that soda she had hits, there won't be any surprises."

Megan laughs. Just then, Alyssa begins to hold her tummy and make faces. "Uh-oh," she gasps.

"What's the matter, Alyssa? Need a dry pull-up, too? I can help with that," Kelly says.

"Uh. No. Uh, may-be. But uh. I gotta go poo-poo. You, you take me?"

"Aww, that's right you try to do poopies on the potty, right? Yeah, let's go. Need a dry pull-up too, right?"

Alyssa nods. Kelly says she'll be right back. She goes to get one of Kelly's super dry pull-ups from Carol. "No, it's okay I can take her. She asked me. I'm happy to help," Kelly says to her. She then swoops up the little girl and carries her into the restroom. She gets her situated on the toilet, pulling her wet (but not completely soaked) pull-up down. Alyssa does her business and gets help wiping her

bottom. Kelly smiles at her and pats her head. "Good job, sweetie. Well, your pull-up wasn't as soaked as Amber's, but we'll get you in a dry one anyway just to be safe. There, all set."

After getting changed, Alyssa goes back to skate for the final 20 minutes of skating. They do the numbers game and then it's about time to get skates off and go home. Madison, Britney, Emily, and Megan all sit together and help each other get their skates off. Kelly attends to the younger girls.

Megan can't help but be curious, again. "So, I know Amber got changed. And now Alyssa. But I didn't see any of you going to change? Hope there aren't any leaky bottoms for the ride home," she jokes as she slides her skates off.

"Ha-ha, you're funny. My pull-up diaper thing is wet, I can feel it now. But I can wait to change when we get to your house," Emily brags.

"Same, um, I'm getting soggy but I don't wanna change here. It can wait. Only like a 20-minute drive. What about you, Brit?"

"Um, hold on I'll tell ya in a minute. Something's getting warm right.... now!" Britney says as she concentrates on flooding her Pampers. Up to this point, she was only damp.

"Slow down, Brit. These are just Pampers, not those super diapers Emily wears for bedtime," Madison snickers.

"Ahh, it's okay I'm done. Not leaky, just really warm and gelled. Wee, it's the *best*," Britney squeals.

"Wow, it really feels that good, huh? Um, sorry. I don't remember being in them. I got potty trained earlier than Amber, I think."

"Yeah Megan, it's great. You should try one when we go to bed tonight. We won't tell, we promise," Emily teases.

"I'll think about it..." Megan whispers as she gets her shoes back on. She puts her light-up paci in her mouth and goes to return her skates. Everyone else is ready to go. All the kids get buckled into the van and they roll off.

"That was so much fun! Thanks again Mommy," Amber says with a large yawn.

"You're welcome. Did you manage to stay dry tonight?" Jennifer asks.

"MommMMM. Do we have to talk about this now? Um, yes, I'm dry."

"Huh. Okay, it's alright hunny, we'll talk about it later. Glad you had fun; we all did." The rest of the ride home is pretty quiet. Amber almost falls asleep as well as Alyssa.

Back home, Jennifer is getting Amber ready for bed. As she's getting her pajamas on, she notices Amber's pull-up is still dry. Too dry.

"So, you've been in the same pull-up since we left? You went potty while at skating? I saw you going into the restroom with Kelly. Was that to go potty, or did you get changed?" Amber stands there, motionless. She wants to say she went potty, but she also knows that's a lie and would be wrong. She stands still, frozen. Tears begin to form, but finally she decides she'd better tell the truth.

"No Mommy, I hadda accident. It was the limbo. We were on the last round and I hadda go bad. I tried to hold it but I couldn't no more. Kelly helped me get a dry one on." Jennifer, seeing how afraid Amber is right now - decides not to make a big deal of this. She doesn't want her little girl to be afraid of her for something this trivial. She thinks perhaps this is just a phase she'll grow out of. Getting mad about it won't do any bit of good, she thinks to herself.

"It's okay, princess. Mommy isn't mad. It's a good thing we got these special pants for you, then. I don't think a regular pull-up would have held it all. I know you had a lot to drink at dinner." Amber starts to cry silently a bit more.

"Mommy? You aren't mad at me?" Jennifer swoops the girl into her arms and gives her a hug and cuddles with her on her bed.

"Aww, I'm not mad. Yes, I want you to try and go potty - but I'm not going to get mad about accidents. We'll work on it. But no, I'm not upset with you. You had a good time tonight with your cousins and friends and that makes me happy. Oh, will this pull-up be okay for nighttime, or do you want one of your Goodnites?"

"These ones should be good. Thanks, Mommy. I love you. Can you tuck me in now? I'm really sleepy."

"Of course, Goodnight my little cuddle bug. I'll see you in the morning. Sleep well." Jennifer tucks her daughter in under the covers and kisses her forehead. As she leaves, a sleeping Alyssa is being carried up by Carol who places her in bed next to Amber. Both parents stand and watch their adorable little girls drift off into dreamland for a few moments...

*Meanwhile, in Megan's room...*

The girls are all in their pajamas and/or night diapers (Emily in her super thick night pants), laying down on their beds and sleeping bags talking. Of course, the only non-padded one right now is Megan. Emily suddenly remembers their conversation at the skating rink.

"Oh yeah, Megan... you were going to think about something. You know, you had a lot to drink tonight. You sure you don't want some protection? You can use one of mine. They're nice and thick and soft."

"Geez Emily, you sound like a drug dealer. Go easy on her. She'll tell you when she's ready," Maddie remarks.

"Um, actually – I *do* wanna try one! One of those thick pull-up things that Emily wears at night. I did drink a lot and I just had hot chocolate because it helps me sleep. But it also makes me have to pee like crazy at like 2 in the morning and I don't wanna get up to go to the bathroom. So, um... how do I do this?"

Emily jumps up out of her sleeping bag and gets one of her night-time pull-ups. "You take your PJ bottoms and underwear off and you pull this diaper on. Right here. We won't look," Emily says, tossing her a diaper.

Megan catches it, and without hesitation, takes her pajama bottoms and panties off, then quickly slides on the pull-on diaper. She pulls her pajama bottoms back on, then admires her puffy, crinkly behind in the mirror. "Wow, these things are *thick*."

"Well, duh. That's why they can hold rivers. You'll be able to wet at 2 A.M. and still have room for more while we're watching morning cartoons. Trust me. I can't wait till you go in it. You are going to love it. You can wake me up when you're going if you want, it'll be fun to watch," Emily blabs.

"I already do love it. A little weird walking around in this but – wow so soft. I'm gonna sleep well. So, so tired. Um, goodnight!" Megan gets in her bed and lays down. She reaches under her pillow and pulls out the pink pacifier Madison gave her and begins to suckle it calmly. The other girls watch for a while as Megan drifts into a deep slumber.

"See, I told you. I *told* you," Emily whispers and giggles. It's not long before all the girls are soundly sleeping. It's been a *long* day.

*...Two-thirty in the morning and not a soul is stirring, not even... oh, wait. Megan is starting to stir... Wonder why? Let's find out...*

Megan is having a dream. One of those weird dreams where it feels like you're falling endlessly, with no ground in sight, seeming like she's free-falling, forever. The dream begins to fade as a sudden urge to pee signals her brain to snap out of dreamland, making her aware of her bodily needs. She stretches and sits up, groaning quietly, looking over at her alarm clock. "Ugh, yeah. Two-thirty in the morning and I have to pee like crazy," she thinks to herself. Just then, she can hear her thick, pull-up diaper crinkle. "Oh, yeah, I'm wearing this. I can just go in it," she thinks. She sits up and tries to relax her bladder muscles. She tries but at first is not able to. It's like her potty-trained brain is fighting it. She wonders if Madison, Britney, and Emily had this problem at first. She tries to keep her mind off of this, then begins shaking because she has to pee so bad. "Okay, okay. Pretend I'm sitting on the toilet. I'm gonna let go now. I can't take it anymore," she whispers. Finally, she can't hold it any longer and a steady stream starts to flow into her heavily padded bottom. She is taken back by the feeling, an amazing, almost euphoric sensation. After several seconds, she is done peeing and breathing deeply. She lays back down and squirms, feeling around her wet and squishy areas, hearing the diaper crinkle and feeling her heart racing as she does. The feeling becomes more intense, and she can't help but love every moment. "Emily was so right. Feels. So. Good. Um, so – so sleepy," Megan quickly passes out, falling back asleep within seconds. The other girls, who have perfected the art of peeing while remaining unconscious, do not hear a thing and remain in deep slumber.

## Chapter 30: "Don't Knock It till You Try It..."

It's Monday morning. The sun rays shine through Megan's bedroom window. Sounds of birds chirping and cicadas hissing comes through the cracked open window. Looks like another beautiful, summer day in this southwestern Wisconsin town. Emily is the first to awaken. She sits up in her sleeping bag and begins to stretch as she rubs her eyes. She squirms and places her fingers over the top of her night diaper. As usual, she thinks to herself "wet but room for another." She stands up and walks over beside Megan's bed, gently rolling back the sheets, revealing Megan's thick pull-up sticking out from under her night-gown. Emily smiles, knowing Megan managed to wet it during the night. After a minute, Megan opens her eyes, somewhat freaked out by Emily glaring at her. Megan yawns and quickly pulls her gown down.

"Um, oh. What time is it? How long have you been standing here?"

"Not long, just a minute. Sorry if I scared you. I was just admiring how you wet in your diaper. Oh, it's like 8:15 am. So, how was it? Like it – hate it? Tell me about it. And don't worry about changing yet. If you have to pee again, just go. It'll hold," Emily quickly rambles.

Megan giggles. "I woke up from a weird dream at like 2:30 and had to pee really bad. So, I just sat up and went. At first, I couldn't get anything to come out but then it finally did. It felt amazing. And now I can't even tell it's wet. Um, I do have to pee now. You sure I can go again?"

"You bet! I have to pee, too. Let's race. Who will be the wettest? Ready? 1 – 2 – 3 – PEE!" Emily giggles. Both girls concentrate and begin wetting their diapers. Megan puts her hands and fingers around her groin area as she continues to pee heavier. A soft hissing sound can be heard, it's so quiet in the room. She coos as her diaper becomes super warm and even more squishy.

"Oh yeah, it's getting all warm and squish-i-fied, huh? I'm – almost – done..." Emily shouts as her pee stream becomes weaker.

Megan laughs. "Ha, squish-i-fied. I like that. Yeah, um this thing is getting swelled up, like Amber's nighttime pull-ups in the morning. Oh, looks like your diaper got even wetter so you win this time. Um, I wish I could go downstairs with this on but there's no way. It's so thick and noisy. My Mom would totally notice and I'd get yelled at. But um, tonight – when we go to bed, can I borrow another one?"

"Borrow? Uh, I don't want the wet one back. Ha-ha! Just kidding. Yes, of course you can have another one tonight. Hey, wait a minute. You could wear one during the day. Just not one of the nighttime ones. I bet you'd fit into one of Maddie or Brit's Pampers. I do, so I know you will. What do you think? You can wear jean shorts – they hide nicely under denim. I'll even help you get all diapered up," Emily rambles on.

Megan has a slight look of worry on her face. She *really* wants to wear a diaper during the day and be just like her cousins, but she worries someone (like Cori) would still notice. Jennifer is already getting after Megan when she catches her thumb sucking.

"Uh, I dunno. I mean, I'd love to wear one all day but you know how my sister Cori found out about Maddie and Britney, and you. She'd never stop teasing me if she knew. Uh, I should go shower.

Emily sighs. "Well, think about it. While you're in the shower I'm gonna enjoy my soggy pants for a bit, and maybe wake up Maddie and Britney. Just don't get dressed after your shower. Come back with a towel wrapped around you and we will all help diaper you, and make sure it stays hidden. Kay?"

Megan nods slowly, still playing with her soggy pull-up. "Hmm, this is awesome. Um, totally get why Amber doesn't wanna get potty trained again." She waddles out, closing the door gently. Emily lays down in Megan's bed, fondling herself and enjoying her warm, soggy diaper. She tries not to make too much noise, but ends up waking up her friends.

"Good morning, Ems. I see you're having fun?" Madison says while stretching her legs.

Emily's face turns a bit red. "Uh oh. Sorry, I was trying to be quiet. Um, yeah. Me and Megan; we had a wetting race. I won because you know I'm a champ at super soaking. But she totally loves it!" Emily looks over, seeing Britney is now awake. "Oh, morning Brit. Did you sleep good?"

Britney is a bit preoccupied, also enjoying her extremely soaked Pamper she just finished wetting for the second time. "Uh-huh, and I peed a *lot*, too. Uh oh!"

Madison gasps. "More than me? Let's see your diapy." Britney takes her pajamas off and stands next to Madison. Her Pamper is saturated to the max and sagging in back. It's not leaking, but could any second. "Holy cow, yeah you win."

"I've kind of noticed something about you two the past few nights. You both wake up completely soaked. You think maybe it's time to wear my night-time diapers? At least at night?" Emily inquires.

Britney shrugs. "Yeah, we probably should. This one is almost leaking. Um, who wants to help change me?"

Just then, there's a soft knock on the door. Madison gasps. "Um, we're not decent. Who is it?"

"It's just Kelly. I heard you're up, figured some of you may need help changing?" Madison gets up and opens the door.

"Uh, yeah. Me first I think I'm the wettest," Britney says, blushing a little.

Kelly closes the door behind her, chuckling slightly. "Sure thing, Brit. Lay down on the bed and I'll get you cleaned up." She grabs a dry Pamper and the wipes, then carefully un-tapes her wet one. She gasps when seeing just how wet it is. "My goodness, you sure do pee a lot, silly girl. Maddie, is yours this wet, too?" Madison blushes, slowly nodding her head proudly like a 3-year-old. Kelly sighs. "You know, I was about your age when I started to need more serious protection. I was sick of coming home from school with wet spots on my outfits from another leaky Pamper." Kelly explains as she wipes Britney gently with a few wipes.

"Uh, so what did you do? Was your Mom like 'okay time to get potty trained, again'?" Britney asks.

Kelly laughs. "Ha! No. I just *graduated* to teen baby diapers." All 3 girls gasp, their mouths wide open.

"Whoa. You mean, like there's a Pampers size 8 and 9?" asks Britney.

"Not exactly. I mean, P&G doesn't make them anymore. Well, they used to make a size 8 back when Ashley was a young teenager; but they stopped making them after sales dropped. Luckily, the Internet helped shed light on the need for teen and adult baby diapers."

"Wow. So, is that... Uh; what you wear now? They hold more than Pampers?" Britney questions.

"Yeah but aren't they like super thick and you can't walk in them, or wear jeans over them?" Maddie wonders.

Kelly, wearing a longer skirt with no tights under, stands up and lifts it up, revealing her *KinderDry for Girls, teen-baby walker 2* disposable diaper. It is pink all over with plastic backing (no cloth-like cover). The girls again gasp.

"See, it's not *that* thick. Maybe a little thicker than your Pampers. But I can walk fine. It only gets challenging if I'm like totally soaked. Yeah Britney, they hold a *lot* more than your Pampers. I won't need to change out of this one until after lunch, maybe 1 or 2 in the afternoon. So hey, an idea. Why don't you and Maddie try them today? I'll change you into one of mine. I keep a few spares in my oversized purse that doubles as a diaper bag. If you like them, I will give your Mom the website to order them. You're both pretty close to my size so they should fit. Emily, you're a bit smaller so I think you'd be okay with baby diapers or pull-ups yet. What do you say? "

Britney and Madison look at each other and shrug. "Um, yeah we wanna try 'em. Um, I'm ready!" Britney squeals.

"Great! Here we go sweetie. I think you will love these," Kelly unfolds one of her KinderDry diapers and quickly diapers Britney with it. "These fit you nicely. What do you want to wear today, honey? It's looking like another warm, sunny Wisconsin summer day."

Britney stands up and admires herself in Megan's door mirror. She instantly giggles as she sees the pink diaper and hears it crinkle. "So soft and comfy. Can't wait to see how much I can go in this. Hee-hee. Um, I dunno I'll wear shorts and t-shirt. And if my diapy sticks out I don't care, everybody knows now anyway. "

"They do look nice! Britney, you can get dressed yourself, right? I wanna get my diaper changed next, please." Madison blurts. Britney giggles and goes to get herself dressed. Her pink shorts fit over the diaper, but of course if you stare at her butt you will see she's padded somewhat. Madison gets up on the bed and gets changed by Kelly into another *KinderDry for Girls* diaper. Madison also loves the look and feel of her fancy new diaper. Emily looks on in awe at the two sisters. Madison decides to wear a skirt, just long enough to cover her diaper. She's a little too self-conscious of being in a diaper, for some reason, and decides to put tights on underneath as well.

"Alright Ems, your turn. Oh yes, you wear those new older kids' pull-ups to bed. I saw those at the store the other day. How are they?"

Emily lays down on the bed, already pulling open the sides of her pull-up. "Oh, they are nice. I could probably stay in this one till lunch time, but they'd probably start to smell. They are super thick though so I only wear 'em at night or long car rides."

"Awesome. So, what do you wear during the day? Sorry, I forget if you are like Maddie and Britney or if you're somewhat potty trained?"

Emily blushes, but loves every second of this. "Uh, well usually just like 4T-5T Pull-Ups. I'm small yet. Um, I'm kind of like a 5-year-old who has accidents sometimes. But lately my accidents have been too big for a normal pull-up to hold. Remember like last night I ended up wearing a Pampers. Um, but I love Pull-Ups. I like the choice of peeing in my pants or going potty. It's kind of silly but, just; oh, hey! I got an idea. Those *pull-on diapers* that Amber's mom got her. Those hold pretty good. Um, think it'd be okay if I wear one of those for now?" I might buy a case of them if we go to the store later.

Kelly grins, "I'll go get you one, they're in Amber's room. I think her and Ally are still asleep so I'll be careful," She opens the door, slowly creeping into Amber's room. She comes back seconds later with a *Huggies Pull-On Diaper* in her hand, looking at it.

"Perfect. Yeah, these are a cute product. I wonder if Amber's held up overnight. She's still sound asleep." Kelly helps Emily pull on the dry diaper-like pull-up.

Emily dashes off to her suitcase and starts pulling out an outfit to wear. She also decides on a skirt, no tights.

"Easier to change if I um, don't make it to the potty in time." She giggles.

"Awesome, I think my work here is done. Hey if any of you need help changing, I'll be around today helping out. Just tap my shoulder or something and I'll know what you mean."

"It's okay Kelly. Cori knows we all wear now. I'm not going to go around pretending. She doesn't have to like it, I don't care anymore," Madison explains.

Kelly sighs. "Oh yeah, well if I have anything to say about it, Cori won't be making fun of you girls anymore."

"What do you mean by that?" asks Britney.

"Oh, you'll see. I have some plans for her later..." Kelly has a mischievous grin on her face. The three girls grin and laugh along with her.

"Um, we're just gonna do our hair and stuff. Megan is taking a shower. Thanks for your help. Can you talk to my mommy about those teen-baby girl diapers? We already know we're gonna want more!" Britney asks.

"Sure thing. I'm going to go down and help Jen make breakfast. I'll see you downstairs in a bit." Kelly leaves the room, closing the door. Before heading to the kitchen, she decides to check on Amber and Alyssa. She slowly opens Amber's bedroom door and peers in. Amber is laying on her side in her bed with little Alyssa curled up beside her, cuddled with her stuffed bear. Kelly grins and admires them for a few seconds. "Aww, so darn cute." She looks over at Amber's bottom, noticing quite a bulge from a very soaked diaper. Alyssa's is just as thick, but both their pajama bottoms appear to be dry. She takes a picture of the two girls sleeping with her phone, then decides she'd better get to the kitchen to help with breakfast. It's going to be another hectic, but fun day in Wisconsin.

"Good morning, Kels. Are any of the kids awake yet?" Jennifer greets Kelly as she enters the kitchen.

"Megan, Maddie, Britney, and Emily are up. I helped them get changed. Reminds me, is uh... Mrs. Luedke, oh – Carol – awake yet? "

"Yeah she'll be here in a few minutes. Something wrong with the girls?"

"Oh, no. They are great. Just want to talk to her about something Maddie and Britney need. Um, you know... protection. Ugh. No, not *that* kind of protection!" Kelly blushes.

Jennifer laughs. "I know what you meant, ha-ha. Just messing with you. So Amber and Cori are still out?"

"Yep, they are out cold. They are so cute sleeping together, here; look. Cori I'm not sure. I didn't check on her. Still kind of upset with her, you know – about yesterday..."

"Aww, adorable. Oh yeah, that girl is grounded for a while, definitely."

"Well, if I may offer a suggestion. I'm not her mother - obviously, but I've babysat along with Ashley long enough to have some input. If, uh, you don't mind?"

"Of course. I'm open to ideas. What do you have in mind?"

Kelly and Jen continue to discuss a rather creative punishment for Cori. It involves Cori having to wear (and use) a diaper. At first, Jen is a little reluctant to the idea, feeling it's too harsh; but as Kelly reminds her how nasty Cori was to her cousins the day before, Jen lets her guard down. "Fine, but I'll let you work out all the details. How you are going to convince her to wear a diaper – ha, good luck with that."

Kelly laughs. "Piece of cake. Trust me. I have lots of experience with this!" Kelly continues cooking the scrambled eggs as she starts to think up the perfect punishment for Cori. She is enjoying this, just a little *too* much.



Back up in Megan's room, a freshly showered nine-year-old enters with a pink towel wrapped around her waist. She gently closes the door and opens her closet, picking out an outfit to wear. She grabs a pink tank-top, jean shorts, socks, and underwear completely out of habit. Emily frowns.

"Hey, I thought you were gonna wear a Pamper today?"

"What? She is? No way! Yeah, Meggie; you totally should. I mean think about it. We'll be playing outside, you have to pee so bad and the game is just getting good. Who wants to run back inside and go potty? How cool would it be to just let go in your Pamper?" Madison says.

"Oh, uh; yeah that would be cool, um. But I still worry someone will find out. Um, you sure it'll hide under my shorts, Emily?"

"Uh huh, it will. Here, let us help you. And, uh, maybe instead of a tank-top you can wear a longer t-shirt that goes over your waist a bit. Lay down, little Meggie. Let's get that Pamper on you." Emily grabs a fresh Pamper and unfolds it. Megan does as she's told and lays on her bed. She has this feeling of rebellious excitement as her heart begins to race.

"Um, wait. I need something..." Megan reaches under her pillow, finding her pink pacifier. She pops it in her mouth and begins to happily suck on it. "O-tay, weedy!"

Emily giggles. "Aww yay, this is so cute. So cool that you've always had a thing for pacis and thumb sucking. Okay, here we go." With Madison's help, Emily proceeds to diaper her new diaper-girl friend from WI. They snugly secure the diaper with the tapes and give it a gentle pat. Emily tells Megan to stand up and look at herself in the mirror.

Megan stands there, still suckling her pacifier and admiring herself. She giggles and smiles proudly, taking her pacifier out to talk.

"I look like I'm two again. It's so soft. Um, I can't wait till I have to – go. Gonna drink a lot at breakfast, ha-ha. Okay, I can get dressed. I wanna see if you can tell I'm wearing one under these shorts." Megan pulls her shorts up over the diaper, zippering and snapping them shut. She keeps her shirt off so she can check in the mirror. The back of her diaper does stick out the back a bit, and she starts to look a little nervous.

"Here, put this t-shirt on. It's long enough to cover that right up," Emily tosses her a long, pink t-shirt. Megan pulls it on and it covers down to part of her butt. She looks again in the mirror. Unless you're really staring, there's no way to know she has a diaper on.

"I think this is gonna work! Thanks Emily, thanks Madison and Britney. Um, you girls are so cool. Uh, I feel so naughty, he-he..."

"Isn't it great? Ha-ha, one of the things I love about this. Hey, we should go downstairs. Smells like breakfast is ready!" Emily jumps up and heads out the door as the rest of the girls follow.

--

Amber begins to wake up as the sun is now beating into her eyes. She rolls over, laying on her back. She sits up a bit, yawning and stretching her arms. She then feels around the front of her diaper. It crinkles loudly and feels extremely squishy, but still warm. "I'm really wet," she whispers to herself. She looks over at her sleeping cousin and feels around her diapered bottom. It is also warm, crinkly, and squishy. "Aww, so is Alyssa." This wakes the little girl up. She yawns and opens her eyes, seeing her cousin and smiling.

"Ga-mowning, Amber. I sleep-did good. Did you sleeps good? Your diapy wet?"

Amber nods and giggles. "Uh-huh, it's wet a lot. I think you are, too but your diapy holds more than mine. I – I guess we should get changed. I'll yell for my mommy." Alyssa agrees and jumps out of bed.

"Momma! Momma!" Amber shouts. In a matter of seconds, her door opens and in walks Jen.

"Hi Amber, hi Alyssa. What can I do for you little ladies? "

"Um, mommy... Um, we. We need..." Amber fidgets, playing with her wet diaper and blushing.

"Ooh, you're wet? Alright, I think miss Aly should go first. Can you go get me a diaper you wear for daytime, sweetie?"

Alyssa happily digs into her suitcase and pulls out a daytime Super Big Kid Pants (for girls) diaper. She hands it to Jennifer and lays down on the bed. Jen helps get her changed into her dry diaper as Amber looks on in awe, then helps her get dressed into pink cotton shorts and an adorable Hello Kitty tank-top. She gives the girl a hug and taps her on her padded behind, saying she's all set. Alyssa gets off the bed and starts to play with Amber's doll-house as she waits for her cousin to get dressed.

"Alright, Amber – can you help mommy get you dressed?"

Amber stands in front of her bed with a confused look on her face. "Momma, aren't you gonna change my... um..."

"Yes, honey, but you are old enough to help. Why don't you take your wet one off and toss it in the trash, then I will help you clean up."

Amber rips the sides off her soaked pull-on diaper, rolls it up and tosses it in her trash can. Jen helps her get cleaned up with some baby-wipes, then goes over to her dresser to find her an outfit.

"Momma, I wanna wear a sundress today. It gonna be hot. And, momma, um. Can I put on a dry diap – I mean, pull-up on?"

"I thought you only need those for bedtime?"

Amber pouts. "But, what if I have a - accident again? What if we go somewhere today? Like the park. The potties there are scary, mommy. Pah, please?" Tears begin to form in Amber's eyes.

Jennifer can't stand to see her youngest daughter so scared and sad, even though she knows she is most likely playing her right now. She caves in after only a few seconds. "Okay, sweetie. Get your pull-up on and I'll help you get in your dress. Do you want your pink My Little Pony dress?"

Amber quickly slides on a dry pull-on diaper and smiles, saying yes to the MLP dress. Jen helps her put the dress on, then quickly brushes her hair.

"Alright you two, now it's time for breakfast. Who's hungry?" Both girls say "I am" in unison as they make their way towards the kitchen. As they enter, Madison and the other girls are already seated and being served breakfast. Cori is there, still in her pajamas and a pink robe. She looks at her youngest sister as she gets seated.

"Morning, diaper-butt."

"Stop it you poopy-head!" Amber shouts, sticking out her tongue.

"CORI ANN LUDKE! I'd advise you not say another word to your sister or anyone here. You're already grounded for a week, want to make it two?" Jennifer says sternly, giving her oldest daughter *'the look.'*

"Ugh! No, one is enough. Fine, I'll shut up."

"Good. Just so you know, missy... This afternoon us adults have some business stuff to take care of. I'm leaving Kelly and Ashley in charge. And yes, this time you *do* need a babysitter. Kelly has been authorized to punish you in any way she sees fit. Just remember that."

Cori rolls her eyes, but softly says "yes, ma'am." After a few seconds of awkward silence, Megan begins to dig in. First, she starts slamming her orange juice.

"Woah, slow down there Megan. There's plenty more to go around," Kelly giggles.

"Uh, sorry. Just really thirsty this morning. Um, everything is so good. Thanks mom and Kelly for making breakfast." They both say you're welcome as everyone else begins to enjoy breakfast.

--

Later that morning, Madison, Britney, Emily, and Megan have just finished up several games of Mario Kart on the Wii. Amber and Alyssa are playing outside as Derrick, Carol, Ben (Amber's father) are on the deck talking and watching the younger kids play. Kelly and Jen are inside with the older girls while Ashley has gone to be with her boyfriend for a while.

"Great tournament. Congrats Megan, you won this time! Wanna play outside now?" Madison says as they put away the controllers. Megan thinks for a moment.

"Nah, not yet. Um, I just wanna watch TV or something. Do you like Stuck in the Middle? It's a fun show."

"I love that show!" Britney says. The girls decide to watch a few episodes. Megan's seen them all, but she doesn't care. She turns on the TV and sees her mother sitting on the couch.

"Mom, can I sit by you?" Megan whispers.

"Of course, sweetie. Though, I'm kind of surprised you want to hang out with your mom."

"I. I do. You and daddy are going away today again?"

"Yes, for a little while. Aunt Carol and Uncle Derrick want to see some things. They don't get out here often you know."

"I know, Mom. I just miss you. Um, don't tell anyone that. Um, can I sit in your lap? Can you braid my hair while I watch TV?" Megan completely forgets that she's wearing a diaper and any minute now she is going to have to pee. But she's also feeling this overwhelming need to bond with her mother right now. Of course, Jen enjoys the opportunity.

"Aww well isn't that sweet. You haven't asked me to braid your hair in a long time. Sure, come on up."

Megan plops down in her mother's lap and untangles her long, dark-brown hair. She gets comfortable and begins watching the first episode of Stuck in the Middle. Jennifer begins the task of braiding Megan's hair into two long pigtails. A few minutes pass and Megan has put her thumb in her mouth and is sucking it, not even aware of what she's doing. Jen takes notice, but decides to let it slide, not wanting to embarrass her daughter in front of her cousins.

"Hey, look at Meggie. First, I thought it was cute how she wants to cuddle with Aunt Jen. But now she's sucking her thumb. You think she's wet her Pamper yet?" Britney whispers in Madison's ear.

"I don't think she has, yet. I have, but I don't even feel it much in these diapers. Yeah, I hope Megan is careful. If she pees too quick her Mom might feel it on her lap," whispers Madison. The two girls softly giggle, trying not to be noticeable.

The first episode of the thirty-minute show is over. Britney reaches for the remote, starting the next episode. Megan is still contently cuddling in her mother's lap as her hair continues to be braided. Megan now feels a familiar sensation; pressure from her bladder. The orange juice she chugged at breakfast has processed through her kidneys. Forgetting she has a diaper on, she begins to fidget and wiggle her legs a bit, like a little girl who needs to pee. After a while, Jennifer notices.

"Sweetie, I think you need to go potty. We can pause the show while you go to the bathroom,"

Megan gasps, then realizing she is wearing a diaper. "No, it's okay Mom I'm fine, really. It can wait till this episode is over. I don't have to go that bad. Finish my hair, please and thank you!"

"Okay, silly. I know how much you like this show. I'm almost done with your hair, it's going to look so cute."

Megan smiles and tries to relax. She wants to wet her diaper, but then begins to think: 'It'll get warm. Mom will feel it. She'll think I peed my pants.' She continues to ponder. 'Maybe if I wet it really slow, it won't get so warm. Yeah, that's it.' Megan concentrates, almost in a state of meditation. She allows just a little stream of pee to flow into the padding of her diaper.

Even the small amount begins to feel intensely warm. She quickly holds back, allowing the Pamper to fully absorb the liquid. She tries not to squirm, but can't help but feel excited.

"Oh my God, she's peeing. Look at her face. She looks like Alyssa when she's flooding her pull-ups," Madison whispers to her sister.

"Yup. I hope she goes slow enough..."

Megan looks up at her mother, trying to act natural. "Almost done, mommy?"

"Yes, just finished. Now, I think you should get up and go potty. You are awfully squirmy."

"I'm not. I don't have to go anymore, it's fine. Let's just finish the show. Um, when do you have to leave?"

"Probably right when this show is over. Then Kelly and Ashley will be in charge. Oh, and don't talk to Cori. She will be in her room."

"Yeah, I hope she stops being so mean to Amber and my cousins. That's just stupid. So, what if they wear diapers? They are really cool kids. And Amber, she's just going through a phase and stuff, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sweetie. She's also lucky to have you as her sister. You've always looked after her from the day she was born. I'm proud of you for that. Cori will come around, in time."

Megan goes back to watching the show, but her bladder is not going to let up. She has to finish peeing, and she has to go *now*.

"Um, I guess I do have to go. Uh, be right back. You don't have to pause it." Megan jumps out of her mother's lap and starts walking towards the bathroom. "Maddie, Britney, Emily – you girls are lucky!" Megan gasps and blushes, just realizing she said that out loud.

"Maybe I should take it off and pee in the toilet... That was close, mom almost found out," Megan thinks to herself. "No! I got a diaper on, I'm gonna use it. Emily's right, she won't know if I'm careful." Megan stands in front of the toilet, leaning over slightly. She turns on the sink faucet, which makes it easier to pee in her diaper. A steady stream begins entering the diaper's middle padding. She instantly feels her groin area getting very warm and squishy. After about 15 seconds, she is done. She feels the front and back of her shots. It's mushy, warm, and feels like jelly, but no wet spots. She sighs. Knowing her diaper is still very warm, she knows she can't go back and sit in her mother's lap. She flushes the toilet (to trick her mom into thinking she actually used it) and then washes her hands. She comes back and sits on the couch where Emily, Madison, and Britney are. As she plops down, she feels another burst of warm squishiness. The girls look at her and give her a wink.

"Squishy and warm?" Emily whispers in Megan's ear.

"Very. And I love it. How's your pull-up?"

"Damp, but good for another."

"Um, I peed a lot in mine. I may have to change soon," Megan whispers back.

"Nah, not yet. It's still warm. When it gets cold and icky then you let me or Maddie know, kay?"

Megan giggles and nods.

"Okay, silly girls. I'm going to go round up the other girls and we're going to get going," Jennifer says.

"Bye, mommy. I love you. Don't be gone *too* long, okay?"

"We'll try not to. Hey Kelly, can you come help me round up Amber and Alyssa?" Kelly and Jen go outside to find the little girls.

"Whew! That was close. I almost like completely flooded my Pamper while in my mom's lap. Think she would have felt it?"

"Um, yes! She'd have known right away. But she'd probably think you just peed your pants. So, you still like them? Wetting them I mean."

"Oh gosh Maddie, I do. I totally get how you and Britney and your friend Emily got into this. I just wish I could.... Keep wearing them like you get to."

"Well, maybe you can. You know, when I started wearing I used to sneak around, until my parents found out one night. They were cool about it, after a while," Emily explains, giving her friend a hug.

"Yeah, I don't know what my mom or dad would do if they found out. I think my mom is having a hard-enough time with Amber being back in pull-ups all day..."

"Yeah, that's true. Well, just hide it really well. Find a place in your room to hide them where your mom never looks. Sneak out the wet ones in the trash, wrapped in shopping bags or old newspapers," Emily says.

"Oh, um. Does Kelly know that I'm wearing a – wet – Pamper right now? Did you guys tell her when she was getting you changed this morning?" Megan asks.

"Oh, crap. I don't think we told her. Did we tell her, Maddie? Brit?"

"Umm, I don't think so. We were so excited about trying our new teen-baby girl diapers... Uh, oh," Madison looks somewhat worried.

"Kelly isn't gonna care. She wears them herself. Um, you know that, right Megan?" asks Britney.

"*What?* No, I didn't know that. Um, well – sometimes I wondered cause like when she's with us I never see her go to the bathroom. Um, really?"

"Yeah, she's been in diapers since she was like 5 I guess. Never grew out of it," Madison says.

"That's cool, good for her. She's lucky, just like you. So, does Ashley wear them, too?"

"No, not anymore. She used to when she was younger, though. Like I think she got re-potty trained when she was like 16. But she knows about her sister Kelly and is totally supportive. You kids are so lucky to have such awesome baby-sitters," Madison explains.

"Yup, we are. I love them. Um, I guess when I need to be changed later I'll just go up to Kelly and tell her. It could be fun!"

Emily gasps and giggles. "Oh my gosh. Hee-hee that's so cool!"

"Good job Ems, you've totally corrupted her. And it only took less than 24 hours!" Madison teases. Emily grins mischievously.

--

"I don't have to go, Mommy. Why do we have to come in now? We wanna stay outside," Amber whines.

"Because mommy, daddy, and Aunt Carol and Uncle Derrick need to go away for a while and Kelly needs you inside for now. Maybe if you are a good girl, she'll take you someplace fun... BUT, you have to at least try to go potty first."

Amber sighs. "Okay, fine I'll go try. I'll be good Momma. Hey Alyssa I'll be right back, don't go nowhere," she says as she dashes off to the bathroom. Alyssa goes over by Carol, holding her arms up to be held.

"Momma, you and daddy going bye-bye? I gonna miss you," Alyssa gives her mother a hug as Carol swoops her into her arms.

"What about me, Pumpkin?"

"Uh-huh Daddy, you too. You gonna be gone all day?"

"No, we should be home by dinner time. Be a good girl for Kelly, okay? You'll have so much fun with your cousins you won't even know we're gone," Carol jokes.

"I always good girl. Kelly a fun girl, I wish she come home wif us and be our baby-sitter..." Both Carol and Derrick laugh. Kelly happens to overhear and walks over by them.

"Hey there cutie! Actually. I start college in the Fall and it's very near you guys. You live in Oak Pine, California?" Carol nods. "Great. Guess what, Ally... I'm going to be going to school out near where you live. In a few months I will be moving there. I'd love to hang out with you and your sisters when I'm not busy with school stuff. How's that sound?" Alyssa forms a huge smile on her face as Carol passes her off to Kelly.

"Weally? That gonna be great. You hear dat, Maddie, Bwit-ney?" Alyssa clings to Kelly, hugging her tightly.

"Aww, I can't wait to come out there!"

"That's totally cool, Kelly. Is Ashley coming, too?" Madison wonders.

"No, she's not in school and has a job and boyfriend here. But she can always fly out to visit. Hey, who wants to help me with lunch? I think the adults need to get going."

Amber comes back from the restroom. "I do, I wanna help. Me and Alyssa will help. Bye mommy and daddy. Bye Auntie Carol, Uncle Derrick."

"Bye sweetie. Did you go potty and wash your hands?"

"Yes, Mommy, all done."

"Good girl. Okay, we're off. Kelly you have my cell number if you need anything." Kelly nods and grins as she takes Amber and Alyssa's hand, leading them to the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Megan comes running towards her mother and father as they are walking towards the back door. "Bye mom, bye dad! Be safe, okay? Love you," she says while blowing kisses.

"Aww, bye sweetie. We love you, too. Watch over your little sister," Ben says. The adults leave through the back door.

As Kelly helps the younger girls with making lunch, Megan and the older girls (minus Cori who is in her room) remain in the living room, watching TV while resting on the couch.

"Okay, it's time for a diaper check. I'll start. Mine is soggy, warm, and wonderfully squishy. Oops!" Emily blushes.

Megan places her hands over her front and begins to run her fingers over her diaper area. It crinkles a bit as she does.

"Uh, mine is soaked and kinda warm cause I just peed more when I was saying bye to my mom and dad. Um, I think after lunch I better get changed cause I don't want to leak."

"Mine is kind of wet? I think I wet it two times since we got dressed. Um, but barely even feels wet. These teen-baby diapers are amazing," Britney gushes.

"Same. Me and Brit won't need changing till dinner time I think? These will be great for school," Madison says.

"Megan, are you really going to ask Kelly to change you? You don't have to if you don't want," Emily questions.

"Uh-huh, I think so. It still seems kind of fun. I mean, what's she going to do, freak out? She was once like me. And you."

"She still is, silly. Hey, did you hear she's moving out by us in the Fall for school? That's SO cool!" Britney says.

Megan smiles, but it's bitter-sweet. "Yeah, that's really cool for you guys! I'm gonna miss her, though. And all of you. I hope we can fly out and visit sometime. If we do, I'm gonna be diapered for the trip. Airplane bathrooms are scary! My mom will just have to deal." The girls all giggle for a few seconds, when Madison changes the subject.

"Hey. I miss Andrew. Don't you miss Josh, Emily? We should call them!"

"Who's Andrew and Josh?" Megan asks.

"Maddie and Emily's *boyfriends!*" Britney blurts in a teasing tone. Madison and Emily give her a friendly glare.

"Oh, wow. I'm 9, still kind-a young for that. Um, but do they know about your diapers and stuff?"

"Oh yeah they know. Josh found out when he tried to pull a prank on Emily at school. Andrew found out when I went with him to the middle school dance. I was really super nervous and had a lot of punch and my diaper ended up leaking so I kind of had to tell him why it took me so long in the bathroom. "

Megan's mouth is wide open. "Wow! Um, did they make fun of you?"

"Josh made fun of me at first, but then he saw me getting picked on by a bully and he stuck up for me, we got to talking and now he's really nice about the whole thing. He even got me a pacifier. It's in my bag up in your room. I'll show you tonight," Emily explains proudly.

"Andrew was really nice about it and said he'll protect me if anyone picks on me. He's really sweet. Let's call them. What time is it back home, like 10am?"

"Yeah, I think so. They should be awake," says Emily. Madison and Emily get out their phones and proceed to call their 'boyfriends.' Both have girls have the typical "I miss you, can't wait to see you. We're having so much fun" conversation with them and are done within five minutes.

"Oh geez, I just wet again thinking about Andrew! Starting to feel a little squishy now, but it's still good for more," Madison boasts. Megan and Britney get into a giggle fit.

"Uh-oh, all this laughing made me go more," Britney says in-between giggles. "Love these new diapers!"

"Girls, lunch is ready! Come get it," Kelly shouts from the kitchen. The four girls get up and march into the kitchen, each taking their seats. "We have grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup. What would each of you like to drink?" Megan gets chocolate milk as does Emily. Madison and Britney ask for water and Alyssa and Amber go for apple juice.

Cori enters and sits down. "Am I allowed to have lunch?"

"Yes, but not if you have an attitude about it. Grilled cheese and tomato soup. Dig in." Kelly says, somewhat annoyed. The group of hungry girls go to town on their lunches – not a lot of talking takes place.

Cori finishes first, says "thanks" and heads back towards her room.

"I will be up to talk to you soon, Cori," Kelly says to her in passing. She helps Amber and Alyssa get cleaned up, then lets them run off to the playroom to play. Madison and Britney ask if Kelly needs help with doing dishes or clearing the table.

"No, I'm good. But thanks girls. Why don't you guys go play for a bit while I clean up and talk to Cori. After that, I have a surprise for you all. Oh, wait.... Anyone need changes yet?"

"Me and Brit are good, we barely feel wet yet. But, I think Ems may have had an accident or two..."

Emily blushes and plays along. "Nut-uh! Um, my Pull-Up still dry."

"Oh, really? So, then I bet you have to go potty, really bad?" Kelly teases.

"Uh, maybe. But not right now," Emily lies, tugging at her wet pull-up under her skirt.

"Well little girl, I think you forgot that your pull-ups have designs that fade as you wet them. Let's see here..."

"Uh oh. Um, no I think they still there," Emily blushes and fidgets some more, loving every second of this regressive play. Kelly lifts up Emily's skirt, revealing her obviously wet pull-up. All three hearts are completely dissolved.

"Yup, just as I thought. Let's go sweetie, time to get a dry pull-up on you before you get a rash."

"Uh-oh. I guess I did go potty in my pull-up. Oops, I sorry," Emily plays.

"Aww, it's okay cutie-pie. Accidents happen. I'm not mad. Let's go... up to Megan's room," Kelly says as she takes Emily's hand.

The other girls stay behind as Emily gets changed.

"Hey, why didn't you tell her you were wet, Meggie?" Madison asks.

"Emily beat me to it. But, I will when she's done with Emily cause um, this thing is getting cold and icky now."

Britney giggles. "Yeah, it's time for a change. I can't believe you're gonna just tell her like you've been wearing them all along. This is going to be fun."

"I have an idea. Megan, does your little sister have like toddler building blocks or something, maybe left over from when she was really little?" Madison asks.

"Yup, in the playroom, where her and Alyssa are now. Why?"

"You'll see. I'll be right back!" Madison runs off into the playroom. Alyssa greets her, excitedly.

"Hi Ally, not here for long just need to get something. You girls having fun?" Of course, both girls happily say yes.

"Great. Okay, got it. Thanks, see you in a bit!"

Madison dashes back into the living room, with a bag of Duplo blocks in her hands. She dumps them on the floor.

"Okay, Megan. Sit down and start playing with these blocks like you're a 2-year-old. This is all part of the fun. Kelly will come down and see you and wonder what's up. She might even figure it out."

"Maddie, that's awesome. Love the way your mind works. Um, can I play blocks with her? Please?" Britney begs.

"Yeah, of course! We all can. Let's build a castle or something, hee-hee." The girls all sit down in a circle and start playing with the blocks as if they are toddlers.

Emily and Kelly walk in and see the 3 girls playing with the baby blocks.

"Ooh, blocks! I wanna play, too!" Emily squeals.

Madison signals for her to sit down with them. "All dry now, Ems?"

"Uh-huh, see – 3 hearts," Emily says as she lifts up her skirt. Madison giggles.

Meanwhile, Kelly is a bit surprised to see Megan playing with baby blocks. She totally gets why the other girls are, but thinks to herself that Megan hasn't ever shown regressive behavior before, besides occasional thumb-sucking. She doesn't say anything, but continues to stand and watch curiously, figuring maybe she is just wanting to 'fit-in' with her cousins.

Just then, Madison nudges her cousin. "Hey, now's your chance. Maybe start talking like a toddler. Start tugging at your shorts, making it obvious you are uncomfortable. That is, if you still wanna do this?"

"Yeah, I still do. Um, okay I'll try," Megan whispers back in Madison's ear. Kelly can't help but notice the whispering going on, but figures it's just Maddie having fun with her cousin.

Megan starts making facial gestures and tugging at the front of her shorts as she's playing. She starts talking babyishly.

"Uh-oh. Uh, Meggie need hewp..."



Britney and Emily look at each other and start to softly giggle. They can't help it, this is so darn cute and amazing at the same time. Emily can't believe how easy it was to get Megan on board with all of this. Kelly almost spits out the gulp of soda she just drank, and continues to watch Megan's behavior.

"Hey, Megan? Are you okay? Do you need to go potty? Does your tummy hurt?"

"Nuh-uh. But, um. I do need hewp wif some-ting," Megan blushes.

"Okay, sure. But, uh, why are you talking like a toddler? Hey, I'm not one to judge, I'm just curious, it's super freaking cute; this just isn't like you. Oh, wait, I think I know. Are you just trying to make your cousins and Emily more comfortable by doing baby-play with them? That's cool, kiddo. You're a great cousin."

"Not weally. Um, I mean kind-a. But, um. I kind-a like it. But don't tell mommy, please! She'll probably not like it."

Madison again taps on Megan's shoulder. "Meggie, tell her what you need help with. Before there *is* a problem."

"Uh, oh yeah," Megan continues to fidget and tug at her shorts. "My – diaper – wet. I need change. Pwease?"

Kelly again starts to choke and gasp. "Woah, okay... Wait, for real?"

Megan stands up, lifts her shirt up and unbuttons her shorts enough to see her Pamper peek through. "For real!"

Kelly starts to grin and laugh playfully. "I know what's going on. So, you were curious and wanted to try on a diaper? And the girls gave you one to put on this morning?"

"Bingo. And guess what, I *love* it. Um, it's great. But right now, this diaper is getting cold and it's gonna leak soon. Um, so can you help me? For real," Megan says while blushing. Emily, Britney and Madison are enjoying the show.

"Well, sure. But, are you changing into another Pamper? Or have you had enough for today?"

"Another Pamper! I wanna be diapered all day. Uh-oh, are you mad? If so, it was Emily's idea!"

"Hey! Was not..." Emily says playfully.

"HA! Of course, I'm not mad. But, I do have to ask; does your mom know?"

"Are you kidding? She gets on my case for sucking my thumb. Uh, oops. That secret's out too now." (even though Kelly already knows)

"Well, I will play along today, cause well – how can I not? I'm sure the girls told you about me, so yeah. But just be careful around your mom and dad, okay?"

"I will. I'm not gonna wear every day. Just, every so often, you know. Um, okay I really need-a get changed, sorry..."

"Yup, up we go sweetie. I'll get you dry in no time! Be right back, girls. Carry on with your blocks!" Kelly and Megan head up to her room to get changed as the other girls continue to play and talk among themselves. The conversation continues to be about how they still can't believe Megan had the 'guts' to do this! Emily has taught her well.

...

Just a few minutes later, Kelly and Megan come back into the family room. Megan immediately sits back down to continue playing. "All dry, for now! Let's finish our buildings with the blocks. This is fun!"

"Will you girls be okay down here by yourselves for a bit? I need to go talk to Cori. It's time for her punishment..."

"Yeah, we'll be okay. I'll check on Alyssa and Amber, too. Um, wait. Cori's punishment? Isn't she grounded, isn't that enough?" Asks Madison.

"Yeah, she is but no, that is *not* enough. I have something in mind for her that should put an end to her bullying. You'll find out soon," Kelly says as she heads towards Cori's room. She knocks on her door, then enters, closing it behind her.

"So, what do you need to yell at me about?"

"Hi, nice to see you, too. I'm not going to yell. It's time for your punishment. Since you insist on taunting your sister and cousins for wearing diapers..."

Cori rolls her eyes and interrupts. "You're not my mother. Why isn't she here giving me my punishment?"

"Because she asked me to do it. And she said anything goes. So, I will be right back. Close your eyes and hold out your hands. In a minute I will let you know when you can open them." Kelly reaches into her purse, pulling out one of her teen-baby diapers. She places it in Cori's arms, then tells her to open her eyes.

A look of horror comes across Cori's face. "What the hell is this? A diaper? I don't care what you say... I'm NOT changing your diaper, you freak. Yes, I know you wear them. Overheard Madison and Britney talking about you the other day. That's where I draw the line. Change yourself," she says, tossing the folded-up diaper across the room.

"Oh, you think you are so tough. Yeah, I wear 'em. Have since I was a little girl. It's now a medical need. We all aren't perfect like you are. No, I didn't come in here to have you change me. This diaper is for you. You're going to wear it the rest of the afternoon and you cannot take it off until you've wet in it," Kelly explains.

"Oh my God. There is NO way. You have lost your mind! Mom would never agree to this. This is child abuse! Not doing it, no freaking way."

"Oh, yes you are. And your Mom is on board with this plan. Why don't you text her and ask if you don't believe me!"

"Unbelievable! Whatever, let's get this over with I guess. It's not going to make me any nicer or make me change my mind," Cori retorts.

"Sure, it will. Because if your behavior doesn't improve, you will keep wearing them until it does."

"Fine, whatever. You're not touching me, though. I've diapered Amber before, I can do it myself. Leave the room and I'll do it." Cori starts to unfold the diaper.

"Okay, but one more thing. You are to wear just the diaper and t-shirt only. You can hide in your room, but you cannot pee in the toilet. I will be giving you a large bottle of water and you need to drink most of it within the next 20 minutes. I will be taking the girls out for a while, you are to stay here and only use your diaper when you have to pee. Don't worry, it will hold up without leaking." Kelly leaves her room, standing outside her door.

"Yeah, like I'd go anywhere looking like this. Stay out till I tell you I'm done," Cori yells. She takes her pants and underwear off and begins trying to diaper herself. She struggles and is not able to fasten it properly. "Damn-it. It doesn't fit."

"Yes, it does. You just need help. I'm coming in. You really don't have a choice." Kelly enters the room and sees Cori's pathetic diapering attempt. "Ha, not even close. Here, I will get it to fit nice and snug!" Cori puts her hands over her face and sighs angrily. Kelly adjusts the diaper and gets it taped snugly. "Aww, you look adorable. Alright, here's your water. Drink up. I will let you know when we're leaving. Remember, only pee in your diaper! Have fun."

"Fun? I look fucking ridiculous. This is not fun, far from it."

"Watch your language, or I'll really give you something to be embarrassed about!" Kelly leaves the room, closing the door. Cori begins to drink her water, reluctantly. She looks at herself in the pink, oversized diaper and shakes her head. She thinks to herself how stupid this is, and how could her cousins enjoy this type of behavior?

---

Meanwhile, the 4 girls in the living room have finished playing with their blocks. Kelly enters just in time to see the finished projects.

"Good job, girls. Alright, Cori is all set up with her punishment. She will be staying here, in her room for the afternoon. The rest of us are going to go do something fun. Let's go see if Amber or Alyssa need pull-up changes, first." They all walk into

the playroom to find Alyssa and Amber contently coloring in their coloring books. Kelly walks up next to Amber and kneels down to her level.

"That's a very nice picture you colored, sweetie. Hey, how'd you and Alyssa like to go The Bounce Factory?" Kelly asks. She's referring to a large trampoline and bounce house facility, one of Amber's favorites.

"Really? We all going? Yeah, yeah! I wanna go! Alyssa, you will love it they got bounce castles and lots of stuff to play and jump around on!" Both girls jump up and down in excitement.

"Oh yeah, we have a place like that back home. It's so fun. Kelly, you are so cool. You gonna bounce with us?" Madison asks.

"Yep, I sure will. Alright, before we go.... I need a show of hands. Who needs to be changed? Be honest, I won't be mad. Just don't want any leaks at the bounce place." Alyssa instantly raises her hand, then Madison and Britney.

"Okay, I will start with Alyssa. But, wait a minute. Amber, you're dry? When's the last time you went potty?"

"Uh-huh I'm dry. I went right before mommy and daddy left, remember? See, look," Amber lifts up her dress, showing her pull-up still has all 3 flowers.

"Okay, very good. Hmm, you might want to wear some shorts under that dress – if you don't want other kids to see your pull-up. Megan, can you help her with that while I help Alyssa, Maddie, and Britney get changed? You 3, come with me into the bathroom..." As Kelly goes to change them, Megan and Emily stay back with Amber to help her put some thin pink shorts on.

"I don't really care if someone sees my pull-up. How about you, Emily?"

"Uh, oh yeah I'm wearing just a skirt and pull-up diaper. But, no – I don't mind. It's kind of fun!" They all giggle.

Shortly after, Kelly comes out of the bathroom with Alyssa, Madison, and Britney all in dry diapers. She packs a few extra diapers / pull-ups into her oversized purse and they all get buckled into the car. They arrive at The Bounce Factory within 10 minutes. The girls all take their shoes off and are ready to play.

They decide to go in small groups. Maddie and Britney go off together to a different bounce house as Kelly stays with the younger two. Emily and Megan head towards the first bounce castle. It is very high with a long set of stairs to climb. Emily climbs up first with Megan behind her. They get to the top of the stairs and get ready to go down the long slide, sitting down beside each other.

"Emily? You know I could see, and hear your pull-up the whole time you climbed up the slide. Doesn't that bother you?" I wonder if other kids will notice I got a Pampers on?" Megan asks.

"Yup, I know. Doesn't bother me. It's kind of fun actually. I look younger than I am. Most people won't even care. No one's gonna notice you, don't worry. Okay, let's go!" They both go down the slide. Again, Emily's pull-up diaper is visible the whole way down the slide as her short skirt is lifted up.

They go back up the stairs, this time some other kids are behind them, a boy and a girl about 7 or 8. The boy takes notice, and later as Emily starts walking towards a different bounce area, he stops her, asking how old she is.

"I'm six. I know, you wanna know why I got a diaper on. Um, it's a pull-up. When I play like this sometimes I get excited and have accidents. So there, that's over now. Anything else you wanna know?"

The boy, looking confused, shakes his head. "No, I was just wondering. Um, that's nice though. My little sister wears them too, she's 5. She's over there in that bounce house. Maybe you would like to play with her?" Emily smiles and leads Megan over to the bounce house where the little girl is playing.

"See Megan, I told you. This is fun. You should say you're 3. Hee-hee!"

"O-tay, I'm fwee and I still pee in my Pampers. Weeeeeeeeeee," Megan playfully squeals, not caring at all who hears.

An hour passes by quickly as the kids are all having way too much fun, including Kelly who has slipped into her *little* self, only breaking out of it if one of the kids needs her help. Her teen-baby diaper is about at capacity and will need to be changed soon. She is sitting in the lobby area having a snack with Britney and Madison, who can't help but notice Madison acting a little childish; tugging at her diaper and making funny faces.

"Hey Kelly, you okay?" Madison asks.

"Uh, yeah. Just wish my boyfriend, err; daddy was here. I'm soaked."

"Aww. Hey, me and Britney can help change you. If that's not too weird?"

"Nah, you don't have to. I can change myself. Uh, really..."

"Nonsense. Today you are a *little* and I wanna take care of you for once. I know how to change diapers, do it for Alyssa all the time. Look, they have a family bathroom. I'll go tell Megan and Emily to keep an eye on Amber and Alyssa, then we're going to get *you* all nice and dry. I insist!" Madison says.

"Thank you, sweetheart. Only this once because I really don't feel like changing myself right now."

"No problem. I'll be *right* back." Madison goes to let Emily and Megan know what they are doing, then proceeds take Kelly and Britney into the family room. In the family bathroom there is a large, padded counter which acts as a changing area. Kelly hops up on the table and lays down, lifting her skirt out of the way, showing her completely soaked KinderDry teen-baby diaper.

"Are you sure about this, Maddie?" Kelly asks, trying to relax. She's only trusted her big sister and boyfriend to handle changing her.

"Yes, I am. Please relax, lil' girl. Me and Britney will have you dry and ready to play in no time. Wow, you are soaked. You been in this one since you changed after you woke up?" Madison un-tapes both sides of the diaper and slides it off.

"Uh-huh. I told you these ones are amazing. When I changed you and Britney before we left, you really could have wet them again but I didn't want to risk it." Madison and Britney continue to help change Kelly. Finally, her dry diaper is in place and taped up snug. Kelly jumps off the table and pulls her skirt back down.

"Yay, I'm good till sometime after dinner now. Thank you again. I love being *little* with you guys!" The three of them hug for a moment, then go back out to play.

They find Amber, Alyssa, Emily, and Megan sitting in the toddler area, playing with blocks and puzzles.

"Hey there, everything okay? We have about 30 more minutes before we should head back home," Kelly says.

"Yeah, we just got tired from all that running around and came to play here. Amber wanted a drink so I bought her a slushy, I had some money," Megan says. Emily is sitting in such a way that exposes her pull-on diaper, which now has 1 out of 3 hearts faded away. She has no care in the world and happily continues to play with her puzzle that she's helping Amber and Alyssa with. Madison and Britney come sit next to Megan so they can talk while Kelly goes to the snack counter to get some drinks.

"Hi, did you pee in your diaper yet?" Madison asks her cousin.

"No but I have to pee pretty bad," Megan says, shaking her legs.

"Just go, silly. Nothing to worry about here."

"I know but it's still kind of hard to just go... Was it for you when you first started wearing?"

"Oh yeah. Think of the ocean, roaring waters, running water, leaky faucets. Lean back, relax. Hisssssssss."

"Uh, thanks. That did it, I'm going now." Megan meditates and slowly fills her Pamper with a stream of pee. She smiles and sighs. "Ahh, better. Back to this puzzle." The girls giggle as Madison and Britney join in. Just then, Amber stands up and starts walking towards a bounce house.

"Amber, where you going?" Megan asks.

"I'm done doing puzzles. I wanna go back in the bounce house. Can I?"

"Yeah, but not by yourself. Hey, is your pull-up still dry?"

"Yes! Who's gonna go with me?"

"I'll go with her. And, I'm dry too, I think," Emily says sarcastically.

They run off and climb into a large bounce house. Emily begins jumping alongside Amber – who starts to gradually jump slower and slower, looking a bit preoccupied.

"Hey, Amber you're slowing down. You gotta keep up with me..."

"Uh-huh, in a minute. Doing...something."

Emily starts to smile, knowing exactly just what Amber is 'doing.' Amber has stopped jumping completely, standing still as she empties her full bladder into her pull-on diaper. As soon as she's done peeing, she continues jumping – higher and higher until she falls flat on her butt. She giggles the whole time, but remains still as she realizes how wet her diaper is now. She tugs at her shorts and squirms around, grinning slightly. Emily stops jumping and comes and sits beside her.

"Wet your pull-up, right? It's okay, Amber. I'm like you, remember? See, look. One of my flowers is gone." Emily lifts her skirt, showing Amber she's wet. Amber looks down at her shorts. Her flowers can't be seen, but the front of her shorts have bulged out since her pull-up is now completely soaked.

"Yeah, I went a lot. Not going in the potties here; they are scary! I'm wet but I don't wanna get changed yet, okay? Shh, don't tell no one." Amber winks mischievously.

"Pinky-swear. You don't have to worry about me telling anyone, promise! Let's keep bouncing. We can get changed later, these pull-ups are good for a while. Oh, and when you get better at this, you'll be able to pee while jumping – like I'm doing now." Emily continues to jump around with Amber.

"Thanks Emily. You are a really fun girl! I'm so glad you came along with my cousins."

"Oops, now I only got 1 dry flower. Aww, nuts!" Emily continues to jump around playfully as Amber giggles.

--

Back at the Ludke house, Kelly has all the girls go into the playroom to play as she needs to check on Cori. She walks up to her room and places her head at the door. It seems awfully quiet, so she slowly opens it. Cori is lying flat on her back in her bed, sound asleep. Kelly notices her water bottle is empty and her diaper appears to be wet. Not completely soaked, but wet enough. She places her hand over the front of the diaper, noticing it is still quite warm. Time to wake her up and see if the punishment has worked.

"Hey, wake up. I'm back. And I see you did as I asked. Good job. How are you feeling?"

Cori jumps up, startled. "Geez! You scared me half to death. Yeah, um I got tired from being bored. I peed as I'm sure you know. I was so grossed out by it I just went to sleep. And now you woke me up. And now I have to pee again. It's going to leak. Can I be done? Can I take this thing off?"

"It won't leak. You need to wet it again, until you can actually feel it. Go ahead, let it all out, it will hold."

"Ugh, fine. But I can't pee with you standing here. Go away please. I'll tell you when I'm done. And *then* I am done with this. I promise I won't ever tease Amber or my cousins, ever again. I've learned my lesson. I don't get how they could possibly like walking around in wet diapers all day, but that's not for me to care. I'm really, really sorry. Now just... Oh. My God!"

"What?"

"I'm peeing again. I can't stop it. And you're still here. Damn it."

"See, you're getting used to it already. Not so bad, isn't it. Think about this – if you were on a real long car ride, wouldn't it be nice not to have to stop so often for potty breaks?"

"Ha, no. It would be disgusting. I'm still peeing. What did you put in that water?"

"Nothing. Just water. I'm telling you, it's the diaper. Your body has gotten used to it. It's like your baby instinct is kicking in."

"Geez, you are really enjoying this, aren't you? Haven't I been humiliated enough? I told you I'm sorry. I won't ever be mean to them again. I'm done now and this thing is going to freaking explode. Can I *please* take it off and go shower now?"

"Almost. There is one last thing. You need to walk into Megan's room and say you're sorry to Maddie, Emily, and Britney. And give them a hug."

"Sure, right after I take this diaper off and get dressed."

"No. The diaper stays on. You walk in and say you're sorry and it needs to be a real apology."

"FINE. But you can NOT be there. And just those 3 girls. Not Amber, not Megan. "

"Okay, that's fair. Stay here, I need to go get the 3 girls up here. I'll knock on your door when they are ready." Kelly goes down into the playroom.

"Emily, Maddie and Britney, I need you 3 to come with me for a moment." Kelly asks nicely.

"What? I know I'm wet but I don't wanna get changed yet," Emily whines.

"Not that, sweetie. Cori has something to say to you." They follow Kelly up to Megan's room.

"Okay, sit tight. Cori will be in to talk to you in a minute. She's going to be wearing something that you may get a kick out of, but to be fair, please try not to laugh or tease her. Alright?"

"Um, sure. What, she's wearing a diaper?" Madison asks.

"You guessed it. That was her punishment, to wear and wet one. And did she ever. She claims she is genuinely sorry but I told her she needs to prove it to you three." Kelly explains.

"Wow! Alright, we will listen to what she has to say," Emily says. Kelly knocks on Cori's door. It slowly opens as Cori slowly starts to walk out.

"This is crazy. Do I *really* have to do this?"

"Yes. You've made it this far. As soon as you're done apologizing you can go back to being a 14-year-old."

"Without diapers?"

"Yup, if you want. Now go on, the girls are waiting. I will stay right here in the hall."

Cori walks out and slowly approaches Megan's room. She knocks on the door. "Come in," the girls say together.

Cori enters the room, her diaper crinkling loudly and sagging as she walks. All three girls gasp, but stay silent.

"So, I've had some time to think about what I said to you the other day. As you can see, I'm now wearing what you wear every day. So, I guess I know what it's like now and that was the point of this punishment. I don't understand why you like it- "Cori sighs, re-thinking what she just said. With some hesitation, she opens her mouth to speak. "Well, fine. Maybe I kind of do. I'm gonna tell you something, but I don't want Kelly to hear or find out. She came in my room to find me sleeping. I was sleeping because I wore myself out. Okay. You wanna hear this? You have to promise me you won't laugh – or tell her or anyone. Cause if you tell her, she'll win. I'm competitive, so I can't let her think she won. Okay? "

"Cori, we won't laugh. But what the heck are you talking about? You wore yourself out? From what, crying? I accept your apology. You don't need to tell me anything, okay? Really it's fine." Madison says.

"No, I do. I want to. You're my cousins and I want you to know how sorry I am and how stupid I feel. But again, you tell anyone and there's going to be problems. Not saying that to scare you, just – I'm serious..."

"Yes, Cori. Go ahead, we are all ears." Britney says softly.

"So, I got super tired because after I had to pee like crazy and couldn't hold it anymore, I let it all go into this diaper. At first, I thought this is going to be so nasty and stupid. So, I'm like 'let's get this over with' and I thought about waterfalls and raging rivers and just let loose. When I was done, I was first kind of amazed that the thing didn't leak. It was super-hot and got all mushy inside. So, I laid down on my bed and started feeling it and rubbing my fingers up and down over it. And I was like, damn. This isn't so bad..."

Madison and Britney both turn red in the face, but smile brightly. "Um, Cori. You can stop. We know how it ends. So, you are saying that you understand us? You get why we like it?" Madison asks.

"Yeah, sort of. I mean I still don't understand some things. Like, I wouldn't want to wear them 24/7. But, yeah this wasn't so bad and I kind of had fun while you guys were gone. Sorry, I know – T-M-I. So, I'm really, truly sorry. Can we hug and put this behind us now? I'm being totally sincere. I'm *really* sorry and I won't ever tease you again. And Amber, my sister – I won't nag her about it anymore – ever. Girl scout's honor!"

"YES! Come here, Cousin. And welcome to our world. We won't talk about it to anyone, don't worry." The girls hug for a while.

"Okay good! So when Kelly came to check on me, I had to pee more and I did and this thing still didn't leak, but it's soaked and I better get changed before I get a rash. Um, this is still *very* weird for me, but again I'm sorry for picking on you. Never again. Our secret, okay?" The girls all agree and send her on her way out to the hallway. Cori walks back into her room to grab her clothes.

"Okay, Kells. I apologized to them. We had a nice heart-to-heart. We hugged. All is good. Now, can I please get out of this thing and go shower? Are we cool now?"

"Yes, we're cool. Thank you, Cori. One last thing. Your sister Megan – may be wearing a Pamper today. She wanted to try one, curious about how her cousins felt. As to be expected, she has grown to like them. I didn't want to include her in this talk, as it would embarrass her; but please keep this a secret and don't tease her about it, either."

Cori tries to hide her excitement. "That's cool, I won't say anything. You have my word. Sorry for yelling at you before. It's those awkward teenager hormones again. Alright, I'm gonna change now. "

Kelly smiles and walks away, closing Cori's bedroom door. She walks into Megan's room. The 3 girls are still a bit in shock. "So, did she really apologize?"

"She did, she really did. She's cool and we're not mad anymore," Emily says.

"Good, glad to hear. Looks like the punishment worked," Kelly smiles.

"Uh-huh, in more ways than you know..." Madison gasps. "Um, oops. I didn't mean that."

Kelly laughs. "Oh, yes you did. I know all about it. She thinks I don't, but I heard the whole thing."

"Ha! Kelly, you are too funny. Can't wait for you to come out to California!"

"Ditto that. Hey, let's go get ready for dinner. Your parents and aunt and uncle should be home soon."



## Chapter 31: "Secrets Here, Secrets There. Secrets Everywhere"

It's a nice, warm summer evening in Wisconsin. Everyone has just finished eating an awesome BBQ dinner that the men helped prepare. The younger kids wash up and decide they want to stay outside and play while Jen and Carol stay out to talk and clean up.

"Me, Maddie and Britney want to hang out in your room for a while, Megan. Is that okay?" asks Emily, who is also washing up in the kitchen.

"Yeah, that's cool. Um, I kind of want to play outside with Amber and Alyssa. They are fun. Um, don't tell Cori I said that."

"Ha-ha, I won't. Hey, remember, you got a diaper on. Make sure you use it..." Emily teases. Megan grins as she's drying her hands, then runs outside to find her sister and cousin.

After playing for a bit over a half hour, the large amount of Kool-Aid she drank at dinner is needing to come out, she has to pee like crazy. By habit, she does her usual "pee-pee dance" and acts as if she needs to find a potty, and now! Jennifer takes notice and kindly asks Megan to come over and talk to her. She reminds her she should go inside to use the restroom as it's not good for her to hold it like that. As her mother is talking, Megan remembers the diaper she's wearing, but of course doesn't want her mom to get more suspicious so she goes inside, pretending she's going to the bathroom. Instead, she goes up to her room, where Madison, Britney and Emily are playing some kind of pre-teen board game together. Madison is first to notice her cousin walk in.

"Megs, what are you doing in here? Thought you wanted to play with the little kids?"

"Did you come to get your paci? Does your mom know yet about, you know?" asks Britney.

"Ha, yeah right! No, um, that's why I'm here. I have to pee, really bad!" Megan exclaims.

"So go already. You got a diaper on, silly...Just, uh -- remember to go slow. No floods," teases Emily.

"Yeah, but I'm not used to that and outside I was doing the 'gotta pee' dance because it's just a habit; my mom saw and told me to go potty... So, I came in here to make it look like I was going there."

"Okay, but now she's not looking. Did you go yet?" Maddie asks impatiently.

"Working on it.... Now!": Megan stands completely still, allowing a slow stream of urine to begin flowing. After a few moments, she begins placing her hands around her groin and bottom, feeling the warm, squishiness.... "Ahh, that - that's better!" A big smile comes across her face.

"Want me to change you quick?" Madison asks.

"No way! Maybe later. I kinda like this. I'm gonna go back outside now. Me, Amber and Ally are playing outdoor bowling in the driveway, it's so fun! Uh, but first I'm gonna put a tank-top on. This shirt is getting hot!" Megan quickly changes into a short, pink tank-top. Being a bit overconfident, she forgets this could show her diaper, sticking out from her waist. Megan runs off to go back outside...

"She should just go out there sucking on a paci. Her Mom's gonna find out soon enough," Emily blurts.

"No way! Megan is being really careful I think she can pull it off." – Britney explains.

"Yeah, agreed. But I hope she's careful when she's playing. That tank top she just put on is pretty short. If she bends over or something..."

"Uh-oh, yeah. Well, what's your aunt gonna do if she notices? Look at how easily she gave in to Amber going back to diap - err, I mean, Pull-Ups during the day," Emily says. The girls slowly go back to playing their game in Megan's room.

--- *Meanwhile, back outside* ---

Kelly comes out to the back deck, asking Carol if she has a minute to discuss something about Maddie and Britney. She sits down at the table. Of course, Carol starts to overreact and thinks something is wrong with her two girls; but Kelly reassures her it's nothing bad, just a slight concern about their choice of pee protection.

"This morning I was helping them get changed and I noticed how heavily soaked their Pampers were. Britney's was about ready to leak. And even during the daytime, they flood them to capacity, sometimes after one large wetting..."

"Yes, I have been thinking about looking into youth diapers, but I know they'd just be plain and white and boring. Maddie might be okay with that, but I think Britney really likes the babyish aspect of her Pampers."

"Oh, I know all about that. Um, guess I better confess something to you, Mrs. L..."

"You can call me Carol, sweetie."

"Alright, Carol. So, I'm 18, just graduated high school. Going to college in the fall. Actually, more on that soon. But um, first -- I know just what kind of diapers you need to order for Maddie and Britney because -- uh..."

"Kelly, you don't have to tell her...." says Jennifer, who already knows.

"Yeah, I do. I'm going to be around her girls more often come fall, and... they already asked if I can be their full-time babysitter back home. If that's going to happen, I need to be completely honest, just like I was with you, Jen."

"What do you mean you'll be around Maddie and Brit more often? You're moving to California, to Oak Pines?"

"Yep, that's where I'm going to school. I've been looking for affordable apartments -- the college housing is insanely expensive and uh, I'm kind of an introvert. Don't think I could deal with a college dorm..."

"Nonsense! You don't need to get an apartment. You can live with us with the girls. We've got an extra room, would just take a few days to fix it up and get ready," Carol explains eagerly.

"No, I couldn't impose like that. And, you haven't even heard my big secret yet..."

"What big secret could you possibly have that would change my opinion of you? You're a hooker? Honey, I have two almost 13-year-olds who wear diapers and don't always act their ages and a five year old who will be going to kindergarten in diapers. Unless you tell me, you are a Satanist or you sacrifice kittens in your spare time, I don't think there will be a problem." Carol laughs.

"Well, good. That kind of makes this easier to say. No, I don't worship Satan, not a hooker. Let me ask you... when you first found out about Maddie wearing and using diapers, were you mad or upset about it?"

"Oh, Derrick and I were upset, but not really for the reason you think. The fact that she took a fondness to diapers wasn't all that surprising to us. But that she was wearing them for weeks without telling us. Her accident issues at school suddenly stopped? That always seemed odd to us. So, we were a bit upset that she didn't trust us enough to just be honest in the first place. But, after thinking about it, we understood why. I mean it's not every day a parent of a 12-year-old finds out they like wearing diapers. So, we got over it, but Maddie now knows not to hide her true feelings from us anymore. At least, I think she does." Carol says.

Kelly becomes emotional and starts to cry, a bit. "Aww, that is so sweet. You sound just like my mom. And Britney, I understand her situation and I think it's so awesome how you took her in and nurtured her through this tough time and transition. Ashley and I can totally relate to that. We didn't have the best father growing up. Um, sorry now I'm rambling. Let me get back on topic..."

"Seriously Kelly, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. My offer still stands. "

"No, I do. You want your children to trust you. I respect that. I want you to be able to trust me, too. Because I don't want to risk being a bad influence on them, or little Alyssa... She's such a cutie, by the way! "

"Oh, come now. How could you possibly be a bad influence?"

"Alright I just need to come out and say it. Aren't you curious how it seems I know so much about diapers -- especially diapers for older kids who don't normally wear them?"

"No, it just means you're a great babysitter. Are you going to school to become a caregiver or teacher?"

"Uh-huh. Early education teacher. Alright, so here's Kelly's Big Secret. "Kelly lifts up her skirt, long enough for Carol to see her pink diaper. "This is how I know which diapers Maddie and Brit should wear. Uh, actually today they are wearing them. I'm letting them use some of mine." Carol doesn't seem the least bit shocked.

"Can't say I'm surprised, hun. And it doesn't change my mind. You are living with us while you're in school. I insist. My girls adore you and Ashley and now I see why. And having you as their main babysitter will be so nice because we won't have to explain to you why you need to change diapers for two pre-teens and a 5-year-old."

"This is too cool! Thanks, Carol. Thank you so much. My mom will probably come over later and thank you, too. Um, someday I can explain to you everything else, but for now.... I wanted to give you the website for these teen-baby diapers. They'd probably fit in the smallest size, Walker 1...." Kelly writes down the website on a piece of paper and places it on the table.

"No need to explain, but you can later if you need to. I take it the girls already know about this?"

"Yep, and they are gonna freak when they find out I'm moving in. Can I tell them?"

"For sure! Thanks for the tip on the diapers. I will order them tonight!"

"In the meantime, I'll give you a few packs of mine for them to wear the rest of the trip here. Don't worry about it, I have tons at home."

*Kelly goes back inside to find Maddie, Britney, and Emily to tell them the news.*

"Madison, Britney, Emily? Where are you?" Kelly shouts from the bottom of the stairs.

"Up in Megan's room, playing a game. You can come up," Madison shouts back. Kelly goes up into Megan's room and sits down on Megan's bed.

"Oh, hi Kelly. Um, I don't need to be changed yet. I mean, I'm just a little damp, yeah," Emily fibs.

"I'm not here for that, silly. Actually, I have some news. I was just talking to Mrs. L about my plans for college this fall."

"Oh, you got accepted somewhere? That's cool. Um, is it like UW Madison or something?" asks Madison.

"Nope, I'm actually moving away from Wisconsin. I was accepted to Oakdale University. I got a scholarship and will be majoring in Early Childhood Education. They have a really good program for that there."

"Wait a minute. Oakdale? Why does that sound familiar?" Madison ponders. Britney looks a bit puzzled, though she too seems to remember that college from somewhere.

"I know! That's the college where we live in Oak Pines. So, you're gonna be moving near us? You gonna live on campus in the dorms? Can we come visit?" Britney rambles excitedly.

"I gotta ask, Kelly... Are you gonna spend the rest of the summer getting, uh; potty trained? I mean, you don't wanna go to college in diapers, right? High school was probably bad enough," Madison says.

"Woah, one at a time. I'm not done explaining yet. But yes, I'll be going to the college in your town. But, that's not the best part. The best part is, your mom, Mrs. L - she insists that I move in with you guys! "

"No way! Oh, my gosh! Uh, really? I could just cry. Uh, I mean... I'm gonna cry!" Madison begins sobbing and crying tears of joy. Britney and even Emily joins in; now giving Kelly a group hug.

"Aww, I knew you'd all be excited. I am, too. It will be a bit sad though, leaving Wisconsin and leaving Cori, Megan, and Amber and Jen and Ben behind. They are like family to me and Ash," Kelly says, pouting a bit.

"I know, I wish they all lived in California with us. But we can visit. I'm gonna tell mom and dad that we need to visit here more often. This going years without seeing each other thing is crazy!" Madison says.

"You got that right. Alright, now after all this excitement, are you sure no one needs dry diapers? How about you, Emily? I noticed you fidgeting since I got in here, silly girl."

"Oh, okay. Uh, maybe I had a little accident. Uh, can you change me, please? Into another pull-on diaper thing, the ones Amber wears, please." Emily blushes.

"You bet! Lay down sweetie. How about Britney or Maddie?" Both girls shake their heads for no. They are just damp for now. Kelly quickly changes Emily's pull-on diaper, which is more than just a little wet. As she finishes, she pats her on the head. "There, all dry. If you need to go potty, come find me. Ha, I'm just kidding!"

The girls all giggle and invite Kelly to stay with them to play a round of Uno with them...

----- *Meanwhile, outside with Megan, Amber, and Alyssa* -----

Megan re-joins the game of driveway bowling after 'going potty.' Alyssa has just knocked down 9 pins, clapping and jumping up and down in excitement. Amber notices her sister is back.

"Where did you go?"

"Uh, to the potty. I had to go pee. Hey, good job Alyssa you got nine pins down. Let's see if you can get the spare," Megan shouts. Alyssa concentrates and throws the plastic bowling ball down the driveway. She watches in anticipation as the ball knocks down two out of three pins. She claps and runs back to her cousins.

"I gots two pins!"

"Yay, good job Ally. Um, is it my turn?" A distracted, fidgeting Amber asks...

"No, my turn. But while I'm up, maybe you should go inside and go potty, Amber," Megan whispers, not wanting her mother to hear.

Amber starts to blush, tugging more at her crotch. "Nuh-uh, I don't gotta go that bad. It. Can. Wait," she continues to fidget and stutter as Megan just smiles at her, getting ready to bowl her turn.

"Don't you gots a pull-up on? Just go in it. I just did when I was done wif my turn," Alyssa says, nonchalant. Amber gets a mischievous grin on her face as she squats slightly and stops fidgeting. As Megan finishes her turn, Amber

has managed to half-soak her pull-on diaper. She sees her sister walking over and tries to act 'normal' like she didn't just wet herself.

"Uh, good job sis you got a strike. It's my turn now?" Amber gives Megan a high five.

"Thanks. Yeah, your turn."

Amber runs over to the pins to reset them. Megan's diaper is starting to get a bit cold and saggy. She thinks to herself she needs to pee again soon to warm it back up, so she goes up on the deck and grabs an orange soda and cracks it open. She begins to chug it like there's no tomorrow. Amber comes back after bowling her turn and tags Alyssa, letting her know it's her turn. Alyssa goes over to set-up the pins at the end of the driveway. As she is busy, Amber notices Megan chugging the soda.

"Hey, I want a soda. I'm so thirsty," Amber says, absentmindedly playing with her squishy pull-up.

"There's more soda in the cooler on the deck. But I think you might wanna get changed first. I know you totally went in your pull-up before while I was bowling," Megan whispers.

"Nuh-uh I did not! Um, okay, maybe -- but it was just a little. I will go potty next time, don't tell Mommy, please."

Megan sticks her tongue out. "It's okay, sis. I'm just being silly. I don't care, really. I just don't want your pull-up to leak, okay?" Megan says, playfully patting Amber's behind.

"Thanks Megan. How come you don't make fun of me like Cori?"

"Because you're my baby sister and I love you. So, what if you have accidents sometimes. You're my sister and you're pretty cool!" The two girls hug for a moment.

"Um, can I tell you something and you won't tell mom?" Amber whispers.

"Yes, sure."

"Um, some--sometimes... Like um at night... Sometimes I wake up dry and.... I just go in my diap - I mean - Pull-Up. Or like just now... It kinda feels good. Like when it's dry *and* wet. You know?" Amber blushes a bit.

"I know it does. I've known that, for a while. It's really okay. I won't say anything. I understand," Megan whispers back. All Amber can do is grin from ear to ear. She happily toddles over to get another soda. Little does she know; her big sister really *does* understand.

Alyssa finishes her turn. The three girls bowl the 10th and final frame. The winner ends up being Megan, with Alyssa in 2nd place. The girls help each other clean up the bowling pins and put them back in the large bag. As they are putting them away in the garage, they think about what to play next. Megan's 12 ounce can of soda has been drank, as well as Amber's. They stand around for a few moments, thinking of what to do next.

"I know! We can play tickle tag," Megan shouts.

"Yeah, yeah! That will be fun! You ever play that, Alyssa?" Amber asks.

"No, what tickle tag?"

"It's like tag but you run around chasing each other. When you get 'tagged,' you get tickled over and over again until you say 'no more tickles.' Then you become *it* and you have to chase down your target, catch them and tickle them. Pee-pee accidents can happen quickly with this game, but that's not a big deal for you Ally, he-he," explains Megan.

Up to this point, the girls are unaware, but Jen is standing near them as Megan explains the game.

"Yes, but Amber and Megan should try and go potty before you start this game. Amber, do you need to go potty?" Jen interrupts.

Amber pouts. "No Mommy, I'm fine. Megan is too she just went not long ago."

"Okay, and your pull-up is dry right now?"

Amber nods slowly, trying not to look guilty.

"Show me then. Lift up your skirt for a second."

Amber lifts her skirt up but only for a split second.

"Amber..." Jen gives her *the look*.

Amber sighs and slowly lifts up her skirt, revealing her wet pull-up that now has two faded stars...

"So, you did pee, but not in the potty. You only have 1 star left. Are you *sure* you don't need to go?"

"Yes, I - I'm sure. Um, I didn't know I was wet. Um, it was a accident. Sorry. Do I gotta get changed now? It still feels dry."

"Of course, it does, it's a diaper. No, you don't have to get changed but if you have another accident, it'll probably leak. So, if you feel like you need to pee you come get me, okay?" Jen coaches her.

"Mmmkay Mommy. Um, thanks. C'mon Megan, let's start the game. Who is gonna be *it* first?"

"I can go first. And no mom, I don't have to go yet. And Ally is still dry -- mostly." Megan says. Jennifer nods and goes back up on the deck to sit with Carol.

"Meggie, your shoe un-tie-did. Um, you know how to tie dem?" Alyssa says, pointing to Megan's left shoe.

"Aww, thanks Ally. Yeah, I can tie it quick. I don't wanna trip while running. Good catch," Megan says. Amber is standing right behind her as she kneels down and begins tying her shoe. As she does so, her tank top pulls up, showing the waistline of her shorts, and of course, the top of her Pamper sticking out. Amber notices right away. Her jaw opens wide, but she remains silent, not wanting anyone nearby to hear. Megan finishes tying her shoe and quickly jumps up. "Okay, all set. So, I'm *it* first. I'll let you two get a head start, then I start chasing you." Megan says. Amber is still standing silent with a look of shock on her face.

Alyssa seems a bit confused. "Amber, what wrong? Did you go poopy or someting?"

"Uh, no. Um, let's go over there," Amber whispers, pointing to the end of the driveway. They all go over there, away from hearing range of the adults.

"Okay, what is it? Something you don't want mom to hear. Oh... you peed again? Want me to change you quick?"

"No, Meggie! But I think you did. In your Pah-Pamper," Amber gasps. Megan's face turns beat red.

"Uh, what are you talking about? I went pee in the potty like an hour ago. You saw me leave."

"But; you are wearing a dia-diaper. I saw it. When you were tying your shoe. It stuck out because your shirt lifted up."

"Oh. Um, that. Yeah, um.... I can explain. It was.... It was kind of a dare. Madison and Emily dared me to. I forgot I still had it on. Uh, whoops." Megan continues to blush, tugging down on her tank-top.

"Megan I'm not gonna be mad at you. I won't tell mommy. I don't think she saw it. You don't gotta tell me about it. I was just surprised. Um, do you; do you like them?"

"Yeah sure, sort-of. Um, do you?"

"It okay, I love mine," Alyssa joins in.

"Um, yeah - um, kind of. Um, I really hope mom didn't notice. She probably won't like it. But really, um Maddie dared me to put it on. I was gonna take it off after dinner. I just forgot, or something," Megan explains.

"Before when you left to go potty, did you take the diaper off, go potty, then put it back on again?" Amber teases.

Megan sighs, then grins and laughs. "Okay, okay you caught me. No, I just went inside to make mom think I was going potty. I wet in the Pamper. It's not super wet yet; it's getting cold now. That's kind of why I wanted to do tickle tag. So, let's get on with it. I'll try to be careful and not let my diaper peek out again. Okay, head start. Go, go, go!"

Amber and Alyssa run up the driveway, each taking off in different directions. Megan decides to chase after Alyssa. After about 45 seconds of chasing, she catches up and gently tackles the little girl, giving her tickles all over her tummy and sides. Alyssa giggles and giggles for a good twenty seconds. Megan reminds her she needs to say 'no more tickles' or the 'tickle monster' will continue.

"Hee-hee, I-I knows. I-I'm okay.... Um, uh-oh.... Puww-up getting more wetter," Alyssa blurts.

"Ha-ha, good thing you got that on, silly. Tickle. Tickle. Tickle!" Megan keeps tickling the girl until finally she says "no more tickles!" Megan stops tickling her. "Alright, I will give you a few seconds to catch your breath and finish peeing, then you're *it* and chase me and Amber, okay?"

Alyssa breathes heavily as she lays in the grass. She squirms a bit, feeling her now soggy and warm pull-up. "Uh huh, I need a minute!"

Alyssa chases the other two girls around for quite a while until she finally catches up to Megan, who gently falls to the ground. Megan can feel pressure building in her bladder, knowing that soda she chugged has gone through her. She hopes her Pamper can handle another wetting. Alyssa begins tickling her cousin with both hands, giggling and saying "tickle monsta gonna get you" over and over. Megan squirms and laughs. She holds nothing back, allowing her bladder muscles to relax. She feels a very steady stream of warm pee flowing into her already damp Pamper. She allows Alyssa to tickle her until the stream stops, then tells Alyssa to stop. She sits up, somewhat afraid to move or get up too fast. She can feel every bit of her Pamper is now completely wet. The front of her shorts has puffed out due to the saturated, wet diaper. Amber walks over to her and kneels down next to her.

"Megan, you, okay? Um, did you have a accident?"

"Uh-huh, a big one. I'm just sitting here for a minute so the diaper gels absorb it all. I... hope it's not leaking. Um, I'm gonna stand up in a second. Let me know if my butt's all wet." Megan sits for a few moments, then slowly stands up. Amber carefully inspects the back of her sister's shorts.

"Um, there are a few wet spots on your butt. But, not too big. Um, just run inside and tell mommy you have to go potty. Then go get changed. I'll play tickle tag with Alyssa while you're doing that," Amber whispers.

Megan nods and starts dashing towards the back deck. As she runs past Jen, she blurts "gotta go so bad. Stupid tickle tag!" Jennifer and Carol laugh a bit, then go back to their conversation. Megan runs up to her room where Madison, Britney, and Emily are still playing and talking. Kelly has left and is now downstairs watching TV. Megan opens

the door and quickly shuts it. "Help! It leaked a little. I don't think my mom noticed but there's wet spots on my shorts. Um, help!" Megan stands near her bed, motionless and almost crying.

"Aww, calm down Megs. It happens to the best of us. I'll help you get changed," Madison says.

"Okay, thanks. But, what about my shorts. Um, my mom's gonna ask why I'm wearing something different when I come back. She thinks I'm just going potty..."

"Hmm. Well, it's close enough to bed-time. You can put jammies on."

"Okay, but no diaper this time. It'll totally show through them," Megan stutters as she takes her shorts off and dries the tears from her cheeks. She's now standing in just her tank-top and leaky diaper.

"Wow, you really did soak it. What were you playing out there?" Emily asks.

"Tickle tag. And Alyssa tickled me good. I couldn't even hold it if I tried. I chugged an orange soda while playing bowling. I guess I thought I could wet it all night. Oops."

"Yeah, not Pampers. Maybe if you'd have wet it slower. But yeah, tickle tag will do that. Aww, you sure you don't wanna put another diapy on? Maybe one of Amber's Goodnites? They aren't *as* thick?" Madison suggests.

"Uh, yeah maybe. What the heck, I got this long night gown, that'll hide it as long as I don't lift it up and flash people, right?"

"Exactly, good thinking. I'll go get one of Amber's Goodnites, the cute Tinkerbell ones. You get out of that soggy diaper," Emily says while running into Amber's room. Madison helps get Megan cleaned up, tossing out the wet Pampers. Emily comes back in and hands her the Tinkerbell Goodnite. Megan slides it on and puts her *Frozen* nightgown on, then puts her shoes back on. She walks around a bit, seeing if the crinkle noise is noticeable. It is, but just slightly.

"Um, can you tell I'm wearing one?" Megan asks.

"Not really. Your gown is baggy enough to hide it. And you won't hear it crinkle outside much. You better get back out there before your mom thinks you fell in the potty. And, uh -- now I need to get changed," Britney blushes.

"Okay, thanks for your help! See you soon, I'm sure Mom will say it is time to come in soon. I think we're gonna watch a movie tonight," Megan says as she runs out the door and back downstairs. She starts walking fast past her mom, hoping she doesn't notice; but of course, she does.

"Hey Megan, you got jammies on already? Are you okay? Getting sleepy?"

"Yeah Mom, I just thought I'd get comfy. I was all hot from running around. And we're probably going in soon, right?"

"Yup, we're going to watch a movie soon."

"Oh, cool. Um, you too Mommy? Can I sit in your lap during the movie and cuddle?"

"Of course, you can, sweetie. If that's what you want."

"It is, mommy. I love you. So, we got like 15 minutes till we have to come in? Okay, I'll tell Amber and Alyssa." Megan runs off to play with her little sister and cousin. As the girls play, Carol and Jen get to talking.

"Yeah, she's been kind of clingy with me lately. Always wanting to cuddle or have me brush her hair, do her nails. I don't mind it, it's just not like her to be this clingy," Jennifer says to Carol.

"Hmm, have you and Ben been busy lately? Like, being away from home often?"

"Somewhat. We've been busy with the business and this prospective deal. I guess I didn't even think of that."



"Yeah, Maddie went through that with Derrick when he was so busy with the restaurant. It's perfectly normal. Just enjoy it because I bet in 5 years, she'll want nothing to do with you..."

"Yeah, kind of like Cori. It's cool. I love cuddle time," Jen says.

Back in the yard, Amber notices Megan wearing her night-gown.

"Uh-oh, is it bedtime?" Amber asks, looking worried.

"No, silly. I just wanted to put my jammies on. Uh, you know -- because my shorts..."

"Oh yeah. Uh, while you were gone um I got caught by Ally and she tickled me real, real good... She's good at this."

"Yep, she sure is. Good job, Ally. Amber, you keep squirming. Do you need to pee?"

"Nope. Already went in my pull-up. Um, still feels dry, mostly."

"Yeah, right. Your hearts have got to be all faded. Let me see..."

Amber lifts up her skirt, revealing her soaked pull-up which now has no hearts left and is swelled up from front to back.

"Yup, you're soaked. You really feel dry?" Megan playfully teases.

"Okay, no. It's really mushy and warm. Alyssa said hers is, too. We're gonna need changing soon. But it can wait till we go inside. Let's um play on the swings for a little," Amber changes the subject. The girls swing for about ten minutes, until it's time to come inside.

Amber goes on the deck and reaches in the cooler for another soda. As she pops it open, Jennifer tells her to come over by her.

"Hey sweetie, did you have fun playing? I didn't see you stop to go potty at all while you were out, so I'd imagine your pull-up has got to be pretty wet, huh?" Amber takes a drink of her soda, then looks down, blushing and twirling her skirt.

"Uh, a little wet. Um, sort of."

"Don't lie, honey. If you had an accident, you did. But don't lie, please. Do you need to get changed into a dry one?"

Amber sighs and slowly nods her head. "Okay. Yes, momma. It's soaked, I got no hearts left. Sorry, the tickle game made me go a lot. Can you change me into my night diap -- I mean, pull-up?"

"That's better. Sure, of course I can. Let's go take care of that now while the other kids get ready for the movie." Jennifer and Amber walk inside to get her changed and dry.

Alyssa runs to Carol and plops down in her lap, squishing her soggy pull-up all around. "Hi mommy! We hadded fun playing bow-ling and den tickle monsta tag. Um, momma?"

"That's great. Yes, Ally?"

"I'm wet, a lot. Can momma tange me, pwease?"

"Of course, sweetheart. I bet you're soaked. Let's go get you cleaned up, cutie-pie. Here we go!" Carol picks the child up and 'airplanes' her up to the bathroom. She changes her into another super-thick pull-on diaper and also helps her get her nightgown on. Amber has been changed into a dry pull-up and her pajama shorts and top.

All the girls are now down in the family room, in dry diapers/pull-ups and pajamas, waiting for the movie to start. Megan comes in from the kitchen with a *sippy* cup of juice in her hands. She spots Jen who is sitting in one of the recliners. She quickly plops into Jen's lap and cuddles, getting comfy. She takes a gulp of juice and sighs contently. Jen can't help but notice the sippy cup, something her middle daughter hasn't used since she was 3 or 4.

"What's with the sippy cup, hun?"

"Oh, I didn't wanna spill. In case I fall asleep. I thought you'd like that," she says, pulling her gown down to ensure her pull-up isn't visible.

"Ahh, good thinking. Alright, so we're going to start the movie. It's Inside Out, a favorite in this house."

"Yes! We love that one, too. Good pick, Aunt Jen," Madison says. She is cuddling with Britney and Emily on part of the sectional, along with Kelly. Alyssa is sitting next to Amber, while Carol, Derrick, and Ben are nearby on the other side of the sectional. The movie starts. Megan cuddles contently in her mother's lap, sucking rapidly from the sippy cup of apple juice. She is getting sleepy, but manages to stay awake. She loves this movie and doesn't want to miss a second, or cuddle time with her mother. She becomes very relaxed, completely forgetting she's 9 years old. Jennifer doesn't say a word and embraces this special time with her daughter. Megan finishes her sippy cup, one of the larger sized ones and accidentally drops it on the floor.

"Oops, ssss-sorry," Megan whispers. "It was empty, anyway."

"It's okay, sweetie. Just let me know if you have to go potty, we can pause it..."

Megan nods slowly, now focusing on the movie.

Britney is cuddled up next to Kelly, her new favorite babysitter and soon to be house-mate. She contently sucks on her pacifier as Kelly runs her fingers through the girl's hair.

"Aww, hun - look at Brit. That's so adorable. You should take a picture," whispers Carol to her husband. He carefully pulls out his phone. Ensuring the flash is off, he snaps a picture in low-light mode. He shows it to Carol. "Yeah, too cute," she whispers.

Time passes by quickly and the movie is just about over. Most all the girls in the room wearing some kind of protection are damp to moderately wet, except Megan whose Goodnite is still dry. Her bladder, however, has been filling up to the point of mild discomfort. She has been holding it up until now. She knows her options are: either get up and go potty, or *slowly* wet her Goodnite. It doesn't take her long to decide what to do. She remains in a relaxed state, lying in Jen's lap. She inhales slowly, then begins slowly exhaling. With each soft breath she lets out, a gentle flow of urine begins streaming into her Goodnite. After ten seconds she can feel her bottom become very warm. She hopes she is going slow enough to give it time for the *SAP* powders to gel-up. During this little episode, she is completely oblivious to the fact that her mother can probably feel her lap getting warmer. After what seems like 5 minutes, Megan is finally done emptying her bladder. She can tell her Goodnite is getting squishy, but unsure if it has leaked. Not wanting to call attention to herself, she remains lying down and keeps her focus on the end of the movie.

Jennifer does feel the warmth around her lap. Having gone through this with her youngest daughter, she knows what a wet pull-up of a child sitting in her lap feels like. She sniffs, trying to smell if Megan just had a pee accident. A mild aroma of pee does linger around Megan's bottom. In case it was indeed an accident, she doesn't want to embarrass Megan, and decides not to say anything until she's with her in private. As the credits roll, signaling the end of the movie, all the girls get up, except Britney who is now very tired. She asks if Kelly can help her and tuck her into bed. Madison playfully joins in, saying "me too." Kelly laughs and helps Britney, Maddie, Emily, Amber, and Alyssa get tucked into bed.

Right as Megan is about to get up off her mother's lap to go join her cousins, Jennifer stops her.

"Stay here a minute, sweetie. You and I need to talk," says Jennifer as the others leave the room. It's just Megan and Jennifer in the family room now.

Megan gets a sinking feeling in her stomach as her heart starts to race. When Mom says she needs to talk, it's usually not good. She thinks for a moment, to herself. "Does she know? She saw my diaper when I was playing before?" Just then, she gasps out loud, but still thinking to herself. "Oh my Gosh; I peed during the movie. My pull-up is wet. She feels it. I'm gonna get it now. Should I lie and say Maddie dared me to? Uh. No. That's not fair to her. I don't wanna get her in trouble. Ugh!"

"Megan, are you with me? Seems you're off in la-la land.... Come in, Meggie."

This catches her attention. Mom usually doesn't call her "Meggie" and hasn't since she was about six.

"Oh, um. Sorry, mommy - I mean, Mom. Um, what do we need to talk about? I'm getting sleepy, real sleepy."

"Well, I waited until now to bring this up. But I think you had an accident during the movie..."

Megan tries not to look guilty, but her face turns red anyway. "Uh, no? I don't think so. Um, my gown is dry. Your pants dry, Ma - Mom?" Megan hops off her mother and stands beside her, playing with the sides of her gown nervously. Jennifer checks her lap for wet spots.

"Well, no -- but during the last few minutes of the movie my lap felt really warm. Well, if it was Amber sitting in my lap, I'd figure she wet her pull-up. But you don't wear those. So, I thought you had an accident. Yeah, your gown does look dry..."

"I dunno, Mom. Maybe it's just hot in here. Um, turn the AC up?" Megan says nervously, still twirling her gown.

"I don't think so. Do you have to go use the bathroom now, honey? You had that big sippy cup. All that has to come out eventually. You should go before bed so you don't have an accident in bed."

"I might have to, a little. I'll go now. Then can I go to bed? I'm tired. Um, are we done talking?"

"Yes, but don't you want a hug first?"

Megan smiles and starts to giggle, becoming playfully silly. "Uh huh, but you gotta catch me first!" Megan begins running in circles around the room. Doing so causes her saggy pull-up to crinkle loud enough to hear. Jennifer plays along, chasing the girl a few times around the family room. She catches up to her and swoops the girl into her arms, holding her like a toddler. Her gown has lifted up and now her soggy Goodnite is in view. Not noticing, Megan continues to giggle, causing her to wet just a little more. As she feels her groin area getting warm, she gasps again, this time saying "uh-oh" out loud, not just in her head.

Jennifer keeps her cool, knowing that confronting the girl isn't going to make anything better. She thinks about the conversation she had with Carol earlier. Perhaps this is just a little phase Megan is going through. Or, she's jealous of the attention Amber's been getting lately. Jen realizes getting upset over this isn't appropriate. Instead, she plays along, giving her middle daughter the love and regression attention, she craves.

"Aww, it looks like Meggie wet her pull-up. Would you like mommy to change you into a dry one and tuck you into bed, princess?"

"Oops, uh oh. Uh-huh, thank you Mommy," Megan says, slightly blushing. Being in her 'little mode,' she hasn't quite come back to reality yet that her mother isn't 'mad' at her.

"Okay, let's go into Amber's room to get you changed. We'll have to be quiet as Amber and Alyssa are sleeping. I put her changing table back in her room now. I think you'll still fit." Jen shuttles Megan up to Amber's room and gently sets her down on Amber's changing table. As Megan lays there, she begins to think as she watches her mother grab a dry Tinkerbell Goodnites for girls. As she is mostly back to reality, she wonders why her mother is being so nice about this. She's about to change her 9-year-old daughter into another dry pull-up. Why isn't she yelling at her or at least making her change herself?

"Um, Mom," Megan pushes her gown up and tries to tear the sides off her wet pull-up, but Jen stops her.

"Hey, I'll do that. No worries. What did you need, Meggie?"

"Uh, how come you're doing this? I mean. You aren't mad at me? Um, when did you know...? I had.... a diap...Um, pull-up on?"

Jennifer smiles and taps Megan's head gently. "I'm not mad, honey. I just figured it out now when you were running from me. I heard the familiar crinkle. I saw it when I lifted you up."

"But you're not upset? And you're playing along like I'm 3 again. Um.... You're really gonna put me in another pull-up?"

"I'm not upset. You're my little girl and if you want to wear pull-ups for a while, that's cool. I think you feel left out. I mean first Amber going back in them, and now your cousins. It's okay, honey. When you want to be a 'big girl' again, you let me know." Jennifer begins changing Megan into a dry Goodnite, sliding the new one on. "Besides, you look so cute in these."

Megan blushes some more. "Ha-ha, thanks Mommy. Um, this is kinda weird but I'm too tired to care right now. Um, what about daddy? Will he know?"

"Yep, we tell each other everything, no secrets. Don't worry, hun. Your daddy will be okay with it. I will talk to him."

"Okay, um, thanks. Uh, I probably won't be 'little' like this too long. Um, maybe until like August. I'll get potty-trained again before school starts," Megan smirks.

"Whatever is comfortable for you, baby girl. Just know me and daddy always love and support you." Jennifer says as she lifts the girl off the changing table. "Alright, you can go join your cousins in your room. Goodnight, Meggie. Love you, bunches."

"Love you too mommy!"

Megan runs out of Amber's room and slowly opens the door to her room where the other 3 girls are in bed, but softly talking. Megan walks happily to her bed and gets under the covers.

"I hear crinkling, but it sounds like dry crinkling. How are you still dry? Where were you just now?" Emily wonders.

"I was with my mommy, getting changed. I wet it during the movie," Megan says proudly.

"What?! Um, your mom knows? And she isn't upset?" Madison gasps.

"Nope. She figured it out after the movie. Um, she says she understands and she knows I'm jealous of Amber, and Ally. And uh, you guys."

"Well, are you?" Madison asks.

Megan tries not to blush, but her face instantly turns red as she twirls her hair.

"Maybe I was, a little. That's why it was so easy to get me to try diapers and pull-ups. Um, so I guess that means I can wet this one tonight in my sleep again. Awesome!" They all giggle. Jennifer is walking by as she hears the giggles.

"Time for lights out, girls. We have a big day tomorrow..."

"Okay, sorry Mommy. Goodnight, we'll go sleepy now, I love you," Megan whispers.

"Good girl. Love you too." Jennifer walks down the hall and into her bedroom.

---

*Meanwhile, sometime around 5:00 am...*

*\*\* Dreamland -- Little Maddie, age 4 -- in 4K / daycare \*\**

Little Madison is currently enjoying a game of Trouble with three of her friends in preschool. However, Madison has been sort of daydreaming and somewhat distracted while waiting for her turn.

"Maddie, it your turn. You gonna go? You're the blue one, 'member?" a little girl next to her blurts out.

Madison remains distracted, her hands on her tummy as she starts to shuffle in her seat a bit.

"Madison, are you okay," a nearby teaching aide asks.

Finally, she snaps out of it. "Uh-oh. Ssss - sorry. Yay, my turn!" She pops the dice bubble, hoping to get a high number. The dice lands on 4. "Yay, four because dat's how olds I is," Madison giggles. She carefully moves her game piece four spaces, counting each one out. It looks like she may win this game as this is her final piece that is almost at the 'home' spot. As she sits back down, she continues to make funny faces. She gets up, says "I be wite back," and starts to toddle towards her cubby, away from everyone else.

One of her friends looks puzzled. "Where Maddie going?" The others look at each other, just as confused.

"I think I know. She's going over by her cubby. Maybe she needs something," the teaching aide says. Madison stands by her cubby and starts to squat, followed by soft grunting. For some reason, when it's time to poop she can't just do it while sitting still in front of everyone; she prefers to go 'hide' a bit. Her face turns beat red as she focuses on filling her diaper. She feels the massive, mushy warm fill her bottom, and grins a little, trying not to let anyone see her face or emotions.

"I know what she doin'," says a little girl at the table. "She's goin' poopy in her pants." The other kids gasp.

"Hey now, you don't know that. Let's give her a minute. I'm sure if she's doing that, she'll ask to get her diaper changed," the aide says. "C'mon Julia, it's your turn." As the girl plays her turn, Madison is just about done messing herself. She stands back up and slowly waddles back over to the game table where her friends are. Acting as if nothing happened, she slowly sits back down on her chair, grimacing a bit as she feels the warm poop mush around her butt. With that, of course comes a sharp odor. The kids around her immediately start sniffing and making funny faces. Madison wonders why they seem to be staring at her.

"It my turn yet?" Uh, what? Why yous all lookin' at me?" The aide smiles playfully.

"Yes, honey. We were waiting for you. Is everything okay? Need anything?"

"I fine. Uh, maybe a dwink when we done wif the game. Okay, I roll now," Madison says, standing up and reaching over to press the bubble. The dice lands on 2. She carefully moves her blue game piece, noticing she's only 2 spots away from winning. "Yay, just two left and I win!"

"Nuh-uh, I gonna win," Julia says, covering her nose."

"What's wrong miss Julia? You're covering your nose." The teacher asks.

"Um, it stinky in here! Someone need dere pants tanged?" says Julia. Madison tries not to look suspicious, but before she can say anything, the other two kids say "not me." Of the kids at the table, 2 are potty trained, leaving Maddie and the boy the only in diapers.

"Maybe someone tooted. Um, that's it. Ssss-sowwy, it was me," Madison fibs.

"Eww, well maybe you gotta go potty?" says Julia.

"Nut-uh. No potty!" Madison says proudly.

Five minutes pass by. Madison has managed to win the game of trouble, but the sharp poop pants smell is still there. The teacher can tell this wasn't just flatulence. "Good job Maddie, you win. Now, it still stinks in here. So, either Maddie or Andy needs a diaper change. Or someone had an accident? Who is it?"

Andy instantly says "not me. I not even wet yet." Madison shakes her head for no, even though she knows she's the one. She's still enjoying her poop filled diaper, despite the icky smell.

"Well, if nobody will confess, I'll have to check pants... Maddie and Andy, please stand up..." The two children stand as they were told. She smells Andy's butt first, which still smells like that lovely Pampers smell. "Yep, you're clean." Madison begins to run around the room, indicating she wants to be chased.

--

*Meanwhile, back in Megan's room: The sun has set and the girls in Megan's room begin to wake-up, as Madison continues her dream... Her legs are twitching as she remains in deep sleep.*

--

Megan is the first to wake. She sits up in bed, then immediately feels her Goodnite to see if it's wet. To her dismay, it's still dry. Then it hits her how badly she has to pee. "I can't hold it. It's coming out!" She yells, not realizing how loud she's being. Emily wakes up, rubbing her eyes.

"Um, what? Oh, you gotta pee? Yeah, um -- just go. I'm going now. Like I don't even think about it anymore..."

Megan giggles. She sits still, enjoying the rapid warmth fill her groin area. "It's coming out real fast. Uh, it might leak." She continues flooding the Goodnite until a wet spot appears. She jumps off her bed, but it's too late. Now pee is running down her leg. "Oh no... Guess I better go shower and um, change."

"Yeah, Goodnites aren't meant for floods. So, hey. Are you gonna wear diapers today, or?" Emily asks.

"Probably not. I dunno. I know my mom was okay with it but I feel like she'd be upset too. I'll think about it while I shower. Oh, um, you need help changing, Ems?"

"Nah, I'm good for a while. Kelly or Maddie's mom can change me later. Hey, if you decide you wanna be padded today, you can have one of my super night time diapers. They are super thick but you can pee in them a lot, ha-ha."

"Thanks, I'll think about it. Be back in a... um. Eww. Does it stink in here or is it just me?"

"Like pee? A little... You leaked, silly."

"No, like poop. Um, does Maddie or Britney still poop in their diapers? Or you?"

"Not usually, they - and me - try to actually do that in the potty. But sometimes we have accidents. You think maybe one of them pooped in their sleep?"

"Um, maybe. Ick... this leaky thing is starting to itch. I'd better go, uh, I'll come get dressed when I'm done!" Megan heads to her bathroom.

Britney is now awake, leaving Madison the only one still out. She sniffs, noticing the foul smell. She gasps, thinking it might be her. She squirms around, checking if her diaper is poopy. "Nope, just wet," she thinks to herself. She looks around, seeing Madison asleep and twitching, and Emily playing on her tablet.

"Good morning, Ems. Uh, did you poop in your diaper? I mean, it's okay if you did. I just wondering. I thought it was me... but nope, just soggy wet, hee-hee."

"Nope. Um Megan's Goodnite leaked so she went to shower. Do you think it's Maddie? She's still asleep but it looks like she's having some kind of dream."

"Only one way to find out," Britney smiles. She kneels next to Madison in bed and very quickly pulls the covers off her, smelling her butt. After making a gagging face, the mystery is solved. "Yeah, she's the one."

Emily gasps. "Wow! Has she done that before in her sleep, that you know?" Britney shakes her head for no. "Oh boy. We should probably wake her up,"

"Yeah okay. But please be nice. She's probably gonna be embarrassed," Britney says softly.

"Of course," says Emily as she climbs up next to her friend and nudges her gently. "Maddie? Time to get up. Um, we think you got a stinky diaper..."

Madison moans, still half in dreamland. She thinks it's her friend from preschool saying she's got a stinky diaper. "Nut-uh! Me no poopy. I towd you -- it just a toot. Let's pway anudder game!" Madison shouts, still talking babyish. Emily and Britney look at each other and smile at each other.

"Aww, she's having a dream she's a little kid... She has these dreams sometimes... Um, I think it's kinda how she got into diapers and pacis and stuff," Britney whispers.

"She must have dreamed she pooped -- but really did for real. That's kind of - okay -- that's really awesome!" Emily says. Britney giggles along with her. Now Madison is starting to come to, slowly breaking out of dreamland.

"No Julia, I don't need-a new diapy!" she blurts, then immediately wonders what she is saying, looking confused. "Uh, I mean... Um, hi Emily, Hi Britney. Good...morning?"

"What? Who's Julia? You got another friend we don't know about?" Emily asks.

"Uh, no... Oh, I was dreaming again. Um, that's my friend in preschool -- um, I mean. *dream preschool*. Um, I was like 4 and not potty trained, and..."

"You pooped?" Britney asks.

"How'd you know? Were - were you in my dream, too? It was kind of a fun dream. Um, I was like winning at Trouble and um, yeah, I guess I pooped in my diaper. In the dream it felt so real. And uh, it wasn't so bad. Um, like... sorry, that's gross. But it wasn't bad..."

"Well, I think you actually pooped. For real I mean. Not just in your dream. It kinda stinks in here. And you were saying stuff to this 'Julia' about how you weren't poopy, you just farted. Hee-hee," Emily explains.

"No way. It was just a, um...." Madison stops to sniff. Then squirms and realizes she *is* sitting on top of a poop and pee filled diaper. "Oh my Gosh! First, I have dreams that I'm four and I'm peeing in my diaper and it comes true. Now this? Uh, I'm kind of freaking out now, sort of." Madison mutters.

"Why? You said it felt kind of good. Yeah, it stinks but so what?" Emily says, somewhat wishing it was her who pooped in her sleep.

"Um, like you know how me and Brit -- and even you -- are starting to pee without even knowing? Like we actually need diapers now. And that's cool. But I never thought I'd be pooping in them. That's just too gross..."

"It's not gross. If you like it, so what." Emily replies.

"But what about school? I still want to have the option to not poop in my pants."

"I've kinda thought about that, too, sis. It might happen where we are totally diaper dependent. But look at Kelly. She's been that way since she was five. Now she's going to college soon. It can't be that bad," says Britney."

"I guess. But I still don't wanna be pooping in my diapers. At least not when I'm at school and stuff."

"You worried kids will find out? Pretty sure many already know. We're gonna have to deal with that," Emily says.

"No, I know a lot of kids already know. We're gonna get teased. It's not going to change who I am. But I just don't like pooping in public. It's just gross, you know?"

"Yeah, but for now I think you should have fun with it. Um, do you want me or Britney to help you change?"

"No way! That's cruel. Um, I'll see if Mom is up." Madison gasps. "Uh, mom! Think she will be upset?"

"Are you kidding, Maddie? Mommy has seen us have poop accidents before. Um, we *do* wear diapers you know." Britney says, trying to cheer up her sister. She gives her a little hug.

"Yeah, okay. Um, I'm gonna go find her. She's probably downstairs helping with breakfast." Madison gets up and runs into the kitchen, to find her dad and uncle having coffee and reading the paper while her mother is helping Jen make breakfast. She decides to continue with her regression mode, and be a four-year-old. She runs over and hugs her mother.

"Momma! Mowning Momma"

"Aww, good morning to you, too. Are you hungry for some bacon and eggs?"

"Uh-huh. But Momma... I need hewp wif someting...." Madison looks up at her mother with deep eyes.

"What's that, sweetie?" Carol looks over at her husband, kind of signaling something to him.

"Phew. I think she needs a diaper change," Derrick says, playfully teasing.

"Uh huh. Can momma do it, pwese?"

"Oh course, cutie. Aunt Jen can finish up in here. Let's go get you cleaned up." Carol takes Madison's hand and goes with her into Megan's room. Madison carefully lays down on one of the beds and takes her pajamas off. Carol untapes her diaper and looks a bit surprised when she sees it's both wet and poopy. "Uh-oh, someone did a stinky this morning. I see these new diapers Kelly gave us about hold up really well. Good thing we got those for you two." Carol begins cleaning her daughter with several baby wipes. Madison can't help but giggle and squirm as the wipes are a bit cold.

"Momma? Are you mad at me?" Madison says, still in her regressive state.

"Why would I be mad at you?"



"For going poopy. Um, I know I try not to do dat. But it just kinda came out."

"No sweetie, I'm not mad at you. Accidents happen. That's why we got these super cute diapers."

"But what if I poop again... I mean, in my diapy?"

"Then I'll change you. It's fine, honey. Okay, new diaper is on and you're all clean. Looks like another hot one today. Shorts and tank-top?"

"No, mamma. I wear pink skirt and Minnie Mouse tank top."

"Cute. With tights or leggings under?"

"No, just skirt. I no care if my diapy shows. We on vacation and I gonna have fun. I gonna be little Maddie for the rest of dis twip. That okay, mamma?"

"Of course, that's okay. You're so cute, I could just hug you all day."

"Oh mamma!" Carol and Britney, who is waiting to get changed, both laugh as Carol helps Madison get dressed.

"My turn, mommy. I'm just wet, I pretty sure," Britney says. Carol swoops the girl onto the bed and begins changing her.

"And what would miss Britney like to wear today? Does she mind if her diaper shows?"

"I not mind. You pick someting cute, mommy." Carol changes Britney's diaper and dresses her in purple shortalls with a baby blue shirt under. Britney approves. "Love it, mommy. Tank-you. Is breakfast ready? My tummy hungry."

"It sure is. We just need to wake up Alyssa and Amber, change them and then we'll be set.

"Uh, Mrs. Ludke? I think you -- forgot -- something?" says Emily, somewhat shy.

"Oh my gosh! Yes, I'm so sorry sweetie. I bet you'd like a clean diap -- I mean - Pull-Up on too?"

Emily blushes. "Um, diapy please. I don't think I'm gonna have much luck making it to the potty today. We -- we going somewhere today?"

"Alright, how about one of Maddie and Britney's Pampers? You are certainly small enough yet, and that way they don't go to waste." Emily nods excitedly. Carol grabs a dry Pamper and begins changing her. "We are going somewhere today. It's a place Maddie may remember from when she was little and we visited here. This is something her daddy loves. And now Alyssa shares that with him."

Madison ponders for a moment. "I know! The train museum in uh... I forget the town. Green something?"

"Yes, Green Bay. It's about a two-and-a-half-hour drive from here. Alright Emily, you're all set. Shorts, skirt?" Emily chooses to be dressed in short jean shorts, not caring if her diaper sticks out either. The three girls make their way down to the kitchen, while Carol goes to wake and change Alyssa and Amber. "Maddie, can you just let Aunt Jen know that I'm getting Amber and Alyssa dressed? Thanks sweetie," she says as she enters Amber's room.

Carol walks in to find Amber awake and playing with her doll house. Alyssa is still sound asleep.

"G'morning Auntie Carol. Is it time for breakfast? I think Ally is still a-sleeping," Amber says, fidgeting a bit.

"It is, but I'm here to help you get dressed. Oh, do you need a new pull-up first?"

"Uh, no. Um, I mean. Um, can you change Ally first? I - I'm almost done. I mean, with my toys. Cleaning up, yeah." Amber stutters.

"Sure, no problem. Alyssa needs to get up, anyway." Carol nudges her daughter. "Come on, sweetie. Time to get up. Hey, today's a special day. We're going to a special place that you and your daddy love. Can you guess?" Amber sits down and concentrates. What's she's really 'finishing' is peeing. She woke up just damp, but now has to pee and of course, not in the potty.

"Mowning, momma! I seep good. We doing someting special? Wif Daddy? Is it twains? Twain wides?"

"Aww, good guess! Yes, the big train museum. You are going to love it. Alright, time to get you in a dry pull-up, cutie-pie." Carol quickly changes Alyssa into another day-time super toddler pull-up and dresses her in some cute shorts and a Thomas the Tank Engine shirt. "Okay, Amber now it's your turn." Climb up on your changing table, sweetie."

Amber gets on her changing table and lays down. Her Huggies Pants for Girls diaper is just about at capacity, but also very warm as she just finished wetting moments ago.

"Amber, do you wear Goodnites during the day now, or?" Amber shakes her head.

"Nope. Same thing I gots on now. Um, the pink pull-on ones with the flowers in front. Um. In that bag over there," she points.

"Oh yes, thank you." Carol undoes the sides of the pull-on diaper, noticing it's quite soaked and still warm."

"Ahh, so that's what you had to finish up. It's okay, sweetie. I won't tell." Carol says while wiping the child with baby wipes and grinning.

"Thanks Auntie. You are the best Auntie. Um, I wanna wear a cute dress. Um, with leggings under. Because, you know."

"Yep, I got ya. Alright, I think we're all set now. Let's go get some breakfast!" Carol swoops Alyssa in her arms as Amber follows behind. As they enter the kitchen, everyone is eagerly awaiting a lovely breakfast. Alyssa jumps into her father's lap and kisses him on the cheek.

"Daddy! We gonna see twains today. We gonna wide in a twain too! Momma told me."

"Aww, that's right princess. Are you excited?" That's great, me too. Let's have some yummy breakfast so we have plenty of energy for today," Derrick says, placing his daughter in her booster seat at the table.

Jennifer looks around the kitchen table, taking mental roll-call. "It looks like we're missing someone. Who isn't down here yet?"

"Megan -- she's taking a shower because, um--" Madison stops, not wanting everyone else to hear."

"I got it, Maddie. I think she may need my help with something. You guys can start without me if you're hungry, this shouldn't take long," Jen says, dashing up the stairs. Cori is just coming down the stairs, passing her mother. No words are spoken, just a slight sigh as Cori tramples down the stairs.

"Well, look who decided to join us. Good morning, Cori," Ben says somewhat sarcastically.

"Wow, thanks. I feel so appreciated," Cori says while rolling her eyes.

"Don't start with that attitude, young lady. Your mother and I are still a bit, displeased with you over your behavior recently. Let's try this again. Good morning, Cori. Would you like some breakfast?"

"Morning, dad. Yes, please. Just eggs, no bacon," Cori sits down.

"That's better. Sure, you can help yourself," Ben examines Cori's choice of attire. "You're not going with us today looking like that, are you?" Cori is still in her pajamas and her hair is a mess.

"Going with you? Where? No one said we were going anywhere today?"

"We're going to the National Railroad Museum in Green Bay. Your Uncle Derrick wanted to go and it'll be a lot of fun."

"Yeah, for you guys maybe. Not me. Please let me stay home!" Cori says, gulping down some orange juice.

"You'll have to talk to your mother about that when she gets back down here, but I highly doubt she's going to agree to that."

"Ugh. I'm 14, I can stay home alone. I'm not gonna throw a party or anything," she pouts.

"We'll see when mom gets down here. Let's eat before it gets cold," Ben says.

"Fine. Thanks for breakfast. Um, Good morning, Maddie, Britney, Emily, Amber, Alyssa, Aunt Carol, Uncle Derrick. Sorry you had to see that..."

--- *Meanwhile, near the kids' bathroom* ---

Jen carefully knocks on Megan's bathroom door. "Meggie, is everything okay in there? Do you need anything? We're all ready for breakfast. We're having your favorite, bacon and eggs."

"Uh, yeah mommy -- I mean mom. I was just taking a quick shower. Um, oh, I forgot to bring an outfit to change into. Can you um, get something for me to wear? I don't care what, you pick. I'm just drying off now," Megan says while toweling herself dry.

"Sure, sweetie. I'll put an outfit for you out on the counter -- be right back," Jennifer says. She goes into Megan's room, picking out a pair of pink shorts and her black and pink 'LOL' t-shirt. Just as she's about to open the underwear drawer, she has a thought. "We're going on a road trip today and we'll be doing a lot of walking. The other girls will all be diapered. I bet that little girl is in there, wanting to wear a pull-up today but afraid I'll be upset with her," she thinks to herself. She gets a fresh Goodnites Tinkerbelle pull-up and places it on top of the pile of clothes, along with her sandals.

"Just me again," she says while cracking the bathroom door open just enough to place the pile of clothes on the bathroom counter. "There you go, I think you'll like this outfit, sweetie. Need help getting dressed?"

Megan immediately sees the Tinkerbelle Pull-Up laying on top of her folded-up shirt. "Mommy? Did you mean to give this pull-up to Amber?"

"No, it's for you. I figured you'd want to wear one today. It's going to be a long car ride and lots of walking where bathrooms may not be close by. You don't have to, though. I can go get you a pair of underwear instead?"

"No, I wanna put the pull-up on. Uh, can you help me put it on? And do my hair quick? Please?"

"Absolutely. Now, please don't feel embarrassed or ashamed. Remember our talk last night? I meant everything I said. Just let me know when you need to be changed. You don't even have to say it out loud. Just get my attention. Okay?" She begins helping Megan get dressed in her pull-up, shorts, and t-shirt. The shorts Megan is wearing are a thinner material, like bike shorts. It is a bit noticeable she's wearing protection.

"Yes Mommy. Tha-thanks so much," Megan admires herself in the mirror. "I look good. Can you tell I got a pull-up on?"

"Maybe, if you really stare. That doesn't matter, though. You're adorable."

"Thanks Mommy. Uh, just need to brush my hair, then we can go have yummy bacon!"

Jennifer laughs. "That's right. You're welcome, Meggie. "Megan's hair is done up in a simple ponytail with a little bow in the back. They make their way back down to the kitchen. Megan happily prances past her cousins, taking her spot at the table. Emily smiles at her and winks, knowing right away she chose to remain padded for the day.

"Good morning, Megs. You look cute today. All ready for a fun day?" Ben says.

"Thanks daddy! I'm ready, but first I gotta eat some *bacon*! Let me at it!" Laughter and giggles are shared as Megan prepares for her morning feast. Everyone eats as if they haven't eaten in days, including Megan who can't help but completely devour her bacon and gulp down her orange juice.

## Chapter 32: All Aboard!

The kids are all situated, comfy and occupied with books, games, and drinks as the van pulls down the driveway. Carol is driving while Derrick is in the front seat. Jennifer and Ben sit in-between their two girls while Britney sits next to Alyssa, Madison, Emily and Kelly (who is going to help keep the kids in line) sit in the back row.

"Mommy, why isn't Cori coming along?" Amber asks curiously, looking concerned.

"She's still grounded from yesterday and we just figured she would not be very fun on this trip. Ashley is going to check in on her later," Jen explains.

"Oh, okay. Is-is she sorry? Does she still not like me or Megan?"

"Aww sweetheart; yes, she's sorry. She doesn't dislike you. I'm sure she will tell you she's sorry later when we get home."

"I hope so. I really miss the old Cori, before she made fun of me all the time," Amber sighs, taking a big drink of her apple juice. Jen quickly changes the subject, suggesting Amber reads one of her new easy-reader books. This keeps her occupied for the time being.

In the back row, Madison is feeling a bit child-like and silly. "Hey Ems, today I don't wanna be twelve. I'm thinking more like four and you know, completely - *not* potty trained. What about you?" Madison pulls out a pink pacifier and contentedly sucks on it.

"Oh, you totally should! Um, you can be four, I'll be six -- but there's no way I'm even going to ask to go potty. I gotta Pampers on and it's gonna get put to the test," Emily giggles.

"Aww, that's so cute you two. And I'll be there to help with changes, of course," Kelly grins.

"Uh, hey Kew-wey? Are you, uh -- wearing today?" lisps Maddie as she keeps the pacifier in her mouth, talking around it.

"Of course, silly. I wear them 24/7. Didn't I tell you that already?"

"Oh, uh -- yeah. I forgwet. Ta-tanks again for wetting Bwit and I use your diapiies. Dey da best ands howd soooo much. Is my mommy gonna buys us more?" Madison asks enthusiastically, doing her best to sound like a cute four-year-old.

"Yeah, she already ordered a few cases last night, they should be at your house when you get back."

"Aww goodies!" Madison gets to thinking. If these will now be her and Britney's preferred diapers -- will they wear them to school in the fall, too? She ponders and starts to daydream about it for a while, going over the pros and cons in her mind. She'd be able to stay in the same diaper all morning, only needing to change maybe at lunch -- unless of course, she poops. Nah, she's going to try and only poop when not in class, or at home. Yeah, her and Britney will figure it out once school starts. Poof, her little daydream is interrupted as Emily taps her shoulder.

"Maddie? Hey, um -- are you with us?"

"Wha? Oh, sorry. Was just thinking about something."

"Your lisp and baby talk are really cute!" Emily teases, playfully. "You've got this 'being 4' thing down."

"Hee-hee, fank you. Dat's my age, I fow yeaw owd," Madison giggles along with Emily and Kelly.

"So, yeah... what's this railroad museum like? Is it like a building with model trains or something?"

"Nut-uh. it yuge. It actually kinda fun. Dere's like weally old trains, big wons, on disp-way and dey have some woo walk trew. And one dat runs and you can wide on. Dere's a big pway-gwound I fink and some buildings in-dows. My Daddy and Awiss-a gonna ab-so-wutely wuv it."

"Aww, hee-hee, cool, sounds like fun. Um, so how long is this car ride?" Emily asks.

"I fink two and half hours or some-ting. Wike a weally wong moo-bie"

"Ugh, okay. Uh, I'm gonna play games on my tablet," Emily slams all of her iced coffee and quickly shifts to playing games on her tablet.

"Woah, you might want to slow down a bit... If coffee does to you what it does to me, you might be soaked very soon!" Kelly teases.

"Hee-hee, oh wells. Dat's what my Pampy is for," Emily teases back. Kelly asks if Maddie needs anything to drink.

"Nah, I still seepy. I tink I take nap. I cuddle up wif you, Kewwy?" Madison asks sweetly, still suckling her paci.

"Aww, of course baby girl. I'll just be reading. I'll wake you up when we're there, or if we have to stop for something." Madison lays down, resting her head against Kelly's side. Kelly gently tickles the girl's arms as she quickly drifts off to sleep.

Time passes and we're now about an hour and a half into the trip, headed north-east. Madison is napping while Emily and Kelly are playing on their devices or reading. Alyssa and Britney are busy reading story books to each other, using silly voices and giggling every so often. Megan is happily working on her word search and crossword puzzle activity book while Amber is watching episodes of Doc McStuffins on her Amazon Kids Tablet. She has just polished off her second apple juice and lets out a little burp, giggling a bit.

"Oops, es-cuse me. Um, Mommy?"

"Yes sweetie?"

"Are we almost there?" Amber replies, squirming somewhat in her booster seat.

"About an hour, I believe. Is that right, Carol?" Carol nods from the driver's seat.

"What's wrong, Amber - need to go potty? Can you hold it?" Amber blushes while continuing to shake her legs.

"Uh, not really. Can I please - go in my... diap, I mean - pull-up?" Her desperation grows stronger. She really *can't* hold it much longer.

"Alright, that's fine. We'll change you when we get there."

"Okay Mommy, tha... thanks." Amber leans back and opens her legs, focusing on emptying her bladder, looking down at the floor. Megan looks up from her crossword and leans over to her sister, preparing to whisper something.

"Just try to go slow so it doesn't leak, no floods," Megan whispers. Amber smiles and gives Megan a 'thumbs up.' She continues to slowly empty her bladder, having a look of pure concentration on her face for several moments. Finally, she is done and lets out a soft sigh. She closes her legs and goes back to her tablet, slowly squirming in her seat, enjoying her now warm, squishy pull-up. Not five minutes later, she's feeling thirsty again. This girl is always drinking something, just how she's always been. She taps on Jen's shoulder.

"Yes?"

"Mommy I'm thirsty. Can I have juice or soda?"

"You've already had two apple juices and now you're wet. Don't think that's such a good idea, Amber."

Amber pouts. "But momma I'm so thirsty. It's hot; I don't wanna get all de-high-der-ated," she whines. Jennifer sighs, but figures there's only an hour left; and how can she say no to such utter cuteness?

"Okay, but just a little water. Too much juice can get you sick. And if you have to pee again before we get there, you'll need to try and hold it. We don't want any leaks." Jen hands Amber a small 6 oz bottle of water.

"Okay Mommy, thanks. I love you." Amber says sweetly, taking a big gulp of her water. She goes back to watching her show. Megan starts to get bored with her puzzle book. She closes it and yawns a bit, then wonders just where exactly they are.

"Mom? Where are we? We gonna be there soon? No, I don't have to go potty. Um, I mean; I think I did already, but just a little. Don't really feel it anymore. But I just wonder. Oh, and I'm thirsty too. Can I have a water please?" Jen gets out another water bottle from the cooler and hands it to Megan.

"Sure baby. So, just a little wet, huh?" Jen teases.

"Uh huh, really. Um, so we like an hour away, yeah?"

"Yeah, about that. How are those crosswords?"

"Oh, good. I just kind of got sick of doing them. Uh. Mommy? You got any coloring books and crayons?" Jen looks around at the books and such Amber has. Sure enough, there are a few coloring books and a bag of crayons in her purse.

"Yep, we have Disney Princesses, Doc McStuffins, and Strawberry Shortcake. Which one do you want?"

"That's easy! I'll take Strawbewwy... I mean, Strawberry Shortcake," Megan says. Her mother smiles and hands her the book and crayons. Megan happily opens it and starts working on coloring. She can't help but wonder, though. She's 9, wearing a pull-up and now coloring in a coloring book meant for ages 3 to 7. "Mom? Are you -- do you think -- I'm, I'm - like weird?"

"Weird? Of course not, why would you ask that?"

"Because I'm nine. Going into fourth grade soon. And I'm coloring in one of Amber's coloring books. And I'm wearing a, uh, you know..." Jennifer hugs her daughter and gives her tickles across her arm to comfort her.

"Yes, I know. But no, I don't think you are 'weird' and I don't want you to feel bad about it. I love all my girls. You don't always have to act your age -- isn't that right Aunt Carol?"

"You betcha. Don't worry about it, kiddo. We're all family here and we don't judge."

Megan makes a sigh of relief and grins. "Thanks, that makes me feel better. Um, this picture is gonna be nice," Megan goes back to her coloring and gets lost in her work, which helps the time in the car pass quickly.

Meanwhile, we are now about fifteen minutes away from the museum. Britney continues quietly reading a story to Alyssa, who is enjoying this special time with her newest *big* sister. Of course, in coordination with today's activities, it's a Thomas the Tank Engine book they are reading. This one is about a race between Thomas and Emily, one of the female steam engines.

"*Emily knew that Really Useful Engines were supposed to be good at waiting. But it was diff--*," just then, Britney begins to stutter and seems a bit uncomfortable.

"Wha wrong? Um, it goes... it diff-cult for her to be pay-tent (*patient*)," Alyssa interrupts, reciting the story from memory. Britney rubs her tummy and squirms, then whispers to Alyssa. "Uh, I think I gotta poop. And I don't wanna do it in my pants. Kind of like you try not to now. Um, I'll keep reading, I think I can hold it till mommy stops for gas or we get there or whatever..." Britney continues the story, trying not to make it too obvious what's happening. She manages to get to the end of the story.

"*But I'll beat you tomorrow*," she added. "Thomas laughed. *We'll see about that!*" Both girls' giggle.

"Dat's such a silly stow-vey. Thomas gonna win the next time," Alyssa giggles. Britney half smiles, but her attention is brought back to her desperate need to have a bowel movement. She sighs as her face turns deep red. She knows there's no way she can hold it any longer. "Oh well, Maddie did it this morning. I guess I gotta get used to this," she thinks to herself. She sits up and starts to strain and push. It doesn't take much before she can feel a warm mass mush into the rear of her diaper. She thinks to herself, this isn't so bad. Maybe it won't stink and no one will notice?" Then again, maybe not! Alyssa covers her nose, but stays silent, not wanting to embarrass her big sister.

"Oh no, is it that bad? Uh oh (*gags*), it IS," Britney whispers to Alyssa.

"It okay, Bit-ney. It was a ack-a-dent," Alyssa whispers back.

"Maybe no one else will notice. Um, here, I'll read you another story," whispers Britney. She gets out another Thomas book and begins reading softly.

It doesn't take long for the foul smell to linger across the interior of the van. Emily smells it first, who whispers something to Kelly. They think it was Alyssa. Now Megan notices, and hopes it wasn't Amber. She whispers to her sister, asking if she pooped but Amber is quick to say "no, I only went pee." Ben and Jennifer notice, as well as Carol and Derrick.

"Alyssa, sweetie - did you have a poopie accident? It's okay if you did, Mommy isn't mad. Just wondering. We can stop at a gas station to change you. We could use some gas, anyway," says Carol.

Alyssa shakes her head. "No Momma, I not go poop. Just kinda wet - that it!"

"Amber? Megan? Maddie? Emily?" Carol asks.

"What? Um, no not me, Mrs. Ludke. Maddie's sleeping. Not sure about Megan or Amber?" Emily blurts.

"Not me or Amber. Maybe someone um, farted?" Megan says, trying to make light of it. The only one left who hasn't said anything (verbally) is Britney. Her face remains red and she is trying to hold back from crying. Derrick looks behind him and notices the state of distress the poor girl is in. He looks over at his wife.

"Hun, I think it's Brit. She's looking a bit embarrassed and trying not to cry. Let's just pull over at this truck stop at the next exit and we'll take care of it," he speaks softly so Britney can't hear.

"Aww, the poor thing. Yeah, I'll get her cleaned up while you pump the gas," Carol says to him. "Alright everyone -- we're going to make a slight pit stop for diaper and/or pull-up changes. We're about ten minutes away from the Railroad Museum -- so not much longer in the car," she says as she takes the freeway exit to the nearby truck stop.

Britney cannot contain her emotions any longer and tears begin to roll down her cheeks. She begins sobbing, as if she was a little two-year-old. "It - it was me. I went poopie in my diaper. I - I sorry!" She continues to sob and quiver. Alyssa leans over and cuddles with her big sister, telling her it's okay, it'll be okay. Mommy is going to help her get changed.

"Aww Brit -- it's certainly okay. Accidents are going to happen. No one is upset. Daddy's going to gas up the car while we go in and get you cleaned up, alright?" Carol reassures her.

"Uh huh, tha-thanks Mommy. I -- I love you," Britney says, trying to calm down, still cuddling with Alyssa.

"Maddie, sweetie -- wake up please. It's time to get up. Are you wet, need a change?" Carol asks while gently tapping her left shoulder.

Madison moans, "wha? Uh, are we dere? No Mommy, I still dwy. Or, I mean - not wet 'nuff to need tange." Just then as she is yawning she notices the unpleasant smell. "Wut-oh! Did someone poopie? I poop? It don't feel wike I did..."

"Shh, it's okay Maddie. One of your sisters had a little accident. That's why we stopped at this gas station. So, you can come in with us but I trust you aren't that wet, yet."

"Uh huh, that's right. Hey, Bwit? You o-tay, you wook kinda sad?" Britney just looks down as she waddles slowly along. Madison puts two and two together pretty quick.

"Oh. Aww, it's aww-wight sis. I done it be-fow, and might again, way-ter. It all part of this, wite? Cheer up, mommy's gonna make it bet-wer," says Madison. Britney manages to let out a soft smile, also noticing her sister's cute lisping and baby-talk.

"Oh, we forgot about Emily. She might need changing, too," Carol says. "Stay with Britney, I'll be right back." Carol walks back to the van and peeks her head in, looking over at Emily who is just about half-asleep.

"Hey Emily, I'm really sorry I forgot to check... Do you need a change, sweetie?"

"Oh, umm -- I don't think... uh... Wait," Emily squirms around in her car seat. That iced coffee she slammed 2 hours ago went *right* through her. She bounces up and down a bit, feeling the luke-warm squishing against her bottom. "Uh-oh. It's like, really squishy," she blushes, trying to unbuckle her car-seat harness.

"No worries -- here, I'll help you get unbuckled, then you can come with me to the family restroom," Carol says as she unbuckles Emily's harness. She lifts the child out of the car and sets her down.

"Uh, thanks Mrs. Ludke. Uh, wow. Good thing I'm wearing a real diapy today," Emily says as she toddles, catching up to Britney and Madison.

"He-he, yeah a puww-wup woudda totally weak-ed," Madison lisps.

"Ha, you're so cute today, Maddie. You gonna have your paci in your mouth while we're at the train place?" Emily wonders.

"Uh-huh! I fours year owd. Gotta be aww-fen-tic!" Madison giggles, causing a chain reaction of laughter. Even Britney chuckles a little.

Meanwhile, Derrick and Ben are out gassing up the van and washing the windshield while Jen is still sitting with Megan and Amber. Just as she's about to get Amber unbuckled out of her car-seat, she's interrupted.

"Mommy, can I help Daddy wash the windows?" Amber asks.



"Well, actually I was just going to ask if you or Megan needed to go potty. Or, get changed? Didn't you end up going in your Pull-Up a while ago?"

"Uh, kinda. But I don't need-a get changed, I don't think," says Amber, absent-mindedly tugging at the front of her dress. Her Pull-Up is soaking wet and starting to get a little *cold* - but Amber would rather help her daddy wash the car windows than anything else. She's always loved that.

"Well, I think we should check. How about you, Megan?" Megan shrugs, shaking her head.

"I'm dry, I think. And don't have to go yet. But you can check. C'mon Amber, this won't take long. Besides, you don't wanna risk leaking once we get there, right?"

"Oh, okay, fine. Let's go. They gots family bathrooms here Mommy?"

"I'm sure they do, it's a big truck stop," Jen says as she helps her daughters out of the van. Kelly, not needing a change at the moment, stays behind in the van. She offers to help but Jen tells her she's got it covered.

Jen and her daughters arrive in one of 4 family restrooms inside the truck stop. Inside is a nice, large baby-changing area, complete with vending machines that dispense generic baby diapers ranging in size from newborn to 6. Megan is amused by this.

"Wow, they even got diapers here in case you don't have your own?"

"Yep, they think of everything. So, you're dry, sweetie?" Jen asks. Megan pulls down her shorts and feels around her Goodnite diaper. It is only slightly wet, barely noticeable. She nods her head for yes. "Okay, great. Now, let's check on your sister. Here, I'll help you up on the changing table." Jen lifts Amber up and lays her down on the changing table. She helps the child take off her dress, then pulls her leggings down. Immediately she notices a large wet spot on the butt of her leggings, as well as parts of her dress (from when she was sitting in the car).

"Uh-oh. How did it leak? I didn't pee that much!" Amber frowns and scowls.

"You're completely soaked, honey. You had two big juice boxes and water. I'm pretty sure you didn't just have a little accident. Didn't you feel that?"

"Um, kinda but I thought it was just because pull-ups are 'post-to feel more wet. Sorry Mommy, I really couldn't hold it."

"It's alright, I'm not upset. But I am a little concerned about the rest of today. Can you be honest with me? I mean *really* honest?"

Amber nods her head proudly. "Yeah mommy. Honest about what?"

"About today while we're at the museum. If you have to go potty, are you going to try and tell me or daddy and find a bathroom?" Amber remains silent for a few moments as Jen rolls up the soggy pull-up and tosses it, then starts wiping her bottom clean. She ponders more, making funny faces - but already knows what the answer is.

"Sweetie, you can tell me. I'm not going to be mad; I just need to know so we can prevent another leak."

"Okay, um -- no. I - wouldn't. I mean - if we are like right next to a potty, maybe I'd tell you but -- no. I don't like going in public bathrooms anyways; they are scary!" Amber blurts out, squirming a bit from the cold wipes against her butt.

"Thanks, so this is what we're going to do..." Jen reaches into her oversized purse and pulls out a Pampers diaper that she had put in there earlier. Amber gasps. "These can handle what you might put into them," Jen smiles. Megan looks at her all wide eyed and amazed.

"But, uhm. My leggings and... my dress got wet. Am I just gonna wear a dia - diaper?"

"Of course not, silly. I packed you an extra outfit. I always do when we go out, it's like second nature."

"Oh - okay. But, what outfit? Another dress and pants?"

"No, shorts and a t-shirt," Jen says, pulling out a pair of pink, cotton shorts and a light-blue unicorn t-shirt.

"Okay, but what if someone sees my - uh - dia - diap - diaper?"

"Then they do. I really don't think anyone is going to care. You'll blend in."

"Hey, Amber, I'm wearing a diaper, too. Just in case. And it might show, but who cares. We don't know anyone here," Megan explains.

"Oh, yeah. Uh, okay, I guess. It still better than going in those yucky potties!" Amber giggles.

"For sure. Alright, here comes a fresh, dry Pamper." Jen unfolds the diaper, carefully lifting Amber's legs up and sliding the diaper under her bottom. She pulls it up and fastens the tapes. The size 7 diaper fits the child perfectly. Amber sits up and looks down at herself, admiring the diaper and its design with Elmo on the front. She wiggles a bit, grinning wide.

"These are really comfy. And they gonna hold better than Pull-Ups you think?" Amber asks.

"Oh yes. I'm not saying you can flood it, but it'll hold what your pull-up couldn't on the way here. Alright, let's get you dressed." Jennifer helps Amber pull on her shorts and put her t-shirt on, then puts her shoes back on, lifting her off the changing table. Amber walks around back and forth. A slight crinkling can be noticed as she walks.

"Can you see it? Does my butt look funny?" Amber asks her sister. Megan giggles a bit.

"Um, maybe a little. But again, so what. People will just think you're like 5 and diapered for the day. Let's have fun and not worry about it, okay?" Amber agrees.

"Good girls. Okay, I think we're all set. We can go back outside and get back in the van," Jen says. They leave the family restroom and head out to the van. Amber runs over to her father, who has just finished washing the front and back windows.

"Aww, you done already Daddy? I wanted to help!"

"Sorry princess, maybe next time. Hey, you changed clothes? Were the dress and tights too hot?"

Amber blushes. "Uh, no Daddy. I kind of -- la - leaked and they got all wet. So, mommy changed me into this," she says, twirling her hair.

"Ahh, gotcha. It's alright, accidents happen. Good thing your mom packed extra clothes," Ben says. Amber nods, then climbs back into the van. Kelly gets up and helps her back into her booster seat.

"Hi Kelly. Yes, I got shorts on now because my um - my pull-up leaked really bad. So now I got a real diapy on. It has Elmo on it!" Amber says, a bit more confident this time.

"Hey, that's not a bad thing. Just let one of us know if you are feeling really wet so we can change you before it leaks, okay cutie?"

"Uh-huh, I will. Thanks Kelly. Um, are we gonna be there soon?"

"Yep. Just waiting for the other girls to get back. I think we're only like 10 minutes away."

*Meanwhile, inside one of the large family restrooms in the truck stop...*

Carol has just finished taping a fresh diaper on Britney. She blows a kiss over her tummy, trying to get the girl to cheer up. She starts pulling the girl's purple shortalls back in place and snapping the fasteners together. Britney has calmed down, but is still feeling somewhat uneasy.

"Ma - - Mommy? Are you -- shhhh -- sure you're not ma-mad at me?" Britney asks softly, looking a little worried.

"Aww, of course I'm not mad at you, baby girl. Accidents happen; that's what your diapers are for. You don't ever have to be afraid, or think I'll be upset; or judge you. Never, ever - ever." Carol says as she sits her up and gives her a long, warm hug.

"Thanks mommy. I'm just -- still so used to my other, um... I don't even wanna call her mom. But um, she'd have, you know -- totally beat me or something for going number two in a diapy."

"Oh, sweetie. You don't ever have to worry about her, again. She's not going to hurt you, not ever again. Now, let's get back to the van. Maddie, you sure you don't need changing?"

"Uh huh, I'm still dry Momma."

"Do I need to check?" Carol teases.

"If you wanna, but I not wet and I not poopie." Madison grins.

"Okay, I believe you. Alright, Emily -- your turn. Up we go," Carol lifts Emily up on the large changing table, pulls her shorts down and carefully un-tapes her soaked diaper.

"Is it like soaked?" asks Emily.

"Oh yeah, from front to back, see?" Carol slides the diaper off and holds it in front of her for a few seconds.

"Woah! Dat girl can weally go pee-pee," Madison teases.

"Hey, it was that iced coffee. Remember that time you had that big coffee at the mall and you just about leaked? Yeah. It's like that!"

"It's all good, silly. This would make a really good commercial for Pampers," Carol jokes as she wipes Emily's bottom. Giggling is heard from all the girls.

"That's a cool idea. Maybe your agent can get you a commercial like that. Kind of like the one you did for those night time pull-ups," Britney says.

"Hey, yeah that would be fun. I wonder if they have any more gigs for me yet. Kind of miss doing that. And, I kinda miss my mom and dad. Um, Mrs. Ludke? Can I maybe call them later, like on the way back to Jen's house?"

"Of course! I'll let you borrow my phone. Just remind me. Alright, all dry again," Carol helps Emily put her shorts back on. She hops off the changing table, ready for a day of fun.

"Let's go. We're about 10 minutes away from the Railroad Museum," Carol says. Britney, Emily and Madison walk beside Carol, with Madison and Britney holding her hands. Britney finds her seat next to Alyssa and gets her seat belt on. Maddie and Emily get in as Carol helps Emily buckle into her car seat.

"All bet-wer now, Bit-ney?" asks Alyssa.

"Uh-huh. Um, Mommy says we will be there in like ten minutes. Are you excited to see the trains?"

"Yeah, yeah! I can't wait!" Alyssa bounces in her seat for a few seconds. Britney giggles and bounces along with her.

The van rolls out, headed back onto the highway. Ten minutes pass by like seconds and before they know it, they've arrived at The National Railroad Museum in Green Bay. Derrick proudly announces they have arrived.

"Yay, we here, we fin-ah-wey here!" Alyssa screams. Jennifer helps get her girls out of the van as Carol is busy helping Emily out of her car seat.

"So, like do we actually get to ride on a train, or is it just looking at old trains and stuff?" Emily asks.

"Yes, there is an actual train ride that goes around the entire museum area. It's about a half hour ride if I remember correctly," explains Ben.

"Cool, I like train rides. Used to go on them more when I was little with my mom and dad." Madison gets herself out, but makes sure she has her paci in her mouth. She thinks for a moment as she looks around. This place is huge. Most of it is outdoors, but there are also several buildings with indoor activities and attractions. She thinks to herself; this is going to be a lot of walking! Being in her four-year-old mindset, she wonders if her mom or Aunt Jen brought along a wagon or stroller. She dashes over to the back of the van where Carol is unloading things (large diaper-bag purse, Alyssa's favorite stuffy, etc.).

"Mommy! Dis pwace huge! Um, we gonna have like a wagon to wide in or some-ting?"

"Well, we did bring a wagon but I figured that would be for Alyssa and Amber..."

"But Momma, I *four*. Dat's a wot a walking! Dere room for me? And maybe Ema-wee? Um, I fink she's six today..."

"Oh, that's right... You want to be *little Maddie* today. Well, let's see, I think Aunt Jen has another wagon in here. What about Britney, though? "

"Oh, it's okay, Ma--Mommy. Um, I can walk along next to Alyssa. We're kinda buddies today. I don't mind being twelve today. Um, except, uh. I'm still not potty trained – he-he." Britney explains proudly.

"Aww, of course. You just let one of us know when you need changing," says Carol.

Britney goes over by Alyssa and Amber who are situated in the wagon that Kelly has volunteered to pull. Madison hops into the 2nd wagon Carol just placed down and waves at Emily to join her. Emily is in awe at the park and how huge it is. She's not as big into trains as Alyssa and Derrick are, but seeing them all large and up close is fascinating to her. She easily changes her mind set to that of a six-year-old.

"This place is cool. Hey they even gotta playground with a train you can play in. This wagon was a good idea, Maddie. Thanks for asking about it," Emily says.

"Uh-huh, no prowblem. We gonna have fun. They gots good stuff to eat here, toos! Maybe we gets some cot-wen candy wait-er," lisps Madison. "Momma, we gonna eat wunch here? Dey gots soda? I hab a warge coa-ka-cowa!"

"Woah, slow down little girl. Yes, we're having lunch here, just not sure what. And you can have apple juice," Carol says. Madison sticks her tongue out playfully. For now, she lets it go, but at lunch time she will try again.

After checking in (showing their tickets to the ticket counters), the first order of business involves looking at the displays of old steam engines. There are many different engines from different eras in railroad history. Some you can actually climb into and sit in the cab. Of course, this is an activity that Alyssa and Derrick both love. Alyssa goes up into every engine with her daddy. For some, she sits in his lap as Carol takes pictures. Others; she sits in the engineer chair and pretends she's driving the train. Several pictures are taken. As Alyssa is sitting in an old Alco steam engine built in 1932, Madison decides it's her turn. She knows this is Alyssa's special daddy-daughter thing and has thus held off -- but being in her 'I'm four' mood, she can't resist. She hops out of the wagon and waddles over to Carol.

"Momma! My turn, pwease? I wanna go up in da big twain en-gwin and you take a pict-tuwre!" As she is pleading with Carol, she purposely lifts up her skirt, showing off her diaper.

"Sure, cutie -- just let's wait for Alyssa to get down and I'll help you up. Derrick? Maddie wants a turn to sit in the engine -- so stay up there a minute."

"Yay! Fanks Mommy," Madison jumps up and down, happily suckling her pacifier.

"Okay daddy, I gonna go back down by mommy and Bit-ney. Dis so fun!" Alyssa says, hugging her father as she gets off his lap. Carol can't help but take another picture. Alyssa slowly climbs down the stairs, then sits back in the wagon next to Amber.

"That looked fun. That old engine is so big!" Amber says.

"Uh-huh! It huge. One time I gots to sit in one dat still work-did and I gots to blow da whis-tel. Not here, but at a diff-went twain pa-lase." Alyssa rambles on.

"Aw-wite! My turn? I go up by Daddy. I no need hewp, Momma." Madison practically runs up the stairs, then plants herself into her father's lap. "Daaaaaaa-deeeeeeee! You habing fun ta-day? Me is! Tanks for taking us aww he-wer! Wow so back in wike the weally owd days, dis is what a twain en-gwine was?"

"Heh, yes Maddie-Bear. They were powered by big boilers that heated water and made steam. Steam powered the big pistons which turned the huge wheels. Quite amazing for its time," Derrick explains. Meanwhile, Madison seems to be off in another world. She's not bored from Daddy's train talk, but all she drank in the car ride over has finally caught up with her. "Maddie? You with me? Oh... Yeah, take your time sweetie. Your sister had a little moment like that, too."

"Oh daddy!! You siw-wey. Um, okay, I fink I done now. And no, I no need-a be tanged. Dis diapy can howd a wot more," Madison giggles and squirms. "Mommy! You take pict-ture of me dwiv-ing da twain?"

"Yup, go ahead sweetie!" Madison climbs out of her father's lap. She stands near the cab window and smiles for the camera. "Theeeese!" Carol snaps several pictures.

"Amber, do you want to go up in the engine with your Daddy?" Carol asks.

"Uhm, yeah!" Amber hops out of the wagon and holds Ben's hand. "C'mon Daddy let's go. Um, can you pick me up and carry me up the stairs? Pah-leese?"

"Sure honey. Up we go," Ben says while lifting the girl up. He takes her up to the engine right behind the one Madison and Derrick are in, then sets her down in the engineer chair. Amber looks around in awe at the huge machine that once pulled huge loads of coal, wood pulp, and other raw materials down the tracks. Photos are taken as well by Jennifer and Carol. Emily joins Madison for a while in the steam engine, standing alongside her.

The family makes their way through the steam engine exhibit. Alyssa and Amber are back in their wagon as Britney, Kelly and Megan walk alongside them. Emily and Madison are in their wagon as Carol, Derrick, Jen, and Ben lead the way. The adults quickly talk amongst themselves to figure out where to go next; deciding to go inside one of the air-conditioned buildings to cool off a bit. Once inside they enter a large exhibition room. There are several model railroad layouts to explore as well as play and activity areas for kids and a stage area where various shows are performed. As they walk and pull the wagons, Emily and Madison talk quietly to each other.

"Hey Maddie, you're really getting into this 'being four' thing. You're actually, like -- really good at it. Maybe you should get into acting. You could be in one of my next commercials. I can talk to my agent," Emily teases, but is actually somewhat sincere.

"Hee-hee, what-eber. Um, I guess I wet my diapy when I was sitting in daddy's wap. He kinda knew. He said Awissa went in hers too. Hee-hee. This is weally fun, though."

"Ha! That's so cool. How are those new diapias? Do you even feel wet yet?"

"They gweat! Just a wittle but they can pwobably howd wike two more big pee-pees. Gonna be great for sch-wool!"

"Uh, yeah except, they are thick and they crinkle a lot. You gonna be okay with that?" Emily asks.

"I no care. I pwetty sure wike half our cwass al-weady knows. I mean -- what bout you? You gonna go bawk to wearing puww-ups that leak? You gots Pampers on today and it a good ting because in dah car you pee-did a lot and didn't eben knows it."

"Oh, uh. Yeah. I guess I didn't think much 'bout that. I also wonder what my Mom's gonna think when I come back from this trip and I'm -- like, basically un-potty trained. Eh, whatever. I don't wanna worry about that today," Emily shrugs. "Today I'm six and not potty trained. And you're four! Let's just enjoy this!"

"Dat's a deal! Pinky swear!" Madison holds up her pinky finger to Emily's and does the sacred ritual...

Alyssa sees the area with model train layouts and instantly squeals in excitement. She jumps out of the wagon and runs over to her father. "Daddy, Daddy! Look-it all da twains! Daddy I wanna watch dem. Did you brings my steps-tool?"

"Yes, of course princess. Would you like to go around with me to watch the different layouts?"

"Uh-huh, yes peeeese!" Alyssa takes her father's hand, ready to follow his lead. Amber jumps out and runs over to them.

"Hey, um, can I watch, too?" Amber whines.

"Me too, I wanna see da choo-choos too! Please Daddy, can I?" Madison pleads.

"Of course, sweetie. Why don't we split up in groups? You, Ally and Amber with me and Mommy. Emily, Megan, Brit and Kelly with Auntie Jen and Uncle Ben?"

"Uh huh, o-tay Daddy!"

The two groups enjoy watching the various model train layouts for about an hour. There are so many fascinating types of model trains to see. Some that are so tiny you almost need a magnifying glass to see, others so large, there's a reason they refer to them as "garden scale." Alyssa, Amber and Maddy seem to be the most interested, while Derrick is having great bonding time with two of his daughters. Just as they are looking at the large Lego Train layout, Madison's stomach begins to growl. She lifts up her skirt and rubs her stomach.

"Uh-oh. My tummy growl. Mommy, I hungwee. It lunchtimes?" Madison says as she continues to rub her tummy, absentmindedly lifting up her skirt and showing off her diaper some more. A nearby boy about her age can't help but notice something *interesting* about the almost thirteen-year-old girl. He remains in a slight daze, hoping no one sees him gazing at the girl. He pretends to be looking at the model train nearby, but he's really intrigued by how this preteen girl is acting like a toddler, sucking on a pacifier and wearing what he swears to himself is a diaper.

"Yes, as a matter of fact it's just about lunch time. If we can pry Alyssa -- and your Daddy -- away from the model trains for a while, we'll head towards the little cafe they have here," Carol explains.

Madison nods her head quickly, then looks over her shoulder to see the boy still staring at her. She giggles softly and gives him a wink and a grin through her pacifier as she again lifts up her skirt for several seconds, showing off her thick, pink diaper. The boy's mouth pops open. He is in a state of shock, but is too shy to take any further action, except to wink back and display a little smile on his face as his shorts are raised a bit from a spark of arousal. Madison continues to giggle, her face turning a bit red.

"Maddy, put your skirt down, sweetie," Carol whispers. Madison blushes, then quickly pulls her skirt down, changing the subject quickly.

"O-tay, Momma. I wan -- I wan a teese-burger an fwies and maybe a miwk-shake. Staw-bewwy!"

Carol laughs. "We will see what they have here, silly girl. You can get back in the wagon now. C'mon Alyssa, Amber, Brit, Megan, Kelly. And Derrick. Earth to Derrick!"

"Oh, what? Yes, coming honey. I sure am famished. Who wants some lunch?" Derrick asks the girls nearby. Alyssa is still fixated on the Lego Train and has completely ignored the commotion. She's completely mesmerized. Derrick gently taps the girl's shoulder. "Hey Ally, it's time for lunch..."

"Awe, wha? I not hung-wey yet. I stay here and watch..." Alyssa mumbles.

"I'd say that's okay, but we're all hungry and want to go eat lunch. We can come back after lunch, okay sweetie?" Alyssa makes a pouty face, but knows she shouldn't fuss. "Hey now, don't give me that look. There's nothing to be sad about. You gotta eat so you have energy to come back and watch trains. And hey, I was talking to this man over at this other layout. He said good little girls and boys who don't pout will get to come by his layout and control one of the trains. Would you like to do that?"

Alyssa's pout face instantly turns to a bright smile. "Yes daddy! I wanna do dat. Hmm, I am kinda hung-wee and firsty. Let's get wunch, daddy!"

"Aww, that's my good little princess!" Derrick hugs the child and lifts her back into her wagon. Amber follows and climbs in next to her, saying how she's glad it's lunch time because her tummy is rumbling, too and she's so thirsty from all this excitement. They all head over to the cafeteria. The adults study the menu while Kelly finds a dining area to sit down and gets all the kids situated. As the adults are in line to order food, the girls anxiously await.

"Momma, member -- I want teese-burger and fwies. But no shake. I wan a big ice tow-fee! Va-niwwa. Ands whip cweam. Thanks momma you da best," Madison says. She toddles back over to the bench and table where the others are waiting.

Meanwhile as they are in the order line, Carol and Derrick get to talking...

"She sure is having fun with this 'I'm four years old' persona, huh?" Derrick whispers.

"Yeah, I'd say she's enjoying it. You have to admit, it's super cute and it's great to see her having fun and letting go. Just, I don't know if she should have *another* coffee today. She's already pretty amped up," Carol says.

"Ha, that's for sure. Besides, if she really wants to be four today, no four-year-old I know drinks coffee. I think she'd be just fine with apple juice, right?"

"Absolutely. If she fusses, we can just say they were out of iced coffee."

"But - but - what if I wanted an iced coffee? Ha-ha, just kidding. Water is fine for me!" They laugh a bit as they continue to wait in line.

Back at the table, Emily is sitting next to Britney and Megan. Kelly is across from them with Madison, Alyssa and Amber. Alyssa and Amber are busy talking about the train layouts they saw. Alyssa talks about how she really likes that Lego Train and she hopes maybe Santa will bring her one for Christmas. Kelly engages in that conversation and makes a mental note to tell Carol and Derrick about it later. Over by Emily, Britney and Megan, there's a slightly different conversation going on. Emily seems somewhat distracted and keeps squirming around in her seat.

"Ems, are you okay? You kinda seem bothered by something", a concerned Britney asks. Megan is curious now, too.

"Oh, uh. I'm fine. Just a lot going on. So much to see. Uh, and I kinda miss my mom and dad..."

"Awe, I get that. Hey, I bet my mom and dad will let you call them. Want me to ask when they come over to the table," Britney asks.

"Uh, sure but you don't have to. I can call them in the car later, on the way back to Jen's house. I'll be alright."

"K, Ems. But I know you better than that. Something else is bothering you," Britney says. She sits closer to her friend and hugs her a bit. "You can tell me anything. We are BFFs."

Emily sighs. "Uhm, alright. It's just. Well, my diaper is like, soaked -- again..."

Britney pretends to look surprised, of course only teasing. "Well, yeah? I'm wet, too. But that hasn't bothered you before. What's going on?"

"Hee-hee, I know. I mean it's cool, I love it and all that. But I mean... I was talking to Maddy earlier in the wagon and she kinda made me realize something. So, like, my diaper is wet and I probably should get changed after lunch. But that's not it. Uhm. Like, I don't know *how* it got so soaked. Like when we were looking at those old train engines, I could kinda feel I had to pee but didn't go yet. Then later I was watching the model trains and the next thing I knew it was getting warm and I was peeing and couldn't really stop it. You know what I'm saying, Brit?"

"Uh, yeah. Me and Maddie don't have much control anymore. But it doesn't really bother me. I mean, I've accepted it. We need diapers now and that's okay. Do you; like... feel bad about it?"

"Kind of. Because like I've been into diapers and stuff for a while now, but it was never where I'd have an accident if I didn't have one on. And I dunno, I'm kind of worried about what my mom will think. And school starting this fall -- I dunno if wearing a pull-up is gonna cut it anymore." Kelly has overheard the conversation between Emily and Britney.

"Hey Emily -- I don't mean to interrupt, but I totally understand what you're going through. When I was about your age, maybe a little younger -- I was faced with the same dilemma. I started actually *needing* diapers for protection, not just wearing for fun or comfort anymore. I was faced with the same decision. Do I try to get 're-potty trained' and only wear on occasion, or do I go 24/7 and never look back? Obviously, I think you know what I choose."

"Yeah, but your mom was cool with it, right? And wasn't your big sister Ashley already in diapers full time then, too?"

"Yes, that's true. So, you're afraid your parents won't understand? Do they know now? They must, right?"

"Yeah, my mom knows about my diaper thing. I kinda had to tell her because my agent -- the one who gets me modeling jobs -- noticed I was wearing one day... Uh, she didn't really take it all that great at first. She eventually became 'okay' with it, but there's still like this -- weirdness with her about it. I dunno. And my dad, I really don't know. He doesn't say much about it, other than he thinks it's kinda cute or something."

"Awe, Ems. I think your mom and dad would be okay about it? Maybe talk to them both when we get back home," Britney says.

"Thanks, Brit. Uh, I'll think about that after we're back home. Enough worrying about it now. Today I'm six and not potty trained and uh, my diapy is nice and squishy now," Emily giggles.

"That's the spirit. After we eat, remind me and I'll help you change before we go back to the activities," Kelly says.

"Okay, deal. Tha-thanks. Gosh I'm hungry. Hope they come with the food soon!" Emily looks around to see where the adults are. It's almost their turn in line to order. "Oh, good. They are about to order!"

"Hey, I don't mean to change the subject, but - I gotta question," Megan blurts out.

"Please do! What's up Megan?" Emily asks.

"So, when I have to pee. How do I like... relax to actually go? Like right now I have to 'go' a little, but I can't. It was easy last night because we were playing and I had to go bad... but like now it's kinda weird."

Emily chuckles a bit. "Wish I had that problem. Actually, no -- I don't. You just have to get in the mode. Get yourself relaxed. Oh, and think about a loud, roaring waterfall or water leaking out of a broken pipe. Just get super comfy. If you only have to go a little, maybe wait until after you drink stuff at lunch. Ask for a refill. Oh, but then when you have to go really bad, just don't go *too* fast, because you just have a Goodnite on, and while they can hold a lot, you have to pee them slowly..."

"Wow, so much to remember. But, thanks. I will try that. I did ask my mom for a big lemonade. That'll help." Megan says.

"All dis talk about going pee just made me tinkle more. Tanks guys!" Madison blushes. She lifts up her skirt and looks down at her diaper which is now about half at capacity. They all get into a giggle fit. Soon after, the adults arrive and place food and drinks in front of the girls. Madison gets her requested cheeseburger (cut up into bite size pieces, just like a 4-year-old would get) and fries, but a large apple juice (poured into a sippy cup) instead of iced coffee. Britney is served a chicken sandwich (also cut up, for fun) and fries with apple juice. Emily's order, grilled cheese, chips, and white grape juice are placed in front of her. Amber and Alyssa are served chicken nuggets and apple slices with apple juice. Megan is pleased to see her hot dog, chips, and lemonade while Kelly gets a ham and cheese sub with chips and a Diet Coke.

Almost all the girls begin with big gulps of their drinks, except Madison, who is making a pout face and looking like she's about to have a meltdown. She stands up and throws her sippy cup. "Dis not iced tow-fee! Where my iced tow-fee!?" Madison begins stomping her feet and fussing just like a toddler. Nearby families can't help but notice and stare. Carol is a bit taken back by this. She knows Madison wants to be a toddler today, but wasn't expecting more than a slight pouty face for a few seconds. Even Alyssa doesn't have tantrums quite this extreme anymore. Emily watches her friend, trying not to giggle -- as for some reason this display is a bit humorous to her.

"Madison Jane Ludke!" Carol shouts as she grabs the sippy cup.

"Ut-oh. Sissy in twub-ole!" Alyssa says to Amber. They watch silently. Madison is fully in toddler mode and isn't really able to snap out of it now. She's enjoying it, just a bit too much.

"You towd me you get iced tow-fee! I wan it. You go back - get it!" The girl continues stomping her feet and pouting, pointing towards the food ordering area.

"Uh, Maddy? Maybe you should be a little nicer to mommy? I don't wanna see you get in trouble, sis," Britney says with a concerned demeanor.

"Nut-uh. Mommy not nice to me! I no wan appa duice. I wan ice toffee!" Madison shouts back. Britney gasps and looks away, not wanting to see what happens next. Emily consoles her.

"Madison, that's enough. If you don't want apple juice you don't have to drink it. They were out of iced coffee so that's what we got you instead. Please sit down and eat. We got you your favorite - cheeseburger with ketchup and pickles with yummy fries," Derrick says, trying to remain calm. Nearby people continue to watch, some making comments amongst themselves.

*"She's acting like a 3-year-old, but looks more like 12? What gives?"; "Is she wearing a diaper?"; "Maybe she's one of those kids with mental issues..."*

Madison continues on with her tantrum. "You a big liar. Dey not out. I see udder peoples dat gots ice toffee! I wan ice toffee now or I not gonna eat and I get sick an it be all your fault!" Madison screams and stomps. Carol sighs, telling Derrick to watch Alyssa. She gets up and goes over to Madison, gently but firmly grabbing her right hand.

"Madison Jane! That is enough. You are not going to keep this up and if you do, you can go sit in the car with me for the rest of the day while everyone else has fun. You are going to eat lunch like a good girl and you're going to drink your juice. They ran out of iced coffee, for real. I also want you to say sorry to your daddy for yelling at him. Do you understand?"

Madison begins to realize this is serious now and perhaps she took this a bit too far. Tears well up in her eyes as she begins sobbing and crying. Carol takes the child in her arms and comforts her until she calms down a bit. "I - I sow - I sowwy momma. I no be bad giwl no mow. I weally weally sowwy. Pease don't be mad at me." Others nearby can be heard "aweing" and sighing in relief at such a touching moment.

"Awe of course I'm not mad. It's alright, baby girl. Sometimes you just get caught in the moment. I know it's no fun not getting what you want, but sometimes that's just life and we can't be so upset about it. Okay sweetie? Now, c'mon let's go enjoy that yummy cheeseburger and fries before they get cold." Carol helps Madison get situated back at her spot on the table. Madison looks across the table at her father and cutely apologizes to him as she digs into her burger. People nearby are still gawking and whispering among themselves. *"No way she's really a toddler, she's like in 7th grade." -- "I wonder if she's got developmental issues?" -- "Yeah, I saw she's still in diapers, too. Kinda weird." -- "Hey, be nice, you don't know the situation..."*



Sitting nearby is the boy from earlier. He so wants to tell these onlookers to mind their own business, but is again too shy. Instead, he looks over at Madison and gives her another wink and a smile, letting her know he approves. Madison thinks to herself, "he's cute but I already got a boyfriend. But he's really cute. Maybe he likes diapers and being little, too..."

"Wow, she really *is* getting into this being a toddler thing. I mean, it's awesome, but even I wouldn't have the guts to go *that* far," Emily whispers to Britney.

"Hee-hee, well that's Maddy sometimes. Uh oh, don't tell her I said that. Shhh." The two girls laugh softly.

"Wha so funnies?" Madison asks, snapping out of her little daydream about her mysterious admirer.

"Oh nothing. Just something funny we saw on a TV show in the car. Um, how's your food Maddie?" Emily explains.

"So yummy! Tanks mommy and daddy!"

"You're welcome, sweetie," replies Carol. The whispering continues as lunch is being devoured.

"Yeah, it's fun to watch, though. I wish you guys lived here. You're all so cool," Megan whispers to Emily and Britney.

"Me too! I'm glad I got to meet my new cousins from Wisconsin," Britney whispers with a sweet smile.

"Hey Megan, have you - - *gone in it* yet?" Emily wonders.

"Oh, uh. No, not yet. Still just damp - and only have to go a little. Um, after drinking all this lemonade I'm gonna have to go bad I bet. I had 2 cups. Um, but just go slow, right?"

"Uh-huh. That Goodnite can hold it but you can't flood it like a Pamper. When you feel you gotta go, just relax, get really comfy and just try not to go too fast," Britney whispers.

"Yeah, cool. I hope I can do it without people noticing."

"Who cares. Do you know anyone here? Nah. Just have fun. Maybe when you have to go, get your paci and suck on it. That'll really drive people nuts, ha-ha. Do you have it with you?" Emily teases.

"Uh-huh, it's in my pocket. Tha-that's a good idea. Thanks Emily."

"No problem. You gots this," she giggles.

The kids have all finished their meals and drinks. Alyssa rubs her tummy and looks over to her mother.

"I full, momma. It all so yummy. Tank you for the yummy food. What we gonna do next Momma? We go on twain wide soon? I fink Thomas is da engine dat pushes da cars today. I wanna say 'hi'. Daddy, you tink we can do dat?" Alyssa blurts in excitement, bouncing in her seat. Her face is a bit full of honey mustard dip, but she has no care in the world.

"Awe, sweetie you have something on your face. Look at me, baby and I'll clean you up." Carol takes out a wet wipe from her purse and carefully wipes the child's face clean. "There, that's better. Yes, I'm sure we will get to see Thomas and ride in his train cars. But first, I think it's time to check who all needs to be changed. I'm going to ask first. If you need to be changed, raise your hand and we'll split up in groups to use the family restrooms. Alright, show of hands, please."

Emily starts squirming and fidgeting in her seat and quickly raises her left hand up high. She smiles proudly and then starts to blush. So far, just Emily is raising her hand.

"Okay, so we have Emily. No one else? Come on, don't be shy. No one's in trouble. We just don't want you getting a rash, or wet clothes..." Soft giggles can be heard among most of the girls.

Jennifer perks up and decides to chime in. "Let's also ask who may need to go potty, raise your hand. Amber, sweetie? Are you sure you're dry? Need to go potty? Megan?"

Megan shakes her head. "I'm good, Mom. Uh, no accidents, yet." Amber is wet, but not close to full capacity. She sits still, keeping both hands down, quietly mumbling she's still dry. Alyssa squirms and sighs as she realizes she could use a change, and slowly raises her right hand.

"Thanks, sweetie. So, we have Emily and Alyssa for sure. Maddie, Britney?"

"Uh, mommy I just a wittel wet but not lots. It can wait till later," Madison murmurs.

"Me too, Mommy, just damp so far," Britney says calmly.

Jennifer is not convinced her youngest daughter is dry. Not with all this excitement and the juice she drank when they first got to the museum. She gets up and stands next to Amber, asking her to stand up. The girl stands and turns around, somewhat reluctantly, as she already knows what's going on. Just looking at the shape at her behind of her thin shorts, it's obvious she's in need of changing, but Jennifer places her hand over the child's bottom and does the infamous "squish test" to see how gelled up and soggy her diaper is. As she does so, Amber makes some peculiar face gestures. As expected, the diaper is gelled up and saturated. It could hold another small wetting, but Jennifer knows not to let it get to that point. "Yeah, honey, you're pretty wet. Don't need you getting a rash, so let's get you changed. It'll go quickly, c'mon." Amber sighs softly as her mother lifts the child in her arms and grabs her large purse, heading toward the nearest family restroom. Carol carries Alyssa and follows Jennifer.

"Hey Em, want me to change you?" Kelly asks eagerly.

"Uh huh, yes please. You don't gotta carry me, though. I can walk. Uhm, they got more family rooms here?"

"Yep, there's tons," Kelly grabs her purse which has Pampers and wipes in it and holds out her hand for Emily to hold on to. She leads the way. Derrick and Ben stay back with the girls not needing changed and help to clean up from lunch.

... In the private family room consisting of Emily and Kelly ...

Emily is laying down on the rather large 'baby changing table' in the family room. She has pulled her shorts down, exposing her soaked diaper. Kelly stands in front of her and un-tapes the diaper.

"Goodness Emily, you weren't kidding. It's soaked from front to back. Good thing we're changing you now, one more drop and you'd have wet shorts."

Emily blushes while giggling. "Uh, yeah. I think I had too much to drink or something. Uh, I usually don't pee that much. And - I like - didn't even know I was going in it till it was too late. That's kinda weird for me."

"Ahh, you're on vacation and you're totally relaxed. Don't sweat it, sweetie. That's why you're in Pampers and not pull-ups, right?" Kelly gently wipes the girl's private area, then slides on a fresh Pamper and fastens it.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Yeah, I'm six and I don't gotta worry about going potty. Yay. All dry, thanks. Kelly. Uhm, I can get my shorts back on," says Emily. She pulls up and buttons her jean shorts and jumps off the table. She can't help but be curious about something. Kelly's got a diaper on and she's legit in them 24/7. She's got to be wet by now, Emily thinks to herself. "Uhm, Kelly, I gotta question..."

"Yeah sweetie? I'm just washing my hands..."

"So, like, when you need-a be changed today... Who's gonna change you? Maddie's mommy? And you like, really aren't potty trained? Like I mean, you need them... I'm not trying to be mean or make fun. Just, wondering..."

"Awe, I don't mind. Yeah, I really need them. I've been in diapers full time since I was 6. After a while you do end up *un-potty training* yourself. Oh, and I usually change myself. I've gotten used to that. I'm good for now, though. The special 'teen' diapers I wear can hold quite a bit. Like I'm wet now but so little, I can't even feel it that much."

"Oh, that's so cool. You got a boyfriend, right? How is he about you being in diapers?"

"Yep, he's great. Sometimes he even changes me and lets me regress and takes care of me and stuff."

"I hope my friend Josh is like that. He's kinda my boyfriend now, I guess. He got me a paci a few months ago so I think maybe that means he approves, he-he."

"Ha, that's cute. Alright, we should get out of this changing room. Let's go see if the others are ready..." Kelly takes Emily's hand as they walk out of the family room and head towards the picnic area.

Amber and Alyssa have been changed into dry diapers. The gang is awaiting Kelly and Emily's return to the picnic area so they can move along to the next activity.

"Yay, Emiwy and Kewwy is back! Now we can go wide da Thomas train, wite Momma?" an excited Alyssa shouts.

"Almost, sweetie. The next train ride is in about a half hour. There's a playground that has a big wooden train you can play in. It's a short walk from here, and is right near the train station. Alyssa and Amber, hop in the wagon and we'll push you there," Carol explains. The two girls happily hop in. Madison hops in another wagon with Emily while Britney and Megan walk with Kelly. They arrive at the playground in a few minutes. Madison is still very much in 'four-year-old mode' and happily plays with the other kids. Amber is playing with Alyssa. They are climbing in the big wooden train, pretending to 'drive' it. Alyssa is the engineer, Amber the conductor.

"All-aboard the Alyssa Express. Please get your tickets ready," Amber shouts. After a few minutes, some other nearby kids wish to join them in playing. A girl about 8 and a boy about 6. They play "train driver/conductor" for a while. Amber collects pretend 'tickets' as Alyssa 'drives' the train. They soon decide to play a game of tag.

Meanwhile, Megan is playing with Madison and Britney. They are just swinging on a big tire swing. After swinging for a while, Megan feels a stronger urge to pee. She knows she has a Goodnight on, but also remembers Emily's advice to 'go slowly' so it doesn't leak. Out of habit, she begins to shake her legs and fidget. Madison is too busy being a hyperactive 'four-year-old' to even notice. The more observant Britney catches on almost immediately.

"Meg, you gotta pee, don't ya?"

"Uh, yeah but like, I can't do it. Like I gotta go and it's getting more and more strong but I try to just go but it's not coming out. I kinda had this problem last night too until I had to go so bad, then I flooded my Pamper..." She continues to fidget.

"Hee-hee, yeah, I kinda remember that. You just gotta relax. Maybe when we're on the train ride, you can sit in your mom's lap and just get really comfy. Um, think about waterfalls and gushing water..."

"Ye-yeah. Uhm, I'm gonna try to go a little now though - just to make that 'gotta go so bad' feeling go away," Megan says. She relaxes while the tire continues to swing, in a meditative state. She feels the intense pressure from her bladder and pictures an intense waterfall. Within seconds she begins to feel a slow stream of warm urine trickle into the bottom of her Goodnite. She sighs and smiles in relief. "I - I'm gooooooing. Slowly. Ahh, okay. Gonna stop for now, save the rest for the train ride. I feel better now."

Britney giggles. "Good job, Meggie. I gotta secret. I just went more in my diapy, too. It's contagious, hee-hee."

"Hee-hee-hee, me three. I mean, four. I mean, weeeeeeeeeeee dis fun! Swingin' and peein' my diapy, yay! Look, my diapy gettin soggy," Madison plays, lifting up her skirt and watching as her diaper indeed becomes wetter. She places her hands on it to feel it getting warm and squishy. "Ooooh. Uh oh, I fink dat appa duice is coming out... I... still going."

"Good thing we gots these super-duper diapias on, sis. Maybe after the train ride we'd better ask to get changed?"

"Uh huh, but not nows! Let keep swinging, dis so fun!" Kelly continues to push the tire swing so the girls go faster, snapping a few pictures with her phone in-between.

Over near the 'child friendly' rock climbing wall, we see Amber climbing on it, with her newly made friend, Nicole, not far behind. As Amber works on climbing, her shirt lifts in such a way, the top of her diaper sticks out of her shorts for a few seconds. Nicole notices this, but doesn't say anything at the moment. Amber is focused on climbing, but is also feeling a need to pee again. Not wanting to pee while climbing, she tries to hold it off. She manages to scale the wall and happily announces to her friend below her. Now time to get back down. She carefully makes her way down the wall as Nicole follows.

"Uhm, wanna, uhm. Wanna play in the sandbox?" A distracted and fidgety Amber asks. She begins to concentrate on relaxing her bladder muscles...

"Yeah, sure. Uh, are you okay? You gotta go potty or something?" Nicole asks.

"Kinda, yeah but I'm okay, don't worry". She sighs and stands dead still, starting to slowly wet her diaper.

"Uh, okay. Well, the sandbox is over there. You coming or do you need a minute to do whatever?"

Amber remains still, making that peculiar 'I'm peeing myself' face. "Uh, yeah just-a...min-ute." She squats a little to finish the job. After about twenty seconds she is done wetting herself and begins to slowly waddle-walk towards the sandbox. Her shorts again have bulked out a bit as the rear of her diaper has expanded. A more noticeable crinkle sound is now evident as she walks. She quickly puts her hands around her butt to make sure of no leaks. Amber squats down in the sandbox, feeling her now gelled-up,

warm diaper press against her butt. She sighs a bit and smiles, then looks around for some sand toys. Nicole can't help but notice her friend is no longer fidgeting or has that 'gotta pee' look on her face. She grabs a little bucket and starts filling it with sand.

"You don't have to go potty anymore?" Nicole asks.

"She went pee-pee in her diapy," Alyssa blurts. Amber's face turns beet red.

"Alyssa!" Amber cries.

"It's okay, Amber. I'm not gonna make fun. I knew you have a diaper on, I saw it when we were on the climbing wall. Uh, I have a little cousin who sometimes wears them during the day at places like this, she has accidents sometimes. Hey, no big deal. I kinda wish I had one now; I hate public potties. You're kinda lucky you get to have one on." Nicole says.

"Yea, I don't wear them all the time but I sometimes have accidents too so my mommy lets me have them for stuff like this. Yeah, public potty is so icky and scary," Amber responds.

"So, um, does it feel weird after you pee in it?" Sorry, just wonder what it's like. My cousin doesn't seem to care about being wet much."

"It's not bad. Kinda feels nice when it's still warm. And like I didn't go that much; I hardly feel wet anymore. Pampers hold a lot. What kind does your cousin wear?"

"Oh, Huggies, I think. She's 6. She also needs them at night."

"Woah, me too. Hey, thanks for not teasing me. You're nice. You live in Wisconsin? I'm from Madison, uh - Middleton actually. Alyssa is my cousin too, she's from California. She's five. I'm seven."

"Wow cool. Yeah, I live in Sun Prairie. That's like ten minutes from Madison I think." The girls continue to build sand castles and talk until it's time to board the train.

"Hey girls, it's time to head over to the train ride. It's about a 45-minute ride," Jennifer says to Amber and Alyssa. "Do you know where Megan and your cousins are, sweetie?"

"Yeah, I think they are on the tire swing. Mommy, I met a new friend. Her name's Nicole. She's 8 and lives near us in Sun Prairie. Maybe I can have a playdate with her someday?"

"Awe, of course. Hi, Nicole. Is your mom nearby so we can swap numbers?" Nicole points to where her mother is. The two mothers chat and exchange numbers while the others get ready to board the train. Amber and Alyssa brush the sand off their shorts.

The train is about to depart. Megan has requested to sit in her mother's lap as she is a bit tired from playing and running around at the playground. She gets comfy cuddling in Jennifer's lap. Amber sits next to Alyssa, where Derrick and Carol are sitting across from. Madison and Britney sit next to each other, with Emily and Kelly sitting across. Within minutes, the train blows its whistle and begins to move, picking up speed. The conductor shouts "All Aboard!"

Five minutes into the trip, Megan begins to feel more pressure from her bladder. She begins to fidget and squirm while in her mother's lap. Jennifer senses what is going on but decides to play along and kind of treat her middle daughter more like a preschooler. "Meggie, do you need to potty?" Megan blushes a little, but doesn't respond out loud. Instead, she slowly nods her head while beginning to strain and concentrate. Like before, she tries to pee but is having problems fully relaxing. Just then she remembers her secret weapon: her pacifier. She digs in her shorts pocket and pulls out her purple pacifier. She pops it in her mouth, squirms and gets herself as comfortable as possible. She hears Emily's voice in her mind saying "remember, relax but go slow." Jennifer gasps and motions for her husband to grab his phone and take a picture. This is too cute not to capture. Finally, Megan has relaxed enough. As she suckles her pacifier, a slow but steady stream of pee begins to flow into her damp Goodnite. What seems like minutes is actually about twenty-five seconds. She has managed to slowly empty her bladder. Her Tinkerbelle Goodnite is now fully saturated and soggy, but miraculously *not leaking*. She sighs happily, still suckling her pacifier and squirms in her mother's lap, feeling her soaked, warm Goodnite against her butt.

"Ut-oh," she whispers. "I hadda acc-i-dent, momma. I sowwy," Megan plays.

"It's okay, sweetie. That's what Pull-Ups are for. We'll change you after this ride," Jennifer says.

"Thanks, momma. I wuv you. Dis train wide is super fun," she lisps. She gets comfortable and enjoys the ride while still cuddling and sucking on her pacifier.

Further into the ride, drinks are offered to all customers. All the girls accept juice boxes and gulp them down. It is a very hot day, after all. As the train arrives back at the station and comes to a stop, all of the girls have considerably wetter diapers, including Emily who has flooded her Pamper without even noticing, again. Of course, the second they get off the train, Alyssa just has to go over to the Thomas engine to say 'hello' - so the gang quickly walks over to get in line for a quick meet and greet photo session. Megan's Goodnite is so soaked, her pink knit shorts have ballooned and it's obvious she's not wearing normal underwear. It is hard for her to walk normally as well. As they are in line to meet Thomas, she can't help but grab at her butt and feel how squishy it is.

"Woah, Megan. You are soaked, huh? Good job. Did it leak?" Emily asks.

"Uh huh, I got relaxed enough. It was the paci, hee-hee. No leaks, but uh, this thing is super soaked. I better not go in it anymore or there's gonna be a problem. How's your diapy holding up?"

"It's not leaking but um I soaked it again between playing and the train ride. I think I'm like un-potty trained. Like I could barely tell I was going in it, again. Oh well, I don't care. Dat's what Pampers are for."

"Hee-hee, that's true."

The gang does their pictures with Thomas. Alyssa is now eager to go back inside to play with wooden railway tables. Of course, just about every diapered child (and Kelly) are in need of changes and Carol has to first convince her of stopping to get changed so she doesn't get a rash. Madison helps with this. She stands in front of Alyssa and lifts up her skirt, exposing her now soaked diaper. "Me too, Wissa. My diapy wet, I needa get tanged. Mommy? Can you tange me first, pwease?" Britney plays along as well, tugging at her short-alls. "Me too, please."

"Oh my, I may need some help. Derrick, wanna come with and help out?" Carol asks. The Ludkes head towards the nearest family room. Jennifer and Ben go with Megan and Amber while Kelly again helps change Emily.

"There you go, kiddo - all dry again. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna change myself. I'm a bit soggy now, ha-ha," Kelly says to Emily. Emily hops off the changing table and turns around, but takes a few peeks at Kelly changing herself. The diaper she took off is indeed soaked, but she'd had it on since they left in the morning. Emily is in awe.

"Do they make those diapers my size? I mean I still fit in size 6 or 7. But wow I could use a diapy that holds that much. "

"Don't think so, but there are probably European brands that are somewhat thicker like this for kids your size. We'll have to look online later."

"Oh, yeah! I forgot about that. UK and stuff. Like kids there don't all get potty trained by age 5 or something. I mean, I could wear those bed-wetting pull-ups that I did the commercial for, but they are almost too thick and not good for being active during the day. I have some I ordered a few months ago that are just as thick, too. They are great, but not so much for being active."

"Ha-ha. I don't think it's that. But they are a bit easier going when it comes to older kids needing diapers, for whatever reason. So, the bigger and more absorbent ones exist there. Alright, I'm all set now until probably bedtime. Let's go see if the others are done getting changed!"

Before heading back inside for more air-conditioned fun, the family heads for a snack and drink break. Alyssa and Amber enjoy a few juice boxes while the older girls have picked a favorite can of soda to chug down. Madison, still being in "little" mode wants to play with Alyssa and Amber while Britney, Megan and Emily want to break into their own group and explore more around the outside area of the museum. Britney is sitting next to Carol as she eats her snack. She looks up at her with a twinkle in her eye.

"Mommy? Me and Emily and Megan were wondering if we can kinda do our own thing while the younger kids play inside. Like, there's that big observation tower thing we can go up. Um, Daa--Daddy; he was telling me about it at lunchtime. And then just walk around the old trains and stuff. Can we, Mommy? We'll be good and we'll stay together," Britney asks innocently. Megan looks over at Jen, also seeking the 'okay' to go.

"Hmm, well, I'd feel safer if you went with an adult...I know you're 12, sweetie, but you know..." Carol responds.

"Mrs. Ludke? I mean, Carol. I could go with them," Kelly offers.

"That'd be great. Sure girls, you can go do your exploring -- just stay with Kelly, alright? That okay, Jen?"

"Yay, thanks mommy" Britney gives her mother a quick hug.

"Yeah, thanks Aunt Carol," says Megan. "Thanks Mrs. L," says Emily. Jen smiles and nods at Carol.

"Okay, let's gooooo! I wanna go up on the tower thing first. C'mon Kelly, try to keep up," an excited Britney tosses her empty soda can into a recycling bin and quickly sprints towards the tall wooden observation deck as Emily, Megan and Kelly catch up. The other adults and younger girls head back inside to look at more model trains and play with the wooden Thomas train layouts.

Britney gets in front of the large, wooden platform. It has a series of stairs that wind up, leading to a large observation area about 75 feet high. The girls begin walking up the first flight of steps. Britney leads the way up, having no fear. She makes it about half way up when she hears shouting from below. "Slow down," yells Emily. "I gots little legs." Megan giggles next to her.

"Sorry, I just really wanna see this. Um, I'll wait and let you catch up." Britney rests along the railing waiting for the others. After a minute or two, they catch up. After a few more, they have reached the top of the tower. They look around, able to see the entire cityscape and museum grounds. "This is so neat. Hope you aren't afraid of heights!"

Emily looks around, in awe. She's not really afraid of heights, but can't recall a time she's been up so high. "Yeah, so cool. Look, you can see the tracks from the train we rode on. And I think over there is that football stadium for that football team that plays here. Um, I forget the name."

"Yep, Green Bay Packers. My daddy goes crazy watching them on TV, hee-hee," Megan chuckles. Kelly is sitting on a bench about thirty feet away from the deck. For now, there's only a few other people up on the top level so they feel pretty comfortable talking among themselves. Megan begins to fidget and cross her legs, again forgetting she has protection on. Emily notices right away.

"Megs, you gotta pee *again*?"

"Uh, what? Oh, yeah, I guess I do. Musta been that Dr. Pepper - stuff goes right, um... through me."

"Well, there's no potty up here. Looks like you're gonna have to wet your pull-up. Just, try to go slow. Here, I'll help get things started. Close your eyes. You are standing right in front of a large waterfall. The water roars and makes a super loud 'whoosh' sound. 'Whoosh' 'gush' 'crash' 'woosh'. Water whirring and flowing fast. Gushing, whooshing. Weeeeeeeeeee."

Megan stops fidgeting and half-squats, with a deep look of concentration. It doesn't take long for a steady stream of pee to flow into her Goodnite. This time the warm sensation around her bottom is more intense as she's peeing faster than the last time with no sign of stopping. She knows she needs to slow down to give the pull-up time to absorb the flood. She tries to stop peeing so hard, but can't stop until her bladder is fully empty. After a series of facial gestures, she stands back up straight. She walks around slowly, feeling her now full pull-up jiggle and press gelled up warmth against her butt. She gasps. "Uhm, I think I peed too fast. Is it gonna leak, Emily?"

"You might be okay. Just don't sit down or walk. Just stand still for a few minutes, give the padding time to soak up and gel up. Don't touch your butt, either. No squish test needed," Emily jokes, trying to lighten the mood.

"Ha-ha, okay, thanks. Um, can you tell by looking that I'm soaked?" Megan lifts up her shirt a bit. Emily and Britney look at Megan's bottom and grin. The back of her pull-up is completely puffed out and sagging through her knit shorts.

"Oh yeah, totally. Even a bulge up front. You're soaked from back to front. Just, stand still yet... give it time to soak it up."

"Ugh, okay. I knew I shoulda asked my mom to put me in a Pamper..."

"Hey, if you leak, you leak. We don't know anyone here. If anyone says anything, just tell them to suck eggs," Emily snarks. While Megan is standing still, waiting for her pull-up to further gel, what appears to be a rather strange looking man is walking up the last few sets of steps. At first, Emily only sees him from the corner of her eye and thinks nothing of it. A few seconds pass, and the strange man starts to approach. Emily looks over, about to say something to Megan, when she stops dead in her tracks. Her mouth opens and she gasps in fear. She begins trembling. The man looks to be a mid-aged Caucasian; wearing torn, stained jeans, a raggy old plaid shirt and a dark grey fedora, with large red clown shoes. He's about to speak as he is now right behind, but Emily doesn't give him the chance. "OH MY GOD. Get the hell away from me!" the girl screams frantically. "Sorry, gotta go!" She bolts towards the stars, running down the first set of them as fast as she can, screaming and crying the whole way.

Britney goes into instant fight or flight mode, knowing something isn't right. "Emily?! Wait! Where are you going?" It's too late, Emily has run out of sight. "Megan, c'mon, we gotta go after her." They start running towards the stairs. Kelly gets up and asks what's going on. "I dunno, Emily got spooked by something. Like she was telling someone to go away, then just ran down the stairs." She explains, about to cry.

"Wait, you didn't see what scared her? Was it a person, or a wasp or something?" Kelly asks.

"Uh, I'm not sure. She just said something like '*get the hell away from me*' and then just ran away. I yelled out to her to wait but she was like so, so afraid. I never seen her like this before," Britney whimpers, "but I think something's wrong. We gotta go find her!"

"Yes, let's go see if we can find her. Come on girls, let's go try to find her." Kelly leads the way as Britney dashes along after her. Megan tries to catch up to them, but her soggy Goodnite slows her down a bit.

"Britney, slow down please. I can't walk so fast with this soaked diap -- I mean, pull-up."

"Sorry, I'm just worried about Emily. Never seen her so terrified like this. Like she's never scared of anything; always pretty easy going. I wonder who or what she saw?" Kelly and the girls are slowly walking, half way down the tower. Kelly is just a bit ahead of them.

"Hey you two - let's try to find a place Emily would go to hide. Is she afraid of *anything* that you know of, Brit?" Kelly asks as they continue to walk down the stairs. Britney thinks about it as they go down the stairs. As they reach the ground, Emily is still nowhere to be found. They begin walking around the museum grounds. "Britney, you know Emily pretty well. If you were her and you got scared, where would you go? Would she go somewhere alone, or would she go find an adult or security guard?"

"Uhm, thinking... I really don't know what she's scared of. I mean really, she's always pretty tough and doesn't seem to care who makes fun of her. She'd maybe go and hide somewhere. I don't think she'd go find someone because like I said she's usually pretty independent, or wants to make us think she is. I dunno, just my gut feeling..."

"Hey, should we go back inside and get my mom? Maybe she can help us look." Megan asks.

"Not yet. Let's keep looking around, first. I don't want to worry them just yet," Kelly says.

Emily has managed to run into one of the old engine sheds that has old locomotives on display. She has hidden herself inside one of the open boxcars behind an old steam locomotive. She is sitting with her knees up to her chin, softly rocking herself and crying. Visions of the creepy man she visualized are now racing through her mind. She has a series of flashbacks which involved the 'special moments' [heavy sarcasm] they had when she was just five years old. Her soft crying turns into screams. Her legs unfold and she begins trembling and kicking rapidly. "No, go away! Get away from me! Get the HELL away from me you big meany, I hate you, piece of SHIT!"

"Kelly, you hear that? That's her. She sounds really scared, but in her usual 'tough girl' way. It's coming from that old train car over there," Britney points. Kelly and Megan follow behind as she leads the way. It doesn't take long to pinpoint where the traumatized girl is.

Kelly instructs Britney and Megan to stay back outside of the boxcar as she carefully hops inside. She slowly approaches, knowing Emily is still in a very fragile state. Without saying a word, she sits down next to her and holds out her arms, signaling for the child to come cuddle in her lap. Emily sits still for a few moments as her eyes fill up with tears. She slowly climbs into Kelly's lap and rests her head on Kelly's chest. She begins sobbing and shaking. Kelly holds her tight and just says "shh, it's okay sweetie. You're safe now. I got you. We can just sit here as long as you need." Emily sighs, welcoming the moment of comfort and solace.

Back outside of the boxcar, Megan and Britney look on. Megan starts to cry, feeling bad for her new friend.

"Is she gonna be okay, you think, Britney? Whoever she saw, they musta scared her badly, huh? It's so sad. I feel so bad for her."

"Yeah totally, but she's with Kelly now, she's in good hands. I hope whoever it is, they stay away from her. I've never seen Emily so scared like this. How she's acting, I think this person did something really bad. Kind of like my, um... my daddy," Britney says, starting to cry.

"Your daddy? You mean Uncle Derrick?"

"Oh gosh, no. Oh, yeah you probably don't know. I was adopted by your aunt and uncle. My biological daddy, he was... well, he was a jerk. I don't really like to talk about it," sighs Britney.

"Awe, I'm so sorry Cuz," Megan hugs her. "Hey, I think they're coming out now."

Kelly helps Emily jump out of the big old boxcar. Britney looks at her friend and quickly gives her a hug, followed by Megan.

"Are you, you -- okay?" Britney asks. Emily can't speak, she just slowly nods her head, her eyes still full of tears.

"Hey I think we should get back to the others now. I think Emily has had enough for one day."

"Yeah, me too. I mean it was fun and all but now I'm kind of scared, too. I just wanna go home. And, uh..." Megan tugs at her shorts and grabs at her butt, feeling her now leaky pull-up. "Get changed. I had a big accident."

Emily looks up and giggles slowly. "Uh-oh, uh, me too. Uh, Megan? You still got your paci? Can - can I borrow it?"

"Oh, yeah. Of course. Here you go!" Megan gives her friend her pacifier. Emily happily pops it in her mouth as they begin their journey back to the indoor exhibit hall, holding Kelly's hand the entire way.

---

Back at the main exhibit hall, we see Madison happily coloring with Amber and Alyssa as the adults are sitting nearby enjoying refreshments and talking. Kelly instructs Emily to sit tight as she talks to Carol for a moment. Emily takes a seat on the table next to Megan, still sucking on her pacifier rapidly and wiping her eyes. Carol being Carol immediately senses something isn't quite right.

"Kelly, what's wrong with Emily? Did something happen, did the girls have a fight?"

Kelly grimaces. "Oh, nothing like that. All was going well. We were up on the observation tower when all of a sudden something scared her and she bolted and went and hid in an old train car that was in the engine shed."

"Oh my, poor thing! Did you find out what spooked her? Must be something big, because she's a tough little girl."

"Well, she told me bits and pieces as I was trying to calm her down. Something about this guy named 'Uncle Jack' who came up next to her and was going to talk to her. That's when she ran away. All she would tell me is he's a very bad man who 'did bad things' to her when she was really little, like 4 or 5. She had thought he was in jail and was really shaken up about it - like how he got here and knew she was in Wisconsin..."

"Hmm, that's odd. I wasn't aware she even had an Uncle Jack. Did Megan or Britney get a look at this guy at all?"

Kelly shrugs. "That's what's weird - both girls said they didn't see anyone standing near her, just that she said 'get away from me' and ran down the stairs. I didn't want her to get more upset, so I just comforted her the best I could. Maybe she was having some kind of flashback and thought she saw this guy?" Just then, Megan taps Kelly on the arm.

"Kelly, uhm. Can you help me? Uhm, I'm.... you know."

"Oh yes, of course - sweetie. Let's go take care of that. I need to check though, if your mom has extra shorts for you as yours are a bit wet," Kelly whispers. Megan blushes, looking down at the ground. "Sorry Carol, I need to take care of something."

"Got it, no worries. I'm going to see if the rest of the crew needs changing, as well." Carol sits next to Emily and puts her arm around her. "Hey there, sweetheart. We don't have to talk about anything right now, but I just wanted to say I'm here for you if you need anything."

Emily takes the pacifier out of her mouth so she can talk more clearly. She pauses for a moment, then gives Carol a nice smile. "Thanks Mrs. Ludke. Uhm, I'm okay now, I think. Uh, except I think, um..." Emily blushes, going more into six-year-old mode.

"You need some dry pants? No problem! I'll take you to get changed, let me just grab some supplies and let Mr. Ludke know." Carol grabs a fresh Pamper, a travel container of wipes, and extra shorts. She asks if Derrick can check if Alyssa or Madison need changing, as they will be leaving after. As Derrick is pleading with his daughters to get changed, Carol and Emily walk towards the nearby family restroom. Kelly and Megan are in the one just across.

"Here we go, Megs. A nice fresh Pamper. This should hold up until bedtime," Kelly says as she fastens the Pamper on the girl. She helps her slide on a dry pair of shorts, then lifts her off the changing table.



"Thanks so much, Kelly. I think I just drank too much soda. It does that to me. But now I don't have to worry about the car ride home. Oh, um, do you want me to leave you alone so you can change?"

"Nah, I'm okay. Not really that wet yet, but thanks." They leave the restroom and go back to find the others.

After all diapers are changed one last time, it's time to make their way back to Jennifer and Ben's house. Everyone gets buckled in. Emily has asked Kelly to sit next to her while Amber and Megan sit with their parents. Madison, Britney and Alyssa sit in the back row together. The first hour of the drive is pretty uneventful. Amber and Alyssa fell asleep within minutes of the car hitting the highway. It's nearing 5:30 pm. Tummies can be heard rumbling. Emily is playing games on her tablet as she feels her stomach growl.

"Kelly? Are we gonna stop; to eat soon? I'm really hungry."

"Yeah, me too kiddo. I think they were planning on stopping somewhere. Hey Carol, we've got some hungry tummies in here. Were you going to stop?"

"Absolutely. We're almost in, uh – Fondu – Lack? I think. Jen, know of any good places to eat around here?"

"Ha, yeah, Fond Du Lac. It's a funny name for a town. But yeah, Schriener's Diner off the Johnson St exit. It's the next one. I'll help you navigate," Jen says. Madison wakes up Alyssa, gently tapping her. "Hey sissy, we gonna eat dinners. You hungwey?"

Alyssa rubs her eyes and giggles. "Uh huh, tummy hungwee!"

A famished family eagerly packs into the family diner to enjoy a nice meal together. Emily is still pretty quiet and shook up, but enjoys her chicken tenders and fries, eating as if she hasn't in days.

--

The clan arrives back at Ben and Jen's house just before 9:00 p.m. Alyssa and Amber are sleeping peacefully in their car seats. Emily is awake and anxious to get out of the car. She is still sucking on Megan's pacifier, which has been comforting her. Madison is pretending to be asleep, but isn't really. Britney teases her.

"C'mon Maddie, wake up. We're back at Aunt Jen's house. You can go sleepy there, um, once you get your diapy changed. Me, too. I'm beat but what a fun day, huh?"

Madison yawns and stretches her legs and arms. "Uh huh, so so fun! Diapy tange? Nu-uh. Diapy no wet. I no wanna go sleepies yet. Maybe watch a moo-bie? Momma hewp me get outta car, peese?"

Kelly interrupts. "I will, Maddie. Your mom is busy carrying Alyssa in and your daddy is helping bring stuff in. I think a movie would be a good idea for some of you, but we will need to check your diaper first and get in your PJs. Don't worry, I'll go fast. "Madison makes a pouty face, but is mostly doing it in jest.

Carol has managed to change Alyssa into her night diaper and pajama pants, all while not waking her. She is super worn out from a busy, fun-filled day with trains. Derrick looks on as she lays her into the extra bed in Amber's room. He gives her a gentle kiss on the forehead and whispers "goodnight, choo-choo princess" to her. Jennifer tucks Amber in who was also changed without much of a fuss. They stand and watch the two little girls drift away into dreamland before going back to the living room where they see Madison, Britney, Megan and Kelly gathered around the couch in their pajamas and night-gowns, getting comfortable as Inside Out, a Disney/Pixar animated movie begins to play. Emily is sitting on the floor, still in her day clothes and soggy diaper - and still suckling her pacifier, looking somewhat sad. Carol kneels down next to the girl as the other adults converse into the kitchen to get drinks.

"Hey there Ems, what's the matter? You seem sad, and I see haven't gotten changed yet. Need some help?"

Emily sighs, spitting her pacifier out. "I'm just still kinda scared about what I saw at the train museum today. Or what I think I saw. I dunno. I guess the others didn't see him. And yeah, um, I'm soaked again. And I know I'm almost eleven but, I just -- still wanna be six right now."

"Awe, sweetie. It's totally okay. I will help you get changed and dressed. You can 'be six' as long as you want. I won't mind."

"Thanks Mrs. Ludke. You really are such a nice mommy to Maddie and Britney and Alyssa. And me, cause I'm like; always around, ha-ha," she giggles. "

Carol lifts the girl up and takes her to a nearby bathroom, grabbing a fresh overnight diaper and one of Emily's nightgowns. She places her down, keeping her standing up. She helps remove her shorts and shirt, leaving her standing in just her soaked diaper. Emily runs her hands and fingers over the front and back of the diaper, feeling it squish all over.

"Yeah, uh, too much raspberry iced tea at dinner, I think. Did it leak?"

"Nah, but almost. Not to worry." Carol un-tapes the diaper and rolls it up, disposing of it in the trash - then gently wipes her. Emily grabs her night time Pull-On diaper, the ones she did the commercial for and steps into it, pulling it up snugly. Carol helps her slide into her nightgown. "There, all set. Now, would you like to join the other girls for a movie, or are you ready to call it a night? Alyssa and Amber are already in dreamland so you wouldn't be the only one."

"Yeah, I'll go watch the movie. Um, I'm gonna go get something first from Megan's room, K? I'll be right down." Carol nods as Emily toddles into Megan's room. She digs into her big duffle bag and pulls out one of her own pacifiers. She runs back down to the living room, finding Megan's pacifier on the floor where she left it. She rinses it off in the kitchen sink, then runs over to Megan and hands it to her. "Thanks so much for letting me borrow dis today. You can have it back now; I got my own from my bag."

"Sure, anytime. Wanna cuddle with me and watch the movie?" Emily squeals in delight. She pops her pacifier in her mouth and cuddles up next to Megan on the couch. Megan happily suckles her pacifier as well. Jen can't help but whip out her phone and sneak a picture.

In the kitchen we find Ashley who is fixing herself a snack. Jennifer walks in and sits down at the table.

"Thanks for checking up on Cori today. So, how was she? Has her attitude improved at all?"

"She's okay. Already in bed, I believe. She didn't want to be awake when you guys got home. She does seem to be sorry for how she acted toward her sisters and cousins, though she won't fully admit it yet."

"Yeah, sounds like Cori. I'll talk to her in the morning and see if she's ready to at least apologize, for real." Jen says, taking a drink of water.

"Oh, I think she will be. She had a lot of time to think about things today..."

## Chapter 33: Wisconsin, It's Been Fun!

"Mommy? Is that really you?"

"Yes, Emily, sweetheart. It's really me. Carol has been texting me and sent me a few photos. Looks like you're having a great time. I'm so glad. We miss you so much. It's way too quiet around here," Mrs. Suthers expresses.

"Aww, yeah I'm having so much fun, Mommy. I miss you and daddy too, so much. I can't wait to be home again. Um, especially last night. I got kinda sad. Um, something kinda happened at the train museum," recalls Emily as she plays with her hair.

"Yes, Madison's mom mentioned that to me. You saw Uncle Jack at the museum; in Wisconsin? That's just not possible. He's still in prison, baby; will be for a long time yet. "

Emily sighs and grimaces. "I swear mom, it was him. He was like right behind me and he was gonna start talking but I told him to go away and I ran away from him. Is he dead? Was I seeing a ghost? The other girls didn't see him. Mommy? Am I crazy?" Emily starts to feel scared and anxious.

"Sweetheart, you are *not* crazy. Maybe you were just tired, or you thought you saw him. It's normal to be afraid of him, he was a bad man. Hey, we can talk more about that when you're home. I have some news for you. Your agent called the other day, they might have another job for you soon. Would you be interested?"

"Would I? Uh-huh, totally! Another commercial? Or a photo shoot? Or do I get to model more diapers?" Emily says excitedly.

"Ha-ha, actually it might be for a guest starring role in a TV series. We can set up a meeting once you're back home. I also might have a few surprises for you at home."

"Ugh, Mom! I really hate surprises. Can't you give me a hint?"

"Sure, a small one. Your room. I changed it a little. That's all I'm going to say. Your Daddy says hi. He's at work now so he can't talk, but he sends his love. Have a safe trip home, Emmy Bear. I'm going to have to get Carol and Derrick a nice gift for looking after you all week," Mrs. Suthers teases.

"He-he, oh stop it Momma. I been a good girl, just ask them. I'm no trouble, not at all!" Emily giggles, trying not to make it noticeable.

"I know, sweetie. Just kidding. Have you been staying dry?"

"Uh, you mean my pants? Yeah, um. Only had like one leak so far.. I mostly wear Pampers now because uh, well pull-ups just don't hold enough. Uh, I kinda, uhm. Uh-oh," Emily gasps, pausing for a few moments as she feels her diaper area getting warmer. "Uh, whoops. What were we talking about?"

"Did you just have an accident?"

"Uh, yeah a little. Uh, oops. Mommy, are you mad? Should I have gone potty?"

"No, sweetie. I'm not mad. Have fun and enjoy yourself. Just, we'll have to talk about this when you're back home. But for now, have a good time and be carefree. I'm glad you got to go on this trip, but your daddy and I also miss you, baby. Hey, I have to run. See you in a few days. I'll give daddy a hug for you!"

"Thanks, Mom! I love you and daddy too, so much. Bye bye!" Emily hangs up the phone and runs over to Carol to give it back to her. "All done, thanks. I miss my mom and dad so much. We're heading home tomorrow, yeah?" Emily starts to tug at the rear of her shorts, feeling how squishy her diaper is.

"Yeah, another 3 day journey, but it'll go fast." As Emily is about to run back to play with the others, Carol stops her. "Emily, I think you may need to be changed. Want me to help with that, quick?"

"Um, oh. I, I guess so. I kinda had an accident when I was talking to my Mom. Oops," Emily's face turns a little red from blushing. She twirls her hair a bit.

"No worries, that's what diapers are for. Follow me, Emily." The girl waddles behind Carol, following her into the bathroom. As Carol removes her diaper, it is completely full from front to back. "My goodness honey. We might have to get you some booster pads, you're soaked. We only had lunch an hour ago."

"Uh-oh. Um, wow I didn't even know I peed that much. Oh, yeah I had like 2 glasses of white grape juice at lunch. That's probably why. Wait, booster pad? What's that?"

"They are little pads that you place inside the diaper. It has the same super absorbent powder in it, but when it gets full it'll pass further wettings through to the diaper." Carol has already finished diapering Emily and helps put her shorts back on.

"Oh, that's cool. Might be nice for the trip home, if we can get some before we go?"

Sure, we need to do a little shopping later today anyway, we will pick up a package. Alright, you can go back and play with the others. We're not doing much today except getting ready for the trip back home."

"Thanks Mrs. Lud -- I mean, Carol. I'll probably need a change again before dinner, hee-hee."

"You know where I am if you do," Carol responds cheerfully.

Emily goes back to Megan's room where Britney, Madison and Megan are hanging out.

"Hi Ems. Where did you go?" A curious Madison asks.

"Oh, um I wanted to call my mommy. I really missed her, you know. She says I might have another acting job. Oh, and I got my diapy changed," she explains.

"Woah, already? Didn't you just get changed before lunch?"

"Yeah, but I don't have those super teen-baby diapers on like you do, silly. Pampers are great but I've been peeing a lot lately, I dunno why. Oh well. Um, did you talk to Andy yet? I should probably call Josh, too. I miss him, too - that silly boy."

"I haven't, but yeah that's a good idea. I should probably call him soon. But first we were going to play a game. No electronics. Just an old fashioned game of Uno. We play until someone gets 500 points. You game, Ems?"

"Heck yeah, I love Uno. And I'm gonna win."

"Nope, I am! I play and win with my family all the time," Megan teases.

"Ha-ha! Well, here's the thing. No potty breaks. You still gotta diaper on, Megs? Or just a pull-up?"

Megan stands up and lifts her skirt, revealing her Pamper which also has a solid blue line, indicating it's quite wet.

Britney gasps. "Yeah you got one on but I think you should get changed first. It's soaked. These Uno tournaments are known to be intense and they could take a while."

"Uh-oh. Gosh, I knew I went pee but I didn't think *that* much. I kinda don't want to ask my Mom to change me though."

"Why? Do you think she'll be mad?"

Megan shrugs. "Not really mad, but maybe annoyed? I dunno. I mean she's already got Amber to worry about. She's back in pull-ups today and I don't think that is going very well."

"It's okay, I can change you. I've changed Alyssa plenty of times. Lay down on your bed," Madison says. She grabs a fresh Pampers and some baby wipes. Megan lays down on her bed, lifting her legs up. She pops her favorite pacifier into her mouth. Madison removes the heavily soaked diaper and rolls it up. "Wow you *are* soaked! What did you drink at lunch?"

"Uh, iced coffee. My Mom doesn't like when I have that but it's sooooo good."

"Ahh, that'll do it. Does for me every time," Madison chuckles. She finishes putting the new diaper on. "Okay, all set. We're ready to begin!" Madison begins dealing out 4 sets of Uno cards all while teasing that she is going to win.

Meanwhile, in the playroom - we see Amber and Alyssa playing together. Adults are nearby in the living room, but the playroom is accessible via a video 'baby monitor' system. The girls are busy playing with Amber's huge indoor Lego city and model train layout, of which Alyssa is most interested in. Amber is busy building something out of Legos while Alyssa is playing with the train. As Megan just said, Amber is back in Pull-ups today as Jen is attempting to get her accustomed to going potty again. As she looks for a Lego piece, she is suddenly distracted by an intense urge to urinate. She begins frantically shaking her legs and holding her groin area.

"You gotta potty, Amber? Don't you gotta diapy on?" Alyssa asks.

"No, I gotta pull-up on."

"Those are diapiies. You could just go pee pee in dat. I did," Alyssa giggles.

"Yeah but these are the cheap ones and I gotta go bad. It'll leak and then I'll be in trouble."

"Nuh-uh. Just go slow. Dat's what Emma-wee says."

"K. I'll try. I gotta go so bad I can't hold it much longer." Amber sits still and concentrates. She lets out a small bit of pee, then holds back. She gasps, lifting up her dress to see if the designs on her pull-up fade. There it goes. One star is gone. She gasps and starts to let out a little more. Second star has faded and she can feel a warm, gelly sensation. "Uh, only one star left. I better stop for now."

"You still gotta go pee pee?"

"A little, but not as bad. I can hold it for a while now. Let's go back to playing. You are a good train engineer, Ally!"

"Thank you. You good at makin' Legos, too." The girls play for about another hour, until Jennifer comes in to check on them.

"Hey you two, how's it going in here?"

"Good, Mommy. Alyssa is running the trains and I'm making more Lego kits. Um, when's dinner? Amber asks, starting to fidget a bit.

"In about 2 hours. Daddy's grilling, so hot dogs and burgers. I just came in to see if anyone needs changing, or if you need to go potty..."

"No mom, I'm good," Amber lies while making a pouty face.

"Hmm. I know that face. Amber, are you wet?"

"Maybe but just a little. And no I don't gotta go potty," she says, tugging at her dress, making sure it isn't showing her pull-up.

"Mind if I check?"

"Kinda, yeah. I'm not wet enough to need changed, mommy. Can I go back to playing?"

"You can, but I need to check you first." Amber sighs, reluctantly standing up and lifting up her dress, but only for two seconds.

"See, it's mostly dry," she lies.

"Young lady, I believe you have two faded stars." Jennifer lifts the girl's dress back up. Amber blushes.

"Uh oh. I thought it was only one. Uh, still, I feel dry, mostly. Can't I just play now?" Amber pulls her dress back down.

"Sure, if you go potty first."

"I don't gotta go now."

"Fine. But I hope your third star hasn't faded by the next time I come to check on you. Alyssa, sweetie, do you need to be changed?" Alyssa shakes her head for no. "Can I check to be sure?" Alyssa smiles and nods for yes. Jennifer does the "squish test" by feeling Alyssa's padded butt to see how soggy it is. It's only about a fourth wet and she figures it's good for another wetting or two. "Alright, you're not that wet yet. Amber, I'll be back in about 15 minutes to see if you need to go potty." Jennifer leaves the room as Amber sticks her tongue out.

"Okay, well maybe I'll just finish peeing in my pants, then. Stupid potty. I don't wanna go potty," she whispers to herself.

The girls play together uneventfully for the next ten minutes. They have switched to playing with one of her Strawberry Shortcake board games. As Amber finishes her turn, she quickly jumps up and squats a bit, making a straining face. Alyssa notices immediately.

"You otay, Amber? You got a upset tummy?"

Amber sighs. "No, my tummy is good. It's just. I gotta finish something. Just give me a --- sec---ond." She concentrates, slowly pushing out the last of the pee she was holding in. She lifts her dress, watching as her 3rd star slowly fades. Her pull-up is now soaked and swelled up. She stands still for a few moments, giving the SAP gels enough time to fully suck up the flood.

"Oh, you hadda finish going pee pee," Alyssa giggles.

"Yeah and now I gotta wait before I sit down so it doesn't leak." After about a half minute, Amber slowly sits back down. A loud crinkle and sloshy sound can be heard as she sits. "Okay, your turn Alyssa. Spin the wheel." Alyssa takes her turn, counting out 4 spaces. She lands on a 'go back 2 spaces' spot. Amber takes her turn, then moves over and feels the floor to see if it's wet. Nope, no wetness. "Good, it didn't leak. I'll just get changed before dinnertime," she grins. Oh, but what she forgot is; Jen will be back to check on her soon! Luckily for Amber, Jen got preoccupied with something else and forgot to come back to the playroom.

After another half-hour, the two younger girls decide they are getting thirsty and decide to go ask for a drink. They toddle into the living room to find Carol and Derek who are on their laptops. Alyssa runs up to her father and sits in his lap.

"Hi Daddy! I love you. Cans me and Amber hab a dwink? We tirsty!"

"Hey cutie! Of course you can. What drinks would you like?"

"Um, Apple juice please. And, thanks, Uncle D." Amber says, somewhat shy.

"I wan appa duice, too, pwease. Tanks!" Alyssa hugs him and jumps off his lap. As Derrick goes to grab the drinks, Carol talks to Amber a bit.

"You two having fun in there?"

"Yeah, Aunt Carol. Alyssa is so fun. I'm - I'm gonna miss her when you go back home. And Maddie and Britney and Emily. Wish we didn't live so far away. We like; *never see you*", Amber says while absentmindedly lifting up her dress, exposing her soaked pull-up.

"Awe, I know it. Well, we were just talking about that. We need to visit more. Your mom was telling me she'd like to take you all over to California soon -- maybe for Thanksgiving this year."

"Ooh, that'd be so neat! Yeah, so cool. So you are all leaving tomorrow?" Amber asks, tugging at her soaked Pull-Up.

"Yeah, unfortunately. Hey, kiddo. I think you may need a new Pull-Up. Want me to help with that?"

"Uh-oh. Yes, um. I hadda accident," Amber blushes deep red.

"It's alright, accidents happen. Especially during all that awesome play time. Let's go to your room and get you cleaned up."

"Okay. Um, what about my mom? I mean she can change me. You don't gotta."

"Your mom is busy getting dinner ready. It's okay, I can certainly help out."

"Yay, thanks Auntie. You're the best." She follows Carol to her room, her pull-up rustling and sagging as she does. When she gets in her room she plops on her bed, lifts her dress up and is ready to be changed. Carol removes the soaked Pull-Up and tosses it in the trash. She begins looking for another dry pull-up to put on the child. Amber uses this to her advantage.

"Where are your pull-ups, sweetie?"

"Oh, there's some in the top right drawer of my dresser." Indeed there are, but those are her Tinkerbell Goodnites, not the generic, less-absorbent Pull-Ups that Jen had put her in earlier. Carol pulls one out, seeing the design.

"Oh, aren't these just cute? Tinkerbell!"

"Yeah I love her. Thanks Auntie. Um, do you think I'm 'bad' for being seven and a half and still having accidents?"

"Of course not, Amber."

"Oh, because I think my mommy does. I mean I think she's mad at me for still wetting my pants so much. I don't mean to. It's just sometimes going potty just doesn't work for me all the time."

Carol slides the fresh Tinkerbell Goodnite up and over Amber's legs. "I don't think she's mad, honey. She just wants to encourage you to go potty. Alright, all cleaned up. Let's go, I bet Uncle D has your apple juice ready."

"Yay!" Amber jumps up and gives Carol a hug. "Thanks for helping me. I love you Auntie."

"Love you too, sweetheart."

Back in the living room, Derrick has brought out two *sippy cups*. Amber looks at her sippy cup, a bit confused, but secretly excited. "Wait, Alyssa got two sippy cups?"

"No, this one's for you. I figured your mom doesn't want any spills on the carpet."

Amber grins at him as she grabs the Strawberry Shortcake sippy cup, one she hasn't used in years and happily takes a big gulp from it. "Thanks Uncle D! Alyssa, wanna go back to the playroom, or do you wanna stay here and watch TV 'till

dinnertime?" Alyssa chooses to watch an episode of Amber's favorite cartoon, Strawberry Shortcake. The girls suck their sippy cups dry within a few minutes. Hard play makes for a strong thirst.

---

Back in Megan's room -- the Uno tournament is over. As somewhat of a shock to all involved, Britney actually ends up winning with 503 points with Madison coming in second at 466.

"Good game! I can't believe I won, though. I never win," Britney says.

"Yay for you, though. Glad you won, Brit! Hey, I should go call Andy now. Um, you guys okay if I go to another room?"

"Sure, you can use Amber's room. She's in the playroom I think," Megan says, fidgeting and looking down at her diaper.

"Uh-oh, does Meggy gotta pee?"

"Yeah, a lot. So I know I gotta go slow. Just...watching the line turn blue.... Uh-oh, there it goes."

"Slow down, girl!" Emily shouts. Madison giggles as she walks out the room. Just then, before the door fully closes, in walks Cori, as Megan is sitting with her diaper exposed, peeing.

"Hey pre-teens, what's the word? Woah boy. What do we have here? Megs? You're back in diapers now, too?"

"Cori, be nice. Yes, I am but -- it's just -- for fun. Okay? Can I finish now?"

"Finish what?" Oh, I see. You're peeing. Sorry, I'll leave you alone." Cori leaves, shutting the door behind her.

"Wow. She actually didn't start nagging at me or making fun? Maybe that punishment mom gave her helped," Megan pauses and concentrates as she finishes soaking her diaper. "There, all done. Blue line front and back. Warm and squishy. The best!"

"Hee-hee, it sure is. You're getting good at this, Megs. Better be careful or you'll be back in diapers full time like we are", Emily jests.

"Nah. But I might go back to using a pacifier more often. Especially at bedtime. It's so soothing. Thanks for that, too."

"Aww, you're welcome." Little do the girls know, Cori is still standing outside Megan's door, listening in.

"It's kind of cute, I have to admit. And after yesterday, I kind of understand why the little tweens enjoy it, as weird as it is," Cori thinks to herself.

---

"Andy! It's me, Maddie. How are you? I miss you, a lot. Do you miss me?"

"Maddie! Of course I miss you. I'm good, enjoying summer vacation, even if I'm stuck babysitting Annika a lot. Nah, kidding. She's my lil sister. I love her so much, you know? it's not a big deal looking after her."

"Aww, you know what? I miss her, too. And my sister Alyssa does, too. She asks about her all the time. Yeah I'm sorry I didn't call sooner. We just have been so busy here, visiting with my cousins I - like - *never* get to see. We went to this big train museum in Green Bay yesterday -- because you know my dad and Alyssa are big into trains. I gotta admit, it was super fun. Oh, and I did this thing yesterday; the whole day. I was acting like I was four, and of course, not potty trained. It was SO fun. I even sucked on a paci and had a little tantrum!"

"Ha-ha, wow! Wish I could have been there to play along. I bet that was super adorable. Did your mom take pictures? I'm serious, I wanna see that."

"Hee-hee, she sure did. I will show ya some when we're back home. I can't wait to see you. Um, I gotta ask, though..."

"Yeah, what's that?"

"So, please be honest. Okay? Do you think I'm messed up? I mean, because I'm almost 13 and I not only wear diapers 24/7 but I also sometimes don't act my age. Are you sure you want to deal with all this?"

"Madison. Yes, I'm sure. Even before I knew about your, uh - secret -- I always liked you, for you. You are real and not stuck up like most girls in middle school. You're special, pretty, smart, playful and adorable. And this other side of you is just a bonus, I mean that."

"Aww gee, Andy. Stop. You're too nice. Why are you so nice to such a freaky girl like me?"

"But you're not, though. I mean not freaky. Anyone who says that about you is just stupid. Come on Maddie, it's me here. If I thought you were too much, I'd tell you because I'm honest and I don't play games like that. Do I sometimes wonder

why you like diapers and being little so much? Sure -- but then, really, when I think about it, it makes sense. Kind of like Annika who is six and a half and 'still' wears Pull-Ups and hardly ever actually uses the toilet, except maybe a few times when at home. I think I get it, and she's still a great, fun-loving kid. So, stop worrying about what I think. I think it's cute, and that's it. It makes you unique."

"Oh Andy. I'm so lucky to have gotten to know you. I'm glad you finally got the guts to talk to me more at school. Hey, that reminds me. One of my little cousins, Amber. She's 7 and is kind of like Annika. Has accidents a lot. While we've been here she's been in Pull-Ups but when she has big accidents they leak. What kind does Annika wear? They any good? Trying to help out my Auntie here."

Andy chuckles. "Yeah she wears the Huggies brand of Pull-Ups, but they are special ones you can only get at Costco. They're called Pull-Ups Plus. They hold as much as a size 7 overnight diaper and are a little thicker than the Pull-Ups you buy at Wal-Mart. Overall they do the job, unless we don't change her for like 6 hours, which doesn't really happen often. For long trips or outings, there's also booster pads."

"Sweet! I will let my aunt know, though I think she's trying to get the girl potty trained again. To that I say, good luck. Ha-ha. But yeah, thanks. Ugh, I miss you. As soon as we get home I'm gonna call you and we're gonna have a party. I mean, hang out. Yeah. Maybe a sleepover? You and Annika. I think my mom would be cool with that, if you um... don't sleep in my room," Madison says while starting to laugh nervously.

"Yeah, that'd be great! Hey, I gotta run. Annika wants to go to the park with one of her little friends. Oh, wait... Here, one second."

"Hi Maddie! Th--This is Annika. I miss you; a lot. And Awissa. I miss her a lot. When are you gonna be back? Tomorrow?"

"Aww, hi cutie! No, we're leaving tomorrow. It'll be like a 3 day drive, but it'll go fast I promise. Alyssa misses you too and can't wait to play with you. As soon as we get back, you can come over and play, okay? Like for a sleepover."

"Yay, that'd be so fun! Okay, I gotta go uh-- get changed and then we gonna go to the park. Bye-bye Maddie!"

"Bye Annika. Love you bunches cutie."

"Okay, I'm back... but yeah, gotta get her ready for the park. Can't wait to see you Maddie. Hugs and kisses!"

"Hee-hee, same same! Bye-bye for now." --click--

--

"Joshy, is that you? Hey! I miss you. You miss me? You better. He-he"

"Aww, I miss you lots, Ems. You having fun, up in cheesehead land?"

"Uh-huh. Lots of fun. Madison's cousins are pretty cool. This girl Megan is 9 and we got her into wearing, and using diapers."

"Ha, that's awesome. You're such a bad influence, ha-ha. Just kidding. So, when will you be back?"

"We leave tomorrow but it takes 3 days to drive back. So yeah, by the weekend I guess. As soon as I can I will come over. Or maybe you can come to my house. I dunno, I'll ask my mom. Hey, I gotta ask you something."

"Yeah? What's up?"

"Okay, um. So... When you next see me, I'm probably gonna be in a real diaper, not pull-ups. I'm pretty much un potty trained right now. I mean I pee without knowing now. Are you still okay with that? If not, I get it, we can stop being friends or whatever. "

"Emily, stop that. Yes, I'm okay with it. You know I was just kidding. You're a fun, cute and spunky girl. Love that about you. I miss you. Call me when you get home, okay? I have to get going for now. "

"Yay, thanks Joshy! You're the best. Bye-bye, see you in 4 days!" \*click\*

*Early the next morning...*

As the sun shines into Amber's bedroom window, she is awakened by the sound of birds chirping. She yawns and carefully rolls over on her back. Out of instinct she feels around her diaper to see how wet it is. Only a bit damp so far, but not for long.



She looks over at her cousin who is still soundly asleep. She wants to get up and play, before anyone else is awake, also knowing today is when her cousins have to head back to California. She taps on Alyssa's back, softly singing the Strawberry Shortcake theme song in her ear.

"Lissa? You wanna wake up, please? I'll um, help you get some cereal and then we can play..."

"Uh, wha? No Momma I no need-a get tanged yet. I stay here," she mumbles, half-asleep.

"Hee-hee, no silly. It's me, Amber - your cousin. You're still sleeping I think. I wanna know if you wanna wake up and have breakfast and play? 'Because um, you go back home today, and I'm gonna miss you. I, I wish you could stay longer," Amber says, almost crying.

Alyssa rubs her eyes and sits up, giving her cousin a hug. "Aww, me too. You da best-est cousin. Yeah, let go pway. But first bweakfast, tummy hung-wee," Alyssa says.

"Yay! Uhm, all I can make is cereal with milk. I think we still got Fruit Loops, yeah."

"Dat's good, I wike those. Uhm, do we gotta get draw-drawessed?"

"Nah, not yet. Uhm, my pull-up isn't soaked yet, is yours?" Alyssa shakes her head and grins.

"Good, let's go down to the kitchen, just try to be quiet, I think everyone else's still sleeping." The girls carefully toddle down into the kitchen. Amber helps Alyssa climb into her booster seat as she gets out the cereal, milk and two bowls. She also manages to fill two sippy cups with apple juice without making too big of a mess. They happily devour their breakfast within minutes. It's about 6:30 am now. As the girls think about what they want to play with; it doesn't take long for Alyssa to ask if they can play with Amber's Lego City.

"I wanna do the twains! Can we?"

"Aww, yeah. Let's go. That's in the playroom, follow me!" They make their way into the playroom where Alyssa dashes over to the large Lego City layout. Amber turns it on, letting Alyssa start to operate the 2 trains. Over the short time she's been here, she is already a pro at operating the trains. Meanwhile, Amber is busy "fixing" some of the lego cars that drive around the layout. As she is working on them, her legs begin to shake as an almost subconscious reaction. She sighs and grimaces, knowing what's about to happen. Realizing she still has her night diaper on, she pauses for a few moments as a steady stream of urine enters the padding of her diaper. Alyssa is too busy playing to even notice. Finally, the flood is over. Amber softly giggles and runs her hands over her butt. It's now completely soggy, but thankfully not leaking. She stands still for a bit, then goes back to her play.

"Choo choo! Twain coming back to da.... Uh-oh... Howd on." Alyssa slows down one of the trains, then strains and concentrates for a while."

"Why are you slowing it down? Something wrong?" Amber says, still playing with her squishy pull-up.

"Nope, just gotta go.... Peeeeee," Alyssa giggles.

"Oh, hee-hee. I just got done doing that. Shh, don't tell my mommy." After a half minute they both go back to playing as if nothing happened.

Meanwhile, Carol and Derrick have just woken up. She goes into Amber's room to check on Alyssa and see if she's ready to get up. When she enters and sees the room empty, she is a bit taken back. It's not often Alyssa gets up this early on her own. She then cracks open Megan's room door, seeing them all soundly sleeping, Britney and Megan still with pacifiers. She covers her heart and smiles, taking in the cute moment. Just then, Jennifer is standing behind her, tapping on her shoulder.

"Oh, good morning Jen. I was just checking on the girls. Looks like Amber and Alyssa got themselves up. I'm guessing they are playing somewhere?"

"Ha, yep. Knowing Amber, she probably woke Alyssa up and wanted to get in some play-time before you guys all head home. She's grown quite fond of your little girl. She's going to be sad when you all leave."

"Aww, yes. I wish we all didn't live so far away. But I was telling Derrick last night, we all need to visit more often. I mean it. I think you, Ben and the girls should come over by us next. And soon. Maybe for Thanksgiving!"

"For sure! We've all had so much fun this past week. We're family. This only seeing each other every 5 years crap has to stop. Alright, I'm going to go down to the kitchen and see how much of a mess Amber made getting breakfast."

"Heh, I'll help," Carol offers. They go into the kitchen to find cereal bowls and a few splashes of milk and juice on the table.

"Ahh, not too bad. She's getting more and more careful. Looks like they had Fruit Loops."

"Hey, I'll clean up. Why don't you go check on the girls..."

"Thanks Carol. I'm guessing Amber didn't get herself changed or dressed yet."

"Oh, I can take care of Alyssa if it's too much trouble." Carol says.

"Nah, I can get them both dressed, no worries."

"Great, I'll start making breakfast for everyone else. Thanks Jen."

Jennifer quietly goes into the playroom, hoping to remain unnoticed. She sees her youngest daughter playing Lego City with Alyssa. Amber is standing in just her pajama shorts and shirt, of which her soggy pull-up is noticeable. Alyssa is just as obviously soaked, but all that can be heard is giggles and sounds of trains running. Finally, she makes herself known.

"Hey you two, you sure got up early this morning! Hey Alyssa, you're such a good little train master girl."

"Hieeee Auntie Jen! Hee-hee, tanks. Dis twain so fun. I gonna ask Santa for one like dis," Alyssa shouts. Jennifer grins back at her.

"Oh, hi mommy. Yeah, we got up early because I wanted to... to play with Alyssa one last time, before... you know," Amber says while nervously fidgeting.

"It's okay, sweetie - I understand. But, I do think we should get you both changed and dressed. Looks like your pull-up is about ready to burst."

"Aww mom, not now. After you all have breakfast. Me and Lissa already did."

"I know, Amber. But no we can't risk keeping you in that soggy thing that long. C'mon, it won't take long. I'll even let you wear a Pamper today. But only if we go get dressed, right now."

"Woah, really? Okay! Uhm, thanks mommy! I love you. Lissa, let's go get changed and dressed quick, then we can come right back, K?" Alyssa makes a bit of a pout face, but quickly snaps out of it and follows along with Amber and Jen. They go up to Amber's room. Amber jumps up on her bed and lays down. "Me first please. Don't wanna get a rash, right?"

"Ha, right sweetie. Okay, another hot day today so you can wear a cute skirt..."

"And Pamper?"

"That's right. Alright, here we go. Let's get you changed." Jennifer removes the child's pajamas and almost leaking pull-up in record time. Amber can't help but enjoy every moment of being changed into a fresh Pamper. After her outfit of violet capri pants and a tank-top is on, she jumps off her bed and waits as Alyssa gets changed into her daytime pull-up and cute pink shortalls.

"Aww, you two look so cute. Alright, you can go back to the playroom to play. I'll see if your sisters and other cousins are ready to get up and have breakfast. The little girls bolt back down to the playroom.

Jennifer manages to help get Madison, Britney, Emily and Megan changed and dressed for the day. As she woke them up, she did notice Megan sleeping with a pacifier, but decided not to make a deal of it. In fact, she even let Megan wear a Pamper for the day. She knows both her younger girls will be sad about their cousins, aunt and uncle leaving and just wants them to be able to relax. Amber and Alyssa continue to play in the playroom as everyone else is enjoying Carol's home cooked breakfast.

--

"Mom, when do we have to leave, right after breakfast? I hope not. I wanna have time to say goodbye to everyone. I wish we didn't live so far away! Aunt Jen, can y'all move to California? It's so nice there - warm most of the year and lots of nice people. And we got Disneyland," Madison blurts out with great enthusiasm. The adults all look at each other while chuckling.

"Ha! I'd love to move to California, but it's just not possible right now. Hey Maddie, tell ya what... How about we visit more often? Or at least we could send the girls out West more during school breaks and such," Jennifer offers.

"We aren't leaving right away, sweetie. We won't be leaving until after dinner. Today we just want to drive until we get close to Nebraska, then we'll crash at a hotel. Sound good?"

"Yeah! Thanks mommy. Got anything planned for today? Hey, where's Ally and Amber?"

"They got up early. Amber was so cute, she got cereal for herself and Ally and then they went and played with the Legoland train. Not sure what's planned, but I'm sure we'll find something fun to do before we head home."

"Aww, that's so cute. Poor Ally is gonna be so sad when it's time to go. Uh, so am I. Uhm, aunt Jen and uncle Ben -- thanks so much for having us. I - I'm so glad to have met you and that you've welcomed me to your family. I - I mean... Uh, just you know, my birth mom's family wasn't really a family. Uhm, so just - thanks," Britney says as tears well up in her eyes.

"You're so welcome, Britney. I mean what I said about visiting more often. I know it's only been a few days here, but we already love you like you've been in the family for years. Aww, come here sweetie, give me a hug," Jennifer says, holding her heart. Britney walks over to her aunt and they enjoy a warm embrace for a few moments. Madison smiles happily for her sister and best friend. She gets up and joins them in the hugging. Carol quickly gets her phone and snaps a few pictures.

"Yeah, thanks for letting me tag along, Mr. and Mrs. Ludke. I'm not family, just a friend -- but you are all so cool, and nice. I like Wisconsin. I hope I can visit again, too!" Emily says, a bit shyly.

"Ha-ha, Emily -- you *are* family. You're over at our house so much, you might as well be. Nah, just kidding. But you *are* my best friend. Come here, join in on the hugging. Uncle Ben, you too!" Madison giggles.

"Yes, ma'am!" Ben says as he gets up and joins in on a very large group hug.

"Yeah mommy, thanks for everything this week. And you really mean it, we can visit more?" Megan joins in.

"Absolutely. We will work out the details later. For now, why don't those of you who are finished with breakfast go play for a bit while we clean up and figure out the plan for today," Jennifer says. The girls, excluding Cori who is still eating - wash their hands and run into the living room to play a few games on the Wii.

"Good game, Em. You always seem to win at bowling. What's your secret?" Madison asks with a snide grin.

"Oh, uh I don't know. It's not really that hard on the Wii. Take me real bowling and I'd prolly throw the ball into the other lane," Emily erupts with laughter as the others giggle. Even Cori, who is sitting on the couch reading a magazine, can't help but chuckle.

"Ha! Emily, you're pretty funny. Gotta admit it's gonna be too quiet without you all here."

"Re-really? You mean - you don't think I'm a weirdo and annoying little brat?" Says Emily, fidgeting nervously.

"Hey, I'm really sorry about all that. I don't want you leaving here thinking I'm some stuck up teenager. I mean, I was at first, but - I'm really sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"Uh, I dunno. I mean... I want to believe you but, you really hurt my friends and me. You really think I'm cool?" Emily keeps twirling her hair.

"Yes, I really do. Hey, so I overheard my Mom and Aunt Carol talking. They're going to take you all to this place that's an amusement park and water park. That'll be our "last hurrah" before you guys leave. And I'm gonna go along to help out and spend time with you all. You like water rides?"

"Oh, wow! Yeah, I do. Like water slides and all. I haven't been to one in a long time. Oh, but... uh, what about..." Emily continues to fidget and play with her hair, unable to finish her sentence.

Cori smiles. "Aww, I think I know what you're worried about. The park has a policy about that, you'll just need to wear a swim diaper under your suit."

"Yeah Em, like on the way here when we were in the pool at the hotel. Same thing. No biggie. At a waterpark no one will really care. If they do, so what!" Madison explains.

"Hee-hee, oh yeah. And it's just in case we poop, right? Sure, it sounds like fun. When are we going, like now?"

"Yeah I think they are getting Amber and Alyssa changed and ready. We're doing the amusement park first, so you can start in your normal clothes," Cori says.

"Ooh, they got roller coasters at this place? I love those too. I might be kinda scared, though. Shh, don't tell! Um, Cori, will you ride on one with me?" Emily asks, somewhat distracted.

"They sure do! An old wooden one and a newer steel one but they're both great. Of course I'll ride with you. Kelly can't come with us, that's why I offered to come."

"Aww why can't Kelly come?" Britney asks.

"She has to go home and pack and say goodbye to her family. Remember, she's coming home with you to go to college in the Fall. She'll be back here when we get back."

"Oh, yeah! Forgot she's gonna live with us now. She's so awesome!" Madison says.

"Yeah, we're gonna miss her. She's been my babysitter since I still wet the... Um, nevermind!" Cori blushes.

"You used to wet the bed? Until when? I'm not making fun, just curious!" Emily asks.

"Okay, alright. Secret is out. Kelly will probably tell you anyway. Yes, I wet the bed until I was 11. Wore pull-ups just like Amber. Anyways, Emily, I think you need some help getting ready. Come with me please," Cori says, holding out her hand. Emily slowly gets up and takes her hand.

"Uh, I can get ready myself, you don't have to help, but tha-thanks." Emily is again distracted and has managed to lift her skirt enough to expose her soggy diaper. She realizes now she may indeed need help. "Oh, wait. Um... You, you're gonna help with - *that*?"

"Sure why not? I've changed Amber several times. I promise I won't make fun. That's all in the past, okay?"

"Wow, yeah - okay. Let's go up to Megan's room." Emily likes this new side of Cori. She happily follows her into Megan's room.

Meanwhile, Madison, Britney and Megan help each other get changed and ready for the afternoon in the living room as the adults are busy with Amber and Alyssa. Madison and Britney are a bit amazed at Cori's change of heart, but Megan reminds them of the "punishment" Kelly gave her and how it may have changed her demeanor.

Emily lays down on Megan's bed, lifting her skirt up, ready to be changed. "Um, are you *really* sure about this? I can change myself, or get Carol to help. You don't have to..."

"Shh, it's okay sweetie. I really don't mind. So, you want another Pampers for now, or is there something else you prefer. Oh, and do you have a swim diaper? We need to bring that."

"Oh, yeah Pampers is fine for now. And yeah I got a swim diaper in my suitcase. I'll get it and my swimsuit after I'm changed," the girl smiles.

"Wow, you are soaked. Maybe we should get you a booster pad. Roller coasters may make you pee a river. Hold on, I think Amber has some in her room."

"Wait - I have those. Carol got me some at the store. Yeah, I see the package in my suitcase. So how does that work?" Cori grabs a booster pad and a fresh Pampers, then slides the soaked diaper off and wipes the girl with baby wipes. She then unfolds the diaper and shows her how the pad works. "So you take the paper off the underside of the pad with an adhesive strip. Then you place the pad inside the diaper. When you pee, it goes into the pad first. When the pad gets full, it flows into the diaper. Pretty sure Amber will be using that too. It does make your diaper a little thicker, but you don't care about that, right?" Cori diapers her with the new booster padded diaper and tapes it in place. "There, all set. That oughta hold until we go to the water park."

"Ha-ha, I hope so. Yeah, I don't care if it's thick. As long as it holds more. I have been peeing a lot lately. Hey, Cori - thanks. You're alright." She gives her a quick hug before jumping off the bed, looking for her swimsuit and swim diaper.

"Found it!" She begins packing a bag with a towel, suit and swim diaper. Of course, extra diapers and booster pads are also placed in the bag.

"No problem, kiddo. Looks like you're all set. I just need to grab my things.."

"Hey, Cori. Can I ask you something, kinda personal?"

Cori looks and makes sure the door is closed. "Yeah of course. What's up?"

"Um, so... You said you used to wet the bed and you wore diapers, or Pull-Ups at night. Uh, did you like them? And is that why you're being so nice about me, Maddie, and Britney?"

"Aww, okay.. I'm not going to lie. So, yes I guess I didn't 'mind' having to wear them at night. Have to admit, there were times I got them on like 2 hours before bedtime and sometimes I'd be watching TV or playing video games and if I had to pee I'd just go in them. So, I see why Amber does it. But, then after I stopped needing them at night, I don't know -- maybe in the back of my mind I kinda missed them. And maybe I teased Amber and you girls because I was jealous. I can admit that now. Kelly's punishment kind of brought that back."

"Oh? What was that? If you don't wanna say, that's okay."

"I don't mind. I'm pretty sure Megan already knows what all happened. So basically, when you guys went to Green Bay yesterday - Kelly put me in a diaper and said I couldn't take it off and had to use it - no going potty. At first I hated it and I was so pi -- I mean, mad at her. She made me drink a lot of water and then told me to stay in my room. I had to pee so bad an hour or so later and I was determined to just hold it. Yeah, that didn't work and I ended up flooding it. It was one of the teen diapers like she wears, so it could hold a lot. After I wet it, I was exhausted and I fell asleep for a while..."

"Why were you tired? Peeing it made you sleepy?"

"Ha-ha, well, not exactly. Okay Ems... I'll just tell ya. After I flooded it, my first instinct was to hate it. But I didn't. It brought me back to when I was ten and wearing them at night. That 'I just flooded my diaper while watching TV. The feeling of it was intense and I loved it, a little *too* much. And I started to enjoy it..."

"Okay, I get it now, hee-hee. Hey, that's really cool. Um, welcome back, I think."

"Yes. Wanna know another secret?" Emily is all ears.

"I'll be wearing one today. Not a teen diaper, but a Goodnite. I have some, had Kelly get me some. Just in case - because those roller coasters have been known to cause accidents for me, too." Cori giggles.

"That's so cool! Are you going to wear those shorts? They might show."

"Yep, I don't care - just like you don't care!. Hey, I think the others are ready. I'm just gonna go put one on and I'll be down," Cori runs off to her room. Emily goes down to the living room where everyone else is.

"Hey Emily, all ready?" Carol asks.

"Yeah, Cori helped me. I got my suit, towel, swim diaper and extra diapers in this bag."

"Wait, CORI helped you?" Jennifer asks, a bit taken back.

"Uh-huh. She's really nice today, Mrs. L. Super nice. She's even gonna ride the roller coaster with me. She's up in her room getting ready."

"Well, I'll be. That's great. Glad she came around so fast."

"So, you're dry? Okay wearing that outfit, if your skirt lifts up, they might.."

"Yes Carol, I'm okay. And yeah, Cori changed me, too. I got one of those booster things, too."

"Wow, that girl did a complete 360 overnight. I'm impressed."

"Thanks Mom! I just realized I was stupid and lame to act like I did the past few days. I'm really sorry, Mom. It won't happen again." Cori says, hugging her. "Where's Amber?"

"Aww, thank you sweetie. She's in the kitchen having a quick snack with Alyssa and Megan." Cori walks into the kitchen, an ever so slight crinkle can be heard, but not by Jen.

"Is she.. No way. Is she wearing?" Madison whispers to Britney. She not only noticed a familiar shape on Cori's butt, but also part of a Goodnite sticking out.

"She is. She put a Goodnite on, said it's in case she has an accident on the roller coaster. But that's not all she told me," Emily whispers back, grinning.

"Who is she and what did she do to Cori?" Madison whispers.

"She just realized she was missing something she once had. No time to explain now, but she's totally cool now and I'm gonna miss her, too. Hope Mrs. L was serious about letting us all visit more."

"Me too. We can talk about it on the drive home because now I'm super curious!" Madison whispers.

Cori enters the kitchen and stands next to Amber who is finishing a snack next to her sister Megan. She gives her a kiss on the cheek.

"What's that for?" Amber asks.

"Because I love you, that's all. Are you excited to go to Adventure Land?"

"Uh-huh. Wait, you... you going, too?"

"Yep and it's gonna be fun! Are you all ready or do you need help changing?"

"Mommy got me ready. Wait, why you being so nice to me? Aren't you gonna call me 'diaper baby butt'?" Cori sits down in a nearby chair.

"Aww, come here little sister. In my lap. C'mon. There. No, I'm not going to make fun of you. Not now or ever again. I mean, I might tease you - normal big sister stuff, now and then; but not because you may still need to wear protection. I'm really sorry about all of that. In fact, I hope you have nice protection on, because some of the rides there might make you tinkle a lot. And that's okay." Amber starts to giggle, as does a very surprised Megan.

"Cori, who are you? I mean, I *love* this, but - *who* are you?" Megan asks.

"I'm Cori, your big sister. I'm sorry for teasing you, too. Forgive me?"

"Uh, I want to. But let me just make sure." Megan lifts up her skirt, exposing her dry size 7 baby diaper. "And at the waterpark I'll have a swim diaper on, too. Go ahead, call me a dumb baby brat."

"Nah, it's all good. If you wanna wear one, that's awesome. I just got done helping Emily change. We're buds now. Ask her if you don't believe me."

"Woah. Okay, yes - I forgive you, Cori. I just hope this isn't a joke or phase or something."

"I promise, it isn't. Now let's all just have a good time and enjoy the last few hours with our cousins, aunt and uncle, and Emily!"

"Sounds good to me, sis. I love you." Megan gives her a quick hug.

Everyone gets settled in the van and before they know it, the short 15-minute drive to Adventure Land is over with.

"Man, I wish the drive back home was this short! Hey, this place looks super cool. Roller coasters! OMG. Ems, which one you wanna go on first?" Madison rambles.

"Wow! Uhm, I dunno - whatever you think looks cool. I like the old wooden ones the best, but... Maybe Cori knows? Cori, what's the best one here?"

"Oh, you like wooden ones? Then I think we should do the Maverick first. It's the oldest one here but has a wicked 1st drop and lots of good air time!" Cori says while helping Amber out of her car seat.

"Can I go on it, too?" Amber asks. She is actually scared of roller coasters but wants to go with her big sister and cousins.

"I'm sorry, sweetie but you are a bit too short yet to ride on those. They do have a kiddie coaster here that you and Alyssa could ride," Jennifer says.

"Yeah, we ride dat one. I sit next to you, Ammer!" Alyssa blurts out with great excitement.

Amber sighs and makes a pouty face but it quickly goes away knowing she gets to spend more time with her new favorite cousin. "We're gonna ride all the fun rides. And we don't gotta worry about finding a stupid potty!" The two giggle proudly.

The girls old enough for real roller coasters split up and take Cori's lead. They make their way toward the Maverick which is a nice quarter mile walk around the park. As they are walking, certain observations are made. Amber shouldn't feel out of place as there seem to be plenty of kids past age 3 who are wearing diapers or Pull-Ups. It also makes Emily feel better, but at the same time she really doesn't care who sees or what they think. She's on vacation. They arrive at the line to the old wooden beast. The line isn't super long, but long enough. A sign in front says the estimated wait is 25 minutes.

"Oh man, that's a long time. Cori, is it really worth it or should we go somewhere else?" Emily shrugs.

"Oh, it's worth it! Let's get in line."

"What's wrong Em, afraid you'll have an accident?" Madison teases.

"Ha-ha, no. Um, I mean... if I do, so what. I have a diapy and a doubler pad on." Emily says, not realizing how loud. A group of pre-teens behind her overhear and start looking at her curiously.

"Uh, Emily you might not want to talk so loud," Britney whispers.

"Oh, who cares!" Emily says. She turns around to face the group of kids. "Hi, I'm Emily. I'm 10, almost 11. I'm from California. Nice to meet you. How old are you all? Been on this coaster before? Is it scary? Am I gonna pee myself silly?" The kids just look at her funny for a few moments until a boy about 12 speaks.

"I'm 12. It's awesome. Maybe a little scary if you haven't ridden it before. I can't help you with the peeing your pants question. I mean, I don't have that problem, so..." the boy says awkwardly.

"Hi, I'm 12 too. Don't worry about it, it'll be great. When I first rode this when I was 9, it did make me pee myself. I didn't have a diaper on, though and that was embarrassing. Looks like you came prepared," a girl next to her says.

"Yup, see!" Emily proudly lifts up her skirt, showing her Pamper. The group of kids gasp.

"So, like -- are you just wearing one for today in case you get scared?" the girl asks.

"No, I wear them all the time. Kind of a long story but yeah I'm like 90% not potty trained anymore." The girl seems a bit fascinated by this, but the boy isn't as impressed.

"Wow, have fun with that. I bet you get teased at school," the boy snarks.

"Not really. Most don't even know. Those that do and have a problem with, screw them. Anyway, I'm gonna talk with my friends now. Nice meeting you." Emily turns around and gives Madison, Britney and Megan a deep grin.

"Wow Emily, you got guts," Megan says to her. "Me I'm kinda worried who is gonna notice I got one one. I'm just wearing short shorts," she whispers.

"Don't sweat it. We're here to have fun so let's just do that."

After about a half hour, the girls are on the platform, watching the group before them getting on the old wooden coaster. Emily and Megan begin to feel great excitement, and a little fear.

"I'm kinda scared, Emily. Are you?"

"Yeah, sorta. Uhm, I just wet a little bit, so yeah, kinda nervous."

"Good thing we all got padding on, huh? Yeah, I already feel like I gotta go. Had too much juice at breakfast," Megan fidgets. Cori starts to chuckle.

"This one isn't that bad. Hey, so Emily's already out, but let's see who can come off this ride and still be dry," Cori whispers.

"Ha, you're on. This old thing doesn't scare me at all," Madison boasts.

"I'll probably lose, but what the heck. What do we get if we win?" Megan asks.

"I'll buy you a soda or something," Cori grins. The coaster ahead of them comes back to the platform, its riders screaming and clapping as it comes to a stop. As they get off the ride and exit the platform, the anticipation is almost over. The gates open and the girls make their way to their car - one in the middle of the train. Megan and Emily sit up front with Cori, Madison and Britney behind them. Emily promptly gets her seatbelt on and pulls down her lap bar.

"Yeah, I lost this challenge. I'm going more now, there's no trying to stop it. Hope this thing can handle it."

"Uh-oh, sorry Em. I bet I'm gonna flood mine, as soon as we go down the first hill." Megan whispers.

"You got a Pamper this time, or just a Goodnite?"

"Pamper. I don't wanna leak like what happened at the Train place."

"You should be just fine then. Oh no, here we go!" Emily squeals as the roller coaster starts to move. It begins the first climb for the first 90 foot drop. It climbs slowly, but steady. Megan begins to get more nervous. She's ridden this one before, but not since last summer. They get about half way up. Britney watches and looks around, able to see around the park grounds.

"Wow, we're getting higher! You all ready for this?"

"Not really, but sure. Uh, Emily? I don't think I'm gonna make it until the 1st drop," Megan whispers.

"Just go now while we're still climbing, but don't go too fast. You have to go a lot?"

"I do now! Uh, okay, here goes!" Magan leans back and relaxes. This time it isn't very hard for her to start peeing.

"Ooh, um, wow. Uh, I better slow down."

"We're at the top now! Get ready, here we goooooooooooooo!" Emily screams. The roller coaster plunges down the 90 foot drop. The girls experience the rush and sensation of free falling along with G-forces. Screams and giggles can be heard all-around. Before they know it, the 2 minute ride is over and the coaster is back at the platform.

"That was awesome, huh?" Cori says as she's unbuckling her seatbelt. "Emily? Maddie, Britney, you with us?"

"Uh, woah. Yeah! I - I survived but I dunno if my diaper did. Oops, did I say that out loud?" Emily blushes. The girls quickly get out of the coaster and begin walking down the exit ramp of the ride. Emily and Megan walk slower behind the others. As they get back on the path, Emily goes over by a bench and stops, signaling the others to stop with her. Megan is busy running her hands along her butt, feeling how squishy it is and making faces.

"Hey Emily, um, is my butt wet? I mean it feels pretty squishy but I don't think it's leaking yet."

"Nah, you're good. Mine took a beating but I think it can handle one more," Emily says, lifting her skirt up. Her Pamper is a bit soggy, but thanks to the doubler pad, can probably handle another wetting. "Hey, what about you Maddie and Britney?"

"What about me - what? Oh, my diapy? I no feel wet at all, I dry. I wanna go on anudder fun wide!" Madison shouts, pretending she's four again. Emily giggles.

"Yeah, same with me. What we gonna ride next, Cori?" Britney asks.

"Well, I was thinking something a bit less intense, for now. How about the tilt-a-whirl? But wait, no one needs a change yet?"

"Uh, I'm wet but not soaked yet. Oh, I love the tilt-a-whirl. Let's get in line!" Emily shouts.

"Same, I think I'm good for a while. Um, what about you Cori? You're wearing one too, right?"

"Yeah, not even damp yet. Okay, let's go then. Tilt-a-whirl is right over there, but the line is a bit long so let's hurry."

The girls dash over to the Tilt-a-Whirl and get into the end of the line, about a 15 minute wait. Their time in line is pretty uneventful. Just as they are waiting for the last ride before theirs to finish, a familiar voice is heard through the fence.

"Hi Megan! Hi Cori!" Amber shouts. She is with Alyssa, Ben, Jennifer, Derrick and Carol.

"Hey sweetie, are you having fun? Awe, you got your faces painted. Cute!" Cori says with a grin.

"Uh-huh, lots of fun. I got a Unicorn on my face and Lissa got a kitty. Uhm, we're going over to the big, um - wheel thing. How was the roller coaster?"

"It was scary, you wouldn't have liked it. The Ferris Wheel will be much more fun. Hey Mom and Dad. How's it going?"

"Good. We're thinking of meeting up at the waterpark at about 3. That okay?" Jen asks.

"Yeah, totally cool. Okay, it's almost our turn to get on the ride. See y'all soon!"

"Hi Mommy, bye Mommy" Megan says whale waving. Madison, Britney and Emily all wave as they make their way up onto the ride.



The Tilt-A-Whirl is spinning fast. The 5 girls manage to fit in one car, but as they spin from side to side, it causes them all to squish into each other. The ride is over after what seems like 30 seconds, but more like 2 minutes.

"That was great! Uh, I'm getting thirsty. Can we stop somewhere for drinks," Megan asks her big sister.

"Yeah, me too." Emily blurts.

"Sure, but not coffee - that just dehydrates you, among other things. How about slushies?"

"Oh yeah, I love those. I want blue raspberry. How about you Emily, Maddie, Britney?" Megan asks anxiously.

Emily wants cherry, Madison grape and Britney orange. They get their drinks and sit down at a nearby picnic table, gulping them down and talking.

"We should do another roller coaster next. A steel one this time. One that goes really fast!" Madison says.

"Totally. I know of one here. But first, I have to ask. Anyone need changing yet? Keep in mind you all just slammed down those slushies." Cori teases.

"Uh, I'm not soaked yet, but you're probably right, I should change," Megan blushes.

"Okay, anyone else?"

"Nah, I'm good until we go to the water park." Emily says. Madison and Britney nod in agreement.

"Alright. Megan can come with me while the rest of you finish your drinks. We'll be back soon. C'mon Megs," Cori says, extending her right arm. Megan holds her sister's hand and walks along with her. They go into a nearby restroom area which has a private "family" restroom. Cori gently tells Megan to hop up on the changing table.

"Wait, you're gonna change me? It - it's okay I can probably do it myself," Megan fidgets.

"Nonsense. Yes, I will change you. Remember, I'm not going to make fun of you or Amber anymore. Also remember, I'm wearing one, too and will probably end up using it during the next ride!"

"Oh, oh yeah. I like this new you. Don't stop being like this, okay?"

"You got it. Lay down sweetie, let's get you cleaned up." Cori pulls out a dry Pamper and wipes from her little backpack and helps Megan pull her shorts down. As the wet diaper is untaped - it is indeed pretty wet. "Yeah good thing we're doing this. You'd have leaked if you went in it again." Cori has a dry diaper on her little sister in seconds flat, then helps her pull her shorts back on. Megan hopes down.

"Thanks, sis. You're the best. Okay let's go ride this coaster. I'm ready!" Megan giggles. She skips along happily back to the picnic area. The girls make their way over to the steel roller coaster known as "Fits of Rage." This time, the wait time shows 35 minutes. Madison is concerned about it, wondering if it's really worth it.

"Oh yeah, it's worth it. Trust me. Right, Megan?"

"Uh, I think. I don't think I was tall enough for this one last year. But yeah, c'mon Maddie, it'll be fun. 35 minutes is nothing. They play music in line at this one, we can dance and stuff."

"Cool! Diapered dance party! I'm game," Emily says. They enter the line and begin to dance to the current song, *The Twist* by Metric. Madison loves this song and begins dancing hysterically. Before they know it, it's almost their turn to board "Fits of Rage."

--Meanwhile, in the Kiddie Section of the Park--

Amber and Alyssa are playing in a large play area much like the playland at McDonald's, but 5 times bigger. They have befriended an 8-year-old boy and girl who are twins. Amber suspects they both may be in diapers like her, but not knowing for sure, doesn't say anything. Amber and Alyssa have just climbed up a ladder, getting ready to go down a slide. They both go down together, landing fast at the bottom, re-joining their new friends.

"Hey, let's go over there and go through the maze. It's really cool," Amy says to Amber.

"Sure, I love mazes. Alyssa, you wanna come too?"

"Nah, I wanna go on da swings and have mommy push me. But hab funs!" Alyssa toddles over by Carol.

"Okay, let's go then! You too, Danny?" Amber asks as she runs towards the maze area. Danny runs after her along with his sister. They begin walking slowly together through the large maze maze. It doesn't take long for them to end up taking a wrong turn and ending up in a dead-end.

"Uh-oh, wrong way. Um, wait..." Amber is a bit distracted. It's a good thing she has a diaper on because she has to go and there's no toilets anywhere nearby.

"What's wrong, Amber?" Amy asks, looking at her friend's body language. "Oh, you have to, um..."

"Yeah, just a minute, I'm almost done." Amber strains and squats a bit, filling her already damp diaper with a steady stream of warm pee. Danny smiles at his sister.

"I think she's peeing," Danny says to his sister in what he thinks is a whisper, but isn't.

"Uhm, wha? No, I'm..." Amber is unable to finish talking. Her face turns red as she feels like crying, thinking her new friends will make fun of her. Amy gives her a hug.

"Don't cry. We're not going to make fun of you. So you peed your pants. No wet spots so that means you have a diaper on," Amy says without hesitation.

"Yeah. I - I do. Wait, how'd you - you know? And, why are you not making fun of me and calling me a baby?"

"Because we're not mean like that."

"And maybe because we are kinda like you," Danny says.

"I knew it! Um, when we first started playing, I kinda thought... maybe one of you had a diaper on?"

"Kind of. We're in Pull-Ups. Um, Easy Ups actually. Just in case. We don't do well in public places like this, so we have accidents sometimes. And at night we still need actual diapers."

"No way. Really?" Can I... Can I see?" Amber wonders.

"Hee-hee, sure. Danny, make sure no one comes over here." Danny keeps a look-out as his twin sister unbuttons her jean shorts and pulls them down over her ankles, revealing a half-wet 5T-6T Easy-Up. "See, it has My Little Pony designs on it," Amy explains.

"And you're wet, hee-hee. Your stars are faded." Amber grins.

"Uh-oh. Wow, I don't even remember when I - oh, yeah I do. It was when we were playing tag. That's what's nice about these, though. They hold a lot and I don't even feel that wet now."

"Oh, cool. Well, I do. This is my second time peeing a lot in this and it's getting all squishy and warm - but it's okay, I kinda like that. Oh, Danny, you got an Easy Up on, too?"

"Yep and it's getting wet right -- now," he says while sighing. Amber and Amy giggle.

"Hey, can I feel how wet yours is," Amy asks Amber. Of course, Amber agrees. Amy does a quick "squish test" on Amber's butt, feeling a very squishy, warm slush of gelled up diaper padding.

"Wow, yeah you're really wet. You sure you don't want to get changed? I know a quick way out of the maze."

"No, I'm good. It can wait till we're done playing. How about you, Danny?"

"I'm good, just a little damp. Hey, let's get out of here before someone finds us. We go back this way, follow me," Danny says as he leads the way. After about 15 minutes the kids make their way out of the maze. It is getting close to the time they need to meet at the waterpark. Amy and Danny's mother approach them.

"Hey you two, it's about time for us to get going. Say goodbye to your little friend."

"Aww Mom, do we have to? Amber is so fun!" Amy whines.

"Yes, we still need to go grocery shopping before dinner time. Five more minutes, okay?"

"Okay Mom. Hey, Amber -- do you live near here?"

"Uh-huh. Like 5 minutes away. What school you go to?"

"Oh, we're homeschooled. But I wanna get your phone number so we can have a playdate. Your house or mine, doesn't matter."

"Yeah, no secrets. You already know ours," Danny blurts. Amber says "one minute" and runs over to where the adults are sitting.

"Mommy! I met new friends. Amy and Danny. They are twins. They live here. They wanna stay friends. They know about... you know. Um. Can we give their mommy our number? Please?" Amber exclaims, way too fast.

"Woah, slow down. Yes, I suppose we can do that. Is that their mother over there?" Jen points. Amber nods and starts running towards them. Jennifer follows, not having much choice.

"Hi there I'm Jen, Amber's mom. I guess your kids and Amber want to stay friends and swap numbers for play dates and such. Would that be alright?"

"Oh, sure. I'm Deb. My number is 555-8288. My kids are home-schooled so we are pretty flexible. It's good they met a new friend. Unfortunately, that's one downside of homeschooling, not much social interaction." The moms talk for a while as Amber spends a few more minutes talking with her new friends.

"So what kind do you wear, Amber? And you in them all the time, or just for outings like this?" Asks Amy.

"Oh, right now I got on a Pampers Baby-Dry size 6 with this booster pad thing. It lets me pee a lot, and that's good because I do NOT like the potties here."

"Oh, so you don't like public potties? We don't either, but like our mom just thinks we have small bladders and can't hold it much."

"Uh, yeah potties here are scary. But I have a lotta accidents, too. Even like when I'm just at home playing and stuff. Sometimes I just forget... Um, I dunno. Normally I'm in pull-ups but they been leaking a lot so that's why today for this, I got a real diaper on. I pee when I'm sleeping, too. Like, most nights anyway."

"Amber, you don't have to be afraid to tell us. You forget we're both wearing wet Easy Ups, too. We have accidents, too," Amy says.

"Well, sometimes. Like before in the maze when I wet mine - that wasn't really an accident, but you know." Danny says. Amber grins widely at him.

"Uh-huh, I know!"

### -- Back at "Fits of Rage" --

The ride has come to an end and the girls have slowly walked back to the picnic area they were at earlier. They are all still in a state of amazement, a bit short of breath.

"That. Was. Amazing. Just wow!" Emily exclaims. She is sitting down but can't sit still, squirming in her seat.

"I was scared going up that first hill. It went up so fast. Sorry I was crying. It's cool now, though. Um, glad I changed before because that slushie we drank before all came out - in my diaper. I'm soaked," Megan says.

"Hee-hee. Uh-oh, me too. Like even with this booster pad. I'm gonna need a new one now," Emily squirms.

"It's all good. It's time to go meet at the waterpark anyway. You can all get changed into swim diapers. It's really only in case you poop. This park is very strict on it, though. If you're in diapers for any reason they make you wear them at the water area." Cori explains.

"Makes sense. I don't mind. It'll be kind of exciting having one stick out under my swimsuit," Emily says.

"Ha-ha, Ems you are so funny. But yeah, who cares right? We're on vacation. And yeah, even my super teenbaby diaper is getting a bit soggy now. I think I'm still going. Yeah, I am." Madison coos.

"Okay, I'll give you a moment to finish." Cori grins.

"Cori? Can I ask you something kinda personal?" Megan asks.

"Oh, I think I know what. Is my Goodnite wet?" Megan slowly nods. Cori stands up, then sits back down, feeling her soggy Goodnite slosh around. "Yes, it's soaked. I let it all out on that final bunny hill on the coaster. Holy crap I hope it didn't leak. And I just realized something. I never told Mom I was wearing one."

"Stand up a minute, sis." Cori stands up, standing in front of Megan. Megan examines her sister's bottom, not seeing any wet spots, just the outline of a soggy Pull-Up. "Nah, you're not leaking yet. Just be careful. You can just throw it away when you go change for the waterpark. You gonna wear a swim diaper?"

"Ha, nah. I don't think so. But you can if you want, I think Mom brought one for you."

"Oh, sure. Why not! We should probably head over there, it's 2:55." The girls make their way over to the entrance of the waterpark where they find Amber, Alyssa and the adults waiting for them on a bench. Amber has just plopped herself into her father's lap, cuddling up to him.

"Oh, hello there princess. Are you ready to have fun in the water?"

"Uh-huh, daddy. The splash pad, I can't - cant wait." Amber squirms, feeling her soggy diaper begin to get cold. "Um, uh... We gonna get our suits on now?"

"Yeah, now that the older girls are here. It seems to me like you're already a bit wet, kiddo."

"Uh-huh, really wet, daddy."

"C'mon sweetie, let's go get changed. We can all split up again. Cori, can you help Emily and your cousins while we get Megan, Amber and Alyssa ready? Megan, come with me." Jennifer asks.

"Sure, mom. We'll meet you all by the wave pool. C'mon girls," Cori says. She walks slowly, trying not to make her soggy Goodnite too noticeable.

Jennifer is in a changing stall with Amber and Megan. She has Amber up on a changing table and has removed her shorts and diaper. She remarks how it was a good thing she wore a Pamper and booster pad, as she was completely soaked. She lays her swimsuit down next to her, but first pulls out a XL Little Swimmers and begins to slide it up the child's legs. Amber looks at it curiously.

"What's this, mommy?"

"A swim diaper, honey. They are special diapers that don't swell up in the water."

"I don't need that. If I pee it just leaks so what's the point?"

"It's in case you poop, honey. It keeps poop from getting into the pool."

"I'm not gonna poop! I promise."

"Sweetie, they have a very strict policy here. If a kid is in regular diapers during the day, they have to wear swim diapers. I don't make the rules here, but we have to follow them."

"C'mon Amber, it's not a big deal. I'll even wear one, too." Megan says.

"Okay, fine. I'll wear one, even though I won't go poop." Amber sighs.

"That's my good girl!" Jen finishes changing Amber into a swim diaper and her pink Barbie swimsuit. She lifts her off the table and has Megan hop up next.

"Yeah mom, I'm soaked too. It was that last roller coaster. Literally scared the piss outta me!"

Jennifer, wanting to laugh, holds back. "Hey young lady, watch your language. I get it, though. Glad you had this on, though. I bet the ride operator appreciated that, too." Megan says sorry while giggling. She is changed into a swim diaper and purple one piece swimsuit. Alyssa has been changed into her swim diaper and of course, a Thomas themed swimsuit.

Meanwhile, Emily, Madison, Cori and Britney have all gotten changed into their swimsuits (and swim diapers, minus Cori). Emily sports a one-piece Hello Kitty suit while Madison, Britney and Cori are in two-piece suits. The older girls, minus Megan all opt for the wave pool, while Amber, Alyssa and Megan go to the splash pad.

The older girls have been in the wave pool for a good twenty minutes. As they are waiting for the next wave to come, a conversation breaks out.

"Anyone have to poop? And if you do, you gonna go in your swim diaper?" Emily asks.

"Are you serious? Heck no. I think I can hold it till we're done here," Madison says. Britney agrees.

"Uh, okay. I mean if I have to go, why not just do it. It's not good to hold it in."

"For pee, yeah. But poop - eww. It'll smell, too and people will say something. No thanks,"

"You know me, I don't care much right now. Hey before some snotty girl asked how old I was and why I'm wearing a swim diaper. I held out 5 fingers and said "because I can!" Emily snarks.

"Ha-ha, that's what I love about you, Ems. Don't ever change that about you. Enough about poop, though. Here comes another wave! Ahh!" Madison shrieks, getting ready to face the wave storm.

Another half hour passes and the older girls are now in the lazy river, relaxing. Unfortunately, one of them isn't able to relax as much as she'd like. Britney nudges Emily, who is lying next to her in a large tube.

"What's up, Brit?"

"Um, so like -- if you have to 'go', were you serious? Would you just, uh, do it?" Britney whispers.

"Pee? Oh, I already did. You don't really feel it much. It's fine, just go. That's why there's chlorine in the water."

"No, uh, not that. I think I did that in the wave pool. I mean. Number 2. I have to go and I don't know if I can hold it anymore."

"Seriously, Brit. Just relax and do it. After we get out of the lazy river, we'll go find an adult to help you change."

"But, it's gonna smell. And kids will make fun of me. I wouldn't care if it was just us, but... you know..."

"Would it help if I poop, too? Didn't think I had to go but I might be able to..."

"No, you don't have to. Uh! I really can't hold it. It's coming. It's... oh no..."

"Shh, Brit - it's alright. Just be like you're four and let it go. No one has to know it was you. Just be chill until we get

out of the river.”

“K. It’s already coming. Here goes. Uh, you know this is kinda fun. I mean, the smell sucks but actually going...yeah. Um, gonna shut up now,” Britney whispers. She relaxes and strains her face, trying not to make it obvious. Madison who is alongside her with Cori takes notice.

“Ems, is she okay?”

“Yeah, she’s just tired. Let her re-LAX,” Emily says, trying to give Madison a clue. Madison gasps and looks at Cori.

“Oh, My Gawd, she’s actually gonna... oh my...”

“Shh, Maddie. Let her have her moment,” Cori whispers.

A few minutes pass. Britney now has a load of feces in her swim diaper and it is beginning to smell. At first, no one says anything, but as it’s almost time to get out of the river, a teenage boy says “damn, it smells like someone crapped themselves! IS there a baby in this river because I believe you have to be at least 10 to be in here.”

“Hey, shut up. Who cares, someone probably just farted!” Emily shouts. She looks at Britney with a wink, as if to say ‘it’s okay, stay calm.’

“I care. That’s not a fart. Who’s the pants pooper? I hope you have a swim diaper on because it’s against policy for un-potty trained losers to be here without one.” Cori looks at Emily and mentions it’s time to get out of the lazy river. They carefully get out of the tubes and make their way to the ladder to get out. Of course, as Emily is climbing up the ladder, her swim diaper sticks out the sides of her suit. The boy notices.

“Oh, it’s YOU. Yeah, go get changed little girl, and tell your mommy to potty train you, little brat.”

“Shut the hell up, dick-face,” Emily says, sticking her tongue out. The boy laughs.

“Wow, for a baby you sure have a mouth on you. Get out of here. Woah, holy shit - your little friends are all in diapers, too?”

“Dude, knock it off, mind your own damn business. Who are they hurting? They have them on in case of accidents. Water does weird things to some people. At least they are following policy. Shut it boy!” Cori says, giving him ‘the look.’ The boy just says “whatever” and goes back to talking to his friends.

Meanwhile, Britney is about to have a nervous breakdown. She is standing near a beach chair with a towel wrapped around her, shaking as tears roll down her face. Madison is trying to comfort her.

“Aww Britney, it’s gonna be okay. Accidents happen. It could have been me, or Emily. That’s why we got them on, right? That stupid boy didn’t even know it was you.”

“But, what about Misses, I mean - Mom? What about Dad? They are gonna be so mad.”

“Britney. No. They will not. Mom and Dad love you. And me. They understand. I promise.

“Maddie, is she okay?” Cori asks.

“Yeah, she’ll be fine. She’s just... she has these flashbacks, about her bio-mom - you know. I’ll calm her down, just give us a minute.” Cori nods and decides to distract Emily for a little bit. She takes Emily to the snack area to get a snack and drink.

Britney hugs her sister and tries to calm down. Eventually she stops shaking and dries her tears. “Sorry, Maddie. I just get so worried sometimes. I keep thinking - I keep. I think that my other Mom is gonna come back and beat me or something. I - I know that’s stupid.”

“No, shh -- it’s not stupid. It’s going to take some time to get over this. But I promise you - she can’t hurt you anymore. And -- there is no ‘other mom.’ There’s only *our* mom. And *our* dad. And Alyssa. And Emily. We’re your family now. Always know that, okay? I - we - love you *so much* and we always will,” Madison says, starting to cry.

“Tha-thanks, sis. I love you, and Alyssa, and Emily and MOM and DAD too. So much. Uh, oh. Speaking of that, I really need to find one of them. I’m gonna get a rash...”

“Yeah, totally. Um, let’s just go tell Cori we’re going to find Mom and I’ll walk you over there.” Madison finds Cori and tells her what’s going on, then takes her sister over by the splash pad where the younger girls are. She finds Carol reading a book in a nearby seating area. Britney tries not to cry again, but is unable to speak, except to say “Mommy?”

“What is it, sweetie?” Carol asks. She sniffs and instantly realizes what’s wrong. “Oh, I think I know. No problem, let me just grab my bag. Okay, follow me...” Britney takes her mother’s hand and walks with her into a nearby changing room.

Back at the splash pad, Amber is having fun playing with Alyssa, Megan and a few other random kids. Most of them are younger than her, but a few around her age, some of which are also in swim diapers. Amber is playing with a large water canon, trying to knock down objects across from it. As she is aiming, she feels a stream of pee running into her swim diaper and down her leg. She pauses, enjoying the moment while smiling. She’s standing next to Megan.

“Hey have you gone pee yet? It’s kinda weird how it just runs down your legs..” Amber asks.

“Yeah, I did a little bit ago. It’s different. I just hope I don’t have to poop.”

“Uh, I think I’m gonna have to soon. It feels like it. Don’t tell Mom, she’ll want me to go potty.”

"Wait, you're gonna go in it, here?"

"Prolly. So what? That's why I got one on..." Amber shrugs. Just then she runs off and finds something else to play with. For five more minutes she is content, playing with Alyssa and splashing each other. She is standing, watching Alyssa operate the water cannon, when she realizes what's about to happen. She rubs her stomach, squats and starts to grunt. Alyssa is too busy playing to notice, but Megan does.

"Amber, are you sure about this?" Amber is already pushing a load into her swim diaper.

"Yeah, too late. Uh, here - it - comes." Megan watches as a bulge forms in her sister's bottom and a foul smell lingers around her. "Almost - da - done." She remains squatting. Alyssa now realizes what's going on.

"Ut-oh, Ammer going poo-poo?"

"Yeah, let's let her finish. C'mon, let's go down the water slide," Megan distracts Alyssa, leaving Amber alone. As Amber has finished, she accidentally falls over, landing on her butt. She feels the warm mass squish all over her bottom. At first, it's kind of enjoyable, but it doesn't take long for it to become irritating. She stands up and waddles over to her mother.

"Mommy. I need-a get changed. Sorry, I couldn't hold it."

"Huh? You pooped? Oh, you sure did. Okay, let's go. Ben, I'm taking Amber to get changed. I think it's about time to get going anyway -- can you round up the girls and get them ready? Cori can help them change, too." Ben nods and says 'sure thing.' She takes Amber into a change room, taking her suit off. Amber is standing in her soggy, poopy swim diaper. "Wow you sure did a number on this one. It's not like you to have poop accidents, but I guess I understand. All the excitement and being in the water..." Jennifer helps the girl clean up with several baby wipes.

"Are you mad at me? I shoulda told you I had to go potty, right?" Amber pouts.

"No, sweetie. I'm not mad at you. It's okay. Come on, I'll change you into another Pampers. No worries. I'm not sure what we're going to do about your accidents yet, but I'm not mad. For today you can just stay in diapers, okay?"

"Oh, we're going home after this? "

"Yes, your cousins and Aunt Carol / Uncle Derrick need to be heading back home. We'll have them visit more often. Or we'll go there next. I promise." Jennifer diapers Amber into a new Pampers and helps her get dressed.

"Yeah, I'm sad they have to go, Mommy. I'm gonna miss Lissa so bad. And Maddie and Britney too."

"I know, sweetie. But like I said, we will keep in touch. You guys can do video calls and we'll get you out to California soon. Family is family. Alright, all set. While your sisters and cousins are getting dressed, let's you and I go get a snack and drink."

"Thanks Mommy, you're the best-est. Thanks for not being mad at me, either." Amber gives her mother a big hug as they head out to the snack bar.

They arrive back at Jennifer and Ben's house just in time for dinner. Kelly is there to greet them all and joins them for dinner. A final family style meal of fried chicken with all the fixings is served. Dinner is mostly quiet, as the kids are all sad about having to say goodbye to their cousins, aunts and uncles. One last round of diaper changes is done before it's time to say goodbye. Amber and Alyssa hug each other for what seems like 20 minutes while Emily, Madison and Britney take turns hugging Megan and Cori.

Kelly joins in with the hugging. "Wow, Mr. and Mrs. L. Amber, Megan, Cori. I'm going to miss you all SO much. You all **have** to visit us soon, that's not an option!"

"For sure, we will make it happen! Have fun with college, Kels. We will also keep in touch. The girls will love that, too." Jennifer says. Kelly turns to her sister Ashley and gives her a huge hug.

"Goodbye big sis. We will talk often. Like every day. Going to miss you too! Take good care of those awesome Ludke girls for me!"

"You got it, Kels. Will miss you too but I'm so happy for you! Stay dry!"

"I won't, hee-hee. Byeeeeeee!" Kelly says in a childish voice.

Madison runs up to her aunt and gives her a big hug. "Thanks so much Aunt Jen for having us! I don't wanna leave, but I know we have to. We're gonna visit more, right? Oh, that's right, Kelly is coming home with us! So cool!" She then goes over to Ben and Ashley and hugs them as well.

"Of course, we will! It was great having you all." Britney gives them hugs, as well as Alyssa and Emily. It's time to hit the road. Alyssa and Emily are carefully strapped into their car seats as Madison, Britney and Kelly get settled in. Many tears are shed as the Ludke family from Wisconsin stands and waves goodbye while the van rolls down the driveway. As it's been a very exciting day, all the girls under age 18 in the van are fast asleep within minutes of hitting the pavement.