

Some Things Just Sneak Up On You 01-06 - By TaliZorahFanGirl

01

(For those of you reading the "The Oak." I have not stopped that story, just I did not like where I had planned it to go, or some of my characters, so I am doing a plot rewrite. It will be continued, as I like the main character and concept.)

Mindy sat, her legs curled under her, in front of the TV, playing a fighting with her boyfriend on his X-Box. The white fringed waistline of her diaper was visibly peaking over the waistline of her jeans, which showed the faint outline of the rest of her diaper. The pink baby doll t-shirt next to her would of likely covered up the show and tell, but she had lost the last round, and had to sacrifice her t-shirt as a result. After she lost her shirt, she had coyly shifted her vibrant red her to cover her breasts, and gave her boyfriend a coy, sneaky smile.

Tom, Mindy's boyfriend, had just rolled his eyes at that move. He had seen her breasts before, and didn't take much for him to imagine how they looked under Mindy's fiery locks. It was enough for him to see Mindy's feminine body, with just that perfect balance between to skinny, and to heavy. She'd been a great find, and had matched up with him so well. He doubted he'd be lucky if he ever found a girl like her again.

Mindy looked down at the ground, her blue eyes doing little to disguise how annoyed she was at accepting to play strip combat. She knew she sucked at this games, but then again, she had hoped for some luck. She stood up, and unbuttoned her jeans, letting the pants fall to the floor before kicking them off next to her bra, shirt, socks and hair tie. She sat back down, wearing only her diaper, which was obviously wet.

"Ok Tom, double or nothing. If I win, you strip naked in front of me and I get my clothes back, if I lose, I go down and suck up some man juice from you, deal?" Mindy asked Tom, she figured she would likely end up giving him a blow job, but she didn't feel like staying in only her diaper until it was sleep time, so she was willing to go for the hail Mary. Besides, it wasn't like she wouldn't end up doing it later tonight anyways.

Tom just smiled, and nodded, "Fine, you win, I strip, you get dressed, but if I win, I get an extra blow job." Mindy rolled her eyes, annoyed that he had noticed that she had tried to just move her nightly duty. Mindy just nodded, and focused on the game.

Somehow, Mindy managed to win round one, but she lost round two. Both, Mindy and Tom, were pressing buttons lack mad. Mindy's character only had 25% life

left, while Tom's was sitting at 30%. It was any ones game. As is the case at about this time of day, Mindy started to poop her diaper, and like she did whenever she was sitting with her legs beneath her, she leaned forward slightly. That little bit of movement caused her to miss a block, and she watched as her last bit of health faded away with a sigh.

When she leaned back and felt the warm goo squish about, only then did she realize why she had lost the fight. She just shrugged though. She leaned forward again to finish her business, this time getting Tom's attention. He just smiled at Mindy as she pooped herself, her diaper slowly bulging as the pocket was filled. When she was finally done, he reached over and gave her a gentle pat, and whispered into her ear, "You're such a good little girl. Never a complaint."

Mindy smiled at the complement. Tom always made her feel good, he had never made her feel bad about using her diaper. Then again, she never remembered really using one before he met her. In fact, she had not had an accident since she was a child until she met Tom. She shrugged the thought off. She'd been with him seven years, and diapered twenty four seven for five of those years. Mindy just leaned forward, unzipping Tom's pants, and getting his penis out, before she positioned herself on all fours, dirty diapered butt in the air, and began to suck on her boyfriends dick.

-----7 Years ago-----

Mindy's red hair was tied up in a tight, professional bun, her business suit freshly pressed, and her briefcase was filled with all the documents she would need. She was a new divorce attorney, fresh out of school, and finally getting to lead her first case. She walked into the conference room, and was immediately greeted by a smell, like a dirty diaper, but she saw no kids in the room. It didn't take her long to figure out that the woman on side of the table was the source of the smell.

"Uh," Mindy said, trying to ignore the smell while looking at a clip board with the case information on it, "Mrs. Julie Baker, and Mr. Thomas Baker?"

Tom leaned forward, and said, "Yep that's us." He wore a nice looking suit, and wasn't all that unattractive. Short brown hair, slightly spiked, bold choice with a red shirt, and gray suit jacket. Mindy shook the thought out of her, she was assigned as a mediator, she couldn't fall for one side, although if it were not for the smell, both sides would've had a chance at her. Julie was blonde with nearly floor length hair. She had a similar type of body as Mindy, and even the same eye color. The only real difference between her and Mindy was about 10 years, with

Julie being the older. Well, that and the smell.

"I am Ms. Mindy Connolly, and I will be your mediator," she sat down, and laid her stuff out, "Before we get started, would anyone like to take a bathroom break, go get a snack?" Mindy hoped Julie would take the opportunity to get resolve whatever source that smell was coming from. To Mindy's surprise, Tom got up, walked over to Julie and pulled the back of her pants back.

"Julie, go ahead a lay down," Tom told his soon to be ex-wife, while he pulled a large diaper and some other things out of her purse. Mindy just watched, in a wee bit of shock, as a grown woman had her messy diaper changed, in front of her, as if the woman were a small child. It took Tom a little while, but he finally finished, re-diapered the woman and helped her back into her skirt, before disappearing with the dirty diaper.

When he returned a few minutes later, the smell had mostly faded now replaced with the smell of a diaper and baby powder. Tom sat back down, and Mindy decided it was best to just focus on her work. "Mr. Baker, I understand you are filing for divorce? Might I ask the reasons?"

Tom just shrugged and said, "We've fallen out of love." One look at Julie told Mindy that only one of them had fallen out of love. It was not Mindy's place to judge though, and so she continued with her interview.

Mindy spent the rest of the afternoon doing the paperwork for that strange encounter. They both agreed to an easy no fault divorce, and that was that. She was thankful for the easy first case, even if some of the elements were a bit weird. All in all though, this case looked good, Billable hours, versus cost was low, resolution was easy, and a hopefully loyal customer was earned. She paused at the thought of divorce attorney's having loyal customers.

She left the office, her suit coat draped over her briefcase between her arm and body, and walked the short distance to her car. It wasn't a nice car, just her older brothers hand me down FJ. She hated it, had to step into it every time, which had stopped her from wearing skirts most of the time. Today was a different day though, and she just tossed her stuff up into the passenger seat, and then walked around to prepare the skirt hike and jump she would need to get in.

Tom must of saw her preparing, as he seemed to appear out of no where, "Greetings Ms. Connolly, can I offer a hand?" Tom asked, cupping his hand to give the 5'5 woman a little boost.

Mindy jumped slightly hearing his voice, and then got nervous. He had left nearly four hours ago, why was he still here? "Uh.. sure," she said, not wanting to make a scene and hoping to just get away before any fears became real. Tom kneeled, and placed his cupped hands to help her up into the seat.

Once Mindy was in her seat, Tom meekly asked, "Would it be weird if I asked for a ride, the car that Julie got was what we used to get here?"

Mindy looked down at him, confused, and something in her just said "Sure, climb on in," before any part of her brain kicked in. The guy was sexy, and there was something appealing about him. Mindy stopped those thoughts, she fell to easy through out college, and that never ended well for her. She was just going to give the man a ride home, and that was going to be it.

As Mindy laid bent over her own dining room table, the left overs from PF-Changs knocked all over the floor from her dinner with Tom, moaning as Tom slowly thrust in and out of her. Her only thought was "Why do I keep doing this to myself?"

02

The next morning, the alarm clock went off, but Mindy ignored it. She had done something bad. She had had sex with a client. She knew the men in her firm did it, but she was not a partner, and she was not a man. She knew she was going to get fired. A little voice in her reminded her that if she ignored the alarm much longer, she would be fired anyways. She conceded the point, and rolled out of bed, wearing only her shirt from yesterday. The sex wasn't bad, she had thought to herself as she walked to her shower.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Tom sleeping on the couch in the front room of her apartment. "Shit," she said, as Tom stirred. She had forgotten that she had allowed him to crash on her couch. She closed the bathroom door and locked it. In her indecision, she decided to just act like it was any other normal day, and hopped in the shower. She calmed her mind with the simple ritual of a morning shower, shampoo in hair, apply bath salts, rinse hair, replace shampoo with conditioner, rinse salts, soap down, rinse conditioner, rinse soap, dry, moisturize, manage hair, and done.

By the time her ritual was complete, she had almost forgotten about her house guest. Pulling on her robe, she stepped out of the bathroom, and saw Tom now sitting on the couch, watching some stupid children's cartoon. He looked over at her, and smiled, "Heya Mimi's," he said to her, getting up to walk over and give

her a hug.

Mindy smiled faintly at being called Mimi, but didn't resist the hug. After the hug was released, she did find that odd. She was not normally a hugging person, but Tom had a way. 'Fuck,' she thought to herself, 'Havn't even known this guy for a full day and I am wrapped around his finger.' She took a step back from Tom, and with a smile asked, "What would you like for breakfast?"

Tom grinned back at her, and said, "Depends, I'd prefer you if you are on the menu?" Somehow she expected that answer, and normally she would of snickered and moved on, but instead she hesitated, and then he kissed her. At least this time she was in her own bed as she ruined her career. Even as she took his pants off, part of her brain was shouting stop, your job, don't do it, but then he slid into her and that side of her brain just let out a soft moan, and said 'nevermind.'

Over the next few months Mindy did lose her job, and she started to spend most of her time with Tom, moving in shortly after losing her job. Tom was a trust found kid whose idea of slumming it was to work part time at McDonalds, and then live in a three bedroom luxury condo without a doorman, which was quite easy in San Diego, not a lot of doorman buildings. Tom was a decent guy, and it was a good relationship for the first few months. Eventually though, some elements got kind of weird.

"Hey Mimis," Tom said, pulling a bag out from under his bed, "Looks like a bag of Julie's old diapers."

Mindy looked up from the documents she was sorting, and laughed, "I never did ask about her," Mindy said, "Did she need those, or?"

"Oh, she had lost most of her control shortly after I met her," Tom said, "I will be honest, it is kind of weird not seeing my lover in one." Tom was hoping that Mindy would take the bait. 'It had worked with Julie, would it work with Mindy?' he wondered to himself.

"You're kidding me, right?" Mindy asked, looking at Tom, then the bag of diapers. "Fine, but you owe me big, like go down on me until you can not breath without smelling me for month big."

Tom laughed, and quickly opened the bag, pulling one of the diapers out. Mindy had brief second thoughts, but reasoned them away. She'd just put it on, parade around a bit, have some laughs, then some sex, and that would be the end of it.

As Tom instructed her to lay on the bed, she did so, and with signs of much practice on Tom's part, he had Mindy's tight jeans and panties off. A few moments later, the bulky white plastic wrapped absorbent garment was fastened around Mindy's waist and between her legs. Mindy didn't find it very comfortable, and she hated the forced waddle, but she stood up, walked around the room, and was then pulled onto the bed, and a make out session like Mindy never knew began.

By the time it was over, Tom had convinced her to just sleep with it on tonight, and that night Mindy slept in a diaper. Tom stayed awake, he wanted to enjoy the look of his new girlfriend in her diapers. He knew it would be a while before she was convinced the diapers were hers, but the first step had been taken. He waited for Mindy to begin REM sleep, and then he lowered himself next to her ear, and started to whisper, "Your bladder is full, you feel the need to go. You are in a store, and find your way to the toilet, and sit down just in time." He pauses a moment, then starts again, "You have to use the bathroom, it is cold out here, and you've been holding it for a while. You find a bathroom, and get to the toilet, and let it all go." He continues for a little longer, then gives it a rest before he himself falls asleep.

To no surprise to either of them, the diaper is dry in the morning, and once Mindy changes out of it, it seems to be quickly forgotten. Of course over the next few months, Tom manages to get Mindy in a diaper, and once she goes to sleep, he does the same thing. After six months, he is starting to get disappointed as he can not seem to get the response he wants. He changes his approach to whispering to her rather she has a diaper or not.

"Its the last one Mimi," Tom said, "Come on, one last time?" He was holding the diaper up for her, and she just looked at it. He had never asked her to wear two nights in a row, but this was the last one, if she just got it over with, he wouldn't ask her again. She finally nodded, and stripped out of her panties, and laid on the bed to be diapered.

Mindy also had another concern. The last few weeks, she had woken up to damp panties, and diapers. They were not wet, but she had leaked a little, and she was barely making it to the bathroom when she woke up in the middle of the night. She was worried it was the diapers causing it, and if she wore one two nights in a row, she wouldn't just leak this time. Tom had no actual knowledge of the leaks, although he had noticed her getting up to go to the bathroom more at night. He was about ready to give up, and start looking for a new girl. Once the diaper was on, Mindy and Tom engaged in their normal kissing session, ending with a blow job, and Mindy falling asleep.

Tom, like usual, for the last few weeks, whispered his short bathroom dreams into her ear, and then rolled over to go to sleep. When Tom woke up in the morning, he was surprised that Mindy had not woken him up at all during the night in a rush to

use the bathroom. He rolled over, and started to rub Mindy's diaper, and he immediately noticed something was different. She'd wet it in her sleep. It had finally worked. He knew it would be easier now, the barrier had been broken. Instead of waking Mindy up, he crawled out of bed, and went downstairs to start making breakfast.

Mindy woke up not much longer, and immediately noticed the diaper was different. She instantly knew what she had done. She thought it was a dream. She had had a lot of dreams where she peed in her diaper, she thought last night was just another one of those. She was mortified. She sprang out of bed, and ran into the bathroom. She knew Tom shouldn't see this. Of course Tom heard her stirring, and knew what was going on. He went upstairs, right as Mindy was about to open the bathroom door. Her butt showed more of the wetness than her front did, which Tom was grateful for, "Oh my god Mimi, did you pee your pants?"

03

Mindy convinced herself it was a one time thing. Everyone has accidents every once in a while. She was choosing to forget the slow ramp up to this moment, the near misses, and the constantly damp panties. She got cleaned up, and went about her day, while Tom ran off for his three hour shift. Despite Mindy's efforts, she could not forget the feeling of waking up wet. She liked that she had slept through the night for a change, but in a wet diaper? Was that worth it, she asked herself. She put the thoughts out of her head again, and went about her daily chores.

For an unemployed girl, she led a fairly regimented life. She was responsible for all the grocery shopping, and while Tom never flat out said it, if he was home, she was supposed to be too, which meant she had to hurry out once Tom left for work. She'd gotten a call from Kohl's that her new dresses were in, just in time for the summer weather. She had never really worn sun dresses before, but Tom had convinced her to get some for the summer. She'd have to rush to get them and the groceries.

Rushing wasn't her problem though, and she got home minutes before Tom got back. She had enough time to get her pants off, and put the groceries away. (Every since Mindy had moved in, it had become an unofficial rule that she only wore t-shirt/tank top and panties while at home.) Tom smiled as he came through the door, and saw his beautiful girl in a pink baby-doll t-shirt, and the blue hello kitty panties he had bought her. Mindy didn't actually like the panties, she found them way too childlike, but they were one of the few pairs she had left without noticeable yellowing. Tom had not caught that fact yet. The day went fairly normal from there, Tom cooking dinner, and they sat on the couch snuggling, watching a movie, then playing on the x-box for a few hours.

During the night was when normal went away again. Mindy rolled onto her side, she was half-awake. She could've sworn someone was telling her she was in a bathroom and could just let it go, and she needed to go. Her body seemed to follow the logic, and she started to pee. At first, she was relieved, and started to drift back to sleep, but then she felt the warm liquid running over her thigh, and suddenly the bed beneath her started to get wet. This woke her up completely, and she darted out of bed, her hand cupping her crotch as she desperately tried to stop peeing, while running to the toilet. By the time she made it to the toilet, she was done, and a wet trail marked her frantic flight. Tom hadn't fallen asleep when this started, and he just smiled, letting her get her run started. Slowly he got out of bed, trying to sound and look groggy as he walked in the bathroom, and saw the soaked hello kitty panties, the giant wet spot on her night shirt.

"You peed yourself again?" he asked, careful to add a judgmental tone. He didn't like this part of the training. He had to make her feel bad about herself before I could bolster her up, and indirectly encourage accidents. It was how he transformed night time accidents into day time wettings. Mindy was obviously crying already, and that comment broke her down, she leaned forward and just started to cry into her hands.

Tom knelt down in front of Mindy, and lifting her chin, "Its ok baby girl, I don't mind it if you pee your pants. I love you more," he then hugged her, then they started to kiss. Normally Tom did not follow up a wetting with sex, he didn't want that connection, but as the kiss progressed, and Mindy moved off the toilet, onto the bathroom floor, he seemed to give up that notion for tonight, and he slid himself into her. It was the first time he had sex with her, without protection, and more so it was the first time he took charge, she did not do anything unless he told her to, other then ride him. Tom knew it was a good sign. Her independence was breaking down.

It deep, grasping breaths, the encounter came to and end, and Tom rolled off of Mindy, lying down next to her, "I want you to buy some diapers tomorrow," Tom said, looking over at her, she looked back, and the sadness replaced the bliss in her eyes, and she started to cry again. Tom wiped away a tear and said, "It is ok my Baby Girl, just until we know you wont pee the bed again."

By the fourth night that week, Tom didn't have the whisper anymore. He had broken her dam, but he wasn't sure if it was an unconscious effort to let go, or if her being forced into the diapers caused her to give up, and just let it happen. She had seemed depressed, and not quite her normal self since that night. After a few weeks, she didn't even rush to get the wet diaper off in the morning. They had since upgraded to a more premium brand after a discussion where it was concluded she wasn't going to stop peeing the bed. Mindy found the new diapers more comfortable at least.

It wouldn't be until a few months later that Tom had his next break through, and it came unexpected. He had over the last few months, shamed her over eat wet diaper in the morning, but then rewarded her shame with love and affection. It was hard for him, because he was in love with her, or at least finally falling in love with her, but she had to be perfect, and that meant she had to give up her toilet training.

They were shopping at Wal-Mart, Tom was playing with the wedding registry computer, while Mindy was having a fight with the Customer Service clerk. The guy was an ass, and was calling Mindy a series of horrible things, obviously thinking her capable of only unintelligent thought. It wasn't long before she was starting to cry, which drew Tom's attention. The man behind the counter hadn't been yelling, but he knew the sound of his girls crying. He turned around just in time to see the stream of urine suddenly flow to the floor. It was obvious that Mindy didn't notice it at first, but then she quickly closed her legs tight, which managed to make it worse, causing a wet spot to appear on her dress. Now the man behind the counter was laughing at Mindy, and Tom lost it, walked over and punched the guy, before grabbing Mindy's arm and running with her.

Once they got to the car, she grabbed him, and pressed herself against him. He could feel the warm moisture soaking into his clothes, and when she finally broke away from the embrace, she said only one thing, "Whats wrong with me?"

"Nothing, my sweet baby girl," he responded back, "We just need to diaper you during the day now too. Its ok though, I love you in a diaper more than you can know."

"I know... I know," was all she said. She wasn't going to fight the diaper. She had no unstained panties anymore, and in a way, she loved her he doted on her during a change. She always felt bad when she wet, but after her clean up, she always felt better then before.

Tom continued the shame before change for a few weeks, until she stopped heading for the toilet to do anything but her number twos, then he slowly waned her from the shaming, and just heaped on his love for her. Getting her to start messing was going to be the next step, and hardest potential step. He needed a situation where her choosing to mess herself was the best possible course of action, and he needed it to be something that could be easily repeated. He had used laxatives on Julie, but that never felt right, Julie had never truly given herself to the diaper. He needed Mindy to surrender her body to the infantile desire. He needed her to not only need diapers, but to feel that she belonged in them. He had upped some of the infantile references in the months since Wal-Mart. He wasn't interested in an adult baby, but he hoped that calling her baby, and using subtle reminders of how infantile her wet diapers where would

trigger some of the pre-potty trained memories. He even went so far as to, as a joke, buy a baby bottle and bottle feed her before bed. That ended up becoming a fairly intimate thing for them every night. Mindy even started to look forward to it, especially know that she no longer cared if she woke up wet, which a bottle before sleep pretty much assured.

It wasn't until a trip to Vegas to attend a wetting, and a closed rest stop, that Tom got the opportunity to convince her to mess herself. They were on a long stretch of high way, Mindy was sleeping, her wet diaper visible to Tom, as he had pulled Mindy's skirt up to see it. She slowly woke up, fixing her skirt, and looked over at Tom, "Can you find a rest stop, I need to use it." Tom knew what that meant, she only ever needed a toilet for number two's now. He knew he had an opportunity now though, he had already seen the rest stop closed signs.

"Sweetie, we wont be hitting a rest stop until we are outside of Vegas, the one coming up is closed baby girl," he said, and as she started to formulate a question, "And I think the next pull off is over an hour away."

Mindy looked crestfallen, and a bit worried, so Tom stepped in with a solution, "Use the diaper baby, we will change you when we get to the next stop."

Mindy shook her head, and said, "No... I can hold it." Thirty minutes later, Mindy's tune changed. It wasn't that she couldn't hold it anymore, but there were cramps, and she knew Tom would love her, even with a diaper full of poop, and besides, she already wore a diaper, she was a glorified, tall, intelligent baby, it almost made logical sense for her to poop her pants. The more she reasoned it away, the more she realized that pooping her diaper was what she was supposed to do. She didn't need a potty, she had a wrapping of thick absorbent material around her at all times. She was still holding it, but each second, she found more reasons, she was bottle fed warm milk, every night, she woke up wet every morning, she spent most of her day running around in a t-shirt and diaper. She was like a toddler in so many ways, why not like one more? She still wasn't ready to go, then something happened.

Tom turned to her, as if he was aware of her inner debate, "You know I love taking care of you, and I don't care if it is a poopy diaper, or just a wet one."

Mindy's debate ended right there. She knew he'd love her more if she pooped herself, and he'd love her even more if she never stopped pooping herself. She was bottle-fed, she dressed like a toddler at home, she woke up wet every morning, and most importantly, Tom loved her because of it, and for it. She relaxed herself, and leaned slightly forward. She blushed as a loud fart proceeded the warm mushy goo into her pants. It was not a good feeling, it was weird, warm, and squishy, but she knew, like the wet diapers, or the diapers themselves, she'd grow accustomed to it. The moment she had started to go, she had decided that

this was her new normal.

04

A few minutes after she let it all go in her pants, she started to have second thoughts about her new normal. It was sticky, it smelled, and it wasn't very comfortable. She tried to reposition herself to find a more comfortable position, but she only managed to squish it around more, and make her situation worse. Tom noticed, but he wasn't giving any sign, he was acting like nothing had happened. He wanted her to tell him when she was ready.

It didn't take her long, "I... I just pooped... I am so sorry." She had done it on purpose, but she wasn't willing to admit it yet.

Tom just smiled at her, and nodded, "Its ok my beautiful baby girl, you wear diapers, pooping them is normal, we will get you changed soon!" He hoped he was not too overt in his comment. He was pushing it slightly, but he needed to instill into her that this was normal. He was also acutely aware of how uncomfortable this would be for her, he found the first pull off, and stopped at a shadow spot.

Mindy looked around, "Here? There is just that table?"

Tom shook his head, "We'll use the bed of the truck, the camper shell will conceal you." Mindy just nodded, and slowly got out of the care. Her jean shorts, one of the few times Tom had picked shorts for her, did little to hide the extra, and irregularly shaped bulk on her butt. The strange waddle she adopted as she walked to the back of the truck almost made Tom laugh. He knew that eventually she wouldn't care about a messy diaper, or at least he hoped so, but now he had to make her feel good about it, and laughing at her would not work. "You're such a good girl, you know that?" he asked her as she climbed into the bed of the truck. Tom quickly pulled her shorts off, and revealed the messy diaper underneath. "Perfect," he added as he went about the effort of cleaning and changing her. When he was finally done, he made a show of looking for the extra day time diapers, and finally went, "Crap, I think we forgot the day times at home... I am just going to put you into a night time."

Mindy shook her head, her night times were big, bulky, and had a babyish print on them. She didn't know where he got them, but she didn't resist wearing them at night, but during the day, with the outfit he had chosen for her to wear. "I can go panties," she said meekly.

"Obviously you can't baby girl, you told me you could hold it, but I just cleaned up the poop that proves you can't, so you obviously have to wear a diaper," he

said, sounding firm. He wanted her to feel a little bit bad about herself now, he wanted her to feel like she was breaking.

He was succeeding. Mindy slowly started to cry, her mind running with the thoughts of the last few years. She once wore lacy underwear, and was a powerful professional, now, like Tom said, she was just a glorified baby girl. She would've preferred her messing to have been an accident, but she did it on purpose, she allowed it. She allowed herself to pee her pants. She allowed Tom to dress her every morning. She even realized that he cut up her food for her to eat, and breakfast he would often times feed her. She even drank from a bottle every single night. This big, babyish diaper, seemed to be the only thing honest about her appearance right now. She looked like an adult, but obviously, she wasn't. She wondered if she was losing her mind.

As Mindy ran through those thoughts, Tom continued with the change, and tightly fastened the thick diaper around her waist, before saying, "And now you look like the perfect little baby girl." Mindy focused on those words and smiled, Tom seeing her getting happy at that comment leaned in and kissed her. Despite her seeming insanity, she was happy. She was his girl, and she knew he would take care of her. Tom slid her shorts back on, and she waddled her way back to her seat upfront. Subtly, Tom opened the back door, of the crew cab truck, and buckled Mindy into the back seat, with a quick silent reminder, "Front seats are bad for babies." Mindy went to protest, but the door was closed and Tom was already moving around the front of the car. Shortly, he was back behind the wheel, and they were driving off.

Mindy had changed into a pretty little pink knee length dress. The short, baby doll style sleeves, and rounded neckline had a certain charm to it, and this had become one of her favorite dresses. It also needed a petty coat, so she was able to hide her thicker than normal diaper easier, and she still looked good for her friends wedding. She had dreaded coming to the wedding, but Tom had insisted. She had not seen any of her friends in the last two years, and she realized she didn't really want to see them. She liked Tom and his friends, these friends were her old life. She became acutely aware of her diaper as she thought about her old life. "How did I get here?" she thought to herself. She felt herself through the fabric of the dress, and pressed against her diaper. How did she start needing this diaper. Her body answered by suddenly letting her know she needed to pee, and like a reflex she just let herself go, warming the previously clean diaper. "That's how," she answered herself aloud.

"Heya poopy butt," Tom said as he walked in. Mindy blushed lightly at being called poopy butt. She was regretting having done it, because he expected it now

it seemed. When he checked her now, he didn't just check to see if she was wet, but always pulled back the back of her diaper. He expected her to have another accident, and when she thought about it, she was certain she wouldn't do it again, but she also knew she wouldn't know for sure until the moment came again. Tom walked over to her, and pressed his hand against her butt, and said, "Seems poop free, come on baby girl, time to get to the wedding."

It was a typical ceremony, followed by the typical reception. Mindy and Tom and left a little early. Mindy's diaper was wet, and they couldn't find a good changing area there, so they had left to go back to their hotel room. Once they were on the elevator, Tom turned to Mindy and said, "I shouldn't keep teasing you about earlier, you couldn't help it..." he started. He wanted to give her an excuse for why she filled her diaper, and he wanted her to choose something beyond her control, "Perhaps it is why you are peeing at night, your body just doesn't want to work like an adults. Its ok, it happens all the time."

Mindy looked over at him, and just shook her head, "No it doesn't," she said halfheartedly. Rather he was right or not wasn't the point. Her body was giving up on her, she wasn't helping, but her body gave up on her at night, she just gave up on it during the day. She still had control of her messing, maybe she shouldn't give up on that. Then, almost as if on queue, half way between her floor the the floor below, the elevator stopped. "What happened?" is all she could think to say.

Tom shook his head, "I don't know, I think the elevator is stuck." He knew it wasn't stuck, but that a technician had been bribed to stop it here. The Tech was told he wanted to surprise her with a proposal, they had supposedly met on this very elevator during a similar outage. The tech didn't question it, which made Tom worry about how often outages actually happened. He picked up the emergency phone, and the tech answered. A short conversation later, he turned to Mindy and said, "It could be an hour or more they think. The cable is damaged or something, and they need to find where, and then fix it, then disengage the emergency break."

Mindy rolled her eyes, and sat down in the corner of the elevator. She rested her arms on her knees, and then laid her head against her arms. Tom smiled, she was so comfortable with her diapers that she sat down in a position that displayed them clear as day. It only took an hour of waiting or so before Mindy looked up, a concerned look on her face. She was not going to do this again, not twice on the same day. She was not a baby. She stood up, thinking it would help her, and it did at first. "How much longer?" she asked Tom.

He looked at his watching, and knowing she had been asleep, said "Its only been

15 minutes," even though it had been an hour. Mindy looked distraught at that news. Only one thought was going through her head.

That one thought was a simple fear. A fear that she really was the baby she kept getting called. She was about to poop her pants, again. She never thought she'd ever think, "Well crap, I am about to poop my pants, again... for the second time today." Maybe she could make it. Maybe she would. Ten minutes later, maybe was becoming harder to believe. The cramps were getting to her. Another ten minutes, and she closed her eyes, began to cry slightly, and bent her knees. It had started to come, without permission, the least she could do was make it easier for herself.

Tom noticed her actions, and walked over to her and hugged her, "Its ok little girl, I love you." He reached down and felt her diaper filling up, and smiled. It was working, she was losing it all, and he did not need to do anything to her at all. He turned her to face him, and gave her a hug, squeezing her close.

Mindy tightened her arms around Tom, and rested her head on her shoulder, and then through her sobs, said, "Why is this happening to me?" She knew the answer. She had let it happen, but she didn't want to admit it, she loved Tom, and this was obviously what she needed to do for him to love her. Her body knew it, and that was why it was failing. Her heart wanted Tom, and he would only love a girl in diapers. Mindy had become his girl in diapers, and she was just going to have to live with it.

Once she calmed down, Tom went back to the emergency phone, and gave the password to turn it back on. They were in their rooms ten minutes later, changing a second poopy diaper, and the last one Mindy would ever hesitate using ever again. That night, she cried away her continence, her adulthood. She was Tom's diaper girl now. By morning, she was happy with it, and even smiled as she sat on the bed, leaning slightly forward, pooping herself, while watching a re-run of bones. It was hard for her to poop herself on purpose, but she knew before long she'd be unable to stop herself from any other course of action.

05

-----The Present-----

Mindy had just been changed, and she went about the task of cleaning up the house as she did every night. Except for her diaper, she was naked, the result of her bad choice in playing strip combat with Tom. He'd gone out to have fun with some of his friends, while she managed the more mundane house care. In short, other than her lack of t-shirt, it was a normal Saturday night. Once she finished cleaning, she'd plop down on the couch, watch a movie or some recorded TV,

probably fall asleep on the couch, and be woken up when Tom came home.

For some reason though, her mind was drifting to that one night in Vegas. She remembered the root of her debate, her problem that night, was that she didn't understand how she was losing control. It didn't make sense to her. She'd lost it, over her body, over her own life. Her mind went to Julie. How she had just sat there while Tom did all the talking, and she just agreed to everything. "Is that who I am?" Mindy asked as she knelt down to pick up some trash Tom had left next to the couch. She stood back up, and looked in the mirror, the diaper big and puffy, and her nude body. She used to straighten her hair, now it was allowed to curl, she hated curls, but Tom wanted them. She'd had all body hair laser removed, not a choice she made. She actually liked the look of a little hair down there, but with the diapers it made sense to get rid of it. The diapers, how did she allow this to happen.

She wanted to just tear it off, but as she was building up the strength to do it, she felt herself peeing, and that reminded her of why she had to wear them. In fact, most of the things she did now were because she 'had' to do them. Hair removal, diaper, even her hair, she felt she had to keep curled because it was easier for Tom if Mindy spent less time getting ready in the morning. She went back to cleaning, and even as she did so, she asked herself why she didn't just stop. He wouldn't punish her, but she knew Tom would be disappointed, and he took care of her without complaint. He never once complained about having to change her diapers. Why should she complain about cleaning the house up?

Despite her array of thoughts, she finished cleaning the house, and sat down on the couch, and looked at the movies that had been pulled out for her. Mostly porn films. Tom liked to have her watch porn films when she was alone. Mindy knew why, it turned her on, and made her more open to suggestion when Tom got home. She wasn't going to lie, she kind of liked that he always wanted her. How many women after seven years with the same guy, could say that they had a sex act three to four times a day with the same guy. She selected one of them about a guy and his wife who went to a couples resort in some tropical location. The premise was that each couple would learn to value their partner by being open to any sex for the weekend. They were allowed to have sex with whoever they wanted on the island, staff or guest. "Pretty developed for a porn film," Mindy thought to herself as she rubbed her diaper. She eventually moved to the arm of the couch, which she had learned was the perfect shape for her, and started to gyrate her hips, rubbing herself against the couch, as she watched the sex scenes appear on the television.

Tom, and one of his friends came home to see Mindy humping the couch and moaning in pleasure, wearing just a diaper. Tom smiled at that, while his friend blushed a little. He had seen Mindy topless, and knew about the diapers, he'd even had a blow job from her, but he had never seen her masturbating. Tom

turned to his friend, and said, "This is the best part, watch her face."

Mindy didn't notice them at first, she was so close, that she was only focusing on getting over the edge. Her face started to scrunch up as she neared her release. She wanted to just let it go, but she knew holding it back until she could no longer was so much better. She pressed her hips to move faster, her body quivering as she finally hit that point, and an orgasm was forced to spread. Tom just walked over to her, and wrapped his arms around her and gave her a kiss. "Hey baby, Chris is here," was all he said once he broke away from the kiss, and opened the cabinet next to the couch, pulling out the diaper changing stuff.

Her mind was so fogged right now to realize that Chris had just watched her fuck a couch, and she was barely able to say, "Oh... hey Chris," as she crawled off the arm of the couch, and laid down on the changing mat Tom had laid out. Tom had friends over a lot, and he never worried about them seeing her diaper, or seeing her get changed. Mindy used to be embarrassed by it, but after a while, she just grew used to it. Tom also liked his friends to see her, and who was she to deny him that? "That's a strange thought," she thought to herself. It drifted away though as Tom finished putting the new diaper on, and tickled her sides, before kissing her and telling her she was a good baby.

They spent most of the night at the kitchen table, playing a card game, and Mindy got mildly annoyed when Tom offered Chris a blow job from Mindy when he had run out of chips. It was pretty normal for that to happen, Tom sucked at cards, and liked to use Mindy as a way of evening out. Of course, as usual, Chris won, and Mindy disappeared under the table. She hated doing this. She was Tom's, why did he share her like this? Chris was already pulling his pants down as Mindy got to him, and she took his hard shaft in her mouth. She heard them talking for a few more moments, before Chris was so heavily engrossed in the attentions he was receiving. Thankfully, it didn't take Mindy long to get a mouthful of cum from Chris. As Tom taught her though, she kept licking and sucking until the penis became too small to keep on going, then she found her seat once more.

"Damn she's good at that," Chris said to Tom, barely acknowledging Mindy directly. This made Mindy feel horrible, she always did when Tom had friends over for more than an hour, because eventually she'd be required to give them a blow job, or get called a pet. On her birthday once, she was even given a collar with heart shaped dog tags with her name on em. They had even registered a fictional dog to get the official registration tag to go with it. Tom had her wear it for the rest of the day to be polite. When it was just her and Tom, they were a happy couple who did couple things. Once a friend showed up, she was on display, another one of Tom's toys to show off. "Can you have her get me a beer?" Chris asked, bringing Mindy back to reality.

Tom just nodded at Mindy, who got up, and started to walk towards the frig,

pausing about half way there. Once the poop started, she kept on walking, it wasn't going to stop now. She wasn't sure when she got good at her poop walk, but she had learned that if she got it going, then she could just keep doing whatever it was she was doing without interrupting it at all. It normally took longer this way, but it wasn't like she cared anymore. She grabbed two beers, and one of her bottles. She had three bottles, and she drank them every night before bed. Two herself, and one she was fed. She remembered once enjoying it, but now she just seemed to do it because that is what she did.

Neither of them commented as she came back to the table, the faint presence of soiled diaper smell in the air. Chris was Tom's best friend, and his blond head was a normal sight in this house, just as normal as Mindy having a messy bum. She opened both beers and gave one to Tom, and one to Chris, then sat down, the warm mess spreading and squishing as she did, and then started in on her own bottle. As she sat there, topless, with a poop filled diaper, drinking from a baby bottle, she wondering what kept Tom from just pulling the trigger. He kept making comments about her going full adult baby, and in moments like this, she didn't understand why he didn't just do it. After-all, at this moment, there were probably actual babies more 'adult' than her.

They hung out at the table a little bit longer before Mindy was taken away by Tom for a change, and then led to the bedroom where he fed her another bottle. Once she was done, he kissed her good night, gave her the third bottle, and went back out and hung out with Tom. "Normal Saturday night," Mindy thought as she sucked on her bottle, slowly drifting to sleep.

06

Monday morning began as Monday mornings always began. Mindy woke up, and went about her morning chores, her diaper wet from her sleep accidents. She didn't know when those started, but she also didn't really care anymore. She had come to terms with her control being gone, and part of her liked it. She knew Tom liked it, and that made her like it more. She also liked the pictures on her diapers. She had seen training pants that the pictures disappeared on when they got wet, but Tom had found some where the pictures appeared when they were wet. Somewhere, deep in her mind, she recognized the training being employed, but she had pretty flowers all over her diaper at this moment.

Tom, like usual, got up during the middle of the morning chores, and checked Mindy's diaper. He wasn't going to change her until she did her morning messing. Mindy hated the mornings when she woke up messy, or messed before Tom did, because those mornings she'd have to wait until she messed again, or Tom got tired of the smell. This morning, she was clean, so it would be a less annoying morning. Tom made breakfast, like he did every morning. They used to eat the

same thing, but over the last year, he had slowly changed what he fed to Mindy. She got, every morning, some homemade babyfood and a bottle of juice. Lunch was the same, but with crackers, and dinner was babyfood and if she was lucky some solid veggies.

She hated the food, but she loved being fed. Tom always told her how cute she looked when she was eating, and always reminded her that since Tom had started to feed her, she no longer had weight issues, she was always perfect now. During her morning feeding is when she finally started to mess herself. She giggled slightly as a little fart escaped, why she didn't know, but it got a smile from Tom. Once breakfast was done, she was changed, and Tom dressed her in a cute blue sundress with little yellow sunflowers all over it. Mindy knew this meant she was going to the store.

"What do I need to go get Daddy Tom?" Mindy asked. Tom wasn't quite into being Mindy's full time Daddy. He had always planned to just get her to be completely diaper dependent, but then Mindy had become dependent on him completely, more then Julie ever did, and things just kept going. It confused him. At times he wanted Mindy to be more, but as he started to sleep around with other women, even bringing them home in front of Mindy, he started to like his control more and more, which only seemed to lead to Mindy giving up more and more. She never questioned him anymore.

"You need to go down to Von's and get some more bottles, you are going through those nipples way to fast little girl," Tom replied, giving Mindy a quick swat on the bum, "Also need more animal crackers, and vegetables, and a couple of steaks for the guys tonight. Tom wrote everything down on a list as he said each item, then handed Mindy a pre-paid credit card, and the list. "Take your time, Christie is coming over again," Tom added, before playfully swatting Mindy's butt until she left the apartment. Christie was already coming down the hall way, and she stopped as she saw Mindy, smiled, stopped Mindy and did a very public diaper check, before swatting her butt. Tom grinned. Christie was feisty, like Mindy she was a red head, but there was nothing passive about her. She actually had a lot of fun with Mindy, and thought Mindy enjoyed her presence as well. She also thought that Mindy was pretty slow in head, and didn't quite understand the real relationship. Tom never corrected her, but that was because Christie only slept with him because of how well he treated his special needs sister. She didn't know the half of it.

It had been a long time since Julie was in this neighborhood. She had spent most of the last seven years building a life. She had been with Tom since High School,

and after what he had done with her, she had no idea where to even start. To this day, she woke up wet more often than dry, but day time accidents had become rare. She was ashamed to remember back to those days where she freely peed or pooped wherever, whenever. The divorce had been a great moment, but even during it, she was dependent on Tom. She knew if Tom had not grown bored with her, there is no way she would of been able to break free then.

When she saw Mindy come into her store, the store she had been newly appointed assistant manager at, she was filled with pride. Mindy had negotiated a very fair deal for her, and Julie wanted to make sure that Mindy never thought that the opportunities given had been squandered. When she approached Mindy though, Julie noticed that this was not the confident, energetic lawyer she had met years ago. Her hair was worn differently, it was familiar to Julie, as was the dress style, and the subtle gait of a woman in a wet diaper. She saw the distant look in her eyes, the look of confusion of having to make choices when normally everything was decided for you. Had Tom traded Julie for Mindy?

Julie still closed on Mindy, and smiled, "Ms. Connolly!" Mindy looked confused, she had almost forgotten her last name over the years, "How are you?" Julie was concerned, but she didn't want to jump to conclusions, she had projected before.

Mindy looked a bit like a deer soon to meet the grill of a semi, but a few blinks later, she came to enough, "Hello... I need to get my da...my boyfriend some stuff for the game tonight," Mindy replied handing the list over to Julie as a five year old might of done. Mindy never really had to talk to anyone, and never anyone she recognized other then Tom's friends. She didn't quite recognize this woman though. She was a little pudgy, somewhat like she herself had once been. Of course part of Mindy was thinking that is not what pudgy women look like. She had blonde hair, cut real close, like tinker-bell. Mindy wanted to wear her hair like that, or at least pulled back into a bun, but it was always pony tails and pig-tails in Tom's house.

Julie looked at the list, and her fears were confirmed. She knew that hand writing, she knew the items on the list. Well the bottles and animal crackers were new. She looked up at Mindy, "Do you remember me, you were the mediator at Tom and mines divorce?"

Mindy's eyes opened suddenly. She remembered that room, so many years ago. She remembered how weird it had been watching this women in front of her get a diaper changed. Almost on queue, she started to mess, her breakfast finally making it through her system. For the first time in years she was embarrassed, and she was trying to stop it. Everything she did seemed to just make it worse, and Julie quickly figured out what was happening.

"Oh no, did you just?" Julie asked, stunned. He knew how Tom had done this to

her, but shouldn't a lawyer be able to catch it? As Mindy nodded, Julie added, "Come on, come to my office, I will get your stuff, and then drive you home. Do you have an extra, you know?"

In her fluster, she didn't censor herself this time, and Mindy just said, "Daddy Tom doesn't let me carry my own diapers." Julie just nodded, and showed the woman to the back of the store. Mindy was in tears by the time they got back there. For the first time in a long time, she realized how out of control of her own life she really was. No woman her age pooped her diapers in public. What grown woman wore diapers at all? In her moment of clarity, she suddenly drew a connection. Julie wore diapers too. "Can I have one your extras Julie?"

Julie turned around and looked at Mindy, and then shook her head, "Sorry, I don't wear them anymore.." Mindy looked stunned, Tom had told her that Julie didn't have a choice, but she was not wearing them anymore, then she fell to the ground, a squish sound escaping as she plopped onto her messy butt. The sudden realization that she didn't have a choice anymore, and Julie did. "Are you ok?" Julie asked.

"No.. no I am not. I just shit myself." Mindy said, her own voice surprising her. She knew it was hers, but it sounded strangely more, well, adult. Julie knelt down beside Mindy, and comforted her. The memories of very similar moments just after the divorce sprang to Julie's mind. Like Tom's spell on her, this was the first step of the spell breaking on Mindy.

"Does he have you shop for him every week?" Julie asked, hoping Tom had not changed to much in that regard.

Mindy just nodded, still crying. "Ok, next week I am going to take you to lunch, sneak out with an extra diaper if you can, ok?" Julie continued. "It will be fun, and our secret, ok?"

Mindy smiled slightly, and said, "Ok." She allowed Julie to help her stand up again, and waited for Julie to lay down a towel over a chair, before she left to go collect the items on the list.