

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# Sakura Comes To Stay

BOOK TWO OF THE SAKURA SERIES

KITA SPARKLES

POPULAR ABDL/LG AUTHOR

*Sakura Comes To Stay*

# Sakura Comes To Stay

by

Kita Sparkles

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# Chapter 1



"I got it!" Megan called as she ran to the phone after it rang.

"Hello?" she said into the receiver. "Sakura!" she said happily, as she recognized the voice at the other end of the line. "How is Japan?"

Sakura had moved to Japan several months earlier with her parents when her father was offered a good position with his company if he moved there - and the door if he did not. It wasn't too hard for him and his wife. He had lived there before, and she had come from Japan, but it was very hard for Sakura. She may have had a Japanese name and Asian looks, but she was very American, plus it was very hard to leave her friends, and especially her sister, whom she had become so close to since she had visited her for a very special week three years earlier.

"Aww... no better, huh?" she asked as she listened. "You wanna talk to your sister, I know. I'll let you talk to her. I know these phone calls are expensive!" Megan handed the phone over to Felicia, who had just walked into the room.

Felicia took the phone, not knowing who was calling. "Hello? Sakura! How is Japan?"

"I think you have been spending too much time with Megan," Sakura sighed, noting how her sister had just answered the phone exactly the same way Megan had done a couple of minutes ago. "Anyway, to answer your question, terrible! I guess there are some nice things about living here, but the bad outweighs it. Everything is so crowded, and we gotta wear uniforms to school, and bow just so to the teachers, and even though everyone can speak English, they

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never do. And they speak so quickly, I can't tell what they are saying in Japanese most of the time," Sakura went on unhappily.

"I'm sorry, Sis," Felicia said, feeling really bad for her little sister. "What are some of the good things though?" Maybe talking about the good things would cheer Sakura up.

"Well, the technology is good. We have a nice big house, and Mom even put a full nursery in it for me. And they have really good diapers in my size, and it is a lot easier to get diapers in any size here. And they have this cool style here called 'Gothic Lolita'..."

Felicia shuddered to hear her sister use either of those two words, but she knew that it was just the name of a current clothing fad in Japan. Really, it was very cute. Felicia had seen pictures. She could just imagine dressing Sakura up in some of those clothes, and with her diapers, she would look like a toddler. Heck, she could see dressing *herself* up in some of those clothes... or Stephanie dressing her up in them.

After her phone call, Felicia couldn't stop thinking about poor Sakura. She had sounded so hopeless and resigned on the phone, and Sakura wasn't like that. She just hated leaving her whole life behind her like that. It wasn't so hard for their parents, since they had lived there before, but everything was different for Sakura, and she didn't have any of her close friends with her.

Life is all about change, and Felicia was well aware of that. Just looking at all the changes in her life in the last few years, all really due to Sakura, proved that. Three years ago, she was living on her own, with a small secret urge to be babied, and a little sister with the same desires hidden deep within her. All it took was a little courage on Sakura's part to bring all those feelings to the forefront, and in the week that she visited Felicia, it had led to them meeting Stephanie and Megan.

Stephanie was able to see right through Felicia and see that while she was babying Sakura, she was really living out some of her

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own fantasies through her little sister. It started out small, inviting Felicia to stay some nights when she had stayed late, so she wouldn't have to drive home so late. Long talks, drawing the truth out of Felicia bit by bit. Leaving little baby things around for Felicia to find - pacifiers, stuffed animals, etcetera. Finally, it got to where Felicia was spending more time there than she was in her own apartment, and Stephanie had offered the clincher - come move in with them. There was more than enough room. Megan loved Felicia, and it would be a good financial decision for all of them.

But Stephanie had one little surprise for Felicia.

"No hidden secrets from each other," she told her, giving her a meaningful look. Felicia blushed, even though she knew Stephanie already knew her desires. She just couldn't bring herself to ask for that! "Tell you what," Stephanie said gently. "How about I give you one night and show you just what you could be passing up if you don't choose this?"

So, she treated Felicia to one of the best "baby nights" Felicia could have ever dreamed of, from giving her a bath to getting her into some wonderfully thick diapers. The diapers turned out to be Pampers for Teens, a test line of diapers that had been sent to Megan but had turned out to be too big on her.

Stephanie had gone all out when Felicia moved in. She and Megan got together and worked for days to create a dream nursery as a surprise for Felicia. They even called Sakura and made a trip to Felicia's parent's home to get some of her old baby things to put in her new nursery. Li Chung, her mother, was more than pleased to help as well, she also being aware of Felicia's predilection towards the babyish. It was almost as strong as Sakura's, and she had taken to babying Sakura right after Sakura's visit with Felicia when her daughters confessed to her their love for being treated like babies.

Felicia had shed tears of joy when she was shown to her new room by Megan and Stephanie on the day she moved in. It was

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absolutely beautiful, done in pink and soft blue colors. It was wonderful living there, and Stephanie never pushed Felicia into being babied when she didn't want to - which wasn't all that often. She did seem to have a talent to be able to tell just when Felicia did want to be babied but didn't want to ask. She was as much a big sister to Felicia as Felicia was to Sakura.

Sakura had been through many changes as well. Before she even went home from Felicia's, her mother had put her back into diapers, and Sakura hadn't worn a pair of panties ever since. Her Dad had been a little confused at first, but upon seeing her happiness at these little things, like bibs at meals, sleeping in her old crib, and drinking from a baby bottle, as well as seeing her nervousness that he would not still love and accept her after these changes, made his heart melt and now he was happy to have his Baby Girl back.

She had had a little trouble upon returning to school. Now that she had to wear diapers, some of her friends found out and wouldn't accept her. It was hard for her to get over the loss of these so-called friends, but she soon made new friends that didn't really care what she wore under her pants. Or, in Sakura's case, under her jumpers. Her class still had bathroom breaks, so she had to get past that as well. She just obligingly went along and just went in and came back out. She would go to the school nurse when she needed her diapers changed. At first, the other children made fun of her, but gradually it got old, and they moved on to making fun of someone else.

Generally, a move might have been good for Sakura, if it had been one not so far away. A new school, and now that she was old enough not to have to take bathroom breaks with the class, she probably would never get found out wearing diapers.

Life may be full of changes, and their lives might have changed in almost as many ways as they had had diaper changes, but this change was too much for Sakura. There was one possibility



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Felicia could see to help her sister out, but it was going to take a lot of work.

The first step would be to talk to Stephanie.



"She hates it there," Felicia finished up, summing up for Stephanie all the things that were bad about Sakura living in Japan.

"Licia, I know all that already," Stephanie said. "I have talked to her too, remember? I know you didn't give Megan \$20 for a movie to get her out of the house for a few hours just so you could tell me things we already know, so what is it?"

Felicia blushed. She hoped it hadn't been evident to Megan that she had been trying to get rid of her for a couple of hours. Of course, even if it was, Megan got to go see a movie and had gotten a couple of dollars extra from the change, so she didn't really care anyway. But Stephanie was very perceptive where Felicia was concerned.

Felicia took a deep breath. "I think Sakura needs to come back here to live. Provided I can convince Mom and Dad of that. Of course, she'd have to live somewhere..."

Stephanie couldn't resist poking a little fun at the way Felicia had worded it.

"So whatcha wanna do? Put her up at the Y?" She giggled at the look on Felicia's face. "Felicia, why are you so nervous about this? You know I love little Sakura, I'd love to have her live with us! And Megan will be absolutely thrilled."

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Felicia breathed a sigh of relief. She had been prepared to move out if she had to and just get an apartment for her and Sakura, but that would have been a very hard thing to do. She had come to love living with Megan and her mother Stephanie, and she hoped they felt the same way, but Sakura was her sister.

"I'll pay a larger part of the rent," she promised.

"Of course, you will," Stephanie said. At the look from Felicia, she said, "I mean, of course, I already knew you would offer to. Right now, I pay two-thirds and you pay one. If Sakura moves in, we will each pay half."

"Umm, just one thing," Felicia said. "Where will she sleep?"

"You know Megan won't hear of anything other than Sakura sharing her nursery..." Stephanie stated matter-of-factly, but Felicia was shaking her head.

"That is true, for a visit. Sakura will be living here, and really, at their age, they both need their own space. Umm... if you don't mind, I don't think it would take too much to turn the back porch into an extra bedroom. I'll pay for it all. But don't tell her about it. Remember how you surprised me?"

Stephanie thought about it, and finally even got up from the table and walked out onto the porch. It was true that they hardly ever used it except to walk into the back yard, and it had become a place to store things. Those things could be placed in the attic instead. The only other problem was getting permission from the owner to do some improvements to it, and that was never really a problem either. She hadn't told Felicia yet, but she was actually trying to buy the house, and the landlord was working with her on it because he wanted to get out from under the responsibility connected with owning the place. He was currently putting all the rent payments back as a possible down payment.

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"Okay, on one condition. You don't pay for all it yourself," said Stephanie. "I'd like it to be from all of us."

"Okay," Felicia said. "Now for the *really* big job." Stephanie looked at her questioningly. "Talking Mom into it."

## Chapter 2



"Time to get up, Sweetheart." Stephanie shook Megan's shoulder gently.

"Ungh." Megan rolled over in her crib and pulled the blankets over her head. "Five more minutes," came the muffled reply from under the blankets.

"You said that ten minutes ago," Stephanie told her. "Now come on."

She aimed a playful smack to her daughter's diapered bottom, visible as a lump beneath the blankets. The wet diaper made a loud slap noise, though Stephanie knew Megan would barely feel it.

The sound made her jump. "Hey!" She poked her head out from under the covers with a reproachful look.

"You're going to be late," Stephanie told her.

"It's not like I would miss anything important anyway," Megan said as she climbed out of the crib. "All we are doing is reviewing for our test next week. I already know all that stuff."

"Then I guess I can expect to see all A's on your report card then," Stephanie said, inwardly kicking herself when she realized she sounded just like her mother used to.

Megan shrugged as she climbed up onto the changing table, and Stephanie realized the threat wouldn't work anyway, the way it had for her mother on her. Megan usually brought home all A's. They were talking about letting her skip her next grade in school since she was so bored in her own grade and usually worked far

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ahead of her classmates in her books. If she did skip the next grade, Stephanie mused, she would start 8th-grade next fall - the same grade as Sakura. She was a year younger than Sakura, so she would be younger than the others in her class, but Megan usually fitted in pretty well, despite her intelligence.

"I hope Sakura won't be as hard to get out of bed as you are," she teased, as she removed Megan's wet diaper.

"Huh?" Megan woke up fully and looked at her mother. "Is 'Kura coming to visit?" she asked excitedly.

Stephanie grimaced inwardly. She hadn't meant for Megan to find out like this. In fact, she hadn't meant for Megan to find out at all until they were certain Sakura was going to come. This would be a sensitive subject with Megan. On one hand, she would be excited to have Sakura come, but on the other hand, she may be worried that she would have to sacrifice some of the love or attention she now received if Sakura lived with them. Of course, it wasn't true. Parents (and big sisters) have an unlimited supply of love and care, no matter how many little girls it has to be split among, but Megan wouldn't understand that yet.

"Umm..." Stephanie decided to approach the issue very gently and depending on Megan's reaction she would see if the time was right to tell her all yet. "Well, we aren't sure yet, so don't get too excited or say anything to her about it just yet. How would you feel about her visiting?"

"Are you kidding?" Megan gasped a little as Stephanie began cleaning her diaper area with a cold baby wipe. She waited until Stephanie was done cleaning her before continuing. "I love it when 'Kura visits. She's just like a twin sister!"

Stephanie looked at Megan's fair complexion and blonde hair and contrasted it to the picture of Sakura on her dresser, her dark hair and complexion being a beautiful feature, and wondered how Megan came up with a twin description. Megan looked more

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like she would be Felicia's sister rather than Sakura since Felicia was also fair.

"How long a visit would you want her to have?" Stephanie pushed a bit, as she slipped a clean diaper under Megan and pushed Megan's legs widely apart.

"Can she stay all summer?" Megan giggled, as Stephanie pulled the diaper up snugly and taped it in place. When Stephanie didn't answer right away, Megan got a little suspicious. "Hey... Can she stay all summer?"

Stephanie decided now was a good time to tell Megan. At least if nothing else, it would get it over with and out of the way.

"What if she stayed longer than that?"

"Live with us?" Megan thought about it. "That'd be great," she said. "She hates living in Japan."

"Yes, I know."

Stephanie idly wondered why Megan and Felicia both felt the need to keep informing her of how much Sakura disliked living in Japan. She slipped Megan's blouse onto her and was buttoning it up, also noticing that even though Megan was still her baby girl, still wanting to sleep in her crib, and wear diapers, she was growing up in other ways. The blouse was a little tight across Megan's chest.

Megan stood then, and Stephanie helped her into her skirt. Ever since she started wearing diapers constantly, Megan wouldn't wear pants. Skirts, skorts, culottes, dresses, and jumpers were her outfit of choice, since they hid the diapers better, and made it easy for her to change her diaper in school when she needed to.

"So, you wouldn't mind?" Stephanie asked as she grabbed the hairbrush and set to work on Megan's hair, while Megan struggled into her socks and shoes.

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"I don't think I would," Megan said. "It's going to be a little crowded in here though..." She looked around her nursery.

"Oh, we are building another room, remodeling the back porch," Stephanie told her. "Er - if she comes, that is."

Stephanie realized she was as excited about this as Felicia and Megan seemed to be.



"Ugh!" Megan complained as she lugged yet another several gallons of purple paint into the project-in-progress that was supposedly going to start resembling a nursery soon. "Tell me again why you bought this much paint?" she asked Felicia.

Felicia shrugged. "It was on special. It's twice the amount we needed, but it only cost a few dollars more that way than if I bought exactly what we needed. Besides, you never know when extra paint may come in handy."

"Yeah. Especially purple paint," Megan quipped, rolling her eyes.

"Maybe we'll need it for your nursery," Felicia said.

"Mine is wall-papered." Megan grinned.

"Your crib then."

"It's antique white..." Megan waited to see if Felicia had anything else.

"Ever wonder what you'd look like with purple hair?" Felicia asked her.

"Actually, yes, but Mom would kill me," Megan giggled. "Tattoos are kinda interesting too."

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Stephanie had come out onto the back porch by then. "Yes, Mom would kill you," she said as she ruffled Megan's hair. "And tattoos? Is this the same girl who screams so loud every time she gets a shot she makes several nurses retire early?"

"Shots don't make neat designs and pictures on your skin," Megan grumbled but knew she'd been bested. She sighed and looked around what would become the nursery for Sakura. "She'll like it here," she said. "The view out the window into the back yard is pretty, and it's right off the kitchen. It's kinda far from the bathroom, but somehow I don't think she'll care much about that," she giggled.

"Might be a bit cold in the winter," Felicia said. "We'll have to get a space heater for out here. I just noticed there are no heat vents."

"Yes, it's very hard to find a house with a heated porch," Stephanie laughed. "We'll just insulate the walls well and put in baseboard heating."

Felicia blushed a bit. She should have thought of baseboard heating. It was a good thing she had Stephanie around to remind her about such simple solutions. Plus, Stephanie always seemed to know just what to say and how to say it. It had been she, not Felicia, who finally convinced Felicia's mother to agree to send Sakura there.

She had been perfectly willing to send Sakura for the summer, but not to stay. Felicia tried and tried to argue Sakura's cause, all to no avail. It didn't help that Felicia had to wait until midnight her time in order to call at just the right time in order to catch her Mom at home, but before Sakura got home from school.

Stephanie had come out from her bedroom, watching Felicia sympathetically. Finally, as she saw Felicia was getting frustrated, she motioned for her to give her the phone. She talked to Li Chung for a just few minutes and was easily able to bring her around,



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simply by appealing to Li Chung on two counts. One, that she had done a good job raising Felicia and knew she could be trusted. And second, that it was easy to see that Sakura was unhappy in Japan, and it would be better for her to be back in the States. They would promise to send all Sakura's report cards to Japan, and if at any time Sakura got into a lot of trouble, she would have to go back to live with her parents in Japan.

Felicia had tried those angles as well, though maybe not in the same order. It was the way Stephanie had said it and the words she used that made it clear that it was the best choice, and that obviously Li Chung, being the loving mother that she was, knew this was what ought to be. Felicia watched, amazed, and wondered if Stephanie knew she had missed her calling as a salesperson – or a politician.

"It was easy," Stephanie told her later. "I just kept reinforcing the fact that she was a good mother, and this was a good idea until eventually, she thought she had come up with the idea herself." She smiled, then warned, "Just be sure Sakura stays out of trouble, or we're up the creek without a paddle."

"Hey!" Felicia jumped, coming out of her memories quickly as Megan tugged on her shirt. "Whatcha thinking 'bout?"

"Umm..."

Felicia blushed as she felt the warmth in her crotch. Megan had scared her. It was a good thing she had worn a diaper today. Stephanie, with her practiced eye of a mother, knew immediately what Felicia had done. She let Felicia save her pride though, as she told Megan some trivial excuse and went back to her bedroom. Stephanie followed a minute later to see if she needed any help.

# Chapter 3



They set a tentative date for Sakura to arrive on Saturday, June 1. By then, she would have finished out classes in Japan and had a little while to get packed and such. Megan would still have a week of class remaining. Of course, no one had even asked Sakura yet, but they all knew she would want to go. Megan had a hard time not telling her friend what they were planning when she talked to her the next time.

Megan had fallen into a pretty comfortable routine and wasn't sure how much it was going to change. Of course, it would change anyway with summer coming, so this was the best time to get Sakura there so that they would have the summer to adjust before going back to school. Megan would get up in the morning when her Mom came to get her up. Her Mom would change her diaper, and usually, she would also get her dressed, though there were other times she would let Megan dress herself. She didn't want Megan to become *too* dependent on her. She would have breakfast, and when she chose to, she could sit in the highchair for breakfast. This was a signal to her Mom that she wanted to be babied, and she would then have a bib and bottle at breakfast. She would go and brush her teeth then and wash her face and neck and behind her ears, and her Mom would brush her hair. The last thing she always did before rushing out the door to catch her bus was check the backpack she always carried to school to make sure she had two extra diapers, the travel case of wipes, and the travel baby powder in the hidden pocket Felicia had helped her sew into the inner lining of the backpack.

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If Megan needed to change during the day, she went to the restroom, into a stall, and changed her diaper there. There had been a couple of close calls, but so far no one had caught her changing or disposing of the used diaper. She had to always remember what diaper she had used, and how it had felt and worked since she was still in the diaper testing program. The program didn't pay all that much, but at least she got free diapers! On days when she used diapers that she knew were not very good, she had convinced her Mom to buy her several packs of plastic panties, which she would wear over the disposable diaper.

When she got home from school, she almost always took a nap in her crib. Exceptions were made if she had a friend over after school. Megan only had friends come over to the house if they already knew about her diapers and her nursery bedroom. Most of her friends had thought it was pretty cool, and some found it cute. One even asked to try on one of her diapers. She had lost a couple of friends over it, but Megan gained new friends easily enough. If they couldn't accept every aspect of her life, she figured they weren't very good friends anyway.

So, when she got home, her diaper was checked immediately, whether she had friends with her or not. Of course, she commonly found this at least slightly embarrassing, and even though her friends knew about it, it would usually lead to a few giggles. If it needed to be changed, she would be changed in the nursery. Megan had a couple of friends that had followed her to the nursery and watched her have her diaper changed, but most of the time they just waited in the front rooms for her. For the rest of the day, her diapers would be checked and changed by either Stephanie or Felicia.

At supper, she always wore a bib. And it seemed that she needed to a lot of the time too. Occasionally, she would be joined by Felicia in this. She knew also that Felicia wore diapers quite often, but she never brought it up. Well, she *usually* didn't bring it up.

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Okay, *sometimes* she didn't bring it up. It was fun to watch Felicia blush.

If she had an afternoon nap, she could stay up until 9:30. Otherwise, she had to be in bed by 9:00. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays were bath nights. She could take baths or showers on other nights herself, but these were the nights she was bathed like a baby by either Stephanie or Felicia. Once again, sometimes she was joined on bath nights by Felicia, and Stephanie would give both girls a bath – sometimes even together. She always loved watching Felicia get diapered after these baths. After her bath, her Mommy would diaper her in a night diaper, put her pajamas on her, and hold her close while feeding her a bottle of warmed milk. She hadn't liked warm milk at one time, but now she was starting to love it. Many times, by the time she was put down in her crib, she was already asleep.

There had been a couple of times that Megan had friends sleep over. They always slept on a mattress on the floor of the nursery – except one. One friend, the same friend who asked to try on a diaper, had slept in the crib with her. She had a feeling this friend was also a Teen Baby, but she insisted she wasn't when Sakura asked her.

The routine had been interrupted very little by the remodeling of the back porch into a nursery. They had just worked it in on afternoons and evenings, with Stephanie doing a bit more during the day when she could fit it in. By the third week of May, it was finished, and they were leaving the windows open on warmer days to try and get the paint smell aired out in time. Everything was right on track as far as time went.

The walls were painted lilac. Sakura loved that color. And regular purple just wasn't good enough either. If you said Sakura's favorite color was purple, she would correct you and say it was lilac.

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The carpet and mini blinds on the windows were a bit of a darker shade. There was a ceiling fan in the middle of the ceiling, and the blades of the fan were decorated with pictures of little fairy girls. This was also the theme of the bedding in Sakura's new crib, the curtains, and the mobile above her crib (a gift from Megan). The dresser, crib, and changing table were all white, resembling the furniture in Megan's nursery, which Sakura had secretly (or she had thought it was secretly) coveted.

Felicia had gone to the store and was about to bankrupt herself on bibs, bottles, pacifiers, and the like when Stephanie stopped her and pointed out that perhaps Sakura ought to pick these things out for herself. That way she would be sure to get what she liked. Besides, she was sure to have some stuff with her already. Stephanie briefly imagined Sakura traveling on the plane with a diaper bag as her carry-on.

Felicia suddenly stopped in the aisle with a strange look on her face. "Uh-oh," she said. Megan giggled as a small wet spot appeared on Felicia's jeans.

"Looks like somebody shoulda wore her diapers," Megan teased.

Stephanie turned around to see what she was talking about. "Oh, Felicia," she said. "You know you should always wear diapers if we are going to be out for a while. I have one that will fit you in the diaper bag; do you need it?" Felicia nodded, very embarrassed, and Stephanie took her and Megan into the store restroom.

Megan watched as Stephanie pulled Felicia's jeans down, revealing her wet bikini panties. "Don't worry about the spot on your jeans, they are dark, and no one will notice unless they are looking for it," Stephanie soothed.

She pulled Felicia's panties off, revealing her smooth skin, which she kept shaved always. Stephanie took out the baby wipes and wiped the wet area up, then put baby powder on Felicia.

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Finally, she unfolded the diaper and had Megan hold the back flaps up against Felicia while she pulled the front through and then taped it snugly.

“There we go, a nice dry baby,” Stephanie said, patting the front of Felicia’s diaper. Megan giggled and helped pull Felicia’s jeans back up, which now had a slight bulge, as noticeable as the wet spot. If you were looking for it, you would see it.

Megan was then checked and found that her diaper was wet as well. She was changed on the baby changing station. “How come you didn’t put Felicia up here?” she asked.

“It would have been even harder to change her diaper if we had used this, with her legs dangling off the end,” Stephanie told her, as she removed the wet diaper and cleaned her daughter up. “You fit on here, but Felicia’s just a little too big for it.” She pulled the new diaper up between Megan’s legs and taped it in front. “*Two* dry babies,” she said, patting Megan’s diaper. Megan reached into the diaper bag and grabbed her favorite pacifier before her mother closed it, and popped it in her mouth, content to suck on it even when they were in public.

“I’m kinda hungry,” Felicia commented as they came out of the Ladies’ Room.

“Mmph oo,” agreed Megan around the pacifier in her mouth. Stephanie looked at her.

“Sweetheart, what did I tell you about talking when you have your binky?”

Megan blushed and pulled the pacifier out of her mouth. “Sorry, Mommy. I said, ‘Me, too.’”

She popped the pacifier back in and looked at them with wide, innocent eyes. Felicia tried not to laugh, remembering that Sakura could do that same look, and wondering if Megan had

learned it from her, or if it was just a natural inborn ability for children.

“Anyway, how about McDonald’s?” she said, before allowing herself to laugh at Megan’s antics. Megan smiled and looked at her mother hopefully. Stephanie relented, seeing that even if she didn’t want to, she was outnumbered.



“I’ll get my chair,” Megan said, going to the highchairs and pulling one out for herself, pulling it across to a table. Some of the patrons smiled as they watched this.

Stephanie looked at the highchairs, then looked at Felicia, and tried to imagine what Felicia would look like seated in one of the baby chairs. “Don’t even *think* about it,” Felicia said, as though she had read Stephanie’s mind.

Stephanie giggled, sounding much like Megan. “Too late, I already thought of it,” she said. “Okay, I won’t try that, but maybe you should wear a bib,” she told Felicia.

“Here?” Felicia squeaked, her eyes widening a little.

“Well...” Stephanie appeared to be thinking about it. “Okay, but one spot on your shirt, and I’ll get the big bib out for you. It’s in the diaper bag you know.”

“Sometimes I think you carry an entire nursery in there,” Felicia said. They got to the front of the line and ordered their food. The clerk kept looking at Megan, and eyeing the diaper bag suspiciously, but didn’t say anything - which was a good thing, since Felicia had been known to take nosy people down a peg or two.

A few others were still watching as Stephanie put Megan’s drink into a baby bottle and gave it to her. Megan had already

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pulled herself up into the highchair and pulled the tray in place, and Stephanie put a bib on her.

Two tables over, Megan could hear one old lady say to another, “That child is too old for a baby bottle! She must be at least four – and look – I think she is wearing diapers too!” Megan felt indignant, not about the diapers and baby bottle, but because of the loss of eight years to her age. She was about to correct the lady about her age, but then she realized that this would not be a whole lot better. Instead, she wondered what the ladies would do if Felicia had her bottle.

Megan smiled happily as she realized all the food was stuff she could pick up with her fingers, so she could eat like a real baby. French fries, chicken nuggets, and her baby bottle had coke in it.

“You know you’ll soak your diaper before we even get home if you get that with your Happy Meal,” her Mom warned her, but Megan didn’t care. That’s what she was wearing diapers for, anyway.

After they ate, they went back to the car and drove home. Megan missed her car seat. She had gotten just a bit too big for it the previous summer, and they stopped using it. They used to have another one for Sakura to use when she visited as well. She did have to admit that it was uncomfortable to ride in when her hips started to widen a bit, especially on long trips.

Sure enough, when they got home, Megan could feel that her Mom had been right and she felt a warm rush flow into the diaper as they turned into the driveway. Felicia took her to her nursery when they got in and changed her diaper. She also put her into her thick nighttime diaper, even though it wasn’t too late yet.

“We’ll just test this night diaper and see how long it can really go,” Felicia said to her with a wink. Megan simply giggled as Felicia got out her pink baby doll nightie and put it on her. It was just long enough to cover her diaper if she stood perfectly straight



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and still. Felicia liked to put this on Megan because as she walked, the diaper would peek out with every step she took.

They went to watch a little TV before bed, and Megan curled up in her mother's lap. She watched a couple of shows, then felt her eyelids start to droop. She tried to stay perfectly still and hoped her mother would forget it was her bedtime. Presently, she felt a rubber nipple tease her lips, and found herself sucking warmed milk from a baby bottle. The next time she awoke, it was just a fleeting second as her mother was laying her in her crib. She was aware that her diaper was wet but didn't have time to think about it before she fell asleep once again.