

# Getting Home

## Chapter III

*A story by BecomingBabyAgain*

*That's when Emily felt her stomach rumble slightly.*

The three of them set about searching the room at once, leaving Matt sat on the floor playing. Each of them naturally seemed to drift towards one area of the room, Eric drifted towards the crib, Emily towards the changing table with its stacks of diapers and Annie heading over towards the toy chest.

Emily worked without a care or respect for the room she was trapped in, checking for anything that might be their key to getting out of there, she ripped open packs of diapers and flung them on the raised changing mat. As she leaned over to reach around, she felt her tummy shiver as it let out a loud whine. "Ughhh!" she moaned as her hands rubbed and felt around her upset stomach.

"Just let it happen" said Eric, whose diaper was still perfectly clean, "it's happened to us all before"

"No way! Said Emily, "I'm going to keep this stupid diaper clean. I'm leaving this place and I'm leaving it with my pants clean!" She carried on rummaging round all the different baby powders and lotions.

"Wow, look at this" said Annie who was reaching deep into the chest of toys.

"What is it?" Annie pulled her arm up and out.

"It's a teddy bear!"

"Yeah? So what?"

"But look," insisted Annie, "It's exactly like the one that Matt is playing with!"

"I don't get it" said Eric, "How does that help us?"

"Doesn't it look adorable? Don't you just want to play with it a little?"

"No?" said Emily, a little concerned by what she was seeing.

"Play... just a little" whispered Annie. She gazed at the bear longingly as she held it in her arms. She walked over to where Matt was sat on the floor with his own teddy bear in his arms, although it was more like a slight waddle with her slightly damp diaper between her legs. Then her legs bent slightly as she felt herself unknowingly begin pushing and grunting a thick mess into back of a diaper, it made a loud "fwump" sound as it filled her padded seat. Her legs totally gave way under her then as if she couldn't support her weight anymore and she landed with a firm thud on the floor, squishing around in her newly warm mushy diaper.

It must have been quite painful, the thick cushioning of her padding didn't help much, and tears began to well up in the corner of her eyes, that is until Matt picked up the teddy bear

that she'd dropped in her fall and gently placed it back in her arm. Annie gazed at it again before giving it a tight hug, this made Matt giggle while a stream of dribble fell down his cheeks.

Emily knew, it wasn't long before she would run out of time before she'd be reduced to that level. The constant rumbling and aching of her stomach heralded that awful prospect. She carried on searching until Eric almost screamed her name. There, hidden away under the crib was a small doll, snugly tucked away and out of sight as if it had long since been dropped behind the crib and forgotten about. As Emily came over to see, it was just out of reach and covered in a thick layer of dust that almost seemed to cover it.

"That's it" she said, and they agreed. That was the cursed Doll that took them here, but would it take them back. Emily knew that, if her or Eric weren't there than Matt and Annie, one of which was playing quietly and the other rocking back and forth enjoying the smell and the squish of the dirty diaper between her legs, would never find this doll hidden away in their reduced state.

Emily's tummy churned, she let out a little moan of almost pain, but she was determined now. She ran over and grabbed Annie by the hand and pulled her back towards the crib as Eric did the same to Matt. They all lay beside the crib, and as Emily got down onto her front, the pressure he was holding in became too much to bear.

All four of them reached out towards the doll, coated in dust. In the darkness under the crib, Emily saw the thing move, at least it looked like it moved. Its head seemed to turn slightly to look at them. They all strained as they tried to reach it, even to brush it slightly with their fingertips. That's when the doll vanished.

The lights went dark, soft twinkly music began to play, and Emily loudly messed her diaper for the first time. Letting out a loud wail of relief and feeling it spread around the inside of her diaper. Then she cried... was there really no way out?