

## The sweet taste of lemon

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/57975142) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/57975142>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Rape/Non-Con</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">citrus - サブrouタ   citrus - Saburouta</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Aihara Mei/Aihara Yuzu</a> , <a href="#">Aihara Mei/Momokino Himeko</a> , <a href="#">Aihara Yuzu/Momokino Himeko</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Aihara Mei</a> , <a href="#">Aihara Yuzu</a> , <a href="#">Momokino Himeko</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Scat</a> , <a href="#">Soiling</a> , <a href="#">messing</a> , <a href="#">ABDL</a> , <a href="#">Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">Diapers</a> , <a href="#">Blackmail</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-06 Updated: 2025-05-20 Words: 12,047 Chapters: 2/?

# The sweet taste of lemon

by [MaiBaom](#)

## Summary

A story cowritten by an anon and me.

Himeko is jealous of all the attention that Mei has been giving to that delinquent, Yuzu Aihara. She hatched a plan that will solve the problem and maybe take care of the "baby" once in for all.

## Notes

Yuzu will be having both types of accidents in this story, however messing will be later on in the chapter. The first two chapter will non-messing.

## A surprise visitor

It was shaping up to be a pleasant evening now that all the drama seemed to be behind them for once. Yuzu still couldn't believe how good it felt to have everything out in the open. It even seemed to have brought a touch of warmth and gentleness out of Mei of late, which was a sure sign that something must be going right. Not to mention, they had the whole weekend alone together now to enjoy. Yuzu could only shiver in anticipation of everything that might mean. For now, she was simply working on cooking them a special meal to enjoy: a rice and lamb dish with a new experimental blend of spices that Yuzu felt would be a masterstroke.

Everything had to be perfect to set the tone for the evening to come. First, the lamb is browned just right and sautéed in the pan. Second, the rice was brought out of the rice cooker as soon as it was freshly done and then fried in the juices. Then, the vegetables were added for stir-frying until crisp. Finally, the carefully proportioned addition of spices, in a ratio and mix that Yuzu had dreamed about and planned out so intricately in her mind that she could already conceptualize precisely what the taste would be. It should produce the perfect mood, in conjunction with a few lit candles and a little silverware. Mei was in the other room, studying, but Yuzu couldn't wait to bring her through once everything was prepared, to bask in her humorless approval.

And then it would be time for bed. An early bedtime, perhaps. Perhaps prefaced by a bit of bathing. Then, a shared bed for once... and whatever happened after that. Yuzu suppressed another little shudder, feeling almost dizzy at the thought. What might Mei do to her in response to such a well-planned evening? This time, Yuzu knew... this time she wouldn't resist. Not even the slightest bit.

The doorbell rang. Yuzu frowned, taking the pan off the heat to add her masterstroke. They weren't expecting anybody; it was too late for any official visitor or a parcel. Barefoot, in her most seductively fashionable clothes, she padded her way to the door, knowing Mei wouldn't appreciate being distracted as yet, so it was best to move quickly to answer it. Frankly, she wished she didn't have to, but she knew Mei wouldn't consider it proper to ignore.

However, Yuzu felt her heart sink when she opened the door and saw who was waiting on the other side. Himeko, of all people, is in a typically overblown frilly pink party dress of a style that might have been a bit much, even for a five-year-old's princess-themed birthday. It clashed even more with her raven black hair, somehow still making her look gothic despite the abundance of girly color and high white lacy stockings.

"Are you going to let me in?" she demanded, already stepping through the entryway in such a way that Yuzu had to step back or risk being shouldered aside. Mei might have warmed a little recently, but there was little question that Himeko still held Yuzu with a reasonable degree of contempt. Stepping out of her clumpy shoes, she left them for Yuzu to arrange and walked past her without any further acknowledgment. Yuzu was rather tempted to hide the grotesque, unwieldy things, but anything that gave Himeko an excuse to stay here a moment longer than intended was the last thing she wanted right now. More worrying, still, was the rolling suitcase Himeko had towed in behind her, almost as if she was moving in. Surely not.

“We’re... kind of having a special evening right now,” Yuzu found herself following after Himeko as she went from room to room, clearly looking for Mei. “What is it that you need?”

“I need to speak to Mei,” Himeko enunciated with eye-rolling precision.

“She’s in the study,” Yuzu indicated crossly, wondering why Himeko couldn’t have just asked politely and let Yuzu direct her in the first place.

“Very well,” Himeko skidded on her heel and headed in that direction. “You can go. I’ve got something I must talk to her about privately.”

Yuzu looked after her in disbelief, thinking even for Himeko, this was a bit much to turn up and start ordering Yuzu around in her own home. Had she broken new rules at school that she didn’t even know about yet to prompt this new level of condescension? But, even then, why not wait until Monday to unleash disdain? What business did she have with Mei that couldn’t wait until then?

Simply to make the point that she couldn’t be bossed around, Yuzu followed Himeko into the study, though she already knew how the situation was likely to play out. Mei was sitting and studying at the central table, looking plain and severe compared to Yuzu or Himeko’s ridiculous outfit. She quickly set aside a giant teddy bear as they both came in, as if she didn’t want either of them to think she might have been nestling up with it while she studied. Otherwise, her simple jeans and plain top made her look every bit the casual but committed student and somewhat contracted Yuzu’s ‘special evening’ claim, however true it might have been.

“Himeko,” she greeted her contemporary with stern formality, not acknowledging Yuzu. “What can I do for you?”

“A few words, please,” Himeko glowered towards Yuzu. “In private.”

Mei nodded officiously,

“Very well,” she looked at Yuzu for the first time. “Leave us for a minute, please,” she directed coolly.

Yuzu hesitated, feeling trapped, but she knew Mei wouldn’t brook any refusal or argument, and any attempt to do so would only ruin their evening anyway. So she retreated, against all her best judgment, and returned to her kitchen.

There, the special dinner was all but ruined. Yuzu had thought enough to move it off the heat, but the pan had been red-hot enough to continue cooking the whole time she’d been preoccupied. Now, the vegetables had patches of dark brown at the corners and had begun to seize together into glutinous lumps. Even if she still tried to add the spices now, they wouldn’t mix appropriately through the dish; the perfect moment for that had passed. It felt petty: the food was still perfectly edible, but Yuzu could have wept. It felt unfair to blame Himeko for this, but in her heart, Yuzu knew she still did. She couldn’t even dish it up yet, as who knew how long Mei might be. It did not matter anymore that she set the pan to keep warm inside the oven.

“So, what are you cooking there?” Himeko was the first to make an appearance, looking far brighter and more upbeat than she had before, even if still firmly asserting herself over Yuzu at every opportunity. “I’ll take a plate if it’s going.”

‘It’s not,’ Yuzu wanted to say. ‘It’s a special meal. Just for Mei and me.’ But it wasn’t extraordinary anymore. Anyway, before she could get anything of the sort to come out, Mei made an appearance of her own.

“Yes, set another place, please,” she instructed. “Himeko is going to be staying over. There’s a project she needs some help with.”

“What?!” Yuzu gaped, unable to disguise her disappointment. “But... this was supposed to be...”

“Don’t be rude, Yuzu,” Mei reproached sternly. “There’ll be plenty of other weekends and evenings for all that.”

Holding back tears and trying not to let them show, Yuzu shoveled portions of the gloopy, unspiced meal onto plates and brought them to the table, where Mei and Himeko were already sitting down and waiting for her. The unlit candles and silverware seemed very out of place right now.

“Never mind,” Himeko rolled her eyes as Yuzu made to sit down, on autopilot. “I guess I’ll get us some drinks, then.” She was already getting to her feet, with clear exasperation at Yuzu’s lack of good hosting. Yuzu made to follow her, but Himeko was already so far on her way that she seemed almost eager.

“Sit down,” Mei instructed disapprovingly as Himeko shot her a final backward prompting glance. “Let her do it, now.”

“What’s she even doing here?” Yuzu protested one last despairing time.

“Stop it,” Mei snapped. “I told you. There’s a project. A fundraising scheme she wants to launch next week and needs some help with testing. Don’t worry, it won’t involve you. Just she and I will be busy with it this evening.”

This evening. Their evening. The evening that everything was supposed to... That was supposed to culminate in. Yuzu swallowed hard, trying not to make a scene.

In the kitchen, Himeko prepared the drinks. She put a lot of effort into searching out ice and cordial and producing three colored glasses stacked high with ice and spring water and heavily flavored, one for each of them. She even remembered Yuzu’s favorite combination of orange and lemon when stirring up a drink for her, which was quite different from her own blackcurrant or Mei’s plain water. Then, placing the glasses on a tray, she added just one more ingredient to further enhance Yuzu’s drink: a tiny packet of powder retrieved from the folds of her dress.

She'd been entirely responsible, Himeko reminded herself as she carefully mixed the powder in until it was dissolved into invisibility. She'd tested this on herself in the same dose and combination a few days before, so she knew it wasn't harmful. But it had certainly had the required effect on her, however unpleasantly, so she was also confident that it would work.

This was the start of the actual project for this weekend: something quite different from what even Mei understood to be the case. Well, it was for her good, as much as it had to do with Yuzu. For this to work, Mei also had to be kept in the dark. Smiling to herself, Himeko picked up the tray and bore it back into the other two girls with a wide and congenial smile spread across her face.

Yuzu ate and drank mechanically, her thoughts a million miles away. The food wasn't that bad, but it was pretty bland, and certainly a long way from the kind of remarkable she'd ever thought to aim for. It said that Himeko seemed to have managed to throw together a set of drinks with more flavour and panache in only a few minutes, than Yuzu had managed to produce from an hour of carefully planned cookery. She didn't want to drink it, but at this point, complete refusal would have been apparent bitter pettiness of a toddler-like nature. Oddly, the more she sipped, the thirstier she seemed to feel, so despite her best intentions, Yuzu found herself draining the entire glass well before either of the others. She could almost do with another one; perhaps it was just all the suppressed emotion drying out her airways.

The end of the meal couldn't come soon enough, even if only so Yuzu could go refill her glass from the kitchen sink. Maybe she'd also used too much salt in the meal, although she hadn't really tasted it. Mind you, she hadn't really tasted anything. Just let this evening be over; that was all she wanted now.

"You can wash up, Yuzu," Mei leaned into the kitchen. "Himeko wants me to go upstairs and see about this project."

"Yeah, great," Yuzu sighed, thinking at least she could be alone with her thoughts for a while.

"And stop sulking," Mei walked over to her and pulled Yuzu roughly around to face her. Yuzu was about to retort, but Mei kissed her aggressively on the lips, silencing her before she could say a word. Yuzu found herself kissing back, communicating without saying a word. "I'll see to you later," Mei pulled away after a long, challenging moment, leaving that prospect still dangling.

After that, Yuzu felt a little better, working her way through the greasy piles of washing up alone. She wondered if that meant Mei might still visit her tonight after lights out, perhaps even sliding her way inside her duvet once Himeko was asleep, and... Yuzu's mind began to quiver again, working its way through a dozen scenarios in anticipation.

She had to pee. Little surprise, really, considering she'd put away two big glasses of drink in the last hour or so. Although, it was strange how quickly the feeling seemed to come on, or how swollen her bladder seemed to feel, how suddenly. Yuzu groaned but forced herself to finish the washing up before attending to her own needs. A little discomfort was probably good for her to take her mind off other things right now.

Once everything was washed, dried, and put away, Yuzu went upstairs to the bathroom, wincing a little at the pressure inside her. It was strange how she could quite happily have drunk another glass already, to the extent that she was palpably thirsty, yet the previous ones seemed to have gone straight through her. Still, it wasn't as if relief was more than a few dozen steps away. Except...

Yuzu groaned as she approached the bathroom door and heard the sound of voices echoing from within. Why were they in there, of all places? Both of them? And what were they possibly doing? As Yuzu drew nearer, she heard the sound of gentle splashing and then low laughter from behind the half-open door. Her bladder twinged, urging her she was going to have to go in. This wasn't going to wait for all that long.

Except, wait was precisely what it was going to have to do. Yuzu cautiously pushed open the door to see what possible scene could lie ahead. Inside, a wave of humidity and scent enveloped her. Himeko was sitting on the toilet lid, fully dressed in her frilly pink bouffant. On the other hand, Mei was lying in the brim-full bath, naked. Yuzu hurriedly averted her eyes, even though she undoubtedly had far more propriety to look than Himeko ever ought to have been able to assume. Mei seemed relatively unconcerned, however.

"What are you doing?!" Yuzu started, not quite sure where she was supposed to look.

"My project," Himeko glared sternly. "Aren't you supposed to be washing up?"

"It's done," Yuzu glowered back. "I came up for the toilet."

"It's occupied," Himeko confronted her, pointedly not moving from her perch. "Come back later."

Yuzu didn't want to show weakness or play into Himeko's little power game by asking 'how much later,' so instead, she repeated,

"What is this? What are you doing? What project?"

This time, it was Mei who answered, sitting up in the bath so that her breasts were carelessly front and center on display.

"Testing different bath bombs," she sighed. "If you must know. Mei will be selling them at school, and she thinks she needs a second tester to confirm they have the same effects."

"They're not just bath bombs," Himeko explained with an exasperated tone, quite obviously directed in only one direction. "They have a different mixture of medical compounds, with different effects on the skin and pores. I've tested them myself, of course, but now I need Mei to make a blind report for each so I know she sees the same results and feels the same as I did. It's science."

Yuzu stared in disbelief. This was what her anticipated evening had been subverted for? She felt too incredulous now to even be angry anymore. Instead, another painful urge from her bladder reminded her she had more pressing issues to address.

“How many have you got to test?” she demanded, still not wanting to come right out and ask how long.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Himeko waved her hand. “Five or six, perhaps.”

“And... what?” Yuzu tried to figure out, “You’re running a fresh bath for each one?”

“It’s a carefully controlled experiment,” Himeko glared at her. “And showering off and recording a report in between. Come back in half an hour, and we’ll let you know how we’re getting on.”

Yuzu squirmed the feeling of pressure inside her, convincing her she had to ask.

“Can’t I... can’t I still use the bathroom, in-between?”

“No,” Himeko asserted without any question in her voice at all. “We’re doing a proper experiment. No interruptions. You can wait half an hour. You’re not a baby.”

Yuzu winced, thinking that if Himeko only knew her current internal state, she might not be so sure about the waiting half an hour. Even in the time they’d been talking, she could already feel her bladder going from very uncomfortable to actively painful. Nevertheless, by challenging her maturity, Himeko made Yuzu seem impossible.

“Go on, Yuzu,” Mei sighed from her position, sealing the deal definitively. “Go away. Let us get on with this.”

Yuzu groaned, but she was obliged to do so now. There was no other option short of making a real spectacle of herself. Slipping to her room, she paced, looking at the clock. Half an hour? She was painfully urgent now. The way this was progressing, by then, she’d be in agony. And half an hour sounded very much like fobbing her off. Five bath refills, plus extras in that time? There was no way she wouldn’t be coming back to find them more than halfway through this nonsense.

No more than five minutes later, Yuzu whimpered and pressed her legs together uncomfortably. This was ridiculous. How often had she held it for hours before, on a coach, a train, or even a long country walk? But she’d never felt this bad before, this quickly. Yuzu cast her eyes anxiously around the room, finally landing on a large decorative vase on the corner of one window ledge, that had sat there unnoticed for years. Could she, maybe...?

No. That was disgusting. Yuzu reproached herself for even thinking about it. Himeko was right; she wasn’t a baby.

But she couldn’t go back there prematurely. Himeko wasn’t going to move without a major fuss. And the way she felt now, even standing in that kind of close proximity to the toilet, however inaccessible, might set her off. Yuzu squeezed her legs together and bobbed up and down, screwing up her eyes. This couldn’t really be happening. She wasn’t going to do it in her pants.

After another five minutes, the situation seemed impossible. Yuzu grabbed the vase off the window sill and held it in her hands, but she didn't know what she intended to do with it. How would she even? Her mind raced through other possibilities. Outside? A towel? A bucket? Some newspaper? A plastic bag? The kitchen sink? She found reason to reject each one out of prudishness, dignity, or simple hygiene. But everything she pictured only made it worse. Eventually, she couldn't help but stumble back towards the bathroom, already knowing it would be too late. She would make a spectacle of herself to make her humiliation so much more complete, but Yuzu didn't know what else to do.

"Please..." she came stumbling back in, long before her thirty-minute deadline. "Please... I really gotta..."

"What?" Himeko looked up laconically as if she really didn't know. Once again, it was apparent she wasn't leaving her current seat without a back-and-forth argument of several steps. Yuzu wasn't looking at her, however, but at her unobtainable objective instead. And, just as she had predicted, it had the expected effect, somehow telling her body that she was close enough to start the process, even if her mind knew it was far more like a case of 'so close, but yet so far.'

First, it was just a tiny involuntary spurt, almost a convulsion, but hopefully unnoticeable. Then, however, the convulsion came again and was longer, with a sense of spreading heat and blissful, blissful release. It felt so good, and the relief was so intense that it was undeniable after that. Yuzu pressed her legs together with all her might, but she'd already started peeing steadily and couldn't stop. Soaking warmth went down the inside leg of her best satin leggings, and kept expanding down and outwards.

"Seriously?" Mei sat up again from the tub while Himeko just sat and watched and made no effort to move out of the way.

By the time Yuzu was done, she was standing in a puddle of her pee. She'd felt it streaming from her inner ankle and pooling outwards from the instep of her foot, not even halfway finished. Thank goodness she was in bare feet because socks would be truly disgusting right now. As it was, Yuzu didn't even know how to take a step without spreading this disaster further around. She stood frozen, with a throbbing red face, uncertain what to do.

"Jesus," Himeko appraised, summing up the scene, although it was unlikely she was channeling enough wit to picture Yuzu 'walking on water.' Instead, she looked over at Mei and raised a cynical eyebrow in reference. "I think you might need to take care of your girlfriend here," she remarked scornfully, finally standing up to skirt Yuzu and her disgrace. "I didn't know she had problems like that."

"I... don't..." Yuzu tried to protest, but it was a little hard to deny when she was standing with sodden clothes right in the center of evidence to the contrary.

To Mei's credit, as soon as Himeko left the room, she did exactly as suggested. Rising from the bathwater, she came out of the water towards Yuzu, naked and dripping, not concerned about spreading her share of water around the room. When she approached Yuzu, she came towards her, stepping her way into the warm puddle without concern. Yuzu almost wondered

if they might embrace, but instead, Mei simply started stripping her down as brusquely as undressing a mannequin. When she spoke to Yuzu, too, it was with characteristic brutality.

“For goodness sake. You are an embarrassment.”

Yuzu nodded her agreement, reflecting how, in any other circumstance, being savagely undressed by a naked Mei might have gone beyond any of her former fantasies. Right now, however, she wasn't sure whether to be grateful for the practical assistance or further humiliated beyond belief. She couldn't believe she'd done that, but it had just happened. She couldn't help it. It hadn't been her fault. But why, then?

“You better get in this bath,” Mei steered her once Yuzu was definitively and unresistingly disrobed. Usually, she'd still have been bashful about her nakedness, but it didn't really seem to matter now. Not when Mei was mopping her bodily liquid from the bathroom floor with a towel. Yuzu sank under the surface, grateful at least for that amount of coverage and praying Himeko didn't think to come back in. The water was indeed silky smooth and oily, in an exceptional way, and strongly scented with a citrus aroma. It seemed to slightly coat her skin, although Yuzu had no idea what effect it was supposed to have. “Stay still,” Mei returned towards her, having rolled Yuzu's clothes up in the same sodden towel she'd used to soak her pee. “I can't believe you did that.”

“Neither can I,” Yuzu confessed pitifully. “I couldn't help it.”

Mei sighed, still stark naked, as she knelt beside the bath. Yuzu watched her uneasily as she picked up a cloth, uncertain what she intended to do with it.

“You certainly know how to humiliate yourself,” Mei reproached her, and again, Yuzu could hardly disagree. “You're not a baby, are you? You are potty-trained?”

Yuzu indeed used to think so. She'd never felt herself just let go like that. At least not anytime since she was not much more than a baby. Until now, she'd always assumed she could trust her body and not betray her in such a fundamental kind of way. But the way this had come on so quickly and the way it had finally happened so convulsively... it made her feel like maybe something really had gone wrong. A bladder infection, perhaps? At least, if that were the case, it might pass. Yuzu definitely didn't want to be in this position again.

Or maybe she did, considering what came next.

“Open your legs,” Mei bent over to reach into the bathtub with the cloth.

“Wh... what?” Yuzu stammered, but Mei was already there, gently working the cloth between them with no concern for how she touched Yuzu. Yuzu gasped as she felt the soft fabric and Mei's fingers touching her, right precisely there. “D... don't...” she stammered.

“Relax,” Mei ordered her sternly, making gentle circles. “We've got to get you clean.”

Then, somehow, they were kissing, and Mei's other hand was running over Yuzu's naked breast as the cloth went back and forth and did its work.

“You’re a filthy girl,” Mei told her, and again, there was little Yuzu could say to disagree as she felt the cloth make ever-decreasing spirals inwards. Her back arching, she fell into a whole new involuntary spiral, pushing back hard against the fabric and fingers and begging Mei to finish her work. When she came, it was with another convulsive rush of fluid, and Yuzu could only pray. Mei couldn’t tell from underwater.

Subdued by her release’s endorphins and gentle haze, Mei led Yuzu out of the bathroom, wrapped only in a towel, and guided her towards the bedroom.

“Get into your pajamas,” Mei instructed her strictly. “You might as well get ready for bed now while Himeko and I finish up.”

Beyond all resistance, Yuzu nodded. Maybe an early night would be suitable for her, in fact. Indeed, she wasn’t in any hurry to face Himeko again herself. Of all the nights for this to happen, why did it have to occur before her? Mei’s judgment was bad enough.

“I can’t believe her,” Himeko opined, running a clean bathtub once the two of them were back together in the bathroom, and Mei was once again ready to prostrate herself in front of Himeko’s eyes. She could always look, even though as long as Yuzu was on the scene, she seemed unlikely to ever get to touch. Although, if Himeko’s intentions continued to go to plan, perhaps Yuzu wouldn’t be for very long. “I mean, seriously, Mei, what do you even see in somebody like that, who isn’t even potty-trained?”

“I don’t know,” Mei shrugged. “She never did that before.”

Himeko scoffed,

“Not in front of you, perhaps. Something like that isn’t the thing that only happens once.”

“What do you mean?” Mei asked as Himeko carefully dropped a new bath bomb into the fresh water and waited for it to dissolve. All those extra pharmaceuticals she’d bought alongside the ones she’d acquired for Yuzu had to be used for something, even if that something was really only covered.

“Well, my mother used to say…” Himeko shrugged, smoothing down her crinkly dress and trying not to look too impassively at the soft curves of Mei’s still-naked body, “... you’re either properly potty-trained, or you’re not. It kind of looks like your ‘special friend’ isn’t even that,” she noted disdainfully. “No wonder she can’t meet the standards at school if she can’t even manage the kindergarten ones.”

Mei stepped into the water, dismissive of Himeko’s affected concerns for now,

“If it keeps happening, I’ll address it,” she grunted ominously.

“Trust me,” Himeko smiled grimly. “I bet you anything, it will.”

Yuzu went to bed early to escape from any further social interaction than anything else. She didn't want to see anybody again until tomorrow morning. To her surprise, however, there was a gentle tap at the doorway before she fell asleep, and Mei slipped inside, wearing simple plain pajamas of her own.

It wasn't quite the kind of visit Yuzu had imagined, however. Even after what had happened in the bathtub, there didn't seem to be any suggestion that her earlier imaginings about Mei sliding into bed with her were ever going to come true tonight. Instead, Mei wore a sterner kind of face.

"I just wanted to let you know," she reminded Yuzu severely. "What happened today can't be allowed to happen again. And we'll have to consider taking special action if it does."

For a moment, Yuzu thought she was referring to what had occurred in the bathtub, but then, with relief, she realized Mei was referring to what had come before—that, at least, Yuzu had no desire to ever see repeated.

"No," she agreed. "I'm sure it won't. I'm sorry."

"Just don't let it, that's all," Mei warned, setting a glass on Yuzu's dresser beside the bed. Yuzu looked at it. It wasn't like Mei to bring her things like that, especially not that same careful blend of orange and lemon she liked so much, mixed with plenty of ice. Mei ignored precisely what she wanted to drink that way. "Himeko had me bring it for you," Mei informed her, seeing her looking at it. "She doesn't think you have an infection, just poor discipline, but if you do, she says you need to stay hydrated."

Yuzu nodded. She was indeed quite thirsty again. Still thirsty, in fact. Much as she still resented her, another of Himeko's little drinks might be just the thing to see her through the night.

They'd just have to see what the morning might bring.

# A plan in motion

## Chapter Summary

Now that Himeko's plan has been put into action. What is in store for Yuzu.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Yuzu was floating on a great, warm ocean under a tropical sun in her dream. Despite the traumas of the day, she had no problem falling asleep. Her body felt strangely loose and soft, and as soon as she'd laid down, she'd seemed to melt into the bed like gel. Now, that detached, floating sensation seemed to have carried into her dreams. Yuzu bobbed with the gentle waves on some very cozy inflated ring, her right hand gently sculling in the friendly water. She felt at ease and completely relaxed, far from all her problems, at home on this happy, buoyant sea. Yuzu's feet were propped up in the air, and her elbows rested on the ring. Only her dangling hand could feel the warm gentleness of the waves, but that suited her just fine.

She needed to relieve herself again, and the feeling slowly swelled inside her with the same kind of sense of urgency and pressure as it had before. This time, however, it didn't seem to matter. Nobody would know if she quietly let it out into the water, her bottom hanging in the center of the ring, barely touching the sea's surface. The fish wouldn't care; it would be a drop in the ocean, and unlike the incident at home, she'd done it in her swimming costume before. Didn't everyone?

Yuzu relaxed into the water, knowing everything was fine and permitting herself to release. It felt so good again when it came, with a fantastic sense of spreading warmth, considering she was already partially submerged in warm water. She lowered herself further down into the wetness, letting it soak her hips and thighs as she continued going, hoping to be sure to disguise any hint of what she was doing. Not that there was anybody else around. Yuzu sighed and wallowed in it, letting the water wash her clean as she finished her business, almost sorry that the incredible sensation was ending.

She blinked awake, the dream still painted on the backs of her eyelids, the floating sense of satisfaction and relief still with her. She felt so much better now. The night's rest must have done her good. Yuzu felt quite refreshed and relieved upon waking up.

However, another sensation was still with her, too, and it was also carried over from the gentle dream. A sense of floating wetness. Yuzu wiped her slightly clammy right hand on the bedsheets, feeling almost as if it had been dangling in the waves before. But that wasn't even it. The wetness was underneath her hips and thighs, and as Yuzu began to move, she realized she could feel it. Hurriedly, she flung aside the covers and gasped with alarm as she saw the

huge wet oval soaked across the sheets. Immediately, she knew what she'd done, even before putting her hand between her legs and feeling the sodden crutch of her pajama trousers. Even though this, too, was something that hadn't happened to her for more than a dozen years.

Despairingly, Yuzu leaped out of bed and desperately began to strip the sheets. No chance of hiding this, though. There wasn't any protective sheet on Yuzu's mattress, and what she'd done had soaked right on through. Getting the outer bedclothes and her pajamas into a washing machine would be the least of it. The mattress itself would need some kind of special treatment, never mind how long it might need to dry, probably propped up outside in the fresh air being the only way. No chance of hiding that from Mei and Himeko. Even if she tried, it would probably fester, and the odor alone would give her away. Yuzu felt sick.

Naturally, Himeko was also waiting for her right outside the bedroom door. She was already fully dressed for some reason, back in that same outlandish dress as if she'd never even gone to bed. Even the frilly white socks were there.

"Oh ho," she grinned, catching Yuzu red-handed. She came out with sheets and pajamas bundled in her hands, the towel from the previous night hurriedly wrapped around herself in the interest of basic dignity. "Mei! Mei!" she shouted. "Guess what! Come here! It looks like I won my bet already!"

\* \* \*

Breakfast was a distinctly somber affair, at least for Yuzu. Mei was always pretty melancholic, but she'd certainly given Yuzu a thorough dressing down. Didn't she realize what it might cost? How awkward was it going to be to clean and dry? What would the neighbors think if it were put outside? Where would it have to go? Why hadn't she thought to use the bathroom again just before going to bed, if nothing else, especially considering that she'd already disgraced herself so recently?

Mei was going to deal with everything. Yuzu wasn't to touch it. Mei would clean the mattress and arrange somewhere for Yuzu to sleep tonight. She'd have to go out especially, at her inconvenience, to buy a rubber sheet since Yuzu couldn't be trusted again not to need one.

Himeko, meanwhile, however, was having a positively wonderful time. She sat at the breakfast table, grinning like a Cheshire cat and helping herself to double servings of everything.

"Are you sure that goes far enough?" she'd questioned Mei at every turn, however savagely she'd laid into Yuzu. "I can tell you what my mother would do. She knew how to fix a problem like this."

"You will have just one more chance," Mei had instructed Yuzu instead, with a sense of remarkable forbearance. "I told you, didn't I? This cannot keep occurring. If it does, even once more, further action will have to be taken. Is that clear?"

Yuzu nodded grimly, but it wasn't clear. It wasn't clear at all. She didn't know why this was happening or how to ensure it didn't happen again. If it was just a case of sufficient motivation, she was sure she had enough of that without needing further threats left hanging overhead. Still, she didn't feel like she had less body control than the previous week. Maybe

it was still just a coincidence, a blip. Maybe Mei was right; only a third time would be definitive, and if Yuzu allowed it, she deserved everything she got. All she had to do was try extra hard today; it wouldn't be so difficult – she'd stay home, never more than a few feet away from the bathroom. And even if she was blocked again for any reason, this time, there was always the vase in her room, which would be preferable to the possible alternative.

She was ashamed to eat or drink much, although she was thirsty again. However, Yuzu restricted herself to a glass of water smaller than her bladder. Surely that way, no matter what, if she didn't drink again until she next found proper relief, she couldn't overfill herself. Strangely, Himeko offered to fetch her a second one, citing the same old nonsense about the importance of hydration to fight infection, almost as if she was actively trying to fill Yuzu up to bursting. Suspicious this time, Yuzu politely refused, and to her surprise, Himeko simply relented with a nod. Yuzu still didn't know where she even stood with her. How could she seem so congenial in some respects and yet so condemning and prejudiced against Yuzu in others?

It was a relief when breakfast was finally over, and Yuzu could escape to go and wash the breakfast things. She was already showered and dressed from before, wearing a more conservative fleece, jogging bottoms, and socks that would almost have suited Mei. Himeko had redressed her clothes from the previous day, assuming she'd never changed out of them before. Mei, however, still had to go and do her usual morning routine. She probably wouldn't need a shower after all the baths she'd taken only the night before, but Yuzu knew she was enough of a creature of habit that she'd go and spend some time in the bathroom anyway. There was a particular business that Mei always took care of at the same point every day, whether she needed to or not, and Yuzu knew she'd stay in the bathroom until she'd done so, stubbornly exercising that same principle of mind over body that she expected Yuzu to apply. Then she'd get dressed and return to studying like a machine, leaving Yuzu to amuse herself until lunchtime. It worked for them normally well, but now Himeko was present as a cog in the machine. And wasn't her little project done now? Why was she even still here?

Yuzu didn't know it, but she was about to get a few more unwelcome answers in that respect. No sooner had Mei excused herself upstairs, and her departure was marked by the click of the bathroom door than Himeko appeared in the kitchen doorway.

“Oh, hello there,” she grinned coyly. “I'm sure you're almost done there, aren't you? I was thinking we should talk. A little heart-to-heart, perhaps, while it's just us here. A little tete-et-tete.”

Yuzu looked around suspiciously over her shoulder at Himeko, leaning there with a strangely wolfish smile playing around the other girl's lips. She had something in mind here. The trouble was that Yuzu kind of wanted to know what it was. What was going on here?

“What?” she frowned, looking Himeko up and down in her prissy little dress. “What is it?”

“Come on through,” Himeko beckoned coquettishly. “Come sit down in here for me.”

She was still bossing Yuzu around like she owned the place. But what was with this change in attitude? Suddenly, Himeko seemed almost coaxing. If Yuzu didn't know her better, she'd

have said almost flirtatiously, in an overbearing way. Curious, she turned around, dried her hands off on her shirt, and left the last of the washing-up bowl.

“Why are you still here?” she asked the question that had been playing around her mind from before, but trying not to make it sound quite as unfriendly as it echoed in her head. “Isn’t your project stuff all done?”

Himeko simply smiled and beckoned her again.

“I’m sure everything will become clear,” she promised. “Just come on through while we’ve still got the chance.”

Puzzled, Yuzu found herself again doing as she was told and following Himeko into the other room. Himeko took her by the shoulders and steered her into a wooden chair. She turned outwards, holding her there momentarily as if ensuring she stayed there. Then she stood in front of Yuzu in her frilly dress and looked her confidently in the eye from her dominating position.

“What’s this all about?” stammered Yuzu, a little intimidated by this strange behavior. It was nothing compared to what was coming next, however.

“Like I said, a little heart-to-heart between us,” Himeko explained. Stooping forward, she reached under her dress and, from underneath, dropped her lacy knickers to the floor. “You like girls, right?”

“Wh... wh... what?” Yuzu stammered as Himeko stepped out of her gossamer underwear even closer to her. “What are you doing?”

“Shh... just stay still,” Himeko put her hands on Yuzu’s shoulders again, blocking her from getting up. “You’ll see soon enough.” Straddling Yuzu’s legs, she carefully sat down on her lap, facing her, turning the hands on her shoulders into a literal embrace. “Like I said,” she murmured in Yuzu’s ear, cheek brushing against Yuzu’s cheek. “An actual heart-to-heart. A chance to work things out.”

She shuffled up closer against Yuzu’s waist, wrapping her legs around the back of the chair and her arms folded around her neck. They were chest to chest now, close enough for Yuzu to feel Himeko’s strongly beating heart and feel the warmth of her body pressed against her in a hug. It would have been quite pleasant with anybody Yuzu liked, but it was hard to know whether she was being hugged or pinioned. Either way, it had the same effect.

“See, isn’t this nice?” Himeko leaned into her, resting her whole head against Yuzu’s cheek. “You’re going to help me out here.”

“What? How?” Yuzu spluttered, staring at the underwear lying on the floor. She was no stranger to this kind of thing from Mei, but now Himeko, suddenly, too? What was this? Did she just bring this out of people? At least with Mei, such advances were sometimes partially welcome. “Get off me! Please!”

“Just one more minute: I’m ready now,” Himeko nuzzled her gently. “Yeah. Here we go.”

Yuzu frowned with confusion as she felt the beginnings of a familiar warm sensation low down, but she struggled to understand what it was at first. Only once it had started to spread in hot, sticky wetness did she know as Himeko relaxed against her.

“What the hell!” Yuzu jolted in her seat. Himeko was peeing on her! She squirmed desperately, trying to break free.

“Just stay still,” Himeko leaned into her, gently biting the outer lobe of Yuzu’s ear with the tips of her teeth as if to make another subtle point. “I’m almost done. Phew…” she breathed softly against Yuzu’s cheek. “I can’t tell you how much better that feels. I was holding it in for a while.”

The pulsing sensation across Yuzu’s lap slowly ended, replaced by a sticky soaking one and a slow dripping sound as the liquid ran from the edge of the chair to the floor. Delicately, Himeko began to extricate herself while Yuzu was still in shock, carefully lifting the folds of her dress to avoid contamination. Across Yuzu’s lap was another huge wet circle of sodden disgust, right where Himeko had sat, pushed up tight against Yuzu’s crotch. It was so extensive it could have come from either of them. Only then did Yuzu begin to see the master plan at work, but he still couldn’t believe its depravity.

“What?!” she gasped and spluttered, looking up at Himeko plaintively as the other girl stepped back and retrieved her knickers from the floor. “Why would you do that?!”

“Well,” Himeko grinned that crocodile grin, glancing upwards, “the bathroom’s occupied right now, isn’t it? So, thank you for helping me out. I feel so much better now.” She winked conspiratorially at Yuzu. “We’ll just tell Mei you had another accident. You might as well do one now, anyway. We both know you would have again today, anyhow.” She grinned toothily. “I’d have arranged it somehow, one way or another.”

Yuzu gasped in utter disbelief, her whole groin area soaked with Himeko’s pee. She felt like a lamppost where a dog had marked its territory most definitively.

“Why?” was all she could say again in pitiful revulsion.

“Mei’s too good for you,” Himeko smiled simply, putting on her underwear and pulling them back up underneath her dress. “It’s best for both of you that she starts to see you as the immature person that you are. An infant, not a lover.” She wandered over to Yuzu, taking care to avoid any urine on the floor, and patted her shoulder with an air of condescension. “Don’t worry, though. It’ll all work out for the best from here. Mei!!!”

That last was delivered loudly up the stairs, where the bathroom door had just clicked open with perfect timing.

“Mei!” Himeko yelled again as Yuzu sat transfixed in bewildered horror. “Get down here! You need to see this. It’s already happened again.”

“What is it?” Mei appeared a few moments later, tucking in her shirt.

“Somebody couldn’t wait while you were in the bathroom,” Himeko gestured as Yuzu remained on the chair like a urine-soaked tableau.

“What... no!” Yuzu tried to get her self-defense in first, even though Himeko must have also planned for that. “She did this! Not me! She peed on me!”

Himeko shook her head and chuckled wryly,

“Oh dear... do you believe that?” turning to Mei, she sighed. “I sat on her for just a moment by accident. I guess that’s all it took to set her off.” She cast Yuzu another pitying look, “I do wonder: can you even tell the difference?”

Mei looked at Yuzu with condemnation in her eyes.

“Oh, yes,” she judged. “She can tell.”

“Well then,” Mei smugly smiled. “I don’t suppose there’s any point in tolerating such outrageous lies. Or letting this pathetic situation continue in this fashion any longer.”

“Indeed,” Mei looked at Yuzu grimly. “I agree. Something will most definitely have to be done.”

Yuzu gaped, her revulsion at her befouled state taking second place to frantically wondering how she could contradict Himeko’s vile distortion of events. Talking of outrageous lies, it was utterly unbelievable that she could have done such a thing or presented things this way. No wonder Mei didn’t seem to give a second thought about who to believe, especially given Himeko was her oldest and most reliable friend, who’d probably never lied to her this way before. On the other hand, Yuzu might have been Mei’s lover, but she was an unproven newcomer when it came to truth. Without any evidence to support her, she was sunk. Himeko had outplayed her. Yuzu began to cry.

“My mother had a good approach,” Himeko advised Mei with unmoved satisfaction. “If it seemed someone wasn’t mature enough for the proper bathroom, she thought the best thing to do was try to re-potty train. You could do that for Yuzu if she’s missed out in the past and get it right this time.”

Mei nodded her agreement,

“How would that work?”

Himeko smiled happily,

“You just take her and clean her up again. I’ll go and get some things. We can begin as soon as I get back. Don’t worry, I know exactly what to do. I’ll tell you everything when I get back.”

“Very well,” Mei nodded her acceptance. She looked severely over to Yuzu and raised her hand in a way that brooked no argument. “Come along.”

Back in the bathroom, away from Himeko's contradictions, Yuzu tried again. She let Mei start stripping her again, however, in an exact repeat of the previous evening, even more desperate to be out of her sodden clothes than she'd ever been before.

"Please, you've got to believe me. She sat on me and did this. She's got some evil scheme to try and humiliate me. I don't know how, but I think she caused the other accidents, too." Even as she said it, Yuzu's mind flashed to Himeko's 'special drinks.' Again, she couldn't prove it, but it would be the last time she ate or drank anything that had been in contact with that girl.

"Yuzu, enough!" snapped Mei. "You're talking nonsense." She pulled down Yuzu's underwear. "Look, even your underpants are soaked right across your crotch. You did this. Now, you are going to have to accept the consequences."

"No," Yuzu had a flash of inspiration. "But I can still pee. I can pee right now." She pulled away and thrust herself towards the toilet. All she had to do was produce a thunderous stream, which would surely show that all the previous maelstrom couldn't have come from her.

Except, unlike the previous day, where her bladder had done nothing but fill and fill and beg to be released, now Yuzu couldn't go. Maybe it was the pressure of the moment, or perhaps already she'd emptied herself too completely inside her bed, only such a short time before. Either way, Yuzu bore down hard but couldn't demonstrate a thing.

"Stop it!" barked Mei, seizing her hand after only a few moments and pulling her back up. "That's enough. You're only making things worse. Get in the shower."

Only after she was standing in the tub, waiting for Mei to turn on the showerhead, did Yuzu manage to start peeing weakly down her leg. But it was hardly anything, and when Mei turned around and saw it, it only made her look even more like an incontinent baby. Without saying anything, Mei simply directed a jet of water and washed the evidence away, keeping it pointed between Yuzu's legs until she was done, then hosing her down head to toe like she was a prisoner.

Mei didn't use a cloth this time but put liquid soap in her hands and used it directly to apply it to Yuzu's body. She was thorough and took her time, but Yuzu knew what was coming and tried to accept it. Mei's fingers worked their way around her nipples first and up and down her thighs long before they began to explore Yuzu's labia, and eventually found her anus to make slow circles there as well. By the time they began to slip their way inside, Yuzu was ready for everything, even when Mei gently teased the inside of her bottom with a single soapy fingertip. Ultimately, the focus honed in on just one key spot, and Yuzu came fast and hard and so convulsively that she almost collapsed inside the bathtub. Mei paid her no more mind but simply turned the hose-like shower head back onto her again, rinsing away all the soap and intermingled fluids with strangely renewed disdain. Yuzu couldn't quite imagine what satisfaction Mei could have found for herself by stimulating her that way, but it was a familiar outcome by now and not entirely unappreciated, however conflicted and ashamed Yuzu might have felt.

Due to the ‘thoroughness’ with which the clean-up had been conducted, by the time Yuzu was redressed and dry and Mei had gone downstairs to mop the bathroom floor, quite some time had passed. Himeko returned before anything could ever return to any semblance of normality. Unfortunately, Yuzu was not yet safely out of the way but hovering on Mei’s periphery, still hoping for some kind of chance to bring Mei at least slightly back around. It hadn’t happened yet, however. Yuzu realized they hadn’t even kissed since the previous night, which was disturbing considering everything else that had occurred since then.

Yuzu found herself front and center for Himeko’s renewed attention, with no opportunity to slip away. She also realized the actual depth of Himeko’s machinations, highlighting what came next in the worst possible way for Yuzu to apprehend and dread.

“First things first,” Himeko arrived with multiple bulging bags and an eager grin. “There’s this.” She set down, of all things, a hefty-sized but simplistic potty-training bowl in molded princess-pink plastic. “Far more appropriate for a girl who’s back in training, wouldn’t you say?”

That last was delivered to Yuzu but far more addressed to Mei, who nodded an approval that Himeko could never have expected to gain from the main party concerned. Yuzu scowled at the girl, who she now knew to be the most depraved of possible enemies.

“I’m not a baby,” she objected, fruitlessly. “And you know full well that...”

“Yes, you are,” Himeko smartly cut her off, pointing at the little potty now positioned front and center on the living room floor, where she intended it to stay. “Until you can prove you can at least master that, and no more big-girl privileges until you do. Which is why you’ll be needing these.” She pulled out the following item from her bags, with all the flourish of a magician producing rabbits from a hat and leaving Yuzu no time to even process the true implications of the first. “So there’ll be no more messes,” Himeko presented the sizable packet she’d procured. “Disposable training pants, just for you. They’ll come up and down nicely and easily, so Mei and I can bring you to your new little potty every couple of hours to try properly, but if anything happens in between, well, at least you’ll be covered.”

“No,” Yuzu crossed her arms, finally finding the fire inside her to confront this delusional girl, just as she had before at school. “No, I won’t... because I’m not wearing toddler pants, and I’m sure as hell not using a plastic toddler potty... not in a month of Sundays.”

Himeko smiled her sharkish smile again as if she’d been completely expecting that.

“Yes, well, that’s why I also got these,” she agreed, fishing into her other bag for further revelation. “This is what you get if things don’t work out,” she produced a second, even larger packet, bearing the words ‘maximum absorbency’ and an image about as close to a conventional baby’s diaper as it was possible to imagine something in an adult size could get. “You can spend a few days in these, with no potty option whatsoever, and see if you’re feeling a little more ready for training afterward.”

Yuzu glowered and faced down Himeko confrontationally.

“I’d like to see you try and make me,” she challenged, ready to fight back.

Himeko playfully shook her head,

“I don’t imagine I’ll be the one you have to worry about,” she nodded toward Mei, whose expression was inscrutable. “So, what’s it going to be?”

Yuzu, too, looked over towards Mei, but this time with an appeal painted on her face. Mei, however, shook her head in disapproval.

“I think you need to do as instructed,” she informed Yuzu grimly. “Because I will force you if you don’t.”

With anybody else, Yuzu might have doubted both their ability to do so and their commitment to the cause. In the case of Mei, however, she knew all too well that she meant exactly what she had said. She was backing Himeko entirely, meaning Yuzu’s cause was lost. Once again, she found herself beginning to cry, and once again, Mei’s response was cold and brutal. Crossing over to Yuzu, she began to strip down her lower half, just as she had now done so twice before in recent memory. Only this time, she removed Yuzu’s trousers and underwear from the open living room in front of Himeko’s smug appraisal.

“Do you still want to start her with one of these?” Yuzu’s nemesis indicated the packet of pull-ups. “Or should we go straight to…” she grinned at the diapers. “She can have the chance,” Mei decreed. “I’ll see to it personally that she follows the rules.”

“Very well,” Himeko extracted a pull-up and handed it to Mei, apparently satisfied enough for now. Mei inspected the thing and opened it up mechanically.

“These seem adequate,” she assessed.

“For an occasional accident, yes,” Himeko agreed, smirking. “But perhaps not if she needs them more than that. I’m sure we’ll have to see,” she caught Yuzu’s eye quite pointedly.

Finding herself faced down by the pair of them and already now stripped to her bare bottom, Yuzu felt like she had little opportunity to argue further. If she didn’t cooperate with Mei kneeling to guide her feet into the pull-up, it seemed like all she might achieve was to prolong this moment and her exposure. So, she let herself be moved like a doll until Mei could pull the special new underwear up around her waist. Not that that meant she had to be happy about it. Still, once it was done, Mei seemed prepared to let her put her trousers on again, so at least that was something. At least she could still look normal again, for now.

On the inside, however, the new underwear cupped her whole groin like a pillow, feeling very different from anything Yuzu had ever worn before. She couldn’t quite believe there was enough padding to absorb a full bladder of urine, but it certainly felt more substantial than even a dozen maxi-pads. Anyway, she had no intention of finding out. Except what was going to be the alternative?

“Well, that takes care of that,” Mei stepped back and surveyed Yuzu’s restored condition approvingly. Mei disapproved of Yuzu, but perhaps the job that had now been done on her.

“One of us will come and bring you to the little potty in an hour or so,” Himeko dictated. “Or tell us if you think you need to go before then. But you’re not to try and do it by yourself, and you’re certainly not allowed big-girl bathroom privileges. Not until you’ve shown us you can manage this.”

Yuzu glared at her with fiery disgust,

“No goddamn way. That’s obscene.”

Unfortunately, Mei, too, was still on board. Yuzu wasn’t getting anywhere unless she, at least, began to come around.

“Those are the rules, Yuzu,” Mei informed her flatly. “If you choose not to obey them, then as Himeko suggests, you can simply spend some time in a proper diaper without any left choices.”

Yuzu stared at her incredulously, but Mei had the last word on the subject for now. There was nothing left to be said, it seemed. The only choices seemed to be binary: compliance or outright rebellion. And Yuzu knew Mei well enough to understand how the latter might turn out.

Instead, she resorted to her usual strategy and tried to ignore and avoid the issue for now and as long as she could. The pull-up might feel kind of weird, but now that it was on, she could wear it.

However, Continuing her day as usual proved to be a little more difficult. She could finish washing the breakfast things and do the rest of her everyday chores, but after that, it wasn’t like Yuzu could just settle down and forget about things completely. For one thing, she was angry, positively outraged, in fact, and her mind wasn’t going to keep from coming back to that. Not only had Himeko urinated on her in the most revolting and demeaning way, but they had done so to frame her in the most brutally immoral and unfair way. Now Yuzu was facing the vulgar consequences, without any apparent way to exonerate herself, and never mind getting the bitter revenge her mind now craved. If she tried anything right now, it seemed only likely to make things even worse for herself, but that didn’t stop her from thinking about it in the same way as picking at a sore. The snug feeling of the pull-up, meanwhile, while perfectly comfortable, was a constant humiliation and reminder of her belittled state. She couldn’t stop thinking about what was going to happen next time she needed to relieve herself, and such fixation was only going to bring things on faster, making her hypersensitive to every hint of her bodily needs.

By the time Mei came to get her, Yuzu was already lying on her bed, squeezing her legs together and desperately trying to convince herself she didn’t need to go. She’d been pretending to read for half an hour, but it hadn’t worked. Yuzu had probably gone over the same line of text a few dozen times without processing any of it while her attention was focused on her bladder condition. Not just her bladder, either: after an hour of thinking about nothing else, Yuzu was convinced there was another matter, far more substantial, at hand. She wondered whether she could still sneak to the bathroom when the opportunity arose. Still, knowing how carefully Himeko had set this all up, she’d probably be watching and listening out like a hawk for any such transgression. Himeko was perhaps hoping for it so she could

bury Yuzu even deeper. So Yuzu didn't dare. Maybe once it was just her and Mei again, but who knew how long that might be.

"Are you still dry?" Mei took the excuse to slide her hand down the front of Yuzu's trousers without waiting for an answer and fondled her between the legs. Yuzu let her do it; it was the least of her current concerns. "Well done, I guess," Mei shrugged flatly as if that were just something she was obliged to say. "Now, come on with me," she said insistently. "Himeko says it's time."

"So? Just let me go to the bathroom, then!" Yuzu protested, "We don't have to play her stupid game! All this is trying to humiliate me."

"It won't hurt you," Mei shrugged, without understanding. "And it's a necessary consequence." She had held Yuzu's hand by now, bringing her up off the bed to lead her along. The only way to resist would be to actively pull against the assertive grip.

"I swear to you... I swear to you..." Yuzu tried as Mei led her down the stairs. "That bitch is setting me up. She pissed on me. She sat on me and..."

"Enough," Mei tugged her sternly onwards, all but sending them both tumbling down the rest of the way. "We've gone over this, and I've decided."

"But..." Yuzu stumbled, searching for the words that might unlock Mei's perception. "What if you're wrong, Mei?"

"If I'm wrong," Mei grits her teeth, "I'll swap places with you. Himeko can. Or both of us. But there's no evidence to support anything you say, so this is what we're doing now." Her voice had no emotion, only a stubborn, brutal, logical method. Mei wouldn't feel any guilt even if she was proved wrong; she merely felt entirely justified that she had acted appropriately regarding what she'd understood to be true then. There was no arguing with someone like that, not against cold, hard appearances. Unless she could find a way to expose Himeko, Yuzu was trapped. Yuzu's mind raced: maybe she could tempt her disgusting rival into overplaying her hand, but for now, she didn't have many options or opportunities.

At the bottom of the stairs was the living room, and in it, in just the same place as before, was the thing Yuzu knew was awaiting her. They'd agreed that the molded plastic baby potty would be Yuzu's only toilet option now. Why? Mei could have escorted her to the regular bathroom just as easily, more easily. What was this intended to achieve beyond humiliating her?

Then again, maybe the intended humiliation was more than enough to justify it. If the idea was to discourage Yuzu from urinating in her new training pants, making the only other option somehow more exposed and debased didn't seem like a good approach. But Himeko was behind all this, so Yuzu could hardly expect her methods to be logical or about anything other than shaming and belittling Yuzu any way she could. The only shocking part now was that Mei could have been so easily carried along.

She had been, though, and now she was stripping Yuzu's lower half once again, as efficiently as ever before, first undoing her trousers and letting them fall before methodically working

down the dry pull-up, too, all the way down past Yuzu's knees.

"Go ahead and sit down," Mei directed, still guiding her. "Then I want you to try and go. This is your chance to do it the proper way."

"This isn't the proper way!" Yuzu protested as she found herself sitting down on the molded plastic seat. Like the pull-up, it was surprisingly comfortable enough to make one wonder why they didn't make regular toilet seats this way. But that wasn't the point right now.

"It is for you," Mei affirmed, stepping back to observe. Yuzu was left sitting, wondering what the best thing was to do. If she didn't go now, it was back to the pull-up and waiting uncomfortably for the inevitable. If she did, however, it meant leaving behind a pool of yellow liquid for Mei's close examination. No worse than she'd already done on the bathroom floor, however. Yuzu probably would have been a lot more ready to obey if it had just been Mei. It was more the thought of Himeko making a sudden smug appearance for her little appraisal that was inhibiting her.

Well, that, and there was the other matter, of course. Yuzu didn't want to stand up, having made that kind of deposit in the plastic bowl for everyone to see, however much her body was telling her it was time to go and however much the little potty seemed ready to receive it. Surely, that, at least, would wait, however. Based on a camping expedition a year or so ago, Yuzu had a pretty good impression that she could hold it in a good few days if she had to, which was more than she could expect of her bladder. Hopefully, the situation might have changed before the other matter reached a crisis point.

She would have to release her bladder, though, Yuzu realized, with a feeling of grim helplessness. It would have to be in the pull-up if she didn't do it here and now. While that might be more discrete, it would be no less embarrassing once discovered and more likely to be held over her and used to support further escalation. It probably was better to concentrate hard, realizing at least she wasn't too put off by Mei's presence. There wasn't too much left to be bashful about around a girl who'd had her fingers inside her only a few hours before.

Indeed for her, Mei looked positively pleased when the drumming rattle of liquid began inside the potty bowl a few moments later. As she released, Yuzu had the sense of performing a trick to order, just as was being expected of her. Mei had the demeanor of a proud trainer and even rested a gentle hand on Yuzu's shoulder as if to show her approval for a moment. Yuzu felt almost good about herself, perhaps perhaps helped by the sense of relief that wasn't nearly as bad as she might have feared.

At least, until she felt her bowels begin to move as well, almost automatically, and had to urgently clench to hold them back. Somehow, her body had gotten the message that it was free to do whatever and was rapidly willing to follow through. Yuzu looked anxiously up at Mei and remembered the pleased look and the hand on her shoulder. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if she did just...

But then her gaze shifted further afield, finding the last thing Yuzu wanted to see. Himeko had recently appeared and leaned in the doorway with a smug smile as she viewed the proceedings. Groaning inwardly, Yuzu hauled herself back from total commitment to the world of no-way, no-how.

“That’s it, I’m done,” she told Mei hurriedly, through gritted teeth, squeezing hard to hold her bottom closed.

“Good,” Mei approved, stepping back towards Yuzu to offer her a hand in standing up. Of course, it turned out that she wanted to be quick to wipe Yuzu between the legs and a little more carefully than strictly required. Nevertheless, Yuzu kind of appreciated it, at least in comparison to Himeko’s distant smirk. As Mei helped work Yuzu’s pull-up and trousers back up into place, leaving her to do nothing for herself, Himeko, as Yuzu had known she would, stepped her way over to inspect the contents of the little potty.

“Oh yes,” she appraised, with ten times the condescension, “very well done.”

“A better standard than you seem willing to meet,” Yuzu retorted bitterly.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Himeko responded primly. “I only do what I choose to. I’ve learned self-control.”

Yuzu would have bit back further, but speaking of self-control, she was having a few issues right now that overawed her into silence. Yuzu’s body still seemed to think it had the green light for the second kind of purge, and now that process had started, holding it back was producing a deep, painful, yearning ache inside her, of muscles desperate to contract. It was too late now, however, so instead of entering into a back-and-forth with Himeko, she scrambled back upstairs to her room’s relative safety.

Only once there did Yuzu begin to take stock. Every time she tried to relax, even a little, she could feel her bottom still trying to open up. Holding herself back only intensified that dull ache to the point where it almost felt like she might be doing herself harm. What had happened to the two days she’d held on while camping? Has her body failed her in every kind of way since then? Or had the mistake here been to let herself even consider it and allow the process to begin so that now there was no calling it off altogether?

Within the next five minutes, Yuzu could tell the only way to feel even the slightest respite was to let things begin to emerge. It was a sensation very similar to Mei’s earlier probing finger, except this time in reverse. The respite, however, only lasted until Yuzu had to pull herself back to prevent the unthinkable, and doing so came with a cheated, agonizing discomfort that made the respite she’d gained in the meantime feel insignificant.

She couldn’t go back now, though. Not already. Begging for another seat on the little potty to produce. It was unthinkable. But what was the alternative? Yuzu’s insides strained again, and she leaned forward, feeling the pull-up tight against her and ready to collect. Again, her eyes roamed around the room, but this time, she didn’t even linger to consider the windowsill vase for more than a moment. That would be revolting; she might never get the thing clean again. Plus, the smell would fill the whole room, and there’d be no hiding it. At least the pull-up was made with that intention, not that Yuzu intended to use it deliberately. If she really couldn’t help it, however...

Slowly, inexorably, the giant finger began to force its way just a little bit further out each time, and it became exponentially harder to pull it back again each time. Despite her twisting discomfort, Yuzu couldn’t help but reflect that she’d never considered the phrase ‘touching

cloth' as a fundamental concept until now. As she felt the mass begin to press against the lining of the pull-up, however, realizing there'd be a tell-tale stain left behind whatever happened next, Yuzu's will began to fail. She still didn't consent, but perhaps she let it come just a little further, and that was all it took. Suddenly, the point of no return was passed. Yuzu tried to draw back again, but it was impossible; the groaning ache of protest inside her was undeniable, and the urge to push became convulsive and involuntary. Yuzu heaved again, compelled to do so despite both the aching resistance of the stretching padding and the mortifying shame. Her body had taken charge now, and it was forcing her.

Finally, the avalanche came, and Yuzu slumped, panting and sweating, against her bed. A huge, heavy mass had expanded out into the seat of her diaper, but Yuzu couldn't deny her relief to have it done and out of her. It felt better like this than before; there was no refuting that.

The only question was, what was she going to do now?

## Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 is already finish but I will need some time to fix grammar and pacing issues. It will be ready when it's ready.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!