

Her Present by FFU

"I have... one more present for you... or... I mean, for us... or... sorry, for me...." the big kangaroo, Janice, fidgeted.

"What is it?" Mari, Janice's much littler kobold roommate, asked; she was intrigued. Janice was being uncharacteristically shifty.

"Oh, I.... It's hard to explain, why don't you—" Janice bit her lip "—open it?" Her heart beat in her chest as if she were running a marathon.

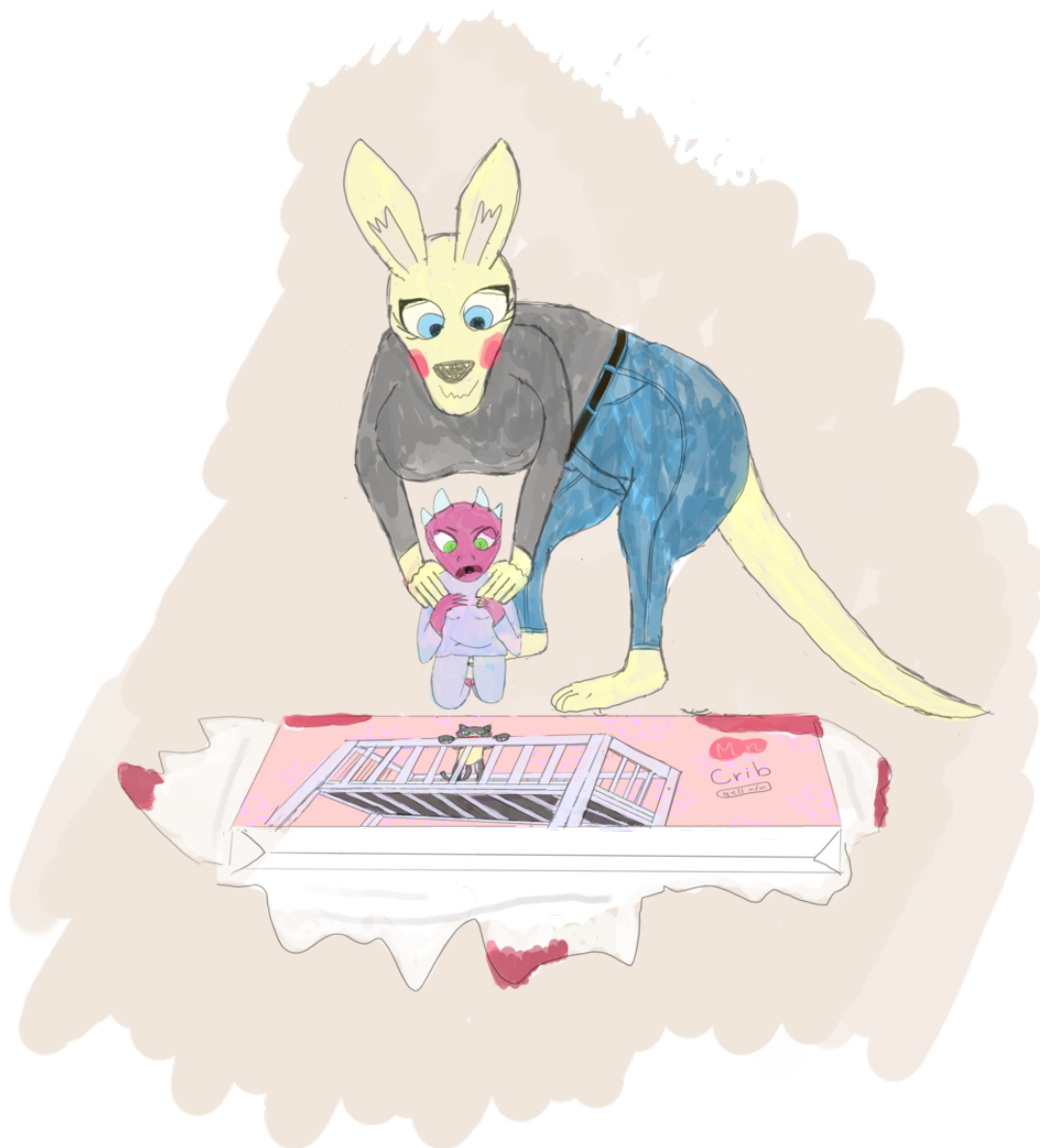
Mari smirked at her flustered friend, but her tail still wagged in anticipation as she tore through the wrapping paper. Janice was always generous to Mari, though she had a habit of forgetting Mari's age due to their size difference. It was bearable, and Janice was *usually* remorseful about it. But on Christmas, being treated a little young didn't bother Mari as much—because it meant she still got nice, big gifts.



Last year, it was a beautiful vanity, while the year before that, it was a whole new cute and comfy pajama set and gorgeous jewelry. That particular Christmas, she'd already gotten some new curtains and a game console; that made it sting when the only thing Mari could afford was a book she found at the thrift store. At least she knew Janice's taste to a T.

But, as with everything, there was a limit to how much little-kid treatment Mari could take.

She tensed up as the last of the wrapping paper was cleared off. She looked at the image on the box in front of her in horror.



Janice gulped, trying to put on a brave face. She put her hands on Mari's shoulders, trying to steady both herself and the little kobold.

"W-what is this?" Mari asked.

"It's a crib," Janice pursed her lips, "For... uh... us... but... I was hoping... you, really."

"Jan, w-what? Why? I'm not—" Mari frantically tried asserting herself.

"—A baby, I-I know!" Janice tried reassuring her, her face lighting up like Rudolph's nose. *Maybe this was a bad idea after all*, her inner monologue lamented. "But... I was wondering, if, just for a little bit...."

Mari looked at her, puzzled.

"Uhm... We could... pretend?"

Mari grimaced. "What? How? Why?"

Janice coughed, her lip wavering. *Stop it, you're doing this to yourself! You said you would get it off your chest, but... this was... too much,* she choked at the thought. "I... uh...."

Mari just blinked at her.

"I'm sorry, this was *really* dumb of me, I don't know what I was thinking," Janice bent down, grabbed the box, and hoisted it up. The rest of the paper trailed behind messily.

But Janice slipped on a piece of loose paper and it sent her tumbling forward. She struggled to maintain composure, and felt a rogue tear roll down her cheek. *Come on, Janice, not now, you aren't allowed to cry about stupid stuff you did to yourself.*

"Jan, why won't you tell me what this is about?" Mari fretted.

"Because you—because it's really, really dumb," Janice sputtered.

"I don't think it's dumb," Mari assured her.

"You don't know what it is."

"Tell me? Please? It's Christmas...."

Janice's voice box was, for a moment, clogged. "I...."

Mari stared.

"I want to treat you like a baby. I kind of... always have. Like, a lot. Like... really bad," she shivered. *There, I said it!*

Mari paled in disgust. "You... what?"

Tears came to Janice's eyes again. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's dumb, I was just trying to be funny, and... and...."

"Wait, but you want to... treat me like... a..." Mari couldn't bear to say the dirty B-word.

"I don't! It was a dumb joke," Janice forced a smile like there was a gun to her head.

"Jan, this is really weird," Mari deadpanned.

Janice had to choke back sobs. "I know..." she grumbled.

But that's what it took for Mari to finally process her friend's feelings. "Oh, I didn't mean it like—I mean, it's not normal, but it's not... uh... bad?"

"I'm a freak," Janice told herself out loud, her voice cracking.

"You're not a freak! Come on, you're just a... good... person..." Mari ad-libbed.

Janice swallowed.

"I mean, what does being... you know.... What's it like? What would you do?" Mari asked innocently.

Janice didn't bite.

"You wanted me to sleep there? Like, forever?"

"No!" Janice defended, catching herself, "I-I mean, just for... like... a night."

Mari giggled nervously. "And that was it?"

"Well... I...."

"Yeah?"

"I bought some... uhm... diapers for you, too, and a *really* cute onesie, and some binkies...."

"Oh. Uh. Okay," Mari blinked.

"But...! That's not right of me. I was being stupid, and I was so blinded by my *stupid* things—"

"Don't say stupid."

"Sorry."

"It's okay."

God, I feel so weird right now, I thought she was doing the whole big sister act on accident, but it—well, maybe it still was an accident. I guess I can see how that would slip through, if she was... wanting this for a while. I guess... oh jeez, how do I cheer her up? This is so weird. "Jan, you're my best friend, you know that?"

Janice remained solemn.

"What I mean is... I mean... I wish... you had told me this stuff, I think. Er... I don't know. I mean, I...."

Janice held her wrist over her eyes and clamped them shut.



"Jan... I love you, Girl, we're still friends, right? This is just like... a... fantasy you've had for a while, right?"

"I-it's not *sexual*, or anything!"

"I didn't mean it like that," Mari shook her head. "But it's something you've... felt for a long time?"

"...Ever since I met you," Janice admitted.

"Wow," Mari said. "That's..." she thought, "Wait, like, even when we were little kids?"

Janice nodded.

"You *did* play with baby dolls a lot longer than everyone else, didn't you?" Mari chuckled.

Janice painfully smiled.

"That was..." Mari trailed off. *Should I offer myself up? It sounds so... weird! And isn't it kind of unfair for her to just ask me something like this so suddenly? But... it is Christmas... and I never get her anything nice.... Maybe*

she was praying I'd give her this.... But, okay, what if I really hate it? I mean, I guess Jan would let me stop anytime.... I know she would. "Jan, why do you want to... you know...?"

Janice licked her lips. "Because... it's really adorable, and when I imagine it, I just get such warm, comfy feelings, like I could keep you safe and happy, and cute, and you'd... uhm...."

"I'd... what?"

"You'd.... I mean—if I did things right and you were happy and safe and warm and e-everything—your face—you'd look at me with—like, if I was a good... mom—you'd be super happy, and I would squeeze you and pet you and coo—" She caught herself. "Sorry! I-I'm being weird.... That's... I mean... because...."

"I think I get it," Mari smiled. *I don't get it; but, God, she sounds desperate. Now I'm just morbidly curious.* "I mean, we can... try it, if you want to?"

"Really?"

"Yeah, I mean, I never really get you anything for Christmas because... I'm a bad friend," Mari simpered, "But maybe I can get you... *this*."

"You.... Really?!"

"Yeah."

Janice's eyes lit up. "Oh my gosh, *thank you!*"

"So...."

Janice didn't take the hint, opting to stare voraciously at Mari.

"Uh... do you want to do it?"

Jan made an O with her mouth. "Right... yes!" she chirped. "So, we can... uhm... let's start with the clothes!" Janice jittered. "Can you... wait here?"

Mari nodded. Janice left to get something from her room.

Mari was left staring at the kitten standing up against the railing of the crib, sucking on her pacifier, mindlessly staring at the camera; the kitten *did* look rather... *blissful*, Mari realized. *She doesn't have to do chores, after all*, Mari joked to herself. It *almost* sounded appealing to the little kobold who could barely hold down a job. *Heck, she doesn't even have to go to the bathroom*. Mari blushed, remembering Janice mention diapers.

Janice came back with a pack of said baby diapers and a pink onesie, both of which, Mari could tell, would fit her just fine. She gulped.

Janice eagerly ripped open the pack and fetched one, then looked to Mari. "Oh... uhm...."

Mari blushed.

"I think we'll need to... take off your clothes?" Janice ventured. "Ah, I didn't think this through, I'm sorry, this was—"

"That's fine."

"O-oh," Janice said, "Are you sure?"

"It's not like you're going to see anything... well... *new*.... I mean, we took gym together."

"Ha!" Janice burst, before clamping her hand over her mouth. "Uhm... Sorry. I'll do it... now!"

Janice reached down for Mari. "But... uhm... could I...."

Mari waited for her bashful friend.

“Could I do baby talk? Is that okay?”

Mari blinked. “Sure?”

“And! Uhm... could I... grab you... and... pick you up... and stuff?”

Mari smirked awkwardly. “Yeah, that’s fine....”

Janice took a deep, shaky breath, excitement plastered across her muzzle. “Okay... Sweetie,” she gushed.

Mari’s cheeks were ablaze. It was horribly demeaning, yes, but it was said with so much gentle excitement and care that it was hard to feel anything but *wanted*. *Stop*, she mouthed.

Mari let herself be picked up with the utmost care and laid her down on an uncomfortable coffee table. Mari instinctively tried to sit up, but Janice shooed her back down with the biggest smile the kobold had ever seen.

Then it got awkward. Janice grabbed the waist of Mari’s pajamas and pulled them off, obviously on cloud nine. Then she took her shirt off, and finally her panties.

In theory, Mari mused, being naked in front of her clothed friend wasn’t a big deal. It was the fact that Janice was the one who had taken off her clothes and was inspecting her most intimate places in a very loving fashion that changed the equation.

All Mari could do was blush and fidget as Janice unfolded a decorated plastic rectangle, lift her up by her ankles and deposited her behind into the waiting diaper. “It’s okay, Baby Girl,” Janice cooed. “You’re safe.”



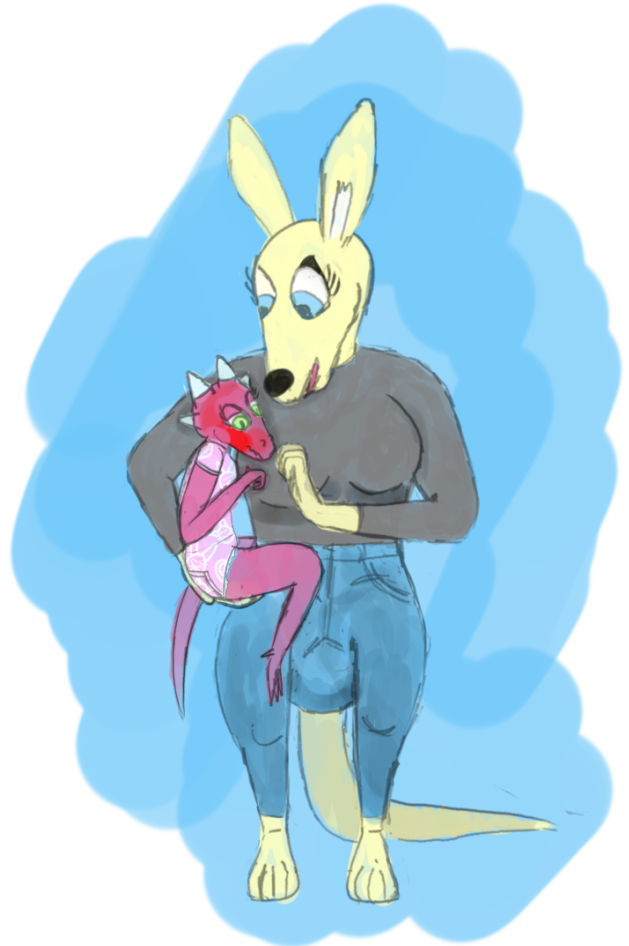


After she was taped up and snug, Janice rubbed her belly in contentment. "You have no clue how long I've wanted to do that," she sighed. "Gosh, you're just as adorable as I imagined. But we're not done yet," she said, holding up the onesie.

Mari could see from her laying position that it was decorated with adorable cartoon kittens and bunnies and puppies. *It would be cuter if it wasn't on me,* Mari soured.

Janice as gently as ever threaded Mari's hand through the first arm hole, and then the second, before pulling it over the little kobold's head and snapping it around her diaper.

Once she was done, Janice picked her up and held her at her side, nuzzling her roommate with her own wet nose. "My baby," she whispered. "Who's my baby girl? Is it you?" she doted. "Yes you are! Yes you *ah-are!*" she squealed, punctuating it with a kiss.





Mari looked away from her friend, unable to escape the barrage of praise. "You're not just... trying to humiliate me, are you?" Mari squeaked.

"I would never!" Janice gasped. "No, no, I... I really want this, and I—I don't want you to be upset!"

It was reassuring, but Mari knew that negative intentions weren't completely outside the realm of possibility. Even as saint-like as Janice was, she was a smalltime bully growing up. Mari remembered Janice bringing a boy to tears on the middle school playground after Janice wouldn't stop calling him a baby.

Oh my god, maybe that was just a sign, Mari grinned.

Janice hummed and rocked her friend. Mari glanced around the room, and again saw the kitten in the crib; instantly she was reminded of her own diaper. A pertinent question came to mind. "Do you want me to... use this thing?" she mumbled.

"Only if you want to," Janice coolly. But she caught herself. "I-I mean, you don't have to, but I don't mind if you do—I mean, I'll, like, you know... change it for you, if you do. And I don't mind doing that. I wouldn't mind at all. I mean, like, I, would like to. Er... I mean, in a, like... baby sense, because uhm...."

"Okay, uh... note taken," Mari murmured, still horribly embarrassed.

"Hehe..." Janice giggled, rubbing her face against Mari's again. "I love you so much, thank you for doing this for me, Sweetie."

Janice sighed. Then, for fun, she swapped Mari to other other arm without dropping her. "Look at you, still small enough for Mommy to carry with one arm," Janice melted.

Mari was frozen in shame. She frowned, and brought her hand to her mouth, but didn't say anything.

Janice noticed. "S-sorry, was that too much?"

"No, I'm fine," Mari mumbled.

Janice grinned and deposited another kiss on the unsuspecting Mari. "Okay," Janice said. "I'm just going... walk around a bit, okay... Princess?"

Pet names, Mari found, weren't nearly as bad when they referred to her, for whatever reason. That's not to say they weren't still terrible—just not as much as Janice calling herself "Mommy".

The first room they went to was Janice's. Janice just stood in the middle of her room and looked around wistfully. "Gosh, I can't believe this is real... you... in my arms, back in diapers... someone pinch me!" she squealed.

Mari didn't like how her friend said "*back* in diapers"; naturally, then, she had to oblige Janice's request.

She made her fingers into a pincer and went for Janice's nipple.

"Youch!" Janice yelped. She looked down at her mischievous friend. "Mari..."

"Sowwy, I waz wooking fowr milk..." Mari lied, trying to give her best puppydog eyes. Then the blood rushed to her head when she heard her own words.

Janice's heart skipped a beat. "W-well... *uhgh*... don't do it again...." she slurred.

Janice had to take a moment to calm down. After she did, she looked at her alarm clock on her bedside table. She chuckled, "Since you're uh... *hungry*... apparently, why don't we get some late breakfast?"

Mari nodded stiffly, still shook. Ordinarily, Mari reveled in off-color comments, but she had chosen the right one at the wrong time.

Janice took Mari to the kitchen, where the kangaroo decided on a bowl of cereal. She prepared everything with one hand, the other still firmly around Mari's padded bottom.

Mari was yet again feeling absolutely helpless. A part of her wanted to assist her friend by fetching the milk or something, but the other part knew that Janice wanted nothing more than to do everything herself.

Finally, Janice brought her bowl over to the table where she put Mari on lap. The kobold's head lied awkwardly between Janice's breasts, but Mari was too nervous to comment on it.

"Where's my bowl?" Mari asked.

"We're going to... share one? Uhm... sorry, is that alright, Sweetie?"

"Oh... uh...." *I've never shared a bowl of cereal with anyone. This is a little new... but I guess Jan is pretty hygienic.* "I guess it's okay."

Janice excitedly took a bite, and then dipped the spoon for another mouthful.

Except, the spoon went to Mari's mouth.

Mari tried grabbing the spoon, but Janice stopped her. "Uh! Sorry, do you... I mean—mind if I feed you? I mean, spoonfeed you?"

Mari didn't know if she could stop blushing anymore. Her cheeks ached from all the usage. "Okay."

Janice smiled. "Open up! Choo choo," she said, sliding the spoon between the kobold's lips. It was extremely normal cereal—which Mari found pleasing, since she enjoyed cereal.

There were a few errant drops on Mari due to the awkward position, but otherwise the feeding was without incident. Mari found it actually rather relaxing, her padding cushioning her friend's thigh.

When they were done, Janice grabbed a napkin and cleaned Mari's face. It was actually something the kangaroo had done on multiple occasions, the memories of which came flooding back to Mari. *It just makes so much sense now... I wonder what else I missed....*

Janice took a deep breath before wrapping her friend-turned-toddler in a bear hug. "I love you so much, Baby Girl. You make your mommy the happiest kangaroo on the planet," she said, kissing Mari on the forehead. "Oh, who's my baby girl? You are! Yes, you are!" Janice enunciated. "Ah..." Janice sighed. "I still need to put your crib together. You usually take a nap around two, right, Princess?"



"More or less," Mari answered.

"Okay, then I need to get started," Mari smiled. "Lets go do that."

Janice walked to the living room where the crib still lie. She begrudgingly set Mari down and picked up the box. Mari was surprisingly displeased with the turn of events.

"Hurm..." Janice grunted, "Maybe... I think it should go in my room. There's not much room anywhere else and... babies need to sleep close to their mommy, right?" she teased.

Mari's cheeks were only at quarter capacity. She rolled her eyes.

Janice walked to her bedroom and the little kobold followed. She got to feel her strange, puffy, absorbent underwear in all their glory as her legs swept back and forth. Much like everything before, it wasn't a strictly unpleasant feeling.

Janice set down the box on her carpet and huffed. "Okay. Uhm... I forgot about this part. Uh... geez... I'm not great at this part, do you want to help me put it together?"

Mari grit her teeth. She *also* wasn't "that great" at it. But more importantly, she really didn't want to. "Uhm... no thanks..." Mari sheepishly smiled, "Uh... I'm a... uh... *baby*, remember?"

Janice gave a pained smile. "That's right, I guess this is a Mommy job," she sighed. "Well, really more of a Daddy job," she mumbled. Then she perked up. "Anyway! Can you suck on this in the meantime?" she grinned, pulling out a blue pacifier from her pocket.

Mari recoiled. "Ah...."

"Oh," Janice deflated.

But Mari took a quick glance the clothing Janice had put her in. She realized that a pacifier was somehow *less* juvenile than what she was already wearing. "I... sure."

Janice tried in vain to hide her giddiness. It was the penultimate piece of her puzzle, after all.

She bent down to Mari and pushed the rubber nipple through the kobold's lips.

Janice jittered as if she were wearing a shock collar. "Okay. Time to get to work," she breathed. "Can you... wait here while I finish?"

"Uhm... can I get my phone, then?" Mari half-asked-half-declared, her words lightly muffled by the pacifier.

Janice deliberated with herself. “Yeah,” she relented. *I guess she’s not actually a baby. And it’s not like I had toys for her or anything*, she realized. *Maybe next year*, she schemed, smirking.

Mari fetched her phone from her discarded pants in the living room and plopped her butt back on the carpet behind Janice. The kangaroo was already heard at work.



The pacifier was strange. It was an unfamiliar sensation, but that was the most negative thing Mari could say. It said more that she had barely noticed it since it entered her mouth.

She experimented with it, trying out various positions in her maw, but the one that felt the most natural was right between her front teeth. She sucked even tried sucking on it, but found it made a much better chew toy—and Mari liked chew toys.

The kobold was able to get lost in her phone, drowning out the grumblings of her early-onset-grandma roommate struggling behind her.

“Done!” Janice stated. “Isn’t it cute?” she asked herself.

“Uh... yearh,” Mari nodded. She grabbed the pacifier and yawned before sticking it back in.

Janice grinned for the umpteenth time. “Just in time, huh? Someone’s sleepy.”

Mari didn’t reply.

“Well...” Janice fidgeted, “Up you go!” she exclaimed, grabbing the unsuspecting Mari under the armpits.

Mari squirmed and squealed in fright.

“Heehee, sorry, Princess,” Janice said, lifting her friend high over the crib railing and depositing her in.

Mari was sure her cheeks had run out of blood already, but her body proved her wrong.

“Okay, call for me if you need me,” Janice said, finally planting a kiss on Mari’s forehead. She turned about at the doorway, getting once last vista of her favorite little lizard standing absentmindedly in her crib before shutting the door.

Mari sighed. She leaned back on the mattress, finally taking in all the infantile sensations: her onesie covering her diaper and her pacifier bobbing in her mouth. There was a strange comfort to it all that she couldn’t quite comprehend. She even felt cute as she turned and heard the unmistakable crinkle of a dry diaper.

It was a lot to process for someone who had never even considered wearing one again. She hoped Janice was truly happy with it all. She deserved a nice present every now and again. *Maybe this will be the Christmas thing,* Mari wondered, closing her eyes.

It took her shockingly little time to pass out. Her nap wasn’t much different than any before: one moment she was asleep, and the next moment she was awake.



Upon waking, she craned her neck in confusion. But the memories soon flooded her mind. *Oh yeah*, she realized. She yawned and stretched, sitting up.

She definitely didn't feel completely rested, so it took a moment to realize what had woken her.

Then she felt the dull pain in her groin. "Eugh," she scoffed. She contemplated what to do. The walls of the crib were probably too high and slippery for her unathletic self to climb, she embarrassingly realized. "J-janice?" she said, soft and timid.

She stood up in the crib. Even though Mari was in the same height group as toddlers, it usually wasn't that evident; she dressed and acted like an adult, and had adult proportions. But the fact that she could barely see above the top bar of the crib made for literal babies and her puffy disposable diaper were making it clearer.

Mari tried not to think about it, opting to look around for a distraction. Then she spotted something at her feet. *She probably would like it if I were to use the thing*, she thought, picking up her discarded pacifier and putting it in her mouth. Then she realized how much more infantile it made her feel, and she *almost* decided to forego it after all.

She felt a pang in her side, and her potty urge came back with renewed vigor.

"Janice," she said, a little annoyed.

But Janice couldn't hear her.

"Janice!" she said again, stronger. "Grrr," she grumbled, her bladder protesting. She shifted her feet, desperately trying not to do a potty dance, her dry diaper letting off a cacophony of crinkles.

"Janice!"

And again. "*Janice!*"

But still, nothing.

"Why isn't she here?" Mari worried, "I gotta fucking go pee!"

It seemed to get more urgent every time she danced and her diaper sounded, as if her body instinctively knew it was a safe place to let go.

"Jaaaaaniiiiice!" she said desperately a few more times.

"Mommy?!" she tried, her face not even caring to light up in her desperation, "I'll call you the thing, just let me out of here," she whimpered.

"Mommy!" she hopped, a small spurt escaping into her diaper. "Eeee," she whined at the sensation.



Why isn't she coming? Is she trying to humiliate me? she fretted. A tear sprouted in her eye. *Is that the real reason she did this—to get back at me? Is she trying to get rid of meee?*

Mari's eyes welled up. Her bladder felt like it was about to shatter, and her dignity wasn't far behind. *She... she hates me and just wants to humiliate me. What's wrong with me? I can't believe I believed her... I'm fucking stupid... No one would want to take care of someone like that....* Mari slumped over, her forehead knocking on the wooden railing.

Then she broke. Tears streamed down her blazing cheeks. Simultaneously, her other dam failed and she felt her diaper swell and sag with her hot shame.

"Why a-am I s-o s-tupiiid?" Mari sobbed, falling back on her soggy bottom. Chewing on the nipple of her pacifier was all she could latch on to.

"What's going on?!" Janice barged in, terrified, "Are you okay?!"

Mari's tears cleared up in an instant. "I th-thought you left me!" she squealed. "I-I had to pee really bad," she whispered.

"Oh no, I'm so, so sorry!" she cried, "I was outside getting the mail, and the neighbor was talking my ear off..." she explained. Then a putrid scent hit her nose. She looked at Mari's bulging diaper. "Uhm... do you... still... have to go?"

Mari couldn't bear to look at Janice.

"Does—" Janice asked. "Mhm," she uttered, blushing. "Then... let's get you changed?" she asked, biting her lip.

Mari was too ashamed to say anything, but Janice just took it as confirmation.

Janice lifted up her woman-baby friend, but wasn't sure what to do beyond that. Janice had never actually cared for a *real baby* before, but she figured that she'd just carry her

hypothetical charge in an ordinary fashion when they needed to be changed. “Uhm, do you want me to hold you like before, or...?”

Mari just stared at Janice with utter confusion.

Janice blinked back. “I’ll just set you down here,” she said, laying her friend down on the carpet of her room right outside the crib. “L-let me get some stuff, I’ll be back really quick, I promise!” she fretted.

Mari frowned, latching on to Janice’s sleeve on instinct. *I didn’t mean that*, Mari thought, hurriedly loosening her grip.

Janice’s heart skipped a beat. “O-oh,” she said, not hesitating to scoop Mari back up. She made sure the little kobold was properly restrained in her bosom, “It’s okay, I—I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to... make you do anything you didn’t want to, I don’t want you to be upset, especially since this... I mean, since this means so much to me! I love you, and I wasn’t trying to force you to do anything.... And!” Janice swallowed, getting emotional, “And I won’t *ever* leave you... unless you wanted me to, or something!”

Mari was overloaded again: from Janice’s careful hand pressing on her soggy bottom; to her pacifier still filling out her mouth; to Janice’s chest encompassing her vision. All she could muster was a weak snuggle.

Janice noticed and smiled, giving Mari a peck on her forehead. “There, there,” she cooed. “Tell me when you’re ready for a change, okay?”

Mari and Janice stayed like that for a long time. It was difficult for Mari to form a coherent thought; so difficult that she dozed off.

Janice savored every second of it, trying to engrave it in her memory. *My baby girl, Mari, you’re so cute. You’re such a good girl. I wanted to tell you how I felt for so, so long. And here we are. You’re so perfect. I wish this would never end.*

But all good things must end. Mari woke up, her world black and carrot smelling. She shifted around, feeling her cooling padding. *Oh... yeah...* she realized, *I guess I never realized that Janice smelled like carrots.*

She swallowed, and pulled out from Janice.

Janice tried to hide her frown.

“Uh...” Mari stumbled, “Can I... uhm....”

“Yeah,” Janice said. “I’ll grab some... stuff.” She carried Mari to the bathroom and grabbed a tub of baby wipes from under the sink, and then continued to the living room.

Janice forewent the coffee table, opting to lay Mari on the ground. Mari raised up her legs without much coaxing.

She was quick to unbutton the onesie and open the diaper. The scent of fresh kobold urine was a lot stronger than Janice had fantasized about, she realized, but she persisted. She took a wipe out from the bag and got to work, wiping up all the residue. Surprisingly, she found, the practice she did with her toys as a little girl helped her.



Mari felt like she was floating in and out of reality: her best friend was lovingly wiping her crotch down after she peed herself, after all. No matter how she spun it, it always ended up closer to fiction than fact.

The old diaper was finally pulled out and balled up, while the new one was unfolded and laid out.

Janice pulled up the diaper, and Mari cringed at the sensation. The kangaroo had completely forgot to let the kobold's nethers dry out.

She decided to let it slide. The new diaper would collect the moisture in short time, she figured.

Janice pulled Mari back into a hug immediately. "Mari, I'm so, so happy right now, I love you so much. Thank you for doing this for me. I know you didn't have the best time, but thank you for letting me indulge in this... weird part of me."

"I mean... it.... It wasn't all bad," Mari said.

"Really?" Janice gasped.

"I thought the clothes were comfy."

"Even the diaper?!"

"Uh... yeah," Mari admitted, her face a tomato.

"Was the crib... okay?"

"I mean... yeah," Mari sighed. "Just okay. It wasn't that much different than a bed."

Janice still appeared giddy at the news. "But then... the last thing? Was that... too much?"

Mari ruminated, chewing on her pacifier. "You made it nicer than it would have been."

Janice gave a pained smile in return. "You're being too kind... I made it happen in the first place...."

Mari shrugged. "I guess so... but it still could have been worse."

It wasn't the news Janice was hoping for, but was expected. "Thank you.... This whole thing.... I can't express how much this means for me. I can't express how much it means to me when I know this is super weird and... and... you do it... anyway, because it makes me feel... just a little bit... less of a freak."

"Jan," Mari pouted, "Stop calling yourself a *freak*. It's too self loathing. And I mean, if you're a freak, what does that make me for finding the clothes comfy?"

Janice's smile wavered, and she couldn't contain her tears of joy. She wrapped her arms around Mari as if the little kobold were going to fall into pieces unless the kangaroo held her together.

Janice swallowed. "I know... I know this is a long shot, but... do you think you'd do it again sometime?"

Mari smirked at her friend's saleswoman-like attitude. "We'll see."