Prisoner of Progress Bonus Chapter 2

AUTHORS NOTE: So, this one was going to take place sometime after the first visit of General Castor but before the second. The idea is at some point Eranor had convinced Tialla to do more than just wear a diaper with her, and Rose agreed to facilitate that. Just a set up for fun smol times really. I ended up cutting it because it didn’t really fit Rosewood’s character to be doing this kinda thing and it is all a little extra.

“This feels ridiculous,” Tialla said through a blush. She was in Eranor’s nursery with Eranor lying next to her on the changing table, both of them were naked, waiting for what was about to happen next.

“Why does it feel ridiculous?” Rosewood asked with feigned innocuousness. She held one of Eranor’s baby printed diapers in her hand, and it was clear from her position that this was for Tialla. “It was only a few years ago that I was doing this all the time you know.” In proof of this statement Tialla robotically raised her bottom to accept the waiting diaper.

“Same for me too you know,” Earnor mused next to Tialla. “And I got used to it again pretty quickly.” Eranor kept talking as Rosewood applied powder to Tialla.

“And you should get used to it faster since you still wear at night you know,” Rosewood commented as she brought the diaper up and started to tape it.

“Rose!” Tialla whined in embarrassment. Rosewood and Eranor both giggled at the outburst and Tialla blushed.

“The mighty queen Tialla brought low so easily,” Eranor teased as Rosewood placed a matching diaper under her.

“You know I don’t have to do this,” Tialla commented.

“Oh, You aren’t getting out of it now little lady,” Rosewood spoke in a tone Tialla found familiar. It was said with a smile, but had an undertone of stern seriousness. It was her nanny voice, recovered from her time not too long ago as Tialla’s nursemaid. A primordial obedience rose up in Tialla. Eranor continued her giggling and found a pacifier pressed into her mouth. “And you, my other little princess, are going to behave as well.” Rosewood said in the same tone. “Don’t think I won’t bring either you over my knee. I still have the paddle I used for Tia somewhere.” Eranor looked to Tialla to see if Rosewood might be joking.

“She’s serious,” Tialla sighed in defeat.

“All right up you get,” Rosewood helped Tialla and Eranor off the changing table. “Now I think little ones need cute little onesies, don’t you?” Tialla gave a look that said she didn’t particularly think that, and Rosewood was quick to answer that silent statement. “You seem to think so since you love dressing Eranor in them,” Rosewood lathered on the irony as she picked out a pink onesie decorated with several different kinds of bugs in shades of green. Eranor couldn’t hide her own smirk as she found a similar onesie put over her. Of course, the two would be matching. Rosewood finished by clipping Eranor’s pacifier to her onesie and clipping one to Tialla’s as well.

“Ok turn around,” the two obeyed before really thinking of what Rosewood was asking. Tialla glanced back to see her getting out two chest harnesses.

“Really?” Tialla protested. “We don’t need to be on leashes. We aren’t going out anywhere.” Her question was met with her own pacifier being pushed into her mouth, and now she and Eranor matched completely.

“You need the whole experience,” Rosewood nodded as she started to fasten a pink harness over Tialla. “Plus, I’ve always wanted to do this with two charges, I just think it’s too cute.”

“Do wah?” Tialla asked over her pacifier, only to immediately have her question answered as a medium length lead attached the two girls harnesses together. “Helps me keep track of both of you.” Rosewood said in a way that gave away that it wasn’t the actual reason. “Come on. You two can play in the play pen for a bit.” She pulled on the lead connecting the two of them, and Eranor and Tialla shared a glance as they were pulled into the den and ushered into a play pen that had been set up in the middle of the room and filled with soft toys. The two were ushered inside with some difficulty, bound together as they were. Eranor looked to Tialla as Rosewood left the room.

“This one’s on you,” Tialla said letting the pacifier fall from her mouth and get caught by the pacifier clip. She crawled over to a stack of blocks and played around with them.

“Oh, don’t be so gloomy about it,” Eranor sat across from Tialla. “You don’t find it at all enjoyable?” Tialla shot a look over to Eranor before stacking some blocks together.

“It’s just a little too recent for me maybe,” Tialla put another block on the stack absent mindedly. “But you’re not wrong.” Tialla came to a sudden realization as she built the tower as tall as she could. “Sorry. You probably don’t really care how I feel about it, since I force you to do this all the time.”

“Give me more credit than that Nana, I do care” Eranor laughed knocking over the block tower. “I kinda hated it too if I’m being honest, but you know it’s grown on me. As much as you’ve grown on me.” Tialla blushed at the comment. She tried to formulate a response but it died in her throat amidst a heap of stammering. Eranor giggled, hiding a blush of her own. She put her pacifier back in her mouth and got to work restacking the blocks that had fallen over, and Tialla, after a moment, did the same.

The two had gotten lost in play for a moment when Rosewood returned holding two bottles in each of her hands and proudly proclaiming …

“Time for babas!” The two girls found themselves laying on either side of Rosewood’s lap, blushing as their heads got near each other, before they found the nipples of the bottles replacing the nipples of the pacifiers. “Seems like you two had fun playing,” Rosewood said with a giggle. Tialla and Eranor both grew flushed and turned away. “Quit pouting and drink your babas. You have dinner when you get done, and I need to keep babies on a schedule.” The complaint that they didn’t need a schedule would not make it past the drinking of milk.

There were a few quiet moments, where the sound of suckling and air escaping from the bottles as Eranor and Tialla finished drinking were the only thing that could be heard. With the bottles empty they found themselves hoisted over each of Rosewood’s shoulders with surprising ease, and the Miqo started rubbing their backs.

“Is it really necessary for us to be …” Tialla was cut short as a tiny blech escaped her.

“What was that dear?” Rosewood asked with a smirk.

“Nothing,” Tialla barely got out before another burp escaped her, Eranor started burping as well.

“There,” Rosewood situated the two on the couch. “Now I know we just had babas but we gotta get num nums in you too.” She sang as she unclipped the lead joining them. She scooted two high chairs in the den close to each other and invited each of the girls to sit inside, and the two obeyed. They quickly found themselves strapped in place and had trays locked over their chairs. With a smile, Rosewood sat two bowls of unappealing yellow mush on the trays. The amount in the bowl was concerning to both Tialla and Eranor, and Rosewood seemed to pick up on it. “We needed plenty of baby food for babies your size,” she explained casually.

“We don’t have anything else?” Eranor asked concerned.

“If you’re still hungry I can get you more, or another baba,” Rosewood dismissed the concern by pushing a bite into Eranor’s mouth.

“I don’t think that’s what she …” Tialla was cut off by her own mouth being stuffed with the mushy food.

“I knew what she meant sweetie,” Rosewood put another bite into Eranor’s mouth before she had time to fully eat the first bite. “But Eranor said she wanted to give you two the full experience, and last I checked babies just ate baby food.” Another bite entered Tialla’s mouth. “And if you want, you can get the spanking experience too. Might help you appreciate how Eranor feels when you threaten her with it.” Eranor couldn’t speak as another bite was put into her mouth.

Thankfully for the two of them the mush was tastier than it looked, though it wasn’t exactly fine dining. The amount in the bowl was also sufficient to fill them both up. Rosewood's expert placing of steadily more bites of food into mouths was efficient at stifling any complaints as well. She seemed to be enjoying herself.

The moment of relative calm while being fed had come to an end as Tialla felt a rumble in her tummy. Two thoughts entered her mind at once as she strained against the bonds of the high chair. She needed to poop, and Rosewood wasn’t going to let her out of her diaper to do it.

“Oh, I think someone needs to use their diapers,” Rosewood gave a knowing look to Eranor, who returned the look to Tialla who blushed nervously. “Your food is formulated to keep little babies regular, but I didn’t think it would work that fast.”

“Rose?” Tialla whined.

“What? you didn’t think I’d let you get out of this without a messy diaper did you?” Rosewood smirked. “Wouldn’t be fair to Eranor who has to mess her diapers all the time now would it?” Rosewood put another bite of food into Eranor’s mouth before she could comment. Tialla groaned as she found another bite put into her own mouth. “If you’re a good girl I’ll change you right after I change Eranor’s diaper. She’s probably going to be messy in a minute too.” The statement was punctuated by a groan from Eranor. “Speak of the devil.”

“Uh huh,” Eranor grunted again. She Struggled to hold it in like Tialla. She was quick to give up the fight though. Eranor stood up slightly, only to push the mess waiting inside her into her diaper, before sitting back down in her mess.

“Aww good girl,” Rosewood praised Eranor, giving her another bite of food. The praise mixed with sitting in her own mess catapulted Eranor into a little headspace. She smiled as she ate more of the food.

The nerves in Tialla only got worse seeing Eranor give up her own fight. Tialla didn’t have much fight left in her. Tialla grunted as she only barely managed to stop another wave.

“Don’t hold it in Tia it’s bad for you,” Rosewood chided gently. “Just use your diaper like a good little girl.”

“Ugh,” Tialla groaned at the comment, and with discomfort as another wave hit her and she gave up the fight. She pushed a mess into her diaper just like Eranor had done moments ago. The relief as the cramps stopped was short lived as Tiall fell into the mess and felt it spread over her bottom.

“There we go. Good girl,” Rosewood heaped praise on Tialla. Tialla felt strange. She definitely didn’t feel like she had done something that should be praised, yet she was all the same. She couldn’t deny that she had some primal positive reaction to her former Nursemaid’s praise, but it was mixed with the feeling of the mess spreading around her bottom as another bite was put in her mouth. “Oh, poor thing. I think someone doesn’t like being messy, do they?” Rosewood asked with sympathy.

“Nuh uh,” Tialla gave a wavering nod. Eranor looked on with a more innocent concern.

“All right,” Rosewood said sweetly. “Let’s finish your num nums and get changed ok.”

“Please,” Tialla said quickly. She opened her mouth wide for anther bite and Rosewood couldn’t help a giggle.

Thankfully for Tialla, she and Eranor did finish quickly and were quickly led back to the nursery. The two took a familiar position next to each other on the changing table. Tialla wiggled uncomfortably as she laid down.

“Eranor you don’t mind waiting do you?” Rosewood asked the unphased Eranor. Eranor nodded no slowly and distracted herself with a stuffed animal.

“Such a good sister,” Rosewood praised Eranor and she got to work on cleaning Tialla. Tialla grumbled and closed her eyes as she felt herself be cleaned with a multitude of wipes. Slowly calming down as her bottom was cleaned. “You were very brave today,” Rosewood said seriously.

“Yeah?” Tialla sighed with relief as another clean diaper was slid underneath her.

“I kind of miss taking care of you like this,” Rosewood mused as she powdered Tialla.

“Yeah, I kinda …” Tialla paused for a moment as the new diaper was taped up. “I kinda miss it too.”

“Thanks for indulging my trip down memory lane,” Rosewood snapped Tialla’s onesie shut.

“Can I get changies now,” Eranor pouted next to Tialla.

“Of course, dear,” Rosewood blushed a little realizing she forgot about Eranor for a moment. “Thank you for being patient.” Eranor stopped her fussing while Rosewood got to work cleaning her up. While she was being cleaned Eranor’s hand slipped into Tialla’s. Tialla looked over with a blush and Eranor looked back with a plain expression. She suckled gently on her pacifier waiting for Tialla to move her hand, but Tialla didn’t.

“Tanks fer doin this wif me,” Eranor talked over her pacifier. Tialla looked at the ceiling, before putting her own pacifier in.

“Ish fun,” she answered with a smile.

“You two are precious,” Rosewood smiled as she finished taping up Eranor’s new diaper. She helped the two up and clipped the lead back onto their harnesses. “You girls wanna go back to your play pen?”

“Yeah!” Tialla and Eranor said happily. Rosewood had to hold fast to the lead to keep the girls reigned in as they tried to run off to the play pen giggling.