

## Locked and Padded

By ChampTehOtter (<https://champteh hotter.com/>)

You wake up confused. Where are you? What is that soft feeling pressing against your whole body? You try to move your arms and you can't. Something is putting gentle pressure on your wrists and ankles, like bracelets or... cuffs... You try to speak and all that comes out is a muffled noise, stopped by some soft rubber object filling your mouth.

You wiggle some more and you become aware of a warm wetness between your legs. As your eyes adjust to the darkness, you begin to make out the dim shapes of bars around you. Of something akin to a sleeping bag - puffy all around your body. You hear a crinkle and you stop. You move experimentally. Stop. It's the mattress. No, more than that... Wiggle, wiggle, \*crinkle\*. It's YOU!

You begin to panic. What's going on? Without even thinking, you begin to suckle on the rubber object in your mouth and it actually helps to calm you down enough to think. You try to remember. Where were you last night? You were... you were... going to take a hit off of Pete's joint. That's right. You were at an acquaintance named Pete's house. A friend of a friend. And he passed you a joint... He called it something as you took the hit and things began to get dim... What did he call it? Dumb... baby smoke?"

The light turns on, momentarily blinding you.

"Well well well, welcome back, little baby. Don't you look as snug as a bug in a rug?" It's Pete!

"What the fuck, Pete?" you want to say, but the thing in your mouth muffles your words completely, and all that comes out is "Mmm mmph fmm, hmmm!"

Pete reaches down to the crotch of your clothing which you can now see is like a thick snowsuit. To your surprise, you feel and hear several snaps unsnapping at your crotch.

\*Snap\* \*Snap\* \*Snap\*

Your eyes bulge as two fingers shove their way into what can only be a soggy diaper and brush your little bits.

"Oh my gosh!" he exclaims. "You're soaked!"

"Mmmff!!"

"Aww, is the little one getting fussy? That's ok, sweetie. I know what you need. It's time for a change and a big baba!"

You shake your head as you're lifted up into Pete's arms and you realize that he must have released your bonds. You immediately try to break free, but you feel so weak. In effect, your struggles merely resemble the squirming of a fussy baby as you're carried over to a big padded changing table and plopped down on your back with a FWOOMP.

You continue to fuss and whine as Pete undresses you until you eventually attract the attention of someone else. A female voice.

"What the heck is going on in here?"

Oh thank goodness, it's Pete's girlfriend, Nessa. She'll set things straight.

"Just taking care of the new baby," replies Pete. "It seems they don't quite realize that they're a baby now."

"Awww, it's okay, cutie," Nessa says, smiling and petting your hair. "Mommy and Daddy will make sure you have the best home now that you're with us. We're so glad you took the joint we gave you. That'll make things so much easier."

She's in on it too? This is crazy. You shake your head vehemently and the two look at each other and frown.

"You don't believe your Mommy?" asks Nessa. "Petey, go ahead and take out their paci so they can try to speak."

As soon as the paci is out you begin to yell at them asking what in the hell they think they're doing but to your horror, nothing comes out but confused baby babble and drool.

"Aww, it's okay, sweetie," says Pete, wiping your face with a cloth. "Pacis do that to babies sometimes. We'll let you have it back soon enough. But first, it's time for your change! You're much too dumb to keep your pants dry now. You're just a dumb baby who can't even *speak*. And that's exactly how we like you. Why don't you take another hit?"

You lay there, halfway undressed on the padded table. You don't dare look down for fear of what you know you will see around your waist. Instead, you look up at Pete and whimper as he holds a joint right in front of you. It defies all logic, but something compels you to listen. Listen to... Daddy... Some part of you wants to see where this goes.

He puts the joint between his lips and gets it started for you, holding a lighter up to one end of the twisted little spliff and puffing at it, letting it blow out the other side of

his mouth without inhaling. You open your trembling lips and push them out, to reach for the joint. "Momo..."

Pete chuckles and brings the joint down toward your lips. "Somebody is excited for more of their dumb baby smoke! That's a good baby! Open up for the airplane!"

Down it comes, flying through the air with a *WHOOOSH!* and into your greedy lips. You do as Daddy says and inhale. Even as you do so, you feel a strange sensation like plastic coating the inside of your throat and lungs. Warmth blossoms from your chest spreading throughout your body. You feel it, but you don't feel hot. It's like energy pulsing through your body from the extremities of your fingers, from the top of your head, all flowing inward down through the brainstem, down the spine, down to the base of your body until you can feel all that intense energy simmering in your nether regions.

You feel it, as you lay on the table. You feel like you are just on the edge of cumming, and you try to stop from teetering off. Your mouth opens and a line of drool falls out as you are completely overwhelmed by all the smells, colors, and sensations in the room and inside yourself.

"Awww! Somebody's brain is about to go bye-bye!"

Who said that? Was that Mommy or Daddy? You look at them both. That itch in your nether regions makes you so horny. Suddenly, you have to go into your diaper. You convulse, and shudder. You can't hold it. You gasp and your mouth opens in shock.

"Gaba goo!" you squeal, as you are hit by the most powerful orgasm as you and begin jerking and squirting uncontrollably into your diaper.

"Looks like we got ourselves a squirter, hon!" says Nessa. You start to feel embarrassed as the warmth spreads between your legs, though you don't understand what the grownups are saying.

"Good," says Pete. "Our baby is gonna dump all their smarts into their diaper again. And whenever they start to come back, alls they gotta do is take another hit of that dumb baby smoke and they'll be right back to their little bitty selves. Isn't that right, pumpkin?" He asks, ruffling your hair.

You giggle and fall back onto your back. Everything is so funny. Daddy's fingers tickling your thighs are so funny. Daddy undressing you the rest of the way and pulling on the tapes of your diaper is so funny. You gasp as you feel the cold air hit your nether regions, but at that moment a nipple is shoved into your mouth and warm creamy goodness hits your tongue and you close your eyes, unaware of anything else. You just smile and suck and suck as Mommy's soft hands caress your head. That feels so nice. So good. So wonderful.

You don't even remember what you were doing or thinking a moment ago. All you remember is feeling so good, and you curl up into that wonderful feeling until the nipple is taken away. You let out a big yawn and feel your eyes beginning to close.

The next thing you know, you are slowly coming to on Pete's couch sprawled across Mommy and Daddy's lap. You sit up and see that you're in your normal clothes.

"Whoa, not so fast," says Pete as you try to sit up, frightened by the intensity of what you just experienced. You look at your hands. Your arms. You even grab at your crotch. No mitts. No puffy suit. No diaper. Thank goodness.

"Was it a... dream? I mean it must have been," you say to yourself, laughing. The two of them exchange glances. "But it felt so real. Guys... what... what just... *happened?*"

They look at each other. Nessa nods to Pete, and he nods back to Nessa.

"Well," Pete begins, placing a hand on your leg as Nessa rubs your chest. "The truth is, you just got a glimpse of your true self."

"My... what?"

"That's right, hon," says Nessa. "You're just a little baby. And we think part of you liked it."

"I... liked it? Hey, wait a second..." you try to sit up, but Pete and Nessa hold you firm.

"Hush, now, little darlin'. You're back to normal, no harm no foul," said Nessa.

"That's right," said Pete. "We just wanted to give you a little taste of how your life could be if you wanted to be a baby again..."

You look at Pete and Nessa. "Are you crazy?! That was totally beyond the pale. It was humiliating. It was frustrating. It was... It was..."

"Enough to make you cream your pampers five times over?" asked Pete, chuckling.

"I'd say at least six," said Nessa, with a naughty grin. You feel your face turning bright red. The two of them help you onto your unsteady feet and lead you to the door and Pete leaves you with a parting offer.

"Now that you've fully recovered, you are safe to drive away, and go about your life. But if you liked what you saw... you can come back tomorrow. Just don't expect to be big again anytime soon."

You leave in a hurry. No way you'd go back there. You get into the car, still muttering to yourself.

"No way. I'm no baby. I don't even *like* bottles and diapers and dumb baby smoke." You drive down the highway. "Not a chance I'd ever go back." Take the turn off to your house. "I'm perfectly happy here as an adult." You get into your house, which you share with your five roommates. "Not a chance. I'm going back there."

You throw your bag down by the entrance, storm into the bathroom, shuck off your clothes, and start a nice, hot shower.

"I didn't even *like* being a baby. Especially not the part where I filled my diaper and came uncontrollably..." You protest, but the moment you stop talking, you realize that part of you is afraid you might have liked it deep down. And another part of you is extremely horny and in need of attention immediately.

You step in the shower, and as the room steams up, your hand slips between your legs. Your other hand explores your body as you think about your unusual experience with Pete and Nessa. About the thick padding hugging every inch of your body... the padding of the diaper and padding of the padded baby outfit... Of Pete feeding you that smoke and turning you into a...

"Oh gods..." you moan, as you come faster than you've ever come before. All it took was the mere thought of being turned into their dumb brainless baby to put you over the edge. You turn off the shower and put your hands on the wall to brace yourself. You are out of breath. And you came so *hard!* What does this mean?

You step out of the shower, as horny and frustrated as ever. You came way too fast to enjoy it. "Hey, roomie?" comes a voice from the other end of the door. "What's with the diapers in your bag?"

"Diapers? I don't know whose those are!" You burst out of the restroom with the towel wrapped tightly around your body and snatch your bag out of their hands. "What are you doing in my bag anyway?"

It's Gordon. He never seemed to care about personal boundaries. You snatch the bag and storm off to your room, kicking yourself for leaving your bag out in the open. But... what about all the diapers? You find yourself sitting on the bed, as you stare at the diapers laid out in front of you. Thick and crinkly with cartoon characters all across the taping zone. Your heart beats in your chest. Why are you so excited?

Pete and Nessa must have left them in there for you to find. You kind of want to put one on. You know you need to get rid of them right now if you have any hope of

resisting those urges. You bite your lip and look at the diapers. One of your roomies is knocking on your door asking if you're alright. You look at the door then.

"Leave me alone, Gordon," you call out. You don't want Gordon sticking his nose into your business anymore today. You're done.

"It's not Gordon. It's Lisa. Are you okay, hon?"

"Fuck it," you say to yourself, and open the door. "No. No, I'm not okay."

Lisa takes one look at you and gives you a big hug. You hug her back. "Shhh, shhh, shhh..." She says, shutting the door behind her and leading you over to the bed.

"Now what's all this about?" she asks, as she sits you down and picks up a diaper. It's got fighter jets streaking across the front and teddy bear pilots. It almost looks... *cool*. Your mouth goes dry. You don't know what to tell her. You whimper and point.

"I... I... I..."

"Are these for you?" she asks, raising an eyebrow.

"No! Of course not! I don't need... I don't... need..." You can't even bring yourself to say the word. "I don't need them," you say, finally.

She puts a hand on your leg and you flinch.

"W-what happened? Did something happen?" You let out a laugh. It's almost too absurd to believe.

"You really wouldn't believe me if I told you... I must be going crazy..."

"So tell me anyway," she says. You tell her about your strange experience and she listens. And with a little coaxing, you even admit the fact that you sort of liked it.

"I can hardly resist putting one on here and now," you admit. "I'm worried I might go back tomorrow if I do. Am I crazy?"

"I don't know," she says, rubbing your knee. "Let's find out. Why don't you put one on and see what it does for you?"

"Do you... really think that it's a good idea?" you ask.

"It's just a *diaper*," she says, handing it to you. The mere word makes you blush, but you try to hide your embarrassment and just take it from her. *Yeah. That's right. It's just a diaper*, you think to yourself, as you hold it up. Your breathing quickens. Your

heart beats. You look at the diaper for a few seconds. Then you realize something. You don't know what to do.

No one has ever taught you how to put on a diaper. You never even thought you'd need to know. You feel like an idiot sitting there holding a diaper that you don't even know what to do with.

"...Do... you need help?" she asks, finally. You can't even formulate a response, so you just nod timidly. She looks at you sympathetically, like, you cringe to realize, one looks at a small dumb child. Then, she takes the diaper from your frozen hand and tells you to lay down on the bed.

"Don't worry about it, sweetie," she says as you try to apologize. You just lay back, defeated. You let her help you.

Since you're already naked under your towel, there's not a lot for her to do. You are surprised when she pulls out baby oil and baby powder from your bag. Pete must have left those in there as well. What the hell did he expect you to do with all that?

The answer comes back to you in the scent of the oil and powder that Lisa rubs into your skin. *Exactly what you're doing now*. You sigh in contentment as the soothing smells are joined by the familiar feeling of thick padding between your legs. Shit. It's becoming *familiar*.

"So? How do you feel now?" Lisa asks, sitting back and dusting her hands.

"Better," you say. Shit. Shit. Shit. It feels *better*.

"Well, that's good," she says. "At least you know you have these to make you feel better when you need them... And a roomie who can help you into them. Silly goose."

You pull your pillow over your head and bury your face in it. Then you peek out from under it.

"Are you done yet? I'm blushy enough as it is."

"I'm done when *you're* done freaking out. And by the way, after what happened today, freaking out is totally justified. Hallucination or not, it's pretty fucking weird. I don't blame you for being a little messed up over it."

"A little? I haven't worn *diapers* since I was a baby!"

"Oh, so you *can* say the 'D' word," she says, with a laugh. Your eyes go wide in realization of what you just said and you pull the pillow over your face again.

"Oh, come on, I'm only teasing," Lisa says. "Come on out and watch a movie with us. You can't hide in here all night.

"Can't I just go to bed early and sleep all this off?"

"Now, now, none of that. You're going to spend some quality time with your roomies."

"But I'm in a... a... *diaper*," you say, whispering the last word as if your other roommates could be listening in.

"So what? Who cares what underwear you wear?" Lisa won't be budged. However, she agrees to let you put on pajamas to cover up your new 'underwear'. You look down at the big bulge underneath your pajama bottoms and frown as you hear a loud crinkle when you shift your weight.

"It's impossible. I can't go out there like this."

"Nonsense," she says, pulling you out to the living room with her. "You're being paranoid. Now come on out. We're watching the new animated film, the Genie Dragon.

"Psh, sounds like a kid's movie," you say. She just rolls her eyes and pulls you along. The diaper pushes your legs apart as you waddle to keep up with her. Is this really going to be alright?

Lisa tugs you into the living room. Gordon sees you and raises a beer. "Heyyyyy!!! Look who decided to make an appearance at movie night!"

"Finally," says Trevor, smirking. "I thought you'd already moved out!"

"I-wha?" You say, shocked. How did he know you were thinking of moving out to live as a full-time baby with Pete and Nessa?

"Only teasing," says Trevor. "You should see your face right now! It's hilarious!"

"Stop teasing the boy," says Lisa, pulling you to the loveseat. "He's had a rough day."

"Aww, wanna talk about it?" asks Gordon in a mock crybaby voice before laughing and taking another swig of his beer.

"Hey all," says another voice, as a freckle-faced bedhead girl with matched jammies and a bong in her hand walks in. "Anyone wanna hit this?" It's Leah, bad-girl extraordinaire. Leah is your smoking buddy and one of your best friends aside from Lisa.



You shudder and shake your head. And yet part of you is immediately turned on and cued into the idea. You begin to drool slightly and have to wipe it away when Lisa points it out.

"Alright," says Leah, eyeing you closely, as you do your best not to crinkle on the couch. "But you know where to find me if you change your mind. Right here. With my bong."

She plops down next to Trevor on the extra-long couch just to the side of the loveseat.

"Whoa! Don't spill, dude," says Trevor.

What commences is an argument over what movie you will all watch tonight. You know this song and dance. Not a thing has changed in the last three years you've lived here. Except this time, Lisa pushes her unusual request, pointing at you as she does so.

"Oh come on, we have to watch the *Genie Dragon*. This one has been excited about it *al///* night!" You are extremely red-faced as your friend implies to everyone that this film was *your* idea.

"What?! You told me that was already *decided*," you hiss at her.

"See?" she says. "That was all I had to say to get the little hermit crab to come out of their shell and hang with the roomies."

"Awww," says Gordon. "Widdle baby wants ta watch baby movies!"

"Knock it off. I'm not a baby!" you protest, blushing bright red as the feel of the thick diaper beneath your pajamas sends a very different message.

"That actually sounds like a fuckin' sweet film," says Leah, exhaling a cloud of smoke. That instantly makes you feel better and you love her for it.

"Oh yeah, I wanna see it too," says Trevor, immediately. His crush on Leah is obvious enough to make you cringe, though as usual, Leah remains completely oblivious.

"I hear it's as good as a DreamCzar film. And it's produced by Mackie Chan," says Lisa. "What do you say Gordon? Willing to give it a try? Or are you going to be lame as always and tie up the vote?"

"I'm not *lame*," says Gordon, crossing his arms in a huff. "I'll watch the stupid film."

"Aww, he's just afraid he's gonna *cry*," says Trevor, laughing.

"Am not!" says Gordon, his face growing red.

"Just like he does with every animated film we watch," says Lisa, joining in.

"Do not!!" he practically squeaks.

"Come on guys," you say. "Lay off him."

"Okay," says Lisa, her eyes flashing. "If Gordon can get through the *whole* movie without crying or getting totally into it, I'll never question his precious masculinity again. But if he *does* cry, or laugh, or giggle and clap, then he's gonna have to do something to show what a big *baby* he is."

Everyone seems to think that's a great idea, and with a lot of egging on, Gordon finally caves.

"Fine! I'll *prove* to you all I'm not a baby. Not like-" Lisa shoots him a death glare that stops him cold. You can tell he was about to tell everyone about the diapers he found in your bag but thinks better of it thanks to Lisa.

"Like who?" asks Trevor, still totally into the teasing game.

"Like you, you big baby," says Gordon, sticking his tongue out at Trevor. You breathe a sigh of relief, which is a surprise because you didn't even realize you were holding your breath.

Soon, the tense moment is forgotten as everyone settles in for another movie night. The popcorn comes out, the lights go down, and Lisa cuddles up to you, earning a few hoots and hollers from Gordon, who is elbowed in the ribs by Trevor, and, surprisingly, you catch a jealous look from Leah as well. But is she jealous of you or Lisa?

As the movie begins, you begin to suck your thumb. You don't even think about it, it just happens. You watch, enthralled as the main character runs around Beijing on a scooter delivering dumplings until his brush with a mysterious force that sends him down the path of *destiny*. You're actually really getting into this movie and you are surprised to see that Gordon is as well. He's actually giggling and gasping at all the appropriate parts, and it's honestly pretty damn cute.

"Toldja," whispers Lisa, out the side of her mouth. Then, she notices what you're doing and suddenly her face bursts into a big smile. "Well look at *you*, cutie. Are you comfortable?"

You would respond except your thumb has found a very comfortable resting place in your mouth and does not want to leave. Instead, you blush bright red and nod

your head, thankful that she at least keeps her volume low enough to be somewhat discreet.

Lisa runs her hand down to your diaper front and gives it a crinkly squeeze.

"Do you like this?" she asks. You nod. *Shit* - you *actually* like it. You like feeling little, you like sucking your thumb and watching cartoons. You like your diapers, and you *especially* like having your diapers felt up by your friends. You glance over to see Leah once again staring daggers at the two of you. When you took that hit from Pete, this is *not* what you signed up for, but this is what you got. And it's only promising to get weirder.

At the end of the movie, several things happen to prove that prediction correct. First, Lisa begins to tease Gordon about how she caught him crying.

"Looks like you're gonna have to act your age, and we have the perfect idea in mind, isn't that right, buddy?" she says, elbowing you in the ribs. Gordon blushes and gets defensive while Trevor and Lisa egg him on.

While that's happening, Leah pops up out of nowhere, scaring the daylights out of you as she is suddenly inches from your face, looking into your eyes.

"Something's up with you, my friend, and I want to know what it is. So spill the beans. What's up?"

Then, to top it all off, you get a text message from Pete that has a picture of you in full baby paraphernalia that says, "Looking forward to your next visit, little one." Things are getting really intense right now, and you're not quite sure what to do.

"Sorry guys," you say to Lisa and Leah, "I have to send a message real quick. I'll be back in a sec." You scoot off to answer Pete's text right away. You immediately ensconce yourself in a corner in the hallway between the kitchen and the living room and type away furiously.

"Pete! What did you do to me? I'm in a diaper right now hanging out with my roommates. I didn't sign up for this!"

"Oh? Did they find your little stash? ;-)" he replies.

"Yes! And one of them put me in it."

"And do you like it?"

"Yes! I must be going crazy. Whatever you did to me has ruined me. I was sucking my thumb during movie night for crying out loud."

"I didn't do anything. That's just your baby nature coming through. When you need more diapers, you know where to go. See you soon, crinkle butt." You lower your phone and sigh in exasperation. Looking up at the ceiling.

"What the hell do I do now?"

You feel a tug at your hand and a sudden emptiness. Your phone is gone! You whip around to see Leah reading your texts as fast as she can.

"Hey, no! Give that back!" you say, but it's too late.

"Stash? *Diapers?* Crinkle butt?! What's all this about, now? What is it? Drugs? You've got a lot of explaining to do." Your face is bright red as her questions hang in the air. What can you say to someone so clueless? Then, her ears perk up and she looks down as you shift nervously and the sound of crinkles rends the heavy silence. Her eyes go wide, as if noticing the big diaper bulge for the first time. "Ohh... you're wearing a *diaper*, aren't you?"

You stutter, but find that you can't deny it.

"Y-yes," you finally say. "I am...but-"

"And how long has... all *this*," she waves her hand in a circle in front of you, "been going on?"

"J-j-just today."

"Okay, you're coming with me," she says, pulling you by the hand to her room and shuts the door behind you.

The walls are covered in band posters and a weed-themed ashtray sits on the shelves beside her floor-bed, which is nothing more than a regular ol' foam mattress with a cheap wooden frame to dress it up a bit.

"Sit, sit," she says. "Get comfortable - but not *too* comfortable. You're not leaking on my bed." she says, trying to make a joke out of an awkward situation.

"Th-thanks," you say. "I'm s-sorry. This wasn't my Idea, I-" She holds both your hands and looks you in the eyes.

"Are you okay?" You freeze for a second as your mind tries to shift gears to answer her question.

"I-I don't know. I'm... I'm confused." That is the truth. She nods.

"Okay... Um... and... these diapers... it's not some sort of dare or prank, or something is it?" You shake your head.

"Do you... have some sort of medical problem or something?" You shake your head again. She cocks her head.

"Then... what?"

"I... I don't know, I..." You stop, take a breath, and start from the beginning, telling her the whole story you told Lisa about Pete giving you that joint and what happened after. "And the most confusing thing is... I... I actually think I *like* it." She looks at you and down at your crotch.

"What, being a baby or wearing diapers?"

"Um... both? Both." you say. You put your hands over your nose, feeling shame overtake you.

"Whoah, *freaky*," she says, seemingly fascinated. "Can I see em?"

The question is so honest and innocent and curious, you are completely disarmed. You find yourself nodding despite your desire to run away and find some hole to hide in. You stand up and then pull down your pajama bottoms to reveal the thick crinkly padding in all its glory. The fighter jets are streaking across the front still, and it still looks sort of cool to you despite the fact that you are used to seeing diapers on babies only.

"Whoa," she says, reaching out and poking it. "Did you pee in it yet?"

"What?! No!" you say. Your face is already so red you don't think it's possible to blush any harder.

"That's so freaky..." she says again, still seemingly enthralled. The two of you stand there for a sec, then she says, "Pee in it."

"What?!"

"Pee in it. I wanna see!"

You don't know what you were expecting, but it wasn't this. This day just keeps getting weirder and weirder.

There you are in a diaper in front of your best friend Leah and she just told you to pee in it. Could things get any weirder than that? Things have gotten so far off track at this point, you feel you might as well go along with it. You scrunch your eyes and make an effort to go but you just can't pee on command. Leah doesn't give up though. She wants to see you pee in your diaper, and when she gets her mind on something you'd better believe she's going to make it happen.

That's how you find yourself being dragged out of the room by the arm, stumbling as you try not to trip over your pajamas. That's easier said than done.

"Hold on, Leah!" you say, struggling to pull up your pajamas as she hauls you off to the kitchen.

"Drink this!" she says, handing you a tall glass of milk. You look at her questioningly.

"I don't drink mil-"

"No excuses, drink, drink!" she says, tilting the glass up against your mouth. You're seriously in danger of taking a milk bath so you gulp it down as quickly as you can, only for her to fill the glass again. And again. She looks excited, like a kid in a candy store, and she keeps asking, "Do you have to go yet? How about now? Do you gotta go now?"

You try to keep her quiet so as not to attract the other roommates, but you can hear them calling out asking what's going on. Finally, you say you *do* have to pee just to get her to shut up, and you're pulled in another direction: toward the bathroom. The moment you are inside, she locks the door and pulls down your pajama pants, squatting down to get a clear view of your diaper.

"Uh, what are you doing?" You ask, as she stares, her face inches from the cushy padding.

"I want to see what it looks like when you wet."

"You're so *wierd*," you say. "There's no way I can pee with you watching like that."

"It's for science," she says. "And you're the one wearing a diaper. Anyway, if you're having trouble going, I've got a scientifically proven method to help. Just take a seat," she says, pointing to the toilet. "Seat up! Seat up!"

"There's no way that's going to work," you say, feeling silly as you sit down on the open toilet seat with your diaper still on.

"Trust me, this is going to work," she says, flipping up the tap to let the water run. She grabs your hand and sticks it under the warm water.

You roll your eyes. "There's no way-"

"Oh my god! It's working! You're peeing!"

You don't need her to tell you. You can feel and see it yourself. You're actually wetting your diaper in front of your best friend. You couldn't be redder if you painted yourself.

"This is so embarrassing," you mutter.

"That's not embarrassing. Embarrassing would be if everyone *e/se* saw it."

"Don't you dare tell anyone I wore a diaper and peed in it, Leah."

She agrees, but it turns out she didn't have to. Once the door swings open you see your other three roommates piled up against it listening intently.

"How much did you hear?!" you squeak, clutching your pajama bottoms defensively.

"Every. Single. Word." says Trevor.

"Diaper butt! Diaper butt!" yells Gordon, pointing and laughing and Lisa cuffs him on the side of the head.

"So... I guess movie night's over," you mumble, wishing you could just disappear.

"Oh no, it's not!" says Lisa.

"Yeah, why would we care what underwear you wear?" asks Leah. "Isn't that right, Trevor?" Trevor looks surprised, but rolls with it since his super obvious crush is for it.

"Uh. Yeah! What she said!" They don't even bother to wait for Gordon's two cents. You're dragged into the living room by the lot of them and they sit you on the love seat.

"Comfy?" asks Lisa. "Uh, yeah, I th-think s-"

"Can I get you something to drink?" Leah practically yells.

"No thanks. You gave me plenty-"

"Let's see it, man," says Gordon.

"What?!"

"Yeah, might as well," says Lisa. "Everybody already knows."

You look on in disbelief as the other roomies agree with Gordon. That might be the weirdest thing that has happened all day.

"Okay, hold on. What is it with all of you and wanting to see my diapers?"

"I've already seen them," said Lisa. "They're super cute."

"Okay, well now I *gotta* see," said Gordon.

"Yeah, he's right," said Trevor. "It's kinda not fair that only the girls get to see 'em."

"Ffffine," you say, crossing your arms and huffing. "But I'm not going to do any baby stuff, okay?"

"That's good enough for me," says Trevor running around to the back of the loveseat and pulling you up off the cushion.

"Hey! What are you?"

"Get 'em, Gordon!" yells Trevor. Gordon immediately whips off your pajama pants and everyone gets an eyeful of your yellowed diapers.

"Wow, fighter jets. So cool!" says Gordon, who immediately busts out laughing, unable to keep a straight face.

"H-hey! Th-this isn't funny!" You say, your face getting redder by the second as you grab for your pajama pants.

"Actually, kid, it kind of is," says Trevor, laughing. Leah just smirks.

"Come on, guys," says Lisa, sliding onto the loveseat and hugging you, "be nice."

"Alright, alright," says Trevor. "We'll be nice to the baby. Come on Gordon. Let's go get some drinks."

"Hehe. Yeah, sure," says Gordon, leaving the room with Trevor.

"H-hey! They took my pants..." you complain, halfheartedly.

"Don't pay them any mind," says Lisa.

"It's kind of hard not to since I live with them."



"Aw, you don't need pants anyway. Let's just put something fun on," says Leah, picking up the remote. "How about some classic Love-a-Bunch Bears."

"Aww, come on, that's such a baby show," you say.

"Is not, and you're one to talk," says Leah, putting it on anyway.

Lisa pulls you into a snuggle and you realize you're trapped with your diaper butt sticking out for all to see. Then without warning, you feel someone pull open the back of your diaper and you screech as cold ice water is dumped down the back of it. You try to jump off the couch but Lisa has you all tangled up.

"Oh, now you've done it," says Lisa. "You oughtta go back into diapers yourselves just as punishment for being such brats."

The guys are laughing so hard they actually end up peeing themselves.

"Oh no!" says Trevor, still laughing. "I can't stop myself!"

"Me neither," wheezes Gordon. "I can't breathe!"

Lisa and Leah look at each other and nod. Before you know it, you and the boys are on your backs in the living room along with the diapers and changing supplies from your bag.

"Oh gods, do I have to wear one?" asks Trevor in a whiny voice.

"I think it would be way cute on you," Leah says with a wink.

"I'm in!" says Trevor, his penis already standing at attention.

"Yeah, well I'm out," says Gordon, trying to get up.

"Oh, no you don't!" says Trevor, reaching out with his arm and stopping Gordon. "If I'm doing it, you're doing it too!"

After some fuss and laughter from the girls, the three of you are finally padded up in three adorable diapers.

"Aww! The Love-a-Bunch design really suits Gordon," says Leah.

"Oh yeah, but I think he's a lot cuter... like this!" says Lisa, balling his hand up into a fist and sticking his thumb into his mouth. Gordon is blushing and rolls his eyes as he sucks his thumb, but soon, he seems a little more into it than he should be.

"Awww," you all say as Gordon begins to bliss out.

"Hey, I was thinking that maybe I don't want to go live with Pete and his girlfriend after all, but I think I know the perfect substitute," you say, grinning down at Gordon. You pick up your phone and give Pete a call.

"Hey, Pete. I've thought about your offer and I have a proposal... You see, my bratty roommate got into the diapers, and, well... let me send you a little picture. Just be warned that he's gonna need a *lot* of discipline."

Pete loves what he sees and says he'll be there right away with his car. It's creepy that he doesn't ask for directions, but sure enough it's only minutes before he shows up.

"Huh? What's going on?" asks Gordon, coming to as he sees Pete barging in.

"Hi, little guy. Go ahead and take a puff of this," he says. Before Gordon knows what's happening, he is inhaling the dumb baby smoke. You all watch as the intelligence leaves his face and he begins to babble and drool. For some reason you are super turned on when you see that.

"Come on, my little Love-a-Bunch Bear. It's time to show you your new home. We're gonna surprise Mommy and she's gonna be so happy to see you."

You all follow them out to the car, laughing as you watch Gordon get this confused look on his face as he's strapped into his carseat.

"Hey... wha???"

"Wave bye bye to your friends," says Pete, holding up Gordon's floppy arm and waving it at you. You all wave back.

"Bye! We won't miss you!" you call out.

Everyone is glad to be rid of the problem roommate, but that just leaves one issue.

"Where are we gonna get more diapers to keep you two padded?"

You and Trevor look at each other and gulp.