

What's the Matter with Megan?

December 2023 – Commission

Chapter Ten

And here it is at last: the Christmas break!

Talk about a well-earned vacation, too. I mean, I've had worse semesters. But there's nothing better than the prospect of sleeping in until ten – especially after two whole weeks of nothing but writing silly essays, and cramming textbooks worth of knowledge into your head, and hoping to goodness that your memory doesn't fail you in the middle of that three-hour exam about philosophy or whatever.

Anyway, all that's past now. So now I can focus on relaxing... and spending time with friends... and seeing exactly where those super-interesting developments over Thanksgiving break will lead.

I mean Megan, of course. It's not every semester that she gets a smoking-hot new boyfriend. Or that I learn about her secret kinky side that likes to call him Daddy. Or that I actually get involved in their little games, and end up practically forcing her back into giant baby diapers!

Speaking of which... I think it's been weirdly hilarious to watch how she's been acting ever since we got back. Of course I don't say anything about it, not in front of Anya. But I happen to notice an oddly heavy plastic bag in our trash now and then. I catch a whiff of powder that my years of babysitting the neighbor kids have taught me is nothing if not babyish. And most noticeably, I've happened to walk discreetly behind her after one of our exams.

Yeah. Neither her astonishing ability to take a three-hour exam without a potty break, nor that odd, quirky little walk of hers that verges on a waddle are particularly obvious to others. So I guess it's only me who knows without a doubt that my bestie was sitting there in a literal diaper. Yep, a college girl sitting on her padded rear, probably now and then just relaxing and letting everything leak right out into her pants.

I'm still musing on it now, two days before we're scheduled to head back home. I'm here at this lovely quiet corner of the library by the window, just letting the pale winter sunshine slowly leach the fatigue out of my bones. And here comes Dan: hot as ever in that soft pullover sweater and those well-cut jeans, a quietly confident smile on his gorgeous face.

"Hey, Natalie. How's it going?"

Fine, fine, I assert, trying to resist my natural instinct to preen and adopt a flirtatious tone. He may be hot, sure – but he's my bestie's boyfriend. And my private fantasies aside, I shouldn't encourage him. Surely not.

So on we chat, exchanging small talk about the most forgettable of topics. Until at last, he begins with the real reason why he's dropped by. "Hey, so I guess you know I won't be around home for the break. My folks are insisting on all of us heading to some resort in Jamaica. So... I was wondering... Since you'll be practically next door, could you keep an eye on Megan while I'm away? You know, make sure she's... well-protected?"

He drops the tiniest of winks, and my heart flutters even as I give a stifled little laugh. "What, really? I- You mean, you want me to-" "You know, nothing much. Just... make sure to check what she's wearing. Remind her that until she's better, neither I nor the doctor want her to even try going without... Well, you know. Her prescription."

Prescription. Hah, what a way to refer to those garishly, unapologetically babyish diapers stacked in the depths of her closet! I laugh again – and this time it's genuine. "Okay, okay, I promise," I giggle, and my pulse hammers a bit harder as his face lights up with a grateful smile. "Look, I know *exactly* what you mean. And if that's what you want me to do, then I'll do my best!"

Then... well, I dunno. It's probably my stupid hormones to blame. But what comes next out of my mouth is possibly my worst-ever attempt at a joke. "Heh, even if I have to try it out, too! Heh, I bet she wouldn't mind a friend keeping her company, right?"

The devious grin on his face is mesmerizing – as are the words that come out of his mouth. "Oh? Well now... that would be a sight I'd never forget! Go on, then, Natalie – why not give it a try? I'd love to see what Megan thinks!"

And that's how it happens that I'm sitting there alone five minutes later, scarcely able to believe that I just successfully flirted with a guy: by promising to wear a literal diaper.

Isn't there some weird saying about dogs and lions? Something about better to be hung for a lion as a dog?

A gruesome phrase, as most folks sayings are. But it's an idea that I've apparently decided to embrace. Because not only am I still nervously planning to do what Dan suggested, but I'm going all-in on this shit. Starting with the most amazing gag gift ever.

Because even if anyone in Megan's family or mine sees it, they'll just laugh and think it's a crazy inside joke. After all, ain't no one but me and her and Dan gonna know that it's no gag.

I grin softly as the cotton hidden within the wrapping paper compresses gently between my fingers. It's adorable, the garment inside: precisely the kind of thing I saw her ogling when we were at that medical store. And, oh my goodness! When she opens it with me tonight, she's going to be more embarrassed and delighted than I can even imagine.

"It's just a little something I found last-minute," I tell her in the security of her little lamplit bedroom. We're in our pajamas already, just as if we're back and reenacting one of our many sleepovers from when we were kids. "I bet you'll never guess what it is, though!"

Megan's face lights up, and she reaches for it eagerly, her messy red hair glowing and bouncing along to her enthusiasm. "Aww, Nat – you really didn't need to-" "Heck, just open it already!" I order with a laugh, and lean close to watch in excited delight as her slim fingers begin tugging at the paper. "Come on, show me... show me what you got..."

The look on her face when she sees the onesie inside is nothing short of mystified. Though when she finally holds it up, and those bold white letters across the cotton-candy pink front meet her widening eyes, that confusion melts into flabbergasted shock.

For this particular onesie proclaims the wearer to be nothing less than "Daddy's Baby Girl." Emphasizing that point with a cartoonish pacifier on one side and a baby bottle on the other.

"Nat, what the- I- You- I mean-" She's at a loss for words. "Merry Christmas," I giggle in reply, bending close and wrapping my arms confidingly around her. "Merry Christmas... you cute little diaper girl!" The last words are whispered into her ear, and I can feel her stiffen and shiver with irrepressible feeling. "Natalieeee..." she whimpers in response. And at the sound of her embarrassed pleading... well, I know that this present may be weird, but it's also making her feel things way beyond anything a normal gift would have.

And so I seize the moment. "Hey, speaking of which. *I* don't see *you* wearing your pampers right now, *girlie!* We're gonna need to fix that, aren't we?" Oh, she's blushing now! Stammering out

something about wanting to save some, not needing them all the time, it being silly-

"Go," I order, and now I'm reliving my babysitter days for real. "Go, sweetie. Get me one of your diapers. We can't have you making a mess in your bed on Christmas Eve. Santa would give you coal for sure!" And then, as she sheepishly rises and pads over to her closet, I amend my orders.

"Actually... bring me two. Just so you don't feel too embarrassed – you know, to be the only girlie here who's still in *diapers*."

My heart's thudding, and even though Megan's practically crimson-faced as she creeps closer, two of those massive diapers in her hands, I'm not about to give in to my own nerves. "Good girl!" I beam, then gesture at her pajamas. "Come on: off with those, now! Those are *far* too adult for a little Daddy's girl like you. Here, strip and I'll put this on you..."

I've never done it before – at least, not on a college-age girl. Nor has she likely ever had a grown woman pushing her down on her bed, stark naked, and wrapping a diaper around her bum. But she's nothing if not a pushover, and I'm her bestie, and I also happen to know that this is all super hot to her. So on I go, playing it all by ear, until she's wrapped up in that diaper and I'm buttoning the snaps of her brand-new onesie between her legs and over her babyish, crinkling crotch.

"And now, just to show you there's nothing scary or embarrassing about needing protection..." I'm laughing – partly with nerves – while I tug my own crinkling mass up around myself. I'm alive to the oddly soft and thick texture of the disposable fabric being forced gently up between my legs. Brushing against my feminine parts. And yeah: making me wonder how it would feel to have Dan pressing his hand right there...

"See? All better now!" I giggle, struggling and failing to tug my pajama bottoms up to cover the entirety of my newly padded rump. I'm crinkling and rustling with every movement, and as I flop down onto the bed beside my still wide-eyed bestie, I can't help but notice how she's staring as if mesmerized. "Nat, you- you really didn't have to-"

"But I *want* to," I rejoin, with a playful pat on her shoulder. "I know you and Dan like this, right? And I think you make an adorable babygirl for your Daddy. So I figure... well... why not have a bit of fun with it?"

"Ooh, yeah – I almost forget! Come on. Let's show him just how *cute* we are!"

Is her heart thumping as hard as mine is when I bring out my phone? Is she feeling that same

intoxicating rush of adrenaline at the thought of his gorgeous eyes blinking and staring appreciatively into his phone screen? Oh, or how he might bend closer... his hand drifting down toward his lap... eyes fastened on the picture of his dolled-up girlfriend and her enabling bestie...

"He'll love it," I assure Megan when she whimpers out something about how it's so embarrassing. "Look, you literally sent him pics of your pissy pants, remember? I hardly think a little pic of us two being cutesy is a big deal!"

And off it goes. Into cyberspace, and into the hands of that lovely man we both like so much.

Yeah, it's a pretty wacky way to spend Christmas Eve. It's a legit weird feeling to be lying here in bed now with the sensation of the world's largest and thickest maxi pad wrapped between your legs. Though you know... I'm not too proud to admit that now that the lights are out, my hand too is travelling down to that soft bulk. Slipping inside, sliding down to that delightful hollow. And working silently there in the intimate darkness, drawing from my parted lips a half-caught, shaky sigh of ill-concealed pleasure.

Because, fuck me... the thought of humiliating myself and giving up control to that wonderful guy named Dan? It's fucking sexy as hell. Even if literal diapers are involved!

(To be continued!)