

Locked into Love

March 2024 – Commission

Chapter One

Thanks to Samantha for commissioning a new story! :-)

It was a warm spring evening. On a quiet side street in a suburban neighborhood stood a little blue house, washed in gold by the fading sunlight. From the windows shone the welcoming light of home, gleaming brighter through the gathering dusk. Well... from all but one window, that is.

And perhaps for good reason. Because if any chance passerby, out to enjoy a lovely evening stroll, had happened to glance inside... they might have been more than a little surprised.

"Go on, baby. Tell me. Tell me what's been making those panties of yours so wet." Will's voice vibrated through the cozy bedroom, commanding and yet lilting with quiet amusement. "You can't deny you're soaked, baby. What have you been thinking of, hmm? Something extra... naughty?"

The young redheaded woman before him – flat on the bed, clad in nothing but her pale blue bra and visibly soaked panties, let out a muffled whimper. "Uh-huuuh," Laura murmured, her freckles fading into the blush rising in her face. "I... I was, um, reading something. Imagining something very... exciting..."

"Reading, hmm? But what? And imagining what?" Will's dark eyes danced under his equally dark brows, his hands slipping teasingly up and down her inner thighs. "You can tell me, baby. I'm your fiancé, after all." He chuckled, a note of sadistic delight entering his voice. "In fact... I'm beginning to think I might need to *punish* if you don't use your words and tell me!"

"No- no, Daddy, please-" Laura whimpered, and now her flushed face and green eyes were pleading up at him from the pillow. "I- I was thinking about- about if you- if you took away all my... my panties..." "Oh, really?" Will smiled softly at her embarrassment. "What, and left my poor baby girl to go commando everywhere? Her pretty little pussy all naked and exposed for me?"

"Nuh- well... not really," she admitted, and now she was practically wriggling with pent-up shame. "You- you'd make me wear something else instead. Something super... thick. And *sooo*... embarrassing... so babyish..."

"Oho?!" Will was grinning now, his mind evidently darting back to some decidedly steamy memories. "You mean *diapers*, baby? Like we got for you last Halloween? Nice, thick, *humiliating*

diapers in case my baby girl has an accident?" He laughed softly, and Laura let out a strangled bleat of pleasure at the sensation of his hand caressing her swollen pussy through the soaked panties. "That sounds quite appropriate for such a leaky, horny little girl, doesn't it? After all, you're far from dry now. And I do remember you telling me that you were very good at wetting your bed years and years ago..."

"But- but-" She was evidently laboring to speak again, struggling against her own shame and the arousal that drove her on. "But I- I didn't have a *choice*, Daddy! You were telling me I didn't get to decide anymore. You... you said you were gonna-" Her voice faltered, her petite breasts heaving with her arousal. "You were gonna take all my control away. All of it... for good. You were going to train me. Diaper train me... keep me in diapers day and night..."

"Twenty-four seven, hmm? Permanently?" Will's voice was genuinely surprised now, though his voice still held the same gentle mockery. "Oh, but surely that would get old after awhile, wouldn't it? You'd be stuck in diapers *all* the time! Even at work... on vacation... in front of family..."

"Uh-huuuhhh..." But even as Laura let out a groan of mortified assent, Will pulled back his hand. "Hey, um, babe? Cantaloupe."

At the sound of their safe word, Laura blinked suddenly up at him through the haze of her arousal. "Oh-! Oh, I'm- I'm sorry-" The arousal was fading now as she struggled up into a sitting position, oblivious of her soaked panties. But her fiancé was settling down beside her, his face both apologetic and comforting. "No, no worries! It's okay, really. I just... I think we'd better talk this out first, okay? Can we do that for a few minutes?"

It might not have been what Laura's hormone-soaked brain wanted. But that didn't matter – at least, not so much as her partner's request. "Umm... sure! I'm sorry- I hope the, you know. What I was saying? I hope it wasn't too much-"

Will was chuckling, his arm slipping comfortingly around her naked torso. "Oh, babe – no, you're fine! I just want to check with you." His dark eyes gazed over into her questioning green ones. "You remember how I wasn't super into the whole diaper thing when you first told me, right? But honestly..." He smiled and gestured down at her arousal-soaked crotch. "Honestly, when I see how fricking turned-on it makes you? I'm really, *really* beginning to like it. And so, when you tell me that you want to be back in diapers all the time..."

The color was rising in Laura's face once more as he asked the simple question. "Do you really want to do that? In real life? Because, well... I'm honestly happy to try."

Her breath hitched visibly, her eyes widening, then dropping in self-conscious and barely contained

emotion. "Really?!" And then a moment later, as her rational adult self kicked in: "I mean... I dunno? I don't wanna do anything I'd regret. And it's like you said – I'd be in them everywhere, not just in the bedroom. And if I ended up actually... incontinent... and we started a family someday. And besides, they're pretty expensive-"

"All things that are entirely possible," Will rejoined, and he was smiling softly as he gave her a reassuring squeeze. "Listen, babe: you've fantasized about this for pretty much your entire life, haven't you? Of course I'm not going to pressure you. But all I'll say is this: You only get one life. Plenty of people wear diapers every day for any number of reasons. And yes, I'd be more than happy to do this for you... if it's really something you truly want."

"You'd really be okay with it – with your wife wearing *diapers*?" Laura was breathless, her hand clutching at his arm with the incredulous, fervent energy of years of pent-up longing. "I- oh, god, I know it's silly, but- but- Oh, you're right. I *do* want it – so bad... And besides, it's not like wearing diapers will magically makes me incontinent overnight..."

"Yeah – for better or worse, I don't think that's happening," Will laughed companionably. "All I'd ask is that you trust me and be patient, okay? Of course, the safe word will still apply – obviously. But are you okay with trusting your Daddy?" He was growing serious now, his tone firm and deliberate. "You know... to do whatever he thinks best to make sure you're back in diapers 24/7? Not just for a day or two, but for months? Even if – and *especially when* – it might seem embarrassing?"

Laura blinked, her face a study in self-conscious deliberation and longing. And then, with an upward glance and a bounce of energetic determination, she nodded. "Yes. Yes, Daddy – I want that! Please... do whatever you think best for me."

Will nodded. Laughed. And then, with a tweak of her nose, sprang back into character. "Well, then, baby girl! Whatever are you doing sitting here pretending to be a big girl with a bra and panties? You know you don't deserve those! Here, let's get those off you..."

Off popped the bra, and twenty seconds later her wet panties. Onto the bed she flopped – on her naked stomach now, her face screwing up with the urgent need of her renewed arousal. While behind her stood Will, his low voice commending her above the clink of his belt buckle and the soft rustle and thud of his clothes as they tumbled free.

"Go on. Wiggle that pretty bum for me, baby," he ordered, nude now and settling onto the bed beside her to gaze hungrily at the lusty sight before him. "Show me how *badly* you need Daddy. Show him how much you deserve to be fucked... ridden... and then..." He paused dramatically, his

strong hands now kneading her upturned ass-cheeks and slipping down toward her dripping labia. "Locked away. Done up in a beautiful thick diaper. Whimpering and moaning like the pathetic little baby slut you are. While Daddy's cum drips out of you... soaking into your silly baby diaper... reminding you that he's gonna take *all* your control away. *Forever...*"

Well, perhaps it was for the best that those curtains were also pretty dang good at absorbing sound. Because not ten seconds later the young woman – pinned down on the bed by the weight of her lover, shuddering under the onslaught of his relentlessly thrusting cock, quivering at the terrifyingly arousing thought of what he was promising her – convulsed and screamed her way into the loudest, most intense orgasm of her life.

(To be continued!)