

# **Bedwetter's Hookup by Cowkites**

You awake in the middle of the night. You're in someone else's bed. A girl you met on a hookup app. She's right next to you, silently sleeping. There's a dampness to the sheets. It's warm. Especially around your crotch. It smells like piss. But that's not possible, is it? Did you really wet the bed like a toddler with potty problems?

"Ugh..." Your date rolls over in the sheets. Her eyes dart from your wet crotch to your face. "Are you serious? Could you seriously not make it to the bathroom?" You struggle to find a good response. Your date rolls her eyes. "Open the app. The one we talked on." You do as she says. "There. What does that say?" It's your profile. Your name and age are displayed prominently. You say them both.

"That's funny. Because right now, you don't look or sound like that." There's a flash of light and she's taken your picture. She shows it to you. "It should say: Bed Wetter, 6. And this would make a much better profile pic, don't you think? That way ladies know up front that you're a little girl that needs protection. Not everyone is going to want to clean the sheets you piss on."

You try to defend yourself. This never happens after all. She won't hear it. "Take your panties off." They're soaked. You do as she says. "Now put your nose in the corner and think about what you did while I clean up." You hesitate. You're an adult! Did she really think you'd allow her to put you in timeout like a child? "I'm not going to tell you again. Unless you want everyone to see your new profile?"

She's holding your phone. The app is open and your name is clearly 'Bed Wetter'. Your name remained the same, but you can see a note at the top of the profile: 'actually 6 years old! Can't keep my panties dry yet. Definitely not a big girl!' Along with the picture, she's got you right where she wants you. With no other options, you place yourself in the corner and stick your nose to the wall.

Another flash of light. "And you need timeouts too? People are really going to know what they're getting into when they go on a date with you now." You hate it. You want to snatch the phone from her, but can't risk it. She laughs once you make it clear you're obeying her. "Good thing I figured you for a big baby. I put a plastic cover over the mattress and I also bought these..."

You want to turn, but decide not to; instead, you listen and hear the sounds of crinkling plastic. "Turn around, little girl." You do as she says. She's holding what can only be...a diaper. It's plenty big and thick enough to accommodate you and your adult bladder. You open your mouth in shock. There's no way you're putting on a diaper!

"Your social media is open on here, you know? A couple button presses and everyone will see how you didn't make it to the potty." You sigh. Giving into her demands will only make things

worse, but you have no choice. She unfolds the diaper on the bed and pats the fluffy padding with her hand. You lay down and endure her teasing as she wipes you, powders you, and then tapes the diaper snugly about your waist.

"You don't even look big enough to be a bedwetter anymore..." She plays with your phone a bit. Another bright flash and your diapered state is recorded. She shows you your profile again. "Diaper Soaker, 3." The picture of you, naked save for your diaper, is front and center. "Don't worry. I set you to private. Be a bad little baby and it goes public. Understand?"

You nod. You'll do anything she says. None of this can get out. Just endure this and you'll be free. "Good. You seem to grasp your situation now." She pulls you up off the bed and drags you out of the bedroom. You're brought before a locked room further down the hall. She opens it and pushes you inside. It's a nursery. Judging by the large crib with your name engraved on the wood, it's meant for you.

"This is where babies sleep. Not in bed with a big girl. In a crib, with a stuffie and a mobile to keep your simple little brain busy." She lowers the bars of the crib and motions for you to get inside. You're hesitant. "If you want your phone and what's left of your dignity back, then you're going to sleep in this crib tonight." You curse under your breath. She's got you under her thumb.

You allow her to gently push you up and into the crib. She then grabs your wrist and slips it into a pink cuff restraint. You try to struggle but a glare and finger wag from her keeps you in line. After your wrists are your ankles. She then gags you with a pacifier. The nipple is large and intrusive. It quickly leaves your mouth only to be replaced by the nipple of a baby bottle. She screws it into the gag and it's fixed in your mouth.

"Baby needs her ba ba before beddy bye. Drink it all up little girl." You groan. Could things get any worse. At least the milk tastes good. Incredibly good actually. It's embarrassing, but you find yourself guzzling down the contents of the bottle. Your whole body feels so warm and fuzzy. Why were you upset again?

*Nuk nuk nuk.* The pacifier is back in your mouth. You suck on as if it were squirting delicious milk into your mouth, but it's not. You just love suckling. You giggle to yourself. Your diaper feels warm just like your tummy now. Nice and squishy too. "There's my little diaper soaker. Did mommy's milk make you tired of pretending to be a big girl?"

You nod, but aren't quite sure what she's saying. She's just so pretty. You wish you could kiss her, but then you'd have to take your paci out. You decide you like your paci more. Plus, you're in diapers! That makes you a baby. What big girl would want a baby? "Smile, little girl. This will make an even better picture." You grin around your paci, eager to please her.

An involuntary grunt escapes your lips as a stomach cramp hits you hard. "I know that face. Someone needs to make a poopy, doesn't she?" You do. You really do. You can't hold it

anymore, but are you really...? Another grunt and a massive bulge appears at the seat of your diapers. You gasp at the sudden release. A silly smile crosses your lips and your picture is taken yet again.

You look blissful. The princess sheets, the pink restraints, your name engraving, and the sagging diaper between your thighs are all prominently displayed. 'Pamper Pooper, age two.' She's editing your profile again. You no longer have any desire to stop her. You're just the giggly little girl she's in charge of. 'I'm a big dumb baby that wants to help my mommy find the right person. Must be willing to change my extra full diapies!'

"There. That's the real you. And now everyone knows. I uploaded all those pictures to your social media. You're already getting so many messages." Between the squishy diaper and the comforting pacifier in your mouth, you're finding it hard to care. Only adults like mommy care about that. That's why she's in charge of all that stuff. You, on the other hand, can't even control your own bladder. You're just a helpless baby without a single big girl thought in that empty little brain of yours.