

## With Friends Like These

August 2022 – Part Two

You know, sometimes it's best not to tell yourself that things can't get any worse. Because life has a habit of sneaking up behind you and reminding you, with all the delicacy of a ton of bricks, that it could be much, much worse indeed.

I'm still blushing as Priya guides the SUV into the dusky depths of the parking garage. The vibrator is silent now, but my embarrassment – and yes, simmering, irrepressible arousal – is still bubbling within me. Nor is it exactly helped by the sly looks and snarky giggles that Ellen keeps sending my way. She and Priya are clearly enjoying this situation far too much, and I'm dreading the thought of just how much teasing I'm going to have to endure throughout the rest of our trip.

Though I guess they'd be justified. I really am just a horny little slut, out with her girlfriends while her hubby vibes and torments her from afar...

"Yeah, I could use a pit stop too," I interject into my friends' conversation, as much to divert my attention from my predicament as to take care of a genuine need. But to judge by the skeptical glance from Ellen and the sudden, whispered conference between her and Priya, they may have something up their sleeves. God, I can't imagine what it would be, though. Surely they're not going to go out of their way to humiliate me somehow... right?

Once we've parked, it takes awhile for the others to collect themselves; disorganized as Priya apparently is, it takes a good five minutes until she's done rummaging around in the trunk and we can begin heading toward the shopping mall entrance. "What's with the giant purse, Priya?" I ask, more to make conversation than to interrogate her. But it really is quite the massive bag – far bigger than most purses – and fashion-conscious as Ellen is, I can hardly imagine that she'd have let Priya choose such a monstrosity. "Surely you don't need all that space, right?"

She laughs it off breezily. "Well, you never know," she chuckles, with a wink at Ellen that I can't help but notice. "When you're a nurse, you have to be prepared for anything..." Maybe so. It's not for me to judge, I guess. And really, if she wants to look like a suburban soccer mom with a giant diaper bag slung over her shoulder, well then, so be it...

My first jolt comes once we find our way through the airy and music-filled spaces of the mall toward the toilets. I'm about to duck in to the women's bathroom when I feel a firm hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear. "Oh, no you don't, honey," Ellen giggles, and I find myself being

steered away toward a neighboring door. "Here – this one's going to be much better suited for *you!*"

It's the family restroom. And before I can find the words to politely and quietly demur, I find myself being ushered in – accompanied by my two friends and the thud of my own quickening pulse.

"Now, honey," Priya begins briskly, and the sound of the lock clicking firmly into place catches in my ears. "I know you're probably wondering what's up. But listen: it's exactly like we said in the car. We can't run the risk of you taking your vibrator out – not when your sweet hubby Alex is depending on it. So really," and here she grinned and motioned toward my skirt. "Ellen and I have decided we'd better take a few precautions. You know, just to make sure our little slut doesn't use a potty break as an excuse to worm out of her vibe time!"

I can't quite believe what I'm hearing. "No- no, come on, girls! You- you can't be serious..." "Aren't we?" Ellen chortled, and already her hands are tugging at my skirt, which slips easily down to puddle around my ankles. "Oh, *sweetie*, what a horny little mess you're making already! You really are enjoying this, aren't you?" I clap my hands over the crotch of my visibly damp panties, shaking my head in vehement denial. "No- Please- girls, no, I'm not! I don't need this-!"

"Yes, you do," Priya orders, and deep within my submissive soul I feel my will buckle at her imperious tone. "Now off with those panties, slut. Come on, *do it.*" *Why am I groveling, whimpering, obeying? Why, oh why can't I stand up for myself?*

But down they come with a sigh of mortified frustration, and there I stand, twisting and knotting my panties in one hand and trying desperately to cover myself with the other. Not well enough, apparently – for Ellen lets out another of her hearty laughs. "Aww, look at you! All waxed and shaved down there. I bet Alex *loves* seeing his little dearie all bare and smooth like a slutty little porn star, doesn't he?" Of course I splutter and whine and protest – but all the while, my stupid, depraved imagination is spinning into overdrive. *They're dominating me... ordering me around... humiliating me and bullying me like I used to fantasize about in college...*

Though admittedly, never in my wildest fantasies have I ventured to imagine what Priya produces next.

"I have the perfect thing for such a wet little slut," she announces, and my horrified brain at first refuses to even register the giant white garment she produces from that bag of hers and begins to unfold with clearly practiced hands. "Good thing I know a thing or two about diapering patients,

hey? Now, open those legs, honey..." *A diaper? But it's so dirty- gross- unsanitary-* All these thoughts are racing through my mind, even as my stuttering protests make clear my apprehension. "Please-no, that's- it's weird- stupid- you wouldn't dare-"

They would. And they do. Leaving me two minutes later standing there, still sans skirt, gazing in wide-eyed revulsion down at my new pair of crinkling underwear.

"See, so much better now!" Priya exclaims – and I only now notice that she's producing a roll of clear medical tape. "Here, and with a little bit of reinforcement-" and she begins wrapping it tightly around my waist, "there's not a chance you're getting to that adorable vibe of yours. Not until we – or Alex – says so!"

I'm flabbergasted: shocked beyond disbelief at what these two have done. Deep in my subconscious is rooted the idea that I alone of all my friends is the weirdo. I'm the kinky girl, the quiet freak whose craving for being controlled exceeds any of the normal bounds of what they could possibly imagine. I'm the spanko, the masochist, the bondage slut who longs to be used and disciplined and humiliated... and then forced to admit all these mortifying desires to my dominant, thereby humiliating myself even more.

Yet here, in the space of ten short minutes, my two presumably vanilla friends have shown me that they are capable of inflicting more freakish humiliation than anything I've yet dreamed up.

I stand there, caught between fear and disgust and embarrassment, while the two laugh at my discomfiture. "Aww, why the long face, honey?" Ellen titters, handing me my skirt and dealing my now-padded butt an affectionate *thwack*. "Don't worry – it looks cute on you! And I'm sure as long as your skirt is on, no one will notice. At least, as long as you don't bend over *too* far..."

Priya, having stowed away her diabolical paraphernalia once more, is settling herself on the toilet, unabashed and unashamed to be relieving herself before her friends. "And just think how convenient it will be, Shanz!" she points out over the rushing hiss and splash of her own apparently badly-needed urination. "No need for potty breaks today, no germy public toilets..."

She wipes, rises, and glances distastefully down at the now-vacant toilet seat before flushing. "And best of all, no more trying to get out of your cute little vibe experiment! Like it or not, you're just gonna have to take it now. Though, to be honest..." and here she grins deviously. "Isn't that kinda what you wanted all along?"

I open my mouth to retort... and then close it once more. For she's right – utterly, unequivocally right. All I've ever wanted is to be helpless, to have my control taken away, to be lovingly and firmly humiliated. And though I've never imagined a scene like this: standing here, struggling to pull my skirt up over the grotesque bulk of a freaking disposable diaper, then staring with beet-red cheeks while my friends rib me and jeer about how they get to us the potty like big girls and I don't...

Well, I can't deny that it's also hitting all the right buttons.

*(To be concluded!)*