

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice Naughty

Part Two

December 2021

"Oh, fuck! Yes, yes, yes... Don't stop, babe. Go on, show me how bad you want me. Go on – beg me to ride you..."

Hannah's throaty voice resounded through the apartment, her commands echoing in the panting Rory's ears. His eyes were squeezed shut, his entire body thrilling and shuddering with the orgasmic pleasure this woman was inducing within him. He was prone beneath her – a position he'd come to love – while above him his nude goddess swayed and hummed and pumped rhythmically up and down his pulsing shaft. It wasn't so much that he was fucking her, or even that they were having sex. *She* was milking him, wringing every bit of semen from his quivering body, using him as her desperate little boy toy for her own carnal pleasure...

And god, how he loved it.

So after she had climaxed and he had climaxed and his wilting member slipped free from her still-hungry pussy, she smiled and bent down to plant a kiss full on her sweating boyfriend's lips. "Good boy," she smiled, her hands slipping provocatively down over her nude C-cup breasts. "Now, then. I hope you've enjoyed yourself... because it's going to be a nice long time until you get another good fuck like that."

He didn't resist as his girlfriend pulled off his sticky, used condom and slipped the cage back on, drawing it tightly into place around his limp member with the same tug and click he'd experienced only a few days before. He didn't even protest – for what point would there have been? She knew what she wanted, and he'd reluctantly agreed, and that was that. She'd promised that she'd make it worthwhile, too – and to that promise Rory clung. Indeed, his dirty imagination was already eagerly at work, dreaming up sordid little scenarios in which she would be paying him back for two long weeks of forced chastity...

And not just chastity, he recollected as a familiar crinkle sounded and he blinked back to the present moment, watching his beautiful nude girlfriend unfold what would be the first of many MegaMaxes in his future. It would be padded chastity. Diapered chastity. Chastity to be concealed by the pretension that he was well and truly incontinent... diaper dependent... just like he'd fantasized for most of his conscious life...

"There!" Hannah beamed, drawing the last tape tight and rubbing his now-padded groin. "Don't say I never did anything for you, babe. I know how much you like these things... and believe me, I'm more than happy to let you wear them for a little holiday treat." She grinned and gave him another warm kiss. "Now, then. What do you say we get you into the rest of your new outfit, my dear *Rosie*?"

Rosie. The feminine name she'd laughingly given him. The woman's name to which he'd be forced to respond for these next two weeks. Rosie. It was so sweet, so old-fashioned, so utterly, unequivocally girly. And it was also a name that fit perfectly with the strait-laced clothes he was to wear... that even now his girlfriend was readying for the trip ahead...

It was a grey day at the train station when the two young women arrived. Most of the other people milling about, or striding through the falling snow on their way to other platforms, were used to the sight by now. They had seen such plainly-dressed figures plenty of times before – and so only a few stared before turning back to the glowing LEDs of the Departures board and the all-absorbing screens of their smart phones.

These two had no smart phones with them. "It's better we leave yours behind," Hannah had reminded Rory – now Rosie – before they'd left for the station. "It would just be... inconvenient. Your real name is all over it, after all." And so, armed only with two large suitcases and a purse apiece, they'd returned on the four-hour train ride to Hannah's little home town in the agricultural heart of the state.

Though one of them was armed with something else beneath her modest skirt. Something quite unusual. Something warm... and already quite wet.

Rosie felt herself blushing self-consciously as they headed for the lobby, feeling with every step the bulky rustle and waddle of the thick MegaMax diaper she'd been convinced to wear. Oh, of course the diaper lover within was secretly in heaven. But the fear that others might notice the crinkle beneath her skirt – or that, heaven forbid, she might even *leak* – compounded with everything else to set Rosie on edge... and thus desperate to take her mind off it in any way possible.

"Kind of quiet around here," Rosie began with a glance at the mostly empty lobby – but Hannah bent her head, now covered in a neatly pleated white cap, close and murmured a warning. "Hey, higher voice! You're a girl now, remember? Nice and high and quiet..." To which the chastened

Rosie nodded silently. *Fuck, he'd almost forgot. High voice. Quiet. Better to stay silent than risk talking too much. Definitely no swearing – not even a 'crap' or a 'dang'. No looking directly at men in general...* The list of Hannah's well-intentioned directives went on and on – and he wasn't sure he could possibly remember.

"But don't worry too much," she reassured him now as they strode, their long skirts rustling, toward the station doors. "You're not really one of us, so they won't mind if you sound a bit *weltlich*. I've told them you're a good friend who's not part of a church yet, but who's thinking about it..."

Rosie was about to flash a look of exasperation at her companion, but stopped short upon seeing the two men striding toward them. "My dad and little brother Levi," Hannah murmured, before hastening toward them with a wave and raising her voice in a warm greeting. "Hi, Father! Hey, Levi, how are you?"

And so it began: Rory-cum-Rosie's first encounter with the plain community from which his girlfriend had come. Even weeks afterward, he had a hard time recollecting precisely what had happened that first afternoon and evening: the ride from the station in that plain black minivan... the warm smiles of her mother and other siblings... the trudge up the stairs to the room she would be sharing with Hannah... and underneath it all, the simmering panic that at any moment someone might open her luggage, or ask about the strangely loud rustle beneath her skirt...

It was late that night – after the strange and awkward supper in which Hannah's dad prayed before the meal and all the food was passed around to the left and everything was blandly sweet and they asked Rosie about where she was from and she told them, much to their surprise, that no, she was from the US and not from China like they'd supposed – that Hannah finally took pity on her.

"Hey, I bet someone's in need to a change," she smiled, having closed the bedroom door firmly behind her. "Come on, lay on the bed for me. I'm such a good friend, aren't I? Helping you out with your embarrassing little problem..." Rosie flushed and nervously unzipped the big luggage into which Hannah had stuffed an entire pack of diapers. "You- you're gonna change me? Here?" "Well, unless you'd prefer that we head down to the bathroom with your fresh diaper in hand and do it there!" she smirked – and at that, Rosie sighed and sank resignedly down onto the little quilt-covered bed.

"Such a soggy girl," Hannah breathed as she flipped up Rosie's skirt and rubbed gently at the visibly soiled and swollen crotch. "No wonder you can't go without diapers anymore! It must be so embarrassing, constantly waddling around in a puddle of your own pee..." Stung by her sweetly

condescending tone, Rosie would have given an angry retort – but Hannah gestured toward the door and whispered a warning. "Hey, someone might hear you! Just hush and let me take care of everything, dear..."

Well, given the circumstances, what could Rosie do but comply?

It was later, after the light was out and the two had slipped into their nightgowns and climbed into their respective beds, that Rosie first noticed the subtle crinkle and rustle beneath her. "Umm, Hannah?" No response. "There's- I think there's a plastic sheet on my bed..."

"Of course there is, Rosie," came the response from the darkness, and even then Rosie could hear the smirk in her voice. "I told Mother about your little problem even before we came. She's just making sure the mattress stays safe and dry."

And then, in the stunned silence that followed: "Good night, Rosie. Sweet dreams!"