

## Crushed

May 2023 – Chapter Three

The memory of that evening would forever be burned into his brain.

Even now, as James fumbled with his shirt buttons before the mirror, his gaze kept drifting with morbid fascination back to the sight of his saturated bed. The bed Alice and he had played in last night. The bed in which he'd cum. And yes, the bed in which she'd deliberately sat and pissed herself... right atop his lap.

*Fuck, if only she'd been wearing a diaper-*

But now even the word alone – the magic word that all his life had sent his pulse thudding with quickened ardor – made him want to puke. How Alice had giggled about it last night! How she'd teased him! "Oopsie," she'd exclaimed in grinning, mocking dismay, gazing down at the aftermath of her "accident" soaking ever deeper and blossoming wetly out into his sheets. "Goodness, I guess I really couldn't control myself after all!"

And how, even as he'd spluttered out his stunned dismay, she'd come clean. "Listen, dude," she'd whispered, bending low once more and placing a teasing finger on his lips. "You and I both know what we saw under your mattress last week, right? That was a very special kind of underwear, you know. Definitely not the kind of underwear *most* guys your age wear..."

*Fuck, she- she had seen it after all-* "It's okay," Alice had continued with a wry smile. "But there are only two explanations I can see for why a big strong nineteen-year-old guy would have a *diaper* under his bed, right? First, maybe he's still wetting the bed at night. Nineteen is pretty old to be still wetting the bed, you know, but not impossible."

She had paused, and he'd writhed beneath her in impotent shame, stammering out mere disconnected syllables. "I- I-" "Yeah, I'm sure it would be *super* embarrassing to have to admit something like that. But if that were the case," Alice maintained, a bright smile on her face, "Then that's really something Mom and I should know about. After all, we can't have you piddling in our guest bed the entire summer, now, can we?"

*God, no! How- how could she talk about all this so calmly? And what- what was the second option-*

"On the other hand, it could be that, for whatever reason, you just like wearing diapers." She said it

so casually, so off-handedly, that James had almost fainted. "Which, you know, is whatever. I'm not one to judge. Heck, maybe you even find it... hot." Her finger poked gingerly down into his saturated boxers, and his cock twitched in helplessly instinctual response. "But that's another matter. Until today I haven't been quite sure what to do. But now, I think this is the perfect way to help you..."

And then she'd laid it out. "Maybe you're a bit grossed out by what I just did, dude – and in which case, I'm sorry. But I've just done you a huge favor, okay? Look at it this way! If you're a bedwetter – and you don't need to tell me yes or no – then hey! Now Mom knows. She won't have any way of knowing that it was *me* who made this mess. And you know, I haven't seen any more of those diapers in your luggage, but that's fine. Once Mom finds out, she'll insist we get you some..."

She had paused, and James had blinked up in chagrin, mentally casting about for something – *anything* – to salvage even the barest scrap of his dignity. "And if it's the latter," she'd continued with a wry grin, "If you just get off on wearing diapers or whatever – then, hey! I won't tell anyone, promise. All you need to do is pretend that you really *are* a bedwetter, okay? You can have fun sleeping in your wet bed tonight, *diaper boy*. And just think: for the rest of the summer, you'll be able to wear one every single night!"

*Every single night...* The memory of those words jolted him back to reality, and he gave an involuntary grimace at his red-cheeked reflection in the mirror. Flipping hell. He'd stewed on her words the entire sleepless night, tossing and squishing and turning in that cold, saturated bed hour after hour. Alice... oh, Alice. She'd found him out. She'd forced him out into the open. And yet... even so...

She hadn't seen entirely put off, either.

It was that tiny shred of hope that he clung to as he opened the door and prepared to trudge downstairs to breakfast. He'd have to confess to having a wet bed – in front of both Alice and her mom. He'd have to apologize and beg them for clean sheets. And then... well, what happened next was going to be anyone's guess.

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"Oh! Oh, my. That's- that's unfortunate!" A pause. "I'm so sorry! Are you feeling okay? Not sick or anything? I hope you're not too stressed..."

Once again, he flushed at the memory of Mrs. Zhou's kind words over breakfast, trying to shut it out of his brain and focus instead on the problem sets before him. How sweet she'd been. How concerned. And how he'd stammered out a string of incoherent responses: truths and half-truths and little white lies that, taken together, had led her to her inevitable conclusion.

Yes, he was feeling fine. No, not sick. Yes, he'd used the bathroom before bed (*technically*). Yes, it had happened a few times before (*only when he'd been fooling around in Depends*). No, he didn't have any medicine or anything to help...

"Well, nothing to be done right now," she'd sighed, and in that sigh he'd read all the polite irritation of a woman whose perfectly good mattress had just been saturated by an accident-prone guest. "I'm certainly not that kind of doctor. And of course, I know it can feel pretty embarrassing to talk about this, but it's not your fault, really. So let's say..."

A pause, and then she'd shot a brightening glance at her daughter. "Alice, can the two of you put your heads together later today and figure out a solution for James? We don't want to be dealing with any more wet sheets or soaked beds, you know. So if there's some kind of alarm they've got nowadays, or even just some decent protection..."

Oh, yes. *Protection*. The vanilla person's euphemism for diapers. A word that had made his heart palpitate in mingled shame and desire.

Alice had agreed, of course. With all the grudging good-will and perplexed shrugging that anyone might have expected from a twenty-one-year-old girl in her position. Hers had been an amazing performance, really – and it had sealed the two of them into the narrative Alice had outlined. In light of such a compelling explanation, Mrs. Zhou would never believe the actual truth: of how her daughter had made out with him in bed last night... and pulled down her pants... and literally pissed all over him...

Yeah. As far as lame-sounding excuses went, that had to be pretty much the worst. Even if it *was* nothing less than the truth.

But he'd had no reason to protest, anyway. No reason to tell Mrs. Zhou what had actually happened. All he had needed to do was play along, let Alice do whatever she wanted, and in the end... well...

"Done," he offered now, rising and shoving his completed trig exercises in Alice's direction. She was

seated at the end of the table, her laptop before her, a thoughtful expression on her face as she raised her eyes to meet his. "Oh, wow, already? That's great!" He nodded silently at her commending words, waiting for her to proceed. But when nothing as forthcoming, he gulped... shifted... and spoke again.

"Umm... so your mom... she was saying. You know, how we should-"

"Already taken care of," Alice smiled, with an airy wave of your hand. "I took care of everything for you while you were working." "Wait- really? For real?" "But of course! I know how embarrassing it must be for you," she smiled, with only the slightest twinkle of irony in her dark eyes. "It was simple, really. I just checked your waist measurement on your boxers, and I ordered some protection for you online. Should deliver here sometime tomorrow."

*Holy heck.* His crush... Alice... she'd literally just ordered him *diapers*. Without even asking him. As if he was too little and unreliable to do it himself.

He gulped helplessly down into her bright, innocent smile. And wondered – not for the last time – whether he wasn't in the middle of a fucking wet dream.

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"So, I guess it's time for bed..."

Alice's voice was innocent, as was the response from her mother, over on the other side of the living room. "Ten o'clock already? Definitely." She glanced over across her reading glasses and waved benevolently in the young people's direction. "Have a good night. Especially you, James..."

It was now more than a day now since the wet bed incident, but he knew exactly what she meant. And so, he fled upstairs, muttering nothing more than a quick "You, too."

Alice was there not half a minute later, slipping into his room with a wry grin. "So then. Let's see what presents Santa brought you today, huh? Or wait – does the little *diaper boy* need someone to open the box for him?" "Hey-" he spluttered, but she was already giggling and reaching a quick hand over to the front of his jeans. "Relax, dude," she laughed softly, shaking her head in amusement. "I can tell you like I when I tease you. No need to act all tough, okay? Come on – let's open up and get you in pampers already!"

Shaking hands. Knife slipping between clumsy fingers. But in the end, the box opened – and revealed something truly heart-stopping.

"What the- Alice-! You- you didn't-" "Tee-hee," she giggled, and even in her innocent words could be heard a ripple of mirth. "What's the matter? I just got the best-rated ones I could find! You know, the ones that said they were for heavy, *overnight* use? After all, surely you're not going to be wearing them in the daytime. Unless...?"

"No, no!" He hastily amended, but even as she laughingly tugged one of the parcels out he was protesting once more. "Alice- they're- they're *pink!*" "Only *some* of them," she corrected, and now the other pack tumbled onto the bed beside her, its side proudly proclaiming them to be nothing less than – or maybe for? – "Astro Babies." "And be honest, dude. Nobody but you and I are gonna see these. Nobody's gonna know. So why get all hung up on what they look like?"

"Oh, come *on-*" he grouched, eyes swiveling first from the white-and-blue pack to the other, horrifyingly pink one. "You- I can't believe you *got* something like this! You- And your mom-" "Mom doesn't really care," Alice maintained, as her fingers dug into the pink plastic and began tugging one free. "Just as long as the bed stays dry and you're healthy, she'll be fine. Unless..." and now her smile widened into a positively sadistic grin. "Unless you'd rather complain to her yourself? Maybe show her just what a picky *diaper baby* you really are?"

"No- no..."

"Then lay down, dude. Quit your whining. And let's get this thing on you before she comes up here to see what all the noise is!"

So it was that, not five minutes later, the crimson-faced James rose from the bed, staring in mingled horror and shame down at the padding swelling between his legs. "Aww, just look at how cute you are, dude!" Alice giggled, and now she eased confidently down beside him, her warm breath and lips nuzzling at his ear. "You're all safe and protected now – just like you wanted! And honestly, judging by the state of that dick of yours..."

His breath hitched as her hand ran suggestively downward – across the letters proclaiming him to be a BABY and toward the aching erection below. "Well, would I be correct in assuming that you don't *terribly* mind it when a pretty girl strips you down and puts you in a diaper for the night?"

To that, James could only murmur a shameful acquiescence – before Alice silenced even that with

another of her lingering kisses.

*(To be concluded!)*