

Horny for Her Huggies

October 2022

"Ooh, please, Daddy! Pretty, pretty please! I want one! I want one so very bad, Daddy!"

No, she wasn't a spoiled British brat about to be hauled away by a bunch of nut-shelling squirrels. She wasn't even a kid, for that matter. She was Amber, a grown woman of thirty... and yet she was prancing before her gravely seated husband like a five-year-old who'd just been fed *way* too much candy.

"You do, hmm?" His tone was quiet, almost severe. "But do you think you've earned it, sweetheart?" He glanced up at her through his dark-rimmed glasses, and under his gaze she could feel the flutter of anticipation within her mingling with thigh-tingling arousal. "Come now, tell me. Why do you think you *deserve* one, honey?"

"Be- because," she began, and already her voice was slipping even higher into the squeaky, uncertain register of her Little self. "Because I was- I was a *super* good girl today! I went to work an' everything- an' I went to *meetings*, an'- 'an-" "And what were you wearing the whole time underneath, baby?" came the response, and she flushed and wriggled in shyly embarrassed glee. "I-uh..."

"Nothing," she managed to whisper, and the way she was self-consciously biting her lips betrayed the naughty delight she felt at the confession. "Nothing, Daddy. Jus' my skirt an' top an' shoes an' socks... and nothing else." "Oh?" came the response, and he leaned forward and gestured at her demure pencil skirt. "Show me."

Down went her hands to the hem. Up they tugged. And then, there she was: standing obediently before her Daddy, with her naked and completely smooth-shaven vulva on full display for his inspection.

"Now *that's* a good girl," he commended with a slow smile, and her unconscious wriggle of delight at his words spoke volumes. "Such a good girl for Daddy. Working so hard all day, with your pretty, soft little pussy all exposed and naked under there..." His fingers reaching forward to brush against her sensitive labia, and her little gasp at his touch elicited a soft laugh. "Oh, my! How needy you already are..." A probing finger slipped between her nether lips, and her eyes slid shut momentarily in silent pleasure. "Hmm, and wet, too. You didn't leave any little damp spots around your office, did you?"

Amber's blush deepened, her Little self thoroughly mixed up now with the very real, burning need of her womanly adult body. "No- no, I promise! I- I jus'- I *need*- Daddy, I *need*-" "Need what, honey?" he smiled, and in his tone there was the quiet amusement of a supremely confident Daddy toying with his increasingly desperate princess. "Use your words. What is it that you need?"

Her lips parted. Her breath hitched. And in that moment, as the needy young woman struggled to do his bidding, her mind was flashing back over the months and years to the very first steps she'd taken down this road...

Michael had been quiet. And introverted. And not terribly hot, at least in the typical sense of the word. But god, how she had fallen for him!

It was the way he held her hand in his, like it was a delicate little bird. It was the smile in his voice when he met her on the street. It was the little texts he'd send to see if she'd made it home safely. And yes... it was also the way he loved her and led her in the bedroom.

She'd never thought of herself as kinky, you see. She'd never found the idea of whips and ropes comfortable, let alone hot. But that night when his naked, heavenly weight had first pressed down upon her... when he'd murmured in her ear, urging her to be a good girl and cum for him... when she'd first heard the babbling assent slipping from her lips, crying out that she'd be a good girl for Daddy...

Well, it had sparked a quiet transformation within them both – and in her most of all.

To be bound and helpless before him didn't necessarily involve rope, she'd learned. Submitting didn't necessarily mean baring her ass for a flogger. For the two of them it was something far simpler, and yet deeper. It meant rules. It meant protocols. It meant her voluntarily giving him control over the things she loved and yet feared to love...

Like orgasms, for instance.

God, how she'd melted when they first tried it! And how simple it had been, too: one little command that she would have no orgasms until he gave her permission on the weekend. Perhaps for some it would have seemed absurd. But not a single waking hour passed during those three days

when she didn't think about it, and flush, and feel the repressed heat of an unnamed arousal building within her. Michael was controlling her bodily pleasure. He had decided what she would feel, and when. And somehow, in that simple idea she found inexpressible relief and delight.

But then the curve ball had come, perhaps six months in. She'd been hopelessly in love with him, and he with her. And in that love, as she'd thrilled and nestled closer in his comforting arms one night, he'd first uttered the word that would change her life.

It was such a weird idea. So far-fetched. So dirty-seeming. And yet... it also meant a lot to him. She dearly loved to see him excited, and if this meant it would bring him more pleasure... well, she could give it a try.

The first time had been quite the embarrassing experience, she couldn't deny. Oh, that strange brush of plastic and cotton as she'd pulled it up over her bare legs! The weird thickness between her thighs, the loud rustle and crackle that even the most discreet pull-up offered... well, it had certainly made her cringe a bit. But when he'd ordered her crinkly little booty into bed, and when he'd produced the wand, and when she'd lain there and felt that first, indescribably intense pulsation radiating through her entire core... well, something had awoken inside her.

Time had passed. The thin flowered pull-ups had gradually given way to larger, bulkier, and more embarrassingly infantile garments. She'd followed her Daddy's lead, trusting him every step of the way. She'd obeyed when he ordered her to put one on, allowed him to dictate her underwear choices... and yes, had finally come to a place in which she agreed not to orgasms – or even to touch herself – until she was wearing her special "protection."

Because, as Michael loved to murmur in her ear, wet little girls who squirted in their panties and bed simply needed help to stay dry.

"A diaper, Daddy," she pleaded now, and in those two boldly spoken syllables she found inexpressible shame and delight. "I need one! I need it so bad..."

"What? A *diaper*? For a great big girl like you?"

He was toying with her, and as she writhed in mortified arousal she could practically feel the first dribbles from her needy cunt slipping down her thigh. "Yes, Daddy," she begged, and now she was

dancing in place, skirt still held akimbo with her naked pussy on display. "Please- please, I want one! I want to cum, Daddy. I need my dipie so I can cum for you-"

"Oh, well then! If you're really sure..." Michael was out of the chair now, and in his tenting trousers and throaty voice she read pure arousal. "Come on, then. I can't have my horny princess dribbling all over herself!" "No, no, you can't, you really can't," she mindlessly repeated, and before she quite knew it she was flat on the bed: legs spread submissively, skirt hitched high, her full naked self proudly on display and waiting for him.

Of course he took his time. Of course he smiled at her all throughout their quirky foreplay: taking her skirt off entirely... slowly unwrapping the pink MegaMax he'd pulled from their secret drawer... brushing "accidentally" against her bare thighs as he settled it under her... using his warm, strong fingers to massage the lotion around her tender folds...

Sure, she'd been needy before. But by the time he was done tugging the thick padding up between her splayed legs and taped it fast, she was practically panting with shameless desire. "Daddy- Daddy, can I? Can I, please? Please, please, please-"

"Onto Daddy's lap."

She needed no second invitation. She knew from experience what could be done on that lovely perch. And so onto his knee she scrambled, hands clinging around his neck, her crinkling bum straddling his right leg with all the needy ferocity of an animal in heat. "Okay, honey," he murmured in her ear, and she let out a tiny moan at the sound. "Who's a horny baby? Go on, show me just how happy you are to be in your pretty pink padding again..."

She hummed. She moaned. She babbled – at least, until Daddy's thumb slipped deep within her lips, prompting her to suck gratefully away at it. Her hips ground and thrust, and her petite breasts heaved beneath her blouse, and with every moment she was drawing closer and ever closer to the trembling climax...

"Aww, what a wet little princess you are! Let's see... shall I let you cum in that brand-new diaper? Are you sure you've *earned* it?" "Yes- yes, yes! Yes, pleeeeaaze-" She was almost crying now, hips gyrating, bouncing up and down in fervent, mindless desire. "Please, Daddy, I can't- I can't hold it-"

"No? Well, then. If you're such a leaky, helpless little girl... if you're *really* sure..." The voice

vibrated in her ear, and she almost fainted from the suspense. "Hmm. I guess you have no choice, then. Cum, baby. Cum in your diaper."

The orgasm that exploded within her then was perhaps one of the top ten of her life.