

Silver Screens, Soggy Shorts, and Sleepovers Tumblr Original

Part One

Boom. Kssshhhh. Thump. As the silver screen swirled before him in a glorious chaos of fireballs and twisted wreckage, Keith shifted uncomfortably. Oh, it wasn't the gore getting to him. He loved superhero flicks - the adventure, the drama, the incredible visuals. No, this was something potentially rather more embarrassing.

He tried not to blush as another wave of wetness flowed warmly out into the already swollen padding between his legs. *Slow, easy does it. No flooding. Can't risk a leak.* He braced his legs gently, lifting his rear slightly and feeling the rewarding trickle backward toward the seat of his diaper. *Good, good. Just so Simone doesn't notice...*

For seated immediately to his left in the darkened theatre was Simone, his wife Alyssa's best friend from college. And there to his right was Alyssa herself... and as she glanced sideways at him, he saw she was smiling softly.

Shit. She saw that.

Oh, wearing discreetly to the movies was nothing new for Keith. In fact, he'd been doing it for years, with Alyssa's encouragement. "Movies are super long these days," she'd sympathized sweetly. "I mean, why not dress for it so you don't need to miss anything?" And she clearly got a kick out of seeing her young husband blushing and trying to conceal the waddle as they left - or at least, she sure seemed to love ordering him to strip in the bedroom afterwards so she could see how soggy her "little man" had become...

But for now, she merely smiled - and nudged at the extra-large Coke she'd bought for him.

As Keith lifted the still half-full soda to his lips, he shifted his attention - or at least his eyes - once more to the screen. Internally, he was still calculating. *Let's see. One MegaMax plus an Abri-Let. But then there was the Starbucks this morning, and now this soda...* He wasn't quite sure how much capacity was left in his already well-used diaper. But judging by the increasingly heavy bulk swelling quietly beneath his jean shorts, maybe not much more.

And what would Simone think, after all, if she noticed?

“Nobody is gonna notice,” Alyssa had consoled him before they’d left that morning. “Nobody looks at my husband’s butt that closely - or if they do, I’m definitely going to have a word with them.” And so they’d chuckled and left, Alyssa clearly eager to meet her college friend, whom she hadn’t seen for three whole years.

The two women had chattered most of the day so far, which suited Keith just fine. All he needed to do was handle the driving, tag along while they shopped, and then enjoy the film with them in the afternoon. As Alyssa knew well, the thrill of being padded in public was quite enough to make it a fun outing anyway for him. But, good wife that she was, she’d made it even better by playfully ensuring he was downing significant quantities of liquid.

Oh, she knew how to tease him, all right. And uncomfortable as he was right now, he had to admit it: he loved it.

As the final fanfare faded and the end credit began at last to roll, the trio yawned, stretched, and got to their feet. “Oh, that was good!” Simone enthused. “How about you guys? You like it?” Alyssa grinned and nodded her blonde head vigorously. “It was great! But man, do I need to pee.” “I know, right? Me too!” They giggled and headed for the exit, weaving through the milling crowds outside. Keith trailed behind his wife, his nerves on edge with the knowledge that Simone was right behind. *Just a little further.* Yes, there was the bathroom! Now was when he’d find out whether his tape job had been good enough this morning...

But as he turned to enter - merely to find refuge in a stall and inspect the damage, of course - Simone sidled up to him unexpectedly. “Hey, I think you’re due for a change,” she murmured. “We’d better get you home before those shorts get any wetter, hmm?”

And with a wink, she was gone... leaving a petrified young man staring after her in complete mortification.

Part Two

Oh, shit. She knew.

Not that Keith was bent on impressing Simone. He loved his wife, and any thought of trying to look hot for another woman felt repellent to him. Sure, Simone was the sort of curvaceous and “sexy” woman many men would have loved to flirt with, but Keith... well, she was undeniably pretty, at least according to prevailing notions of beauty. But she wasn’t his wife, so that was where it ended.

Still, *she knew*. And worse still, judging from that parting wink she’d flashed, she seemed to be finding it all incredibly amusing... Almost as amusing as Alyssa did.

Oh, Alyssa. Had she actually told her friend about her husband’s little “pastime”?

Sure, he’d fantasized about such things: about how a female friend would find him out, how she’d be both disgusted and condescendingly amused, how she’d make fun of him for being such a “helpless, soggy wittle bedwetting diaper baby”. And in the way many fantasies tend to do, they’d come tumbling out of his mouth in the heat of passion, as Alyssa teased and stroked her diapered husband toward the mind-numbing climax he craved so much. She’d even asked him about it once last year, wondering innocently if that was something he wanted to try. Of course he had hemmed and hawed, blushing now that the orgasmic heat has vanished. He’d stammered that he didn’t want someone else, that it was just a really fun idea, and if she liked it too and circumstances worked out some day, well...

So now, as Keith gingerly lowered his shorts in the stall and inspected the clearly swollen bulk of his boosted MegaMax, deep down he was pretty sure of exactly what had happened. Alyssa really must have told her - because why else would Simone have said what she did? And now? Well, who knew what would happen now?

Crap. A few small telltale spots had already appeared in the crotch of his shorts, showing where even the extra-thick padding had been unable to deal with the flood. Sitting down was always awful for absorbency, he reflected, as he squatted, still fully diapered, over the toilet seat and let another wave of warmth rush out into the padding hanging heavily between his legs. At least now it would be able to flow into the relatively dry back... Of course removing it was not an option; he had no underwear, and Alyssa would be very disappointed if he came home commando. And frankly, it was forty-five minutes back home, not even counting dropping Simone off at her hotel. As much fluid

as he now had in his system, deep down Keith knew he'd never make it back without another "accident" - or two. Like it or not, he was stuck in this soggy diaper for perhaps another hour.

And so, as he sighed and pulled his shorts up to conceal the warm, soggy bulk of his shame, he reflected - not for the last time - that this was going to be very interesting indeed.

Of course the traffic was awful. Why would it not be, when now more than ever he needed to get home ASAP?

"Hey, I've got a great idea!" Alyssa twisted eagerly toward her friend in the back seat. "Why don't you come spend the night at our place instead, Simone? I mean it! We've got a spare room all ready for guests, and I'd love you to meet Garfunkel!" Keith glanced into the rearview mirror and saw Simone purse her lips in amusement. "Oh, I don't know. I mean, I'd love that, but... Are you sure?" His stomach clenched briefly as a sudden vision flashed before him - of Simone meeting him in the hall, grinning down at the soggy bulk clearly visible under his pajama bottoms... No, Alyssa - please...

"Of course I'm sure! Honey, wouldn't that be great?" Alyssa was grinning so innocently that he was sure she knew exactly what she was doing - and was loving every minute of it. "It'll be a sleepover, for old times' sake! We'll get you checked out of your hotel and then head to our place. I mean, what better way to spend your last night in Detroit, right?"

As the women chuckled and chattered on about what shows they wanted to check out and whether Garfunkel the cat would let Simone scratch him under his chin, Keith sighed once more internally and shifted squishily in his seat, feeling the pressure building once more in his seemingly inexhaustible bladder. *Oh, God.* They were going to head home, two women and one very soggy little boy of a man. There was no telling where this would end up.

But even now, he had to admit - with a growing sense of dismay - that some very sordid, horny part of himself was enjoying this far, far too much.

Part Three

“You told her, didn’t you?”

Alyssa just smiled and tossed his shorts, festooned with incriminating damp patches, into the laundry hamper. “Well, I might have mentioned something about it,” she shrugged. “But honey, let’s face it. As soggy as you are right now, Simone would have to be blind not to notice that you’re wearing some very *thick* underwear.” She gingerly poked at the heavy mass between his legs. “I mean, just look at how bulgy you are!”

Keith glanced down, blushing even as he defensively adopted a sarcastic tone. “Yeah, no joke. It’s almost like someone was, I don’t know, force-feeding me lattes and sodas all day!” She giggled. “Oh, come on, Mr. Grumpy Pants. You know you enjoy it. And I do too, okay?” Alyssa patted his shoulder affectionately. “Sure, I know I maybe went out on a limb telling her about your cute little habit. But I know we discussed it a long time ago, and you told me you kind of liked the idea of someone else finding out. Right?”

He nodded unwillingly, the memory of that day flashing before his eyes. “Yeah, yeah; I guess you’re right. But she has to promise not to tell *anyone* else, okay?” “Oh, honey, she’s not stupid,” Alyssa reminded him, helping her husband out of his button-down. “She knows all this is hush-hush, and I really do trust her. She’s known everything about me for years, and I’ve never once had her gossip to anyone about it.” Rather more reassured, Keith, now clad in nothing but his swollen diaper, shrugged and stepped into the bathroom. “Okay, then. But I don’t want her making too big a deal out of it, okay?”

As he peeled open the tapes and the heavily soiled diaper dropped to the ground with a resounding *thump*, Alyssa leaned in and giggled once more at the sight of her now-naked husband. “Oh, honey, please. Don’t worry about it! Just get cleaned up and come join us as soon as you can, okay?” “Okay. But no more diapers while she’s here,” he replied, as the MegaMax slipped into the trashcan and he sidled into the shower.

“Well... actually, about that...”

Damn him and his stupid fetish, Keith mused as he sat at the dinner table on his now-dry and boxer-clad bottom. Oh, he was free...for now. And Simone had been tactful enough to remain

silent on the subject thus far. But Alyssa – minx that she was – had wheedled out of him the promise to go right back into another diaper before bedtime. “Come on, honey!” she’d begged, giving him her best puppy-dog eyes. “She knows everything already, and she actually asked if I could show her what they look like and everything. I think she’s really open-minded and genuinely wants to know more. So be a dear and model for us, okay? *Please?*”

And of course, like an idiot, he’d given in.

“Oh, we’re going to have such fun tonight,” Alyssa enthused to Simone over her glass of wine. “It’ll be just like old days!” Simone flashed a smile. “Yeah, girl – of course! You got enough Solo cups for a round or two of beer pong?” “Ooh, that would be awesome! Remember that time when...”

Keith merely spooned more mashed potatoes onto his plate in silence, listening to the feminine chatter swirl around him and wondering exactly when Alyssa would decide it was time for him to get his bedtime treatment. They normally went to bed pretty early... but then again, it sounded like they had a late night planned. Hmm, maybe he’d just slip quietly off to the den and catch up on his sports news? Maybe Alyssa would forget all about it and he’d luck out...? He could always hope.

But dammit, why did his dick seem to keep hoping for precisely the opposite?

Part Four

“It’s pretty easy, really. Just smooth this front bit down flat, then take the first tape up, nice and tight. Like that. And now the other side...”

Keith grimaced and squeezed his eyes shut. *God, why had he ever agreed to this?* Of course Alyssa had been kind enough to prep him first and cover up his junk with his customary boosted Tykables *before* Simone came in to witness. But still – having your wife bundle you into a thick disposable diaper while her best friend from college looked on wasn’t exactly... ideal, was is? Whatever would Simone think of him now?

“My, that’s really something,” Simone observed, her soft voice full of amused interest. “And then what about those top tapes?” “Oh, they go on last,” Alyssa explained, demonstrating with a firm tug as she fastened them around her prone husband’s waist. “But of course they’re all adjustable, see? So you can try a few times to make sure you get it absolutely perfect...” She demonstrated with a few quick retapes before finishing. “And there you are - one padded booty all ready for another night!” Keith cracked his eyes open tentatively, only to find the two women grinning down at him. “‘Another’?” Simone queried, taking another casual sip of her drink. “So this is a pretty regular occurrence, I take it?”

Alyssa handed Keith his pajama bottoms, which he practically leapt into, pulling them up to cover the colorful prints of his now amply-padded rear. “Oh, sure,” she admitted easily. Keith opened his mouth to protest, but Alyssa waved him away. “Listen, no sense pretending, honey! You know as well as I do that you’re padded more nights than not these days. And I love you just the same...” She slipped closer and gave him an affectionate hug, then gave a quick, loud pat to his diapered behind. “Now come on. Why don’t we go get this party started already?”

“Go on, Keith - chug, chug, chug, chug, chug-!”

Wow, Keith had never known his seemingly demure wife had been – and apparently still was – such a party girl. He braced himself against the table, feeling the warm buzz of alcohol fuzzing his brain as he gulped down yet another cup of beer. They’d insisted on beer pong, of all things. And, arguing that he as a guy and former basketball player had an unfair advantage, the girls had also insisted that he play solo against them. But wow, they were unexpectedly good. This was their third round - already another unmitigated defeat for him - and he was feeling ready to float with all the

beer he'd downed. It didn't take a rocket scientist, either, to know where all that beer was headed.

Had it been it their plan all along?

After years of secretive, fascinated experimentation, Keith felt he knew his body well enough. He could hold his alcohol pretty well without getting truly drunk. But the more he saturated his system with liquids in general, the more effective diuretics were. Diuretics – like beer, for instance. And what with all the liquids he'd downed earlier in the day, it wasn't terribly strange that already his bladder was screaming for release.

Well, nothing for it. Relaxing his muscles at last with a little sigh, Keith gave the slightest of pushes. Immediately, the crinkling diaper hidden beneath his pajama pants began to fill and swell with what he knew would be the first of many such floods. Yet even now, as he tipsily locked eyes with his laughing wife over the rim of his red Solo cup... he kept drinking. And peeing.

Because... well, why not? Maybe it was just the beer fogging his judgment. Maybe not. But he sure as hell wasn't going to wimp out of this game like a goddamn sissy. And besides, Simone already knew everything. She'd literally seen Alyssa diapering him scarcely two hours before, not to mention she'd spotted his swollen diaper waddle this afternoon. He wouldn't be fooling anyone by trying to pretend he wasn't going to use his diaper.

And so, as yet another ball landed squarely in his next-to-last cup amid the shrieks of female laughter, he grinned weakly and lifted it to his lips with an unsteady hand, feeling another wave of urine wash outward between his legs. *This sure was turning out to be one hell of a sleepover.*

Part Five

“But she gonna see- an’ I don’ wan’ her ta see... my di-puh...”

Alyssa, now similarly clad in her pajamas, smiled and pushed her visibly inebriated husband down to the floor. “Oh, sweetie, it’s far too late for that,” she told him, with a sideways glance of amusement at Simone. “Don’t worry! Just a quick change here before you leak, okay? Goodness, you’re such a soggy boy tonight!”

Simone smiled and handed her the fresh Tykables and booster even as Keith struggled to articulate his protests. “Not boy- I’m man- big man-” “Ooh, of course you are, baby!” Alyssa cooed, briskly ripping open the tabs of his swollen, visibly soaked diaper. “A great big man with a great big pee-pee...” Simone smiled and turned away discreetly as Keith’s intimate parts came into view. “Don’t worry, Keith - I won’t look,” she interjected. “Just let Alyssa clean you up and change you, okay?”

Within a matter of minutes the procedure was done. Keith lay back on the living room floor, freshly padded, while Alyssa tucked the blankets around him with motherly care. “Why don’t you just lay back now and take a little nap, honey?” she murmured kindly. “Simone and I are going to turn out the lights and go to bed soon, too. And we’ll be right here if you need anything...”

A quiet snore was all the response she got.

“Damn, he’s out like a light,” Simone observed as Alyssa scrambled up, soaked diaper in hand, to find the garbage can. “Is he always like that when he’s drunk?” Alyssa grinned and gave a shrug over her shoulder. “Meh, sometimes. We don’t drink that often, but I must say he does get pretty clingy when he’s soused.” Returning from the kitchen, she motioned to the blankets on the floor. “So, you said you wanted an old-fashioned sleepover, right? Which one you want?”

As the pajama-clad women settled companionably down beside the unconscious Keith, Simone nodded in his direction. “I must say, Lissa, he’s quite sweet – odd, but sweet. Was he always like this?” “With the diapers, you mean? Yeah, pretty much ever since I met him,” Alyssa responded easily, with an affectionate pat to her sleeping husband’s padded groin. “I’d never heard of anything like it before he told me, of course, but when I saw how happy it made him when I played along... well...” She grinned slyly. “The sex when he’s been kept padded for awhile is pretty amazing. I mean, like, oh my God. And not gonna lie-” here she leaned closer, “I’m beginning to think it’s actually pretty hot when he’s padded: all locked up in there just for me. You know? Is that weird?”

Simone tittered and brushed back a strand of hair. “I don’t know. I guess? But I have to say, in some ways it’s a pretty tempting idea. You remember Charles, right? The marketing exec?” Alyssa nodded. “He was a great guy, I guess, but not really my type. Anyway, those things would have been so useful! That man must have had a bladder the size of a pea, the way he carried on. What I wouldn’t have given to get through a movie without him constantly getting up to pee...”

Alyssa lay back on the pillow. “I know, right? At least this way Keith’s happy, and I’m happy, and it comes with some practical perks.” She glanced over at her friend’s suddenly thoughtful face. “What, Simone? What are you thinking?”

“Oh, nothing,” Simone murmured, smiling vaguely off into the distance. “I was just thinking... wondering if you could tell me where you get those things. There’s a guy I went out with just last week who might look pretty damn good in something like that...”

Morning. Fuck. Keith blearily opened his eyes, head pounding at the light and noise. *What? Why was he on the floor? Oh, yeah. Sleepover.*

And then Simone was standing over him, suitcase in hand, dressed and ready to head out the door. “Hey there,” she smiled sweetly. “Alyssa’s taking me to the airport, so no worries. I just wanted to say thanks for everything yesterday! And thanks for the great night, too...” She gestured down at his blanket-clad form, which, he now realized with a jolt, was completely soaked. “Alyssa’s lucky to have you... even if she does still need to change you now and then. Speaking of which...”

And with one last knowing wink, she and Alyssa were out the door, leaving a blushing – and still very soggy – Keith in their wake.

The sleepover was over. But as for what it might have started... well, who could say?

The End