

Hot Girls and Wet Nights

September 2021 – Commission

You know, I think these gender-neutral dorms are about the greatest thing to have ever been invented!

Yeah, yeah, I get it. College isn't just about sex and partying all the time. Or at least, that's what I've always told my parents. But I mean... *come on!* When a guy like me transfers in and ends up sharing a dorm with three girls, and when the other neighboring rooms are *also* full of girls, like – hello! Honestly I'm probably the luckiest guy here – and I'd be a fool not to use it to my advantage.

Sure, I suppose there were a few skeptical looks that first day. I even got a couple of comments from Lara and her friend Ashley. "Aww, they put a *guy* in our room? But we wanted to have it girls-only!" Thankfully I didn't have to fight the battle all on my own, though. Fatima had come to my rescue, with her emphatic reminder that they'd get in trouble for discrimination and maybe even harassment if they objected to me simply because of my gender. "Besides," she'd shrugged with a sideways grin at me. "I don't mind Sander. He seems pretty cool, so just quit your bitching, okay? Heck, I'll share the bunk with him, if that makes you two feel better."

Hmm, had that pretty brunette just hit on me?

Whatever the case, now that we're having our first party tonight it's up to me to show them just how great a guy I can be. Gotta show them what a real man is like, you know. So here I am in my tight shirt and ripped jeans, chatting and joking, knocking back drink after drink like the trooper I am. I can hold my alcohol not problem. And don't worry – I just turned twenty-one last month, so it's even legal!

"Wow, you sure know how to party, huh?" Fatima was eyeing me now, her low-cut blouse and her sparkling dark eyes drawing me in like a paper clip to a magnet. "Hell, yeah!" I responded with another casual swig. "Nothing like chilling with a bunch of cool girls and getting to know 'em. So, whaddya like to do when you're not studying, huh?"

The rest of the night was a blur, to be honest. I don't quite recall even now what happened. But some part of me seems to recall the floor sloping suddenly up to meet me, and swirls of female laughter, and cool hands tugging me up once more. And then, the haziest memory of our dorm room spinning crazily around, and a sudden collapse into the welcoming pillow...

And then the morning came.

My head was throbbing, my mouth reeking with fetid alcohol breath, my eyes screwing painfully against the light. Then, as I kicked the covers fitfully away, I began to sense something else: something very wrong indeed down around my waist...

"Eww, gross!" "Oh my god, Sander, did you-?" "Did you piss the bed, bro? Ugh, I don't believe this!" "Hey Fatima, wake up! Look, your boyfriend's gone and pissed himself like a freaking *baby!*"

Fatima's tousled head appeared from above me, followed shortly by her step on the ladder. "Just chill out already," she muttered sleepily, though her eyes widened as she caught sight of the dark, incriminating puddle beneath me. "Oh, fuck. You two weren't lying, were you?" she managed, surveying the damage in visible exasperation. "Bro, you literally peed the bed. Like, what gives?"

The alcohol wasn't exactly doing me any favors as I struggled to form an articulate response. "I- uh, guess I had too much to drink- uh, maybe-" "Maybe? Sander, this bed is *soaked!* Get up and go take a shower right this minute!" Fatima ordered, brushing back her tangled hair in irritation. "We'll- we'll figure something out, I guess. Jeez, let's just be glad it wasn't you on the top bunk, huh?!"

It was her final words that sent Ashley and Lara off into another disgusted chorus of *ewws* and *ughs*.

Sure, I was mortified. Who *wouldn't* be upon waking up and finding himself in a puddle of his own piss, while also being surrounded by three of those cute girls he'd been hoping to impress? But it was only later that day that I fully began to realize the magnitude of what I'd stepped into.

"Bro, so I checked university policy today," Fatima told me upon my return from the dining hall that evening. "And it's not good. Apparently we can be, like, billed for any property damage to the dorm. And yep, that sort of includes the bed, too." She sighed and stepped to her closet, from which she produced a bulky plastic shopping bag. "So once I figured *that* out, I decided we'd better not take any chances. I don't know about you, bro, but I don't feel like paying hundreds of dollars just to replace your mattress every other week, okay? Not to mention putting up with your smelly sheets..."

"But- no, wait, it was just an accident- just a one-time thing, I told you-" "Look, you pissed your freaking bed, Sander!" Fatima cut in with a stern waggle of her finger. "You pissed your bed like a

freaking baby, okay? And you know, I wouldn't care one bit if it wasn't for the fact that if you ruin that mattress, all four of us are gonna pay. Okay?" She jerked open the bag and produced a strange plastic cube labeled "disposable briefs." "So I'd advise you to shut the *fuck* up already, big guy. Just shut up your whining and put on your new pampers like a good boy, okay?"

'Pampers'?! "Yeah, look. I went out this afternoon and got you some goodies," she offered drily, ripping open the package that I now realized, much to my horror, held nothing less than adult diapers. "Just wear one of these to bed from now on, bro, and none of us will get in trouble. Got it? Or do we need to ask housing to move you to another freaking dorm? Because I swear, if you even *think-*"

"Wait, no- no, I- no, please-" But splutter and stammer and beg as I might, even before I started I knew it would do no good. Fatima had already made up her mind that I was a confirmed bedwetter, and she was even not going to dream of letting me spend another night in my usual boxers. "It's fine, bro," she consoled, once I'd finally relented and taken the crinkling monstrosity from her hands and fumblingly taped it around my waist. "See? So you piss yourself at night like a little baby. Yeah, it's kinda weird. But it won't be a problem as long as you wear protection, okay?"

My folks had talked to me about using "protection" when sleeping with girls, yeah. But dammit, I don't think a stupid diaper was exactly what they meant.

Not that it mattered now, of course. Egged on by Fatima, my three roommates had done the math and come to the conclusion that keeping me in diapers every night would be far more economical than having to worry about replacing the mattress, or even washing sheets every day. "I can get those things online for, like, \$2.50 apiece, delivered," Fatima had maintained a few nights later, motioning with a grin at the obvious diaper bulge under my pajama pants. "Whereas one load of wash – assuming the stupid machines aren't broken – is \$3.50, washed and dried. Even if we just let you ruin the mattress and replaced it whenever the inspector came, that would be like a couple of hundred every single time..."

So since there still seemed to be no way to convince them that my accident had been a one-off fluke, I was stuck abiding by these three girls' snickering calculations. And because it turned out that it was cheaper to keep me padded like a literal toddler every single night, that was exactly what we did.

Oh, I wasn't happy about it. I was even less happy when Fatima sweetly informed me that I'd have to *work* to earn my pampers – that is to say, I had to help her with her classwork for one hour every evening. Worst of all was the fact that Fatima wrapped the tabs in tape every night, effectively sealing me into them so I wouldn't be tempted to take them off. And since these girls loved to sleep in as frequently as classes allowed, more often than not I ended up lying there in bed and consciously, deliberately peeing my diaper.

Just like – and yes, I blush to admit it – just like a literal freaking baby.

But when it all came down to it, what could I do? I didn't want to blow my chances with these girls, mock me as they might. I didn't want to let the college administration know about my little problem. And I certainly didn't want to end up the pariah of the entire dorm: the smelly bedwetter who pissed himself once and never lived it down. It was so much better to try to keep it secret.

Well... as secret as three talkative and sociable college girls could possibly keep it. Which is to say: not at all.

And so, here I find myself a month later, squatting obediently on the floor of the dorm next door, gulping obediently at the baby bottle filled with beer that Lara is forcing into my mouth. All around me these young women are snickering, giggling openly at my humiliation, taking literal bets on whether I'll end up peeing my pampers before or after I pass out. I'd protest – but my mouth is full. I'd run away – but everyone would follow, and I'd be corralled back into the party, and all our neighbors meantime would discover my pampered shame.

Fortunately, perhaps, the alcohol is already beginning to take effect. The room spins lazily about, the cacophony of female laughter ringing inside my fuzzy-brained head. *Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.* "Yeah, don't you remember him bragging about how he can hold his liquor?" I hear Fatima giggle, and I stifle a burp as she pats my head affectionately. "Good boy! Go on, show us all what a big strong boy you are, huh? Oh, I bet you *love* all this female attention, don't you?"

As I gulp and allow the first of what would be many floods gush out into my bulging pampers, I shudder in mute humiliation. Because like it or not, I have to admit that she's kinda right. It may not be the attention I'd been hoping for, sure. But by god, it's definitely attention... and I am here for it.