

Old Flames Never Die

July 2022 – Part One

Well, well, well. It truly is a small world after all!

I'd know that face anywhere: those high cheekbones, that Roman nose, those bluish-grey eyes that are meeting mine so brightly across the conference table. She's done something different with her hair, though. I guess it's only to be expected, given that the last time I saw her was... hell, how long ago was graduation, anyway?

"Priscilla Gaynor," I repeat to myself, letting my eyes coolly descend to the neat serif font of the resumé in my hand. "You are a... most promising candidate. Understand that I can't make any guarantees, of course. Not until we've run things past the higher-ups." I flash a tight smile and flip my notebook closed as a sign that this interview is over. "But I've been very impressed with your credentials, and personally, I think you'd make a great addition to the company."

"Why, thank y-" "In fact," I continue, cutting her off as I rise smoothly and push back my chair from the gleaming conference table. "In fact, I'd like to discuss all this further with you in a more... comfortable... setting." I smile politely over at her cocked head and suddenly wondering expression. "You wouldn't happen to be busy this evening, would you? Or have any objections to... shall we say Italian food?"

Of course she isn't, she assures me in a flurry of clearly delighted stammering. "Good!" I smile, watching in some amusement as my secretary sidles toward the door with an expression of bored disgust on her face. "It's a date, then. I'll send a car to pick you up at a quarter to seven..."

And that's how one does it. Concocts revenge, that is.

Had Priscilla really not recognized me? Sure, I suppose I've changed a good bit since our time together as seniors in our elite private university. No longer do I insist on wearing what I know now to have been an incredibly obnoxious mustache. Nor is my elegant suit and tie a clear descendant of the turtlenecks and fashionably tight jeans I used to wear practically everywhere around campus. But still, I'd figured she would remember... well, something. Or at least, the night that she had changed my life in such a devastating manner.

I pace impatiently around my cool, curtained bedroom, the thump of my stocking-clad feet accompanied by the soft rustle of my adult diaper. Oh, yes – you read that right. My *diaper*. A successful, snappily-dressed businessman... in a literal diaper, stained pale yellow and hanging loosely now between my bare legs.

It's no joke, and no kink. A thick, absorbent undergarment like this is as much part of my attire as my suit and tie... as it has been these last five years.

And what's more, it's all the fault of that fateful night with Priscilla.

To this day I still don't know if she'd intended to cause the sort of damage she had. Probably not. Don't they say not to attribute to malice anything that can be explained by incompetence? And yet... Geez. It's not like the intentions matter. The results are the same – as are the mortifying consequences for me and my love life.

"Just party tricks." "Not real." "A silly prank." "A stupid bet that wouldn't hurt a fly." Yeah, that's what they'd all have said if I'd objected. Who believed that hypnosis was real, anyway? And more to the point, who *wouldn't* volunteer to be hypnotized if it meant being toyed with by such a hot chick? The girl of my dreams?

Yep, I'd done it. Sure, I'd let her hypnotize me – whatever that meant. Sure, I'd even take the dare and listen to the stupid file she'd supposedly cooked up in psych class last semester. What could go wrong?

Plenty, apparently. Because before the month was out, I was finding myself experiencing a most disturbing phenomenon; whenever I happened to get sexually excited, I... well, my pants got wet with what I *thought* initially was pre-cum. But it hadn't been long before I'd realized that it was far more serious than that...

Enough brooding, I order myself sternly, stepping into the quiet bathroom and flicking on the light. Time to change and shower. Time to suit up for what is about to be the most interesting evening I've had in years.

Five years, to be exact.

"It's been a long time, Priscilla." The main course is spent, the dessert on its way – and after an hour of toying around with my companion's small talk, I've had enough. "I don't suppose you remember the last few times we were together... do you? That night in the quad?"

"What- oh... oh my god, you're- You're Mark? *That* Mark Altberg?" She's flushed, as much with shocked embarrassment as with the wine and warm glow of the restaurant lighting. "Oh, goodness, I had forgotten-! How silly of me-"

"I haven't forgotten," I return evenly, giving a cool nod to the waiter as he slips the twin cheesecake wedges onto the table beside us. "It was tough to forget. You know, with all the laughing and jeering..." "Oh- Oh, Mark," she began, and her uplifted fork was quivering. "Don't be sorry," I cut in, and within me I can feel the burning glow of resentment and simmering anger. "I'm sure at the time you didn't think you were publicly humiliating the guy you'd one day be asking for a job."

She's at a loss for words, her pretty face a study of crimson-cheeked embarrassment. "I- I-" she stutters, but I brush it aside. "Oh, don't worry. I wouldn't dream of denying you the job," I assure her, and now a thin smile is creeping across my lips even as I feel a warm, familiar flood of urine dribble out between my legs. "All I need is a promise from you. A promise that if you take this job – and believe me, I'm going to do everything in my power to make it a *very* attractive offer – you're going to go through a bit of..."

I pause as if searching for words, relishing the sight of my beautiful dinner companion staring at me in apprehension. "A bit of therapy, shall we say? Nothing dramatic, and nothing uncalled for, of course. Just a nice little round of therapy to help you learn some empathy... and to settle some of the past between us..."

Oh, yeah. I may be sitting in my own piss-soaked diaper. But right now, that doesn't matter. She's at my mercy; she needs this job, and I'm the one holding all the cards. I'm the one in charge after all these years... and god, if it doesn't feel great!

Almost as great as it's going to feel when I see that pretty face slipping down into hypnotic trance: a trance that this time, *I'll* be controlling.

To what end? Well, I guess we'll just have to see, won't we?

(To be continued next month!)