

Crushed

September 2023 – Chapter Six

Neither of the two young people had quite expected things to go this far. But then again, wasn't that the very essence of youth? Living in the moment... pushing boundaries... trying anything and everything while the watchful eye of parents was removed?

James was a complete mess by the time Alice had finished with him. Bound as he was to the kitchen chair, he could only writhe in frustrated arousal, blinking through the filthy mess of smashed pie and yogurt that was slowly dripping down his face and onto his equally messy chest. The pink diaper between his legs was splattered with goo, and with every downward glance he shivered with humiliated delight. *Oh, yes, yes! So exactly like a toddler – a dumb, messy little brat, covered in the sort of gooey mess of food that only uncoordinated little babies made...*

"Hah, you're filthy!" Alice leaned back, hands on her bikini-and diaper-clad hips, looking him up and down with the satisfied, appraising air of an amused parent. "Goodness, how did you *ever* get so dirty, ya big baby? Keep this up, and I'll have to switch you over to bottles instead!" She giggled at the idea and shook her head in mock disbelief. "Here, I think we need to clean you up. Come on – I have just the thing for a messy little baby like you!"

She disappeared momentarily, returning a moment later with a pair of scissors in her hand. "This should take care of that tape in no time!" *Snick* went the blades, and *snick* again, while James gave a sticky gulp and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. It was a silly anxiety, perhaps. But with Alice's face so close down there, he was suddenly anxious that she might notice the embarrassing truth: the state of his now-warm diaper...

Because of course he'd wet it. He'd been in it since noon, after all. And after Alice had massaged and ground him into that incredible orgasm, well... it had only seemed fitting to finally give in, to surrender to the pressure in his bladder, to feel the diaper warming and swelling as the infantile flow washed away his sticky cum.

But before he could dwell on it any further, she was yanking the duct tape unceremoniously from his limbs – the pain ripping through him like that of a dozen industrial-strength bandaids.

"Oww-ww!!" He yelped, and Alice cocked her head in mock sympathy. "Aww, did that hurt, baby?", she asked, not at all repentantly. "It's just a bit of hair! Now imagine it was around your dick, huh? I suggest you keep that in mind next time you want a girl to get waxed down there!" And then she

was tugging him up from his chair, gingerly taking his wrist and steering him out of the kitchen. But not toward the bathroom, as he had expected. She was propelling him toward- toward-

"Wha- no, Alice, *no!* What are you- Not out-*side!*" His voice was strained with anxiety, but all she gave was a laugh and a firm shake of her head. "Oh yes, *outside.* What's the big deal? It's our back yard, silly! No one's gonna see anything. Hell, I've sunbathed in the nude back there already, and no one ever saw anything!"

"Bu- but-" James protested feebly, but sticky as he was, and cowed by her imperious tone, he was in no state to resist. Out the back door they went: the giggling Alice in her sky-blue bikini that did little to hide the diaper she'd donned underneath, and her similarly diapered boyfriend who looked like he'd just competed in – and won – a contest for being the messiest eater.

"This should do the trick!" Alice trotted over the grass in her bare feet and reached for the long black garden hose. "Here, hold still, baby! We need to wash you down-" "Nuh- it- it's gonna be cold!" James protested, but she shook her head in mirth. "You big dumb-dumb – no, it *won't!* It's been in the sun all day, okay? And look, it's hooked up to our pool over there. We like doing that, so we always have nice warm water to wash our feet and stuff." She gave the nozzle an experimental squirt in his direction, and he yelped instinctively as it hit his naked legs. "Aww, don't be such a wuss! It's nice and warm, isn't it?"

"Not really..." he began, but she blasted him again mid-sentence. "For the love of god, quit being such a *baby!* Now, hold still and I'll wash you off. Or do you want me to wrestle you down and do this the hard way?"

What the hard way was, James was almost tempted to find out. But Alice was actually right. After the initial shock, the water she was sending splashing over him was honestly quite nice and warm. And so he bit back his protests... stood still... and watched as she sashayed closer, hose in hand, directing the warm stream over his gooey chest and torso.

With the shocking, though not entirely unexpected, result that the water began streaming, warm and steady, down his naked body. And before he had time to register, the rippling flow was disappearing out of sight into his pink – and suddenly swelling – diaper.

"Hey! It- you're making me all wet!" He protested, at which she burst into laughter. "Well, duh! What else did you expect, dummy?" Her almond eyes danced as she sent a heady stream of water directly into his messy face. "Gotta get you clean somehow!" "No- I mean- you know what I mean-"

he spluttered, and now his cheeks flushed at having to explain it. "I- it's going into- my... diaper..."

"What's that you're saying, baby? I can't hear you when you mumble!" Of course she was toying with him... and he was secretly loving it, even as he shivered with embarrassment. "My diaper!" he protested, tugging sheepishly at the pink and now rapidly ballooning garment between his legs. "It- it's getting soaked-"

"Oh, and how's that different from usual, *bedwetter*?" Alice mocked. She grinned and sent another spurt of water into his face, leaving him spluttering and incoherent. "Hey, not fair!" James may have enjoyed letting Alice toy with him, but this was going a bit too far – and now his ire was up. "Gimme that-!"

"Come and get it, *baby*," Alice teased, her dark eyes sparkling with mischief as she danced backward over the grass. "Waddle on over here and grab it... if you can!" Which he duly did – with an impetuous burst of speed that surprised even himself. "Give it here!" And then his hands were closing on the hose, wrestling with her for control, as the stream of warm water spun and jetted in erratic, crazily spinning arcs...

Ending at last as he finally – and successfully – forced the spurting end of the hose deep into the front of Alice's own diaper.

"Heyyy-! Ooh- oh *fuck*- that- that's not fair-" "Sure it is," he grinned fiercely, and even as he took another waddling step forward, he could see her eyes widening and lighting up with something akin to confused pleasure. "You soaked mine, Alice. Now it's my turn to soak yours. Not such a big girl now, are you-"

"You're- you're one to talk," she managed, visibly struggling against the cascade of strange sensations rippling over her. The fabric of her bikini was stretching now, straining under the inexorable swelling of the disposable diaper beneath. The relentless flow of water was filling it to capacity... past capacity... burbling and spilling up and over the waistband, trickling down her legs with the disturbing warmth of urine. The tables had suddenly turned, and now it was if *she* was the toddler: standing here in the grass with bowed legs and ballooning diaper, shameful rivulets of warmth streaming helplessly down her naked legs...

But she was supposed to be in charge. And by god, she was going to stay there!

"You silly," she managed, and as she jerked the hose out at last and sent it spurting up into James's

unsuspecting face, she felt her own mastery of the situation returning. "You think a little bit of water can embarrass me, huh? Well, tell me this, *baby*. Who's the one who wears diapers to bed *every* night now, huh? And who's the one who wakes up *soaked* each and every morning?"

She grinned and plunged the hose into James's own diaper, a surge of fierce joy sparking through her. "Go on, tell me! Tell me how much you love peeing yourself, *baby*! Tell me how good it feels now that your girlfriend made folks think you're a bedwetter. Tell me how grateful you are that I've forced you into diapers. Even pink diapers, like some dumb little baby girl..."

She was pushing him down now in her enthusiasm, his feet slipping, his entire body splashing down into the rapidly growing puddle in the grass beneath. Down she came on top of him, hose still firmly in place, laughing sadistically as the heady flow streamed out from the top of his own waterlogged and distended diaper. "That's right, baby! On the ground. Lie here like a good, bedwetting little baby. Let your girlfriend do whatever she wants-"

"Hey, Alice- no, please, okay! Okay, I- I surrender!" James spluttered... but she wasn't listening. "Oh, *now* you want me to stop?" she mocked, and before she quite knew what she was doing, she bent low... yanked down her ruffled bikini top... and thrust her bared right breast directly into his protesting mouth.

"Shush. If you want me to stop, you're gonna have to suck me, baby," she ordered, even as their twin, bloated diapers squished beneath their weight. "Good babies *love* sucking on boobies. Go on. Show me what a dumb, stupid, bedwetting little baby you are! You can't help it, can you? You're just so messy... so helpless... so very, very babyish..."

Why- why was she trembling like this? Why was this deliciously warm, tingling sensation blossoming between her thighs? Why was her breath catching... her body tingling at the feeling of his warm lips softly and obediently tightening around her nipple? Why was she so- so close- so very, unexpectedly close-

Why was she cumming, helplessly and uncontrollably, as her boyfriend sucked and her thighs clenched and the thick, waterlogged mass of her bloated diaper pressed against her sensitive cunt? Surely it was all just her period making her horny, right? It was all so weird, so crazy... and yet, so hot. So right. So very, incredibly good...

Huh. Maybe she was even kinkier than she'd thought!