

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice Naughty

Part Three

December 2021

Isn't it strange sometimes how even the most extraordinary things can quickly become completely and utterly ordinary?

Hannah and Rosie had arrived only three days ago, and already Rosie was finding herself becoming surprisingly at ease in this odd new environment. And yes – odd it was, in so many ways! She was a *she* for one thing: not Rory, but Rosie. She was expected to speak like a girl, and dress like a girl, and for all the world behave exactly like the sort of girl that Hannah had become on returning too: soft-spoken, sweet, and proper. Oh, and not only that, but she was also an *incontinent* girl. For beneath her new flowing skirt she was diapered wherever she went: a result of Hannah's brilliant scheme to simultaneously shield Rosie's sex from her family while also indulging Rosie's private little diaper fetish...

Not that Hannah's mom knew *that* side of it, of course. All *she* knew was that this sweet Asian friend of Hannah's had an unfortunate medical problem that kept her in pampers day and night.

But beyond that, the entire way of life here was so very different. Prayer before meals, and no swearing, and a large family organized to the twin, interlocking rhythms of farm life and church life. It was all completely new for Rosie, whose family had always been urban and secular and as far from this rural, homespun agricultural life as one could imagine. And yet, despite all those differences... she was finding it strangely easy to get used to.

Though today was definitely going to be a bit more of a challenge.

"All day?" she queried now, staring up at the water-stained ceiling as Hannah busily wiped her down and prepared to slip a fresh MegaMax beneath her. "You're saying we're going to be at church for the entire day?!" "You got it," Hannah smiled, her fingers busily massaging the powder into her naked boyfriend's skin. "Now, I know it sounds like a lot. And it is, kind of. Not exactly the way I wanted to spend my birthday, all things considered. *But...*"

And then she was plucking something from her bag. "Since it's my birthday, I think it's only right that you indulge me a bit more, sweetie." Rosie shifted uneasily on the open padding, apprehensive as to what her girlfriend might have planned. "But- but I got you a present already, didn't I? Isn't that enough?" Hannah's devious smile widened beneath her tousled blonde hair. "Oh, sure you did.

An Amazon gift card was everything I ever wanted! But seriously, I've already spent it: on a little something that will bring us both a lot of fun..."

It was then that Rosie noticed the pink silicone plug in her hand.

"I've decided that today you're going to get two options, honey," Hannah smiled, her fingers slipping knowingly over the metal cage on Rosie's groin. "You haven't made a number two for the last few days, after all. And I know you *really* don't want to. But you've got to make a poopie sooner or later, Rosie. Trust me – I'm a med student!"

She grinned at her own joke and held up the plug. "Listen. If you are good for me today and make a mess on your own, I promise I'll give you this afterwards to make things feel extra nice." And then, before Rosie could protest, she held up a second object: a small white-and-green can of glycerin suppositories. "But if you don't... Well, let's just say you'll be getting a bit of help."

Rosie whined, as loudly as she dared. It wasn't fair. There was no way she'd deliberately mess herself in public. They shouldn't be doing it anywhere, much less in a church... But Hannah only shrugged and taped the diaper closed. "It's my birthday, and I'll do what I want," she replied, handing Rosie her bra, pantyhose, and slip for the day. "Now best get that diapered butt all dressed up for the day. It's almost breakfast!"

"Oh, and just so you know. If I were you, I'd plan on making that messy diaper between the morning and afternoon services. That should give me time to change you without you having to sit there like a stinky baby for hours on end..."

Life with a kinky girlfriend was something else, Rosie mused, staring down for the thousandth time into the lap of her pink flowered dress. Here she was: feminized, caged, diapered, and under orders to thoroughly soil herself in public. Never in his darkest fantasies had the old Rory dreamed that such a situation might actually happen to him... but here he – or rather, she – was.

The guy up front was droning on and on about how the real meaning of Christmas was the cross and not the manger: a distinction that Rosie understood only a little and cared about even less. Far more pressing in her mind was the question of how and when to carry out Hannah's orders. Sure, she could refuse both the command and the growing internal discomfort of her undeniably full bowels... for now. But even if she did make it through another day with nothing more than a soggy

diaper, those suppositories would be waiting. And from what she knew of suppositories, they would lead to far smellier, explosive, and humiliatingly unpredictable messes than she even dared contemplate.

So a deliberate mess it would have to be.

It was after she had nervously gulped down the noon meal in an obscure corner of the church basement that Rosie decided she'd have to act: now, or never. Hmm. Maybe if she slipped into the bathroom and sat on the toilet it would be easier. Because for some reason, the idea of standing there conversing with yet another polite and well-intentioned one of Hannah's friends while literally shitting her pants just seemed... well, a bit much.

It was easier than she'd expected, strangely. Maybe it was the posture – seated on the open toilet with skirt pulled up and her pantyhose-clad thighs pressing down on the chilly surface of the seat – that loosened her bowels. Maybe it was just the knowledge that Hannah would gleefully thrust her into even more humiliating situations if she didn't. But the first hard lump soon emerged, followed by a slightly softer log, and then... well, it was as if the plug had been removed.

Rosie grimaced, her frame rigid, sweat on her forehead as she felt the warm mass rushing out of her, compressing and oozing and spreading stickily forward and backward within her already soggy padding. Oh, there was such relief in the infantile act – and yet too a growing horror building within as she realized what she was doing. She'd succeeded, she thought grimly. But at what cost?

Now to find Hannah. Which naturally meant slipping out of the stall, red-faced, and waddling discreetly out like a guilty toddler who'd just thoroughly and deliberately loaded her pants.

"There you are!" Hannah beamed, turning from a buck-toothed, amiable middle-aged woman and meeting Rosie's troubled eyes with mild amusement. "Oh, is there something the matter?" To which Rosie, face still aflame, nodded silently. "Umm... Can I, like, talk to you? I need- some help..." And how she did!

"Goodness, you really did have to go," Hannah whispered once they had stepped outside and made their way through the parking lot and into the sheltering discretion of her family's large van. "Just hurry up, please!" Rosie urged from her prone position on the van floor, craning up to gaze anxiously between the seats. "We can't let anyone see-" "Relax," Hannah soothed, her hands slipping teasingly over the visibly bulging bulk of her friend's soiled diaper. "I locked the doors. Now, I guess I might have forgotten to mention this, but I have just one more thing to ask..."

She smiled softly, both hands kneading mischievously at the soft mess and pressing it into Rosie's groin. "See, it's my birthday, after all, and I'm feeling so very bored with all this church stuff. Why don't you be a good girl now and show me just how much you want to amuse me?" And before Rosie could protest, Hannah was slipping easily over her prone friend, hoisting up her own pale blue skirt and presenting the mesmerizing sight of her bare – and visibly aroused – womanhood.

"Get busy, honey," she breathed now, as her weight settled down over Rosie and pinned her boyfriend's struggling form firmly down to the van floor. "Lick me and suck me like you mean it. That is... if you really do want me to change this smelly diaper of yours..."

Rosie never forgot those moments: quivering in suspense and fear that someone might discover them... thrilling to the sight and scent and taste of her girlfriend's dripping pussy... and yes, shuddering at the sensation of her own smelly diaper being massaged thoroughly into her most sensitive parts. And when Hannah had bitten back her moans and her breathing had caught and hitched in mute orgasm and she'd finally opened her eyes and withdrawn her wet crotch from Rosie's glistening mouth and face... well, she smiled a smile that sent a pang of longing and delight through her.

"Good girl," she whispered with a beatific expression, as her fingers at last began tugging at the tapes of Rosie's messy diaper. "Now I think we'd better get this smelly little girl changed, don't you? And don't forget – I promised you a special treat for obeying me!"

The special treat being the silicone plug that came slipping firmly up into Rosie's quivering bumhole.

"Now, then!" Hannah smirked, when at last the fresh diaper had been drawn up and taped tightly around the wide-eyed Rosie's waist. "We'd both better get back in there! I know it might not seem as much fun as it is out here..." she fluttered her eyes shut in a brief moment of ecstatic memory. "But somehow... somehow I think I'll find a way to make it pretty entertaining all the same."

To which Rosie, watching as Hannah bundled the soiled mass of wipes and plastic into a rustling shopping bag and tucking it under the seat beside her, could only nod and grimace. She was plugged now, and diapered, and caged, and publicly feminized in front of hundreds of people. She couldn't imagine how it could be made any more entertaining – or humiliating – than it already was. But somehow, she had a nasty feeling that Hannah would find a way...