

Just a Little Experiment

Part Three - June 2020

There's something so darn satisfying about grocery shopping, isn't there? Especially when you're in charge of your own little household, making all those necessary decisions about what you'll be cooking and serving and eating for the next week. Of course Sean gets to help decide too - but with my work schedule right now, it really does make sense for me to do the buying.

I glance down at the list on my phone and realize that I'm pretty much finished. Just some milk and sausages and maybe a pie crust or two, if they're on sale. All in the refrigerated section. I turn the corner and glance down this next aisle out of habit... then halt. Oh. Yeah, it's *this* aisle.

Why, oh why is it affecting me this way?

Before I know it, my feet are acting as if of their own accord, propelling me and my cart of purchases down the aisle I've formerly always passed over - the baby aisle. Neat stacks of gaily-colored bibs and pacifiers and baby food jars fill my vision, and beyond them the rows upon rows of disposable diapers. It's everything a young mother could want or need, naturally. Only thing is, I'm not a young mother. Hell, I'm not even pregnant.

So why is this strange, inner sense of longing gnawing in the pit of my stomach? Why is there goose flesh rising on my arms? Why is my hand shaking as it reaches out and grasps that pastel little bottle of baby powder?

I flee to the frozen food section as if I've just committed a felony. But in the end, that powder still comes home with me, tucked in beside the spaghetti and the toothpaste almost as if it belongs there.

I muse over it all as I unpack. It has to be the hypnosis, right? It's been two whole weeks since Sean, laughing good-naturedly, hooked up our speaker dock on my nightstand and programmed it to play that audio track on repeat. It won't bother him in the least, he promised. He sleeps with earplugs most of the time anyway, so I won't have to worry about him developing any unintended effects from our little experiment...

"Unintended effects." Shit, what am I even doing? Is this whole reaction to baby stuff another side effect I've never even considered?

Whoa, Erin, dial it back, I scold myself. The file really doesn't sound that weird. Honestly, if I didn't know it was marketed as some hypnosis gimmick I'd just say it was a spacey, new-age audio track to help folks relax. You know, full of woo-woo synthesizers and chimes and bells and stuff. It's kind of pretty, and it really does put me to sleep pretty quick. I've been sleeping pretty great lately, so that's definitely a plus...

All that crap about trigger words, and hypnosis, and giving me the confidence to actually try a diaper to deal with my accursed overactive bladder - it all might be nonsense. I don't know. But I'm at least going to give it a fair trial... which means that I'll keep on listening to it for another couple of weeks.

I sigh as I toss the now-empty shopping bags back in the closet for next week. Sean won't be home for another few hours, of course. And I've been so very profitable and efficient that I now have nothing to do until then.

Which means...

No, not that, girl, I tell myself sternly. *Not every spare moment needs to be filled with touching yourself and thinking dirty thoughts about what you'll do with Sean tonight. Better do something else. Oh, yes - that powder needs to be put up somewhere. I'll tell Sean it's for his sweaty-ass shoes. Hmm... I wonder what it smells like?*

I peel the seal off the top and take a quick whiff. *Oh, my god - that brings back memories!* And once again, I feel a wild tingle race through me, like I've touched a live wire. Only this time it's stronger, more insistent, tugging me back to take another sniff...

Which I do. And then discover that I'm getting unaccountably horny as hell.

Dammit! I don't think I can wait, Sean... You'll understand though, right? I'm padding down the hall now, this silly powder still in hand, my pulse quickening as I feel the tingles continue to shiver through me. Closed goes the door, and off come the shoes and the top and the jeans. Onto the bed now, cool and inviting. Just the place for a horny young woman to spend some quality time...

Except now I'm sniffing the powder a third time. My mind is filling with the strangest thoughts - thoughts of something soft and thick between my thighs, of the gentle brush of powder on my bare skin, of pillowy warmth around my most sensitive parts...

Pillow. Yes, that's it!

In a moment I'm awkwardly grabbing for my pillow, stuffing it between my thighs, and riding it like a desperate cowgirl. Maybe it's for the best Sean isn't here to see this, I muse as the minutes slip past and I feel the heat rising to my cheeks. But oh, it feels so nice, so soft and inviting! I just want to grind into it, to let the thick bulk massage my neatly groomed pussy, to coax me ever further toward orgasm...

The first one is lovely, naturally. Nice and shivery and blissful - you know, the kind that make you close your eyes and revel in the warm glow before you start working toward the next one. And then I'm flipping onto my tummy, wrestling in the most ungainly fashion with the pillow, trying to wrap it around my crotch and posterior without much success...

One of those diapers you got would be just the trick, my mind furtively whispers.

I pause mid-grind, struck by the insanity of the idea. But then the hormones take over - and, reflecting that no one need know, not even Sean, I slither off the bed in my now-damp panties and plunge into the depths of my closet.

It takes longer than expected to find the hidden pack and tear it open, and even longer still to figure out how the hell it's supposed to go on. *Fuck it. Maybe it's best to screw the tapes and just grind into it... Ooh, why not add some powder?*

It's a heavenly addition. Within minutes I'm grinding my panty-clad pussy deeper and deeper into the quietly crinkling softness of this absurdly oversized diaper, while little puffs of powder waft out and perfume the room with a truly infantile scent. I probably look like an absolute freak, my last few non-hormone-soaked brain cells protest, but I've given up caring. I'm about to cum once more, and the rest of the rational world can go fuck itself.

The difference between the first and the second orgasm is, to paraphrase Mark Twain, like the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning.

And as I collapse into my mattress, panting and whimpering in abject bliss, somehow the absurdity of this giant, unfolded diaper between my sweating thighs no longer matters. I'll clean it up. I'll take care of putting everything away. Heck, I'll even figure out how to get the powder smell out of the room if I have do. It's all worth it.

I have no clear idea why the powder and something as odd as a diaper is turning me on so much. It might be the hypnosis, sure. Or it might not be. All I know is that I love it. And if it's this satisfying to play with a bit of powder and padding by myself... oh my god, what will it be like with Sean?

As fantastic visions of a bare-chested Sean dusting me with powder and tugging this lovely soft padding up between my legs unaccountably fill my mind, I feel my body quiver once more with heady anticipation. *Honey, please, forgive me. Just once more before I clean everything up... please...*