

Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice Naughty

Part Four

December 2021

As the vibrations rippled upward and seemingly into his very core, Rory-turned-Rosie's eyes slid closed in silent, barely concealed pleasure.

She was back there once again: back in that interminably long afternoon of Christmas Day. The faint, powdery scent of her fresh diaper was in her nose, and the hypnotizing murmur of the preacher's voice was in her ears, and all through her body coursed electric waves of forbidden pleasure. Right here in the midst of a sober religious meeting she was thrilling, vibrating, a silently squirming recipient of the most sadistically pleasurable sensations one could imagine...

For it turned out that the plug Hannah had thrust deep into her recently evacuated anus was no normal butt plug. It vibrated... wirelessly. And Hannah had the remote hidden deep in the folds of her skirt.

Rosie's eyes were shut now, but nothing could have shut out that memory: the sight of Hannah sitting there so demurely in her plain dress, her Bible dutifully open in her lap, eyes fixed on the face of the preacher speaking so earnestly to the congregation. Not even a ripple in the fabric of her skirt showed the dexterous working of her fingers on the hidden remote, the buttons she would press inaudibly to manipulate the speed, intensity, and pattern of the electrifying pulses deep inside her hapless friend's rectum. And poor Rosie was forced to sit there silently as a mouse, fighting back the growing urge to squirm, to shift in her seat, to clench and unclench and to cry out in dismayed pleasure at the sordid, humiliating pleasures growing within.

And that had only been the afternoon.

But just as she was about to revel in the humiliating memory of Christmas evening and the writhing pleasures of that night, a voice jerked her back to reality. "So where did you say you and Rosie wanted to go first, Hannah?" Hannah's mom, with her same polite, careworn smile, was leaning back toward the back seats of the van, raising her voice to be heard above the road noise. "You said there was another thrift store on the other side of the parking area?"

Yes, thrift store. Rosie blinked and listened as Hannah leaned forward and gave the women in the front directions – and as Rosie listened, she reflected that once again here was something unlike anything she'd ever experienced. Curiously, these folks seemed to find no shame in the idea of

secondhand purchases. Quite to the contrary! Here they were, a van full of women, headed for the city two hours away... and all for the express purpose of visiting as many secondhand shops as they could find. Already there was good-natured conversation about what they hoped to find, what sort of good bargains they'd found last year, what kinds of items generally were the best deals...

Such kinds of shopping were completely alien to Rosie, of course. But fortunately, Hannah knew that all too well – and had privately confided to Rosie just that morning that under the innocent pretext of going to look for another, rumored secondhand store, the two of them would be headed for quite a different establishment.

"You're going through these MegaMaxes pretty quickly," she'd observed as she taped the fresh one closed around Rosie's powdered (and of course, still tightly caged) genitals. "I really don't want to run the risk of running out before we get back, so I've already found a health supply store that should have what you need. Don't worry! I'll come along and help you pick them up: you know, make sure they're packed up nice and discreet..."

For Rosie, whose career as a diaper-lover had only ever extended to the safe anonymity of online purchases, the idea of actually going to a brick-and-mortar store and having people see her purchasing adult diapers for herself was legitimately terrifying. But Hannah had merely grinned and tweaked her nose before pulling her upright on the bed. "Hush, don't worry! All kinds of people need diapers, sweetie. Nobody but me needs to know that you actually get a kick out of wearing them!"

And so Rosie sat there in the van, stoically biting her lip in growing anxiety and guilty pleasure as the miles rolled past and the conversation swirled and the vibrator buzzed mercilessly within her. She had to keep calm. Had to focus. Had to make it through without letting anyone know what depraved thoughts and sensations were tingling through her. Had to face the fact that in only another hour or at most two, she would be walking into a store and openly purchasing a fresh supply of diapers just for her...

"Nice to be alone for a bit, isn't it?"

Hannah's voice was cheery and bright in the cold sunlight, and Rosie nodded wordlessly as she trudged along the sidewalk beside her. "I mean, I love my folks, really I do. It's just I can't take more than a few weeks at a time of... well, everything," Hannah continued, casting a knowing

glance and wink at her boyfriend in disguise. "I mean, thrift saleing? Come on – I'd much rather stay in our bedroom and do some more dreadfully dirty things with you!"

Rosie felt herself blushing... and her caged cock throbbing with repressed longing. "Umm... Like the other night?" Once again she was tasting the wet musk of Hannah's cunt, feeling her hearing and sight dim as her head was forced down into the pillow and her universe became nothing more and less than the sordid pleasure of eating her girlfriend out. God, how Hannah had cum that night! And how Rosie had longed to be back home: free of this cage, free to be him and not her, free to flip Hannah over and ride her from behind like he had once before...

"Yeah," Hannah smiled coyly, and the plug buzzed to life once more under her fingers. "Yeah, like that. Though I wish I'd been able to bring a strap-on along. Fuck, that would have been so much fun..."

But then the two women were turning down a side street, and the flashing green cross several hundred yards away showed that they were near their destination. "Now, don't worry," Hannah reassured her companion, as just as abruptly she turned the vibrator off. "They told me they had a bunch of different kinds in stock: some Abenas, I think they called them, and some other brand I can't remember. All we've got to do is find a pack or two of the right size and leave again, okay? It'll be just fine..."

Oh, it was – for the first sixty seconds.

The two stepped into the warm, comparative quiet of the store, scanning across the displays of walkers and reach assists and bathing aids in search of the incontinence aids. There they were, stacked discreetly away in the back of the store. *Good*, Rosie mused anxiously, hardly daring to look elsewhere as they made their way further in. *Just grab a pack and go. Business-like purchase. No need to dwell on it. Nobody here cares-*

"Oh, hi there! How can I help- you...?"

It was the green-vested store clerk: young, maybe twenty-five with a blonde bob and dark-rimmed glasses and a tattoo on her right forearm that Rosie would have recognized anywhere. And from her uncertain tone and the look of startled wonder in her eyes, it was clear that their classmate Vivian had recognized them, too.

"Wait... Hannah? Is that- you? And- and... Rory? What the heck?!"

Rory-turned-Rosie blanched and felt a cold sweat break out on his forehead, knowing full well that the game was up. Oh, sure – they were still safe from detection by Hannah's freakish family. But their kinky little ploy had been discovered, and by no less than their classmate. Sure, Hannah was brightly smiling it away and explaining how she was with her conservative family for the holidays. But even she would surely have to stutter to a shameful halt when trying to explain to Vivian exactly why her boyfriend Rory was there, decked out in braids and the same sort of feminine dress she was...

Or maybe not. "Oh, Rory? Sure, he loves it! He's been having a blast this whole time as my sweet, girly roommate. Haven't you, sweetie?"

Rory's eyes were sliding shut once more: not in pleasure this time, but in humiliation and desperate, silent pleading. *No, please, Hannah, please, don't say it-* "Aww, he's just embarrassed! But I mean, do you blame him? These long dresses make it so much easier to hide his diapers-

Fuck.

"Oh, yeah, haven't you ever noticed? Yeah, he's been having *quite* a lot of accidents lately. In fact, that's why we're here! Now, you wouldn't be able to tell us where you keep the overnight diapers, could you? The more absorbent, the better..."

As Rory-turned-Rosie shuffled shamefully after them, he reflected dismally that it was barely a week into the vacation – and already he'd experienced more kinky play and public humiliation than ever in his entire life. Of course he'd been looking forward to the return home: to manhood, and sexual freedom, and the casually profane life that he and Hannah lived at university. But now...

Well, now that the wondering and laughing Vivian "knew" not only that he was into cross-dressing, but that he was in actual, medical need of diapers, a return home might only be the next step in a terrifying, kinky journey. And maybe, just maybe, he'd let Hannah go too far.

Where would it all end? Probably no one – not even his naughty girlfriend – could have said.