

## Crushed

### May 2023 – Chapter Four

Had that all been a month ago? Where, oh where had the time gone?

James blinked up at the ceiling, shifting beneath the blankets in the pale morning light. Beneath him – its protective bulk swaddled around his crotch and bare ass – was one of the blue-and-white diapers Alice had bought for him. Not from the first batch, of course, but from the second batch. The one she'd bought only last week... because he'd used up all of the others.

His hand slipped down once more to the thickened crotch, and he shivered at the delectable sensation of wet padding around his morning wood. Because of course it was wet. He'd made sure of that last night: after Alice had patted his unnaturally round bum and bid him good night with a kiss and a wink. Oh, how good it had been to pant and groan and grind beneath the covers, thrilling to the incredible sensation of the warm wet padding between his legs. Just like a real, honest-to-goodness baby...

And now, he'd wakened. To a cool, damp diaper. Just like a real, honest-to-goodness bedwetter.

But it wasn't nearly wet enough. And so, as he shifted and stared and mused on the delights of the past month, he sighed... and released the night's worth of urine out into the already damp padding. Because, you see, he couldn't very well let Alice's mom think he didn't actually need them anymore. And what better way to do so than by bringing down a carefully wrapped, but undeniably heavy trash bag to the kitchen trash every single morning?

Dammit, now this warm diaper had him horny all over again. Maybe he could have just a few more minutes... for just a bit of fun? Thinking about Alice... her sweet smile... her incredible body... Oh, god...

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"Morning, James! You ready for housing applications today? It's gonna be *fun!*" Mrs. Zhou's voice was lilting, her smile wide as she turned from the stove and caught James's eyes. "Alice has already filled you in, right? On how it all works?"

Yes, she had. Yesterday. While their hands and feet had been *very* busy teasing one another

underneath the table.

"Sure did," he responded, trying not to be too obvious about sliding open the kitchen trash and depositing the wrapped, well-used diaper within. "She, um. She said it's really kind of a lottery, right?" "Oh, it is," Mrs. Zhou replied, lifting the steaming pan of eggs from the stove and hurrying it over to the table. "But there's a lot you can do to tweak your odds of getting a good spot. If you put down the north quad as your first pick, for instance..."

"Hey, can we just eat already?" It was Alice, her hair still tousled and a sleepy expression on her face. "I'm sure we'll figure it all out. It's not like we haven't done this before, *Mom...*" "Ah, but James hasn't!" Mrs. Zhou reminded her daughter, handing James a steaming plate. "And you know, I was thinking. Given his, you know... *nighttime problem...* he's actually got a really great way to get an awesome dorm..."

Oh, god. Mrs. Zhou was really going to do this? Use his "bedwetting" as a way to get him a better place on campus? But surely that would mean... telling someone...

Of course he protested – as far as he dared. He didn't want to inconvenience anyone. Didn't want to make a big deal of it. Didn't exactly want to tell other people... But Mrs. Zhou waved away all his hesitant excuses as if they'd been the steam from his scrambled eggs. "James, it's fine, I promise! That's what the accommodations people are good at doing, okay? It's their *job* to take care of every student and their needs as discreetly as possible. And it's not a huge accommodation, right? All they'll need is to give you a dorm with a private bathroom, and maybe a bed with a waterproof sheet or mattress..."

Not that Alice was helping, either. "Aww, you mean he'll actually get a single? Damn, maybe I should tell them I wet the bed, too!" And in that innocent smirk of hers, only James had known the true meaning.

So it was that an hour later – and despite his blushes – Mrs. Zhou and Alice were handing the keyboard over to him to sign the completed forms. The first, ranking his top choices for dorms. And a second detailing his request for a single dorm accommodation... the stated reason being nothing less than "nocturnal enuresis."

Both of which he shakily signed, of course – officially affirming that he was indeed a bedwetter. Because thanks to the innocently smiling Alice beside him... well, he literally had no other choice.

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"Hey... you're really headed to bed? Already?" Alice's voice echoed in the darkened stairway as they ascended. "But I'm not sleepy yet!"

"Oh... well, I dunno? Honestly I'm not that sleepy either..." He paused, hand on doorknob, arrested by the sudden grin she flashed him. "Well, in that case-" She bent closer and whispered conspiratorially in his ear. "Go on. Go get all dressed for bed, okay? And I mean *all* dressed. Then get your cute butt over to my room, okay? Because I *really* think I might need some help undressing..."

Oh, god! She- she was finally inviting him into her room? Ever since being together, they'd made out all over the place: in his room, in the back yard, playing footsie under the table... hell, even in the back of the car. But now he was finally being invited in? And in- in his... diaper?

Well, Alice had specifically told him to. And when your pretty girlfriend tells you she wants to make out, you do it – no matter what her conditions.

Five minutes later, he was opening the door with trembling hands. Peering worriedly around the corner, fervently hoping Mrs. Zhou wasn't near. And then, slipping into the hall on stockinged feet, the pink diaper beneath his sweatpants emitting an incriminating flurry of deafening crinkles with every move he made.

"Why, hey there!" Alice was seated on her bed, the warm pink light radiating from a lamp on the table beside her and casting her face half in shadow. "Come join me, dude. See, I really think I need some help getting to sleep tonight, and I was thinking you might be able to help..." "Um, sure- I'd be happy to help," he muttered, shuffling awkwardly over and feeling his cheeks flame with every rustling step. "I- I'm all changed, just like you said-"

"Aww, is our little bedwetting diaper boy *changed*?" She was teasing, but in her dark eyes sparkled a gleam of almost sadistic merriment. "Did he put his diaper on *himself*? Here, you'd better show me. Go on, buddy! I'm not taking anything off until you get those pants off..."

Which, of course, he did. Blushing deeper all the while.

"You know, you're the cutest guy I've ever been with," Alice smiled, her eyes traveling knowingly across the word "BABY" emblazoned across his front. "Other guys are all tough and manly and,

like, 'Ooh, look how much I can bench press!'" But you're just so darn cute... and *so* much fun to tease..." Her hand patted the visibly taut front of his diaper, and she gave a low chuckle that sent his entire body tingling with shame and desire.

"Hey," he feebly protested – but she wasn't listening. "Now, I know you're not the most experienced guy," she admitted, and now her hands were tugging her top off with practiced ease. "Which I kinda like. But I've been thinking... and wondering something. Wondering just how good you'd be at something in particular. Something I think is *very* sexy."

"Oh?" was all he could manage – before she pushed him down onto the bed and began gigglingly making out with energetic abandon. "Oh, yes..." "Mmmm-hmmm..." "Aww, you like that?" "Go on, take it off!" "Bro, it fastens in the back-"

By the time her panties had finally joined the rest of her clothes on the floor, James was practically writhing with anticipation. Alice was just... so fucking beautiful! And her attitude? He'd read once that confidence was sexy, but never until now had he realized just how true that was. How she shamelessly ground on his padded bulge... smiled into his eyes... sucked on his tongue, her muffled moans so loud that he feared Mrs. Zhou would hear...

"Here," she panted at last, taking his hand and guiding it firmly down to rest on her thoroughly wet pussy. "Feel that? I'm so fucking wet right now – so ready for you. But don't worry – I know exactly how you can take care of it. Exactly as you are..."

Up she scrambled. Turning about. And before James could do more than stare in wide-eyed shock, the sight of her gloriously bare, trimmed cunt descended before his eyes... and she settled, with a lusty little laugh, atop his face.

Talk about being crushed.

"Go on, lick it," she ordered over her shoulder. "I know you want to, right? You're gonna make me feel so good..." Her hands were kneading at the aching front of his diaper, and he shuddered as her pussy ground insistently against his face. "Go on! It's the only way a cute little bedwetting guy like you can please me, isn't it? But then again, I bet this is exactly how you prefer it. You know, all wrapped up in a thick, soft diaper-"

*God, Alice! You- you're going to make me cum just from that talk alone! I don't know what I'm doing here- I'll try- I'll really try for you. But oh, you're so wet- This taste- it's*

Even as he licked obediently at her folds, half-smothered beneath the wet heat of her cunt smearing against his mouth and tongue, he felt her hands clench in rising orgasmic desire. "Oh- oh god! You- you're so good! Who needs... a dick? When you can fuck me like- like this?" He shuddered as his own orgasm began to swell with irresistible need, and suddenly... he no longer cared. All he wanted now was to lick harder. Nuzzle deeper. Shudder and grunt and moan as she rode his face and massaged his trapped cock into explosive, spurting climax...

But then he heard her voice, low and breathless and urgent with need. "James, I- *fuck!* I want you to promise me- something." *Yes, yes, anything, Alice! Anything for you-* "I want you to promise me to keep on- *wetting.*" Her thighs clenched harder around his head, and he let out a muffled grunt. "Every. Night. 'Kay? I don't care if- if you really are- a... bedwetter! Just- just promise me..."

She was practically panting now. "To wear these diapers – the ones I got you. Wet- them! Be- the best bedwetter- *ever-* for me-"

They came together. Quaking as one in that mindless utopia where words no longer mattered – for their bodies were speaking for them.

But when the heat of orgasm had subsided, she panted out a delighted, low affirmation. "Oh, *yes.* Fuck, *yes.* And dude..." she lifted and peered down between her legs into James's sticky, glistening face and delirious expression. "As long as you do that for me... well, you've got yourself a girlfriend."

Her dark eyes met his for just a split second. A spark of wordless, lust-filled agreement crackled between them. And then... everything disappeared once more, as her hips descended and the pungent taste of her dripping pussy filled his mouth.

THE END