

What's the Matter with Megan?

January 2024 – Commission

Chapter Eleven

Isn't it strange how quickly things can change? Or how that, once the seemingly impervious ice of social barriers finally breaks, you realize just how incredibly thin it was all along?

I'm no sociologist, nor a relationship expert. Heck, I'm still a college kid just trying to survive. So I can't begin to say exactly how or why Megan and Dan and I have gotten to be on such strangely close terms. But as my phone buzzes and I reflexively reach over my stack of library books to find out what naughty things my bestie has just texted me, I can't help but reflect that this new life of mine is pretty damn fun.

By which I mean hot. "OMG, just imagine!", Megan's typing. "What if Daddy won't change me tonight until you've fed me an entire glass of milk?"

To which I respond with the first devious thought that pops into my head. "Glass? More like bottle, you silly baby!"

It's our group chat: completely private, of course. Just her and me and Dan. And yeah, I'd never intended to start something like this. But after that night during the break – you know, when I gave her that onesie and we sent Dan that pic of us both modeling her diapers... well, let's just use the appropriately wintry metaphor and say that it snowballed from there.

He teased us that we wouldn't dare send one once Megan had wet herself – which we did, giggling the whole time. Megan proposed that he should tell us what he'd do to two dumb little girls like us... which led him to propose some decidedly steamy solutions. And by the next day, we'd started a group chat... and with it, a relationship that I can only define as...

Poly, I guess? Though I haven't really had sex with either of them. At least, not yet.

"Aww! *blushy face* I'm not a baby! I drink from big girl cups!" Megan's overmuch protesting brings a surreptitious grin to my face, as does Dan's reply a moment later. "Don't lie, baby. Besides, we both know cups aren't the only things you put in that mouth." To which... well, Megan might be responding with embarrassed emojis right now. But I, meanwhile, am staring unseeing into the library shelves before me, decidedly inappropriate visions flitting through my dirty mind...

Megan: in her onesie and diaper, kneeling submissively on the floor before the seated Dan. His jeans down around his ankles, and his hands reaching out to twine through her red curls. Her mouth faltering open... pretty lips parting... obediently yielding to welcome in the straining, beautifully erect cock of her boyfriend-turned-Daddy-

Oh, god. And before I can help myself, I type my gut reaction. "Heh – lucky baby! Now that's something I wanna see." Then, a moment later: "Hey Daddy Dan. Sounds like you need someone to help train that baby of yours tonight. Need a hand?"

He did need a hand. Or at least, that's what I told Anya when explaining why I wasn't going to be in tonight. "Yeah, well, I mean... Dan has this big project going, and he wanted to have a brainstorming session on how to handle it..." And sure, there was a more than usual amount of amused, cynical skepticism in the glance Anya gave me in return. But she'd just given her usual taciturn response. "Suit yourself. I'll just be here, chilling."

She really is the ideal roommate, isn't she? Besides Megan, that is.

But tonight's not about Anya – or about studying, either. Dan's ordered in some Chinese takeout, and we're all seated around his dorm's little apartment table, relishing the deliciousness that is orange chicken and wontons and noodles. It's delightful: but not half as delightful as the scene unfolding beside me.

Dan's smirking quietly over at Megan beside him, whose spectacularly unsuccessful bids to use chopsticks have yet to succeed. "Sure you don't need a spoon, baby?" he asks, as the same noodle tumbles down across her front and onto the table for the third time. He reaches over and dabs at her mouth with a smile of paternal patience on his face. "Or maybe we should just grind it up into a nice, goopy mush and feed that to you instead?"

"No-o!" She wails, stabbing into the container once more with renewed energy. But it's far too good a chance for me not to pitch in, and so I do. "Well, at least give the baby a bib," I chortle, unfurling a paper napkin and reaching over to tuck it firmly into the collar of her t-shirt. "And even then... I dunno. I say either spoon-feed her, or take away those chopsticks and let her eat with her hands!"

"Natalieeee- no! No, come on-" But Dan and I are both laughing, and he obligingly stretches out his strong hands and pries the poor abused chopsticks from her fingers. "Daddy thinks your little friend

makes a great point, baby," he chuckles, and now he's pushing the open container directly in front of her. "Go on. If you really are big enough to eat big girl food, then dig in. The best little babies *love* to eat with their hands!"

Megan may be protesting about how unfair it is, sure. But she does dig in: blushing the entire time, especially when bits of egg and vegetables slip from her sticky fingers and tumble onto the napkin bib around her neck. I'm giggling the entire time, relishing the sight of my bestie acting for all the world like a genuine little girl being ordered around by her doting parent. And then... it happens. The sudden flash of inspiration that ends up changing my entire life.

"Hey, Daddy Dan," I offer, feeling my heart thump louder in my ears. "Are you sure she's big enough for this? I would have thought a little girl who's still in diapers would be much better off with, you know... milk. She seems like the type to enjoy sucking on things... right?"

My coy little venture is greeted by a thoughtful smirk from Dan. "Oh, you think so? That's a *very* interesting observation, Natalie!" He's looking us both over appraisingly: from my own suddenly self-conscious grin to Megan's nonplussed face and hand, seemingly frozen in trepidation halfway to her mouth with its load of noodles. "Actually, now that you mention it, I think we'd better give that a try. Now I don't happen to have a bottle handy, of course. But I *do* think we've got something else..."

My breath catches at that. *Fuck, is my sordid fantasy about to play out in real life?!* He's rising from the table – wiping her hands – grinning as Megan stares and whimpers out something about being a big girl... *Oh, my god. Is he really going to whip out his dick and put her to work-?*

"Come on, Natalie. On the couch. Now."

I'm confused by the command, of course. But it's a command from this gorgeous hunk of a guy, and I'm hastily stumbling to my feet in obedience scarcely before I can think about it. His little sofa is close behind us, and I sink down into the soft upholstery, watching in mingled delight and nervousness as Dan walks the suddenly mute Megan directly in front of me. "Hold still, baby." Oh, she does... while his strong arms reach around her and unbutton her jeans, tugging them down to reveal the thick diaper I already suspected was underneath. But then, before I can do more than let out a nervous giggle at her juvenile appearance...

"On the couch too, baby. Right in big sister Natalie's lap."

She scrambles to obey – awkwardly. I'm laughing with nerves as she flops closer, guided by Dan's hands, until she's lying half across my lap and half on the sofa, like some overgrown toddler. My arms are slipping around her, and her face is very close now. Close to my own, and even closer to my, well...

"Here, Natalie. Let me help you with that top..."

Dan's growling voice sends shivers racing through me, but that's nothing compared to the jolt of electricity that hits as his hands reach down and begin tugging my own shirt inexorably upwards. "You don't need one of these when you're taking care of a little *baby*," he chuckles, and I almost choke on the swell of nerves and arousal flooding my system. *I- he- he's undressing me?! My- he's got my top- I'm just here in my bra now-*

"I think we all know the last thing that needs removing," he rumbles in my ear, and Megan's eyes are bulging as wide as mine must be. Both our gazes follow his hands as they slip, warm and huge and ever so incredible, down over my naked shoulders to finger suggestively at the fabric of my bra. "You're willing to take this off, right, Natalie? After all, you said it yourself. A baby girl like Megan deserves to suck on something. And babies like her need milk: nice, warm milk... from a beautiful pair of boobies..."

"Uh- uh-huuuh..." I rasp out desperately, and I have the uncomfortable realization that my panties are far wetter than they have any reason to be. "Uh, I- I guess..." "You *guess*?" he chuckles in my ear, and I almost pass out from the shudder of delight that pulses through my very core. "Aww, that's okay. You don't need to know anything for certain right now, Natalie. You just need to relax and let your little baby friend do what she does best. Just relax. Be a good, mindless set of boobies for our little baby..."

And off comes my bra, slipping deftly off and out of sight behind me. Leaving me topless and with my now visibly taut, erect nipples dangling mere inches from my wide-eyed bestie.

"Open up, sweetie." It's Dan's voice once more, and I shiver anew at the sight of his strong hands now slipping, warm and strong, into Megan's curls and guiding her face irresistibly forward toward my waiting bosom. "Go on. You know you need this. You're my baby girl, after all. My adorable little potty-pants. My sweet little diaper baby. You know what's next. Be a good girl and open up..."

Oh, she does – igniting a veritable storm of emotions and sensations within me. I'm shuddering with nerves and cold and pleasure, tingling in places I never knew existed. Megan's lips are so...

soft. Warm. Insistent in their suckling. Endorphins are flowing, and Dan's voice is setting my thighs aquiver, and I feel my own unbidden arousal surging up in a wild, unpredictable mountain of pleasure and need.

I- Fuck, I need this! This is so- so incredible! Hhhnnngggghhh- Oh, oh god. I- I can't help- can't help- can't help-!!!

And that's the story of how my bestie and her boyfriend – who just might now be my boyfriend, too – gave me the most intense orgasm of my entire life. Or at least... the most intense orgasm I'd had up to that time.

Because later on... Oh, but well. That's another story!

(To be concluded!)