

The Expected Bedwetter

It had been a wonderful first date.

So much so, that when Luke's date spotted the bag of diapers in his bedroom, he feared the wolf might make his excuses and leave, bringing their night to a sudden end.

They'd enjoyed a number of drinks, followed by a late night stroll back to Luke's apartment to clear their heads, then even more drinking, chatting and connecting unlike they'd both expected.

Though either through the butterflies in his stomach earlier that evening, or a general foolishness, Luke never thought to properly hide the bag of diapers tucked down between his bed and the wall. Now that they'd moved their fondling and kissing to the bedroom, his date, James, was staring down at the opened bag, with no doubt as to what he was looking at.

Maybe it was the alcohol, or the distractingly great time had so far, but it had never crossed Luke's mind, never a lingering thought that he'd forgotten something. Now he was sure that he'd stupidly blown things already.

"Oh wow..." was all his date said in surprise, followed by a rapid blush of realisation of what he could see. "So, you, uh, wear these to bed, yeah?"

Consumed by a terror he couldn't confront, Luke sheepishly nodded and agreed; he lied.

"Y-Yeah..." he blushed.

What was he supposed to say? That he liked to wear them, to piss in them, to jerk off in them? They were sitting right here, in his bedroom. James would never buy that they weren't actually for him. A convenient lie to conceal the degrading truth.

So before he could realise what he'd done, before he could rationalise the scenario, he'd accepted the false scenario. Like a baby deer in the beams of a hurtling truck.

"Cool," James said nonchalantly. "My little brother used to wet the bed when we were younger."

Used to... Luke thought, as his fake bedwetting just inadvertently compared him to a child. But at least James wasn't freaked out. In fact, he was entirely unphased, breaking out in a smirk as he lifted his shirt over his head.

Luke's head was swimming, and couldn't wait to be all over that body. He unbuttoned his own shirt in a hurry, stripping down until both of them were topless. They picked up from where they left off on the sofa, lips meeting skin, hands wandering... James's commanding approach melting Luke away.

“You don’t have to worry about wearing one with me,” James whispered quietly as he nudged Luke flat on his back across the bed, towering over him and leaning down to continue kissing him.

Why he had to mention diapers in the middle of making out, Luke did not know, but they’d both had so much to drink. Maybe it was just stupid rambling.

“It’s okay,” Luke said, trying to control his own damage at this point, “I don’t always need them. It’s cool.” He slipped his hand inside James’s waistband, figuring he could shut that stream of consciousness down with a little distraction.

James only laughed as he undid the button on Luke’s jeans expertly, shuffling them out of the way and firmly cupping the other man’s growing erection. “Nobody wants a wet bed,” he said as Luke buckled pleasurably under his touch.

“I won’t wet-” Luke heaved, barely believing what he was trying to convince the wolf of, “I p-promise!” He hadn’t wet the bed in 20-something years, and here he was, leading the hottest date of his life to think that he would, and did so regularly.

“I’m putting you in a diaper,” James replied firmly, “And that’s final.” He kissed and stuck his tongue inside Luke’s mouth, robbing him of any attempt to rebuke the notion, but Luke was already lost as his hard-on tried to burst free from his underwear beneath James’s paw. He assumed he was ending up in a diaper tonight, and maybe, just maybe, it was going to be worth it.

They continued to play with each other’s bodies through the night, until they lay spent, naked across the bed. Luke was exhausted, silently hoping the diaper thing had been forgotten, and started to pull his bed clothes up and over his legs.

“Whoa!” James laughed as he threw himself off the bed onto his feet. “What’s your rush?”

Luke watched the naked figure of this perfect guy bend over and rustle a diaper free from the bag down the side. He felt his cheeks flush; this was actually happening. He should have hidden that damn package...

“Come on, I don’t think I-” Luke tried to protest one last time, casually covering up his junk, but his date just cut him off.

“Do you want to use the toilet first?”

“W-what?” he babbled, the question knocking several inches off his dignity.

“My brother used to use the toilet first,” he said, as he opened the thick white padding, casually admiring the brand as it unfolded in his hands. “It helped him to stay dry during the night. Sometimes. He used to wear pull-ups, but he ended up in *these* when he got older.”

Luke shuffled awkwardly, mortified.

“Sorry...,” James said, “I rambled. Toilet or no?”

“I guess...” Luke mumbled, before awkwardly hurrying off naked to the bathroom. He felt so dumb, standing above the bowl and letting his bladder go, knowing there was nothing wrong with his control. All of his confidence in being naked had vanished following sex, somehow feeling like an entirely different person to the naked wolf holding a diaper for him in his bedroom.

He flushed, and emerged back into his bedroom where James had laid the diaper out flat on the bed. And he was still naked. Luke winced. He loved diapers, but never wanted to be in or wear one following an orgasm (or a few in this case!). He debated owning up, to save himself from the indignity of being diapered, but what would James really think if he found out the truth now? He’d been so kind and understanding with it so far, albeit it a little forceful. This wasn’t something Luke wanted to ruin.

“Look, I’m trying to say,” Luke tried to reason, to claw his way out of the mess. “It hasn’t been happening lately, so, I uh, don’t really *need* them so much anymore...”

But James wasn’t listening. “You’ve had so much to drink that we shouldn’t risk it. You don’t have anything to be ashamed of with me, so please don’t be nervous about this. Plus I don’t want to wake up in a puddle!”

There was no winning. Luke blushed as he watched the wolf pat the flat diaper welcomingly.

“So, you got any baby powder?” James asked. Luke was ready to remind him that it was *talcum* powder, but it mattered not as James spotted and fished the bottle from the top of Luke’s drawers. “Nevermind!” he smiled.

“You really don’t have to do this” Luke fidgeted, hoping he could at least upgrade to taping it on himself.

“Nonsense! I’ve done it a thousand times,” James chuckled proudly, “Hop on board, and we can get some sleep.”

It was nearly 2am, and Luke *did* want to sleep. He swallowed his pride, and sheepishly crawled over his bed, placing his butt down on the padding. He was more than into the idea of getting diapered around other guys, but he had no real fantasy to be put in one by someone else. The whole thing just seemed so *babyish*, leaving him so helpless and exposed.

It wasn’t until James chided him that he realised he was bashfully covering his privates with one hand, and impeding ever getting the diaper on.

“You weren’t so shy about that thing a few minutes ago,” James smirked as he spread Luke’s legs and sprinkled talcum powder all around, waiting for the hand to move.

Luke couldn't form a reply, but freed his genitals for a dusting. It all felt so good, never anticipating he might actually enjoy this.

James sealed the bottle and tossed it aside. Luke felt like putty, conflicted between his humiliation and how sensual the event was, while watching the naked wolf take hold of the diaper front, wiggling it straight, and lifting it to cover Luke's crotch. This might have been mind-blowingly hot if he wasn't exhausted and his balls emptied.

James affixed a tape on either side, before casually slipping each index finger inside the leg bands, running them along inside the diaper, ensuring the plastic sat perfectly against the inside of Luke's thighs. It felt amazing, puffing the diaper out with width and bulk, nestled perfectly between his legs.

James finished the job by sealing the other two tapes, and tucking the excess wings inside, tidying up the fit, and putting Luke to shame in how he never thought of these aesthetics before. The diaper looked fantastic against his body. James might have exaggerated when he said he'd done it a thousand times, but he sure carried the finesse to back it up.

Luke was speechless, but now less so because of his embarrassment.

James acted like it was no big deal, relieved to finally have his date in a diaper as he allowed himself to collapse on the bed beside Luke. They pulled the covers up over each other, James cuddling from behind, and as his naked body pressed against Luke's fur and plastic butt, he started to feel exposed and vulnerable all over again. This was the only article of clothing between them both... why did it have to be this of all things?

James didn't appear to care, as he nuzzled into Luke's hair. Luke lay in stunned silence, the date having gone places he never could have imagined, in so many ways. He wasn't sure if he could sleep, especially after Luke dozed off quickly behind him, feeling very much trapped in the tight embrace and bulky underwear. He'd never even worn a diaper to bed before, and now he was stuck in one!

Luke's aching bladder woke him up. His head was splitting. Why had he drank so much the night before... In his pained vision, he saw it was the middle of the night, and as he shuffled in the bed, he quickly felt the diaper between his legs, and remembered the guy beside him in the dark.

He considered sneaking out of bed to use the toilet, but with the weight of his bedwetting charade on his shoulders, he feared he'd screw up everything by doing so. Plus, he'd been woken from a deep sleep, and barely enjoyed the thought of ambling to the bathroom when he could piss right where he was and fall back asleep...

Except, Luke couldn't pee lying down. He'd never had such practice before, so he lay in silence, with his eyes closed, desperate to release his bladder. He tried every trick he could think of; counting, thinking of water, picturing a urinal, but nothing would budge.

He wanted to sit up, or stand so badly, but if James woke up and caught him, what then..? He might as well be sneaking off the toilet at that point.

Leaning up slightly on his elbows, and with a muffled whimper, he finally did it, and the hot wash of piss flowed freely, never-ending down between his legs. The relief was immense, but it soon turned to terror as it failed to stop, his bladder unloading a gargantuan torrent that he mutely prayed the diaper could take.

As the pressure eased off, the last of the alcohol leaving his system and his urination receding to a trickle, Luke panted quietly, afraid to lower a hand and check if everything was still intact. After a bedwetting lie, he couldn't bear the thought of wetting a diaper so heavily that he actually wet the *bed* too. Whether or not that would unfaze James at this point, he couldn't say, but that was another level of humiliation he couldn't bear to think about.

Unable to feel anything out of the ordinary around his thighs, he relaxed his shoulders and lay down on the pillow.

He slept again with relief, without the energy to dwell on how strange his night had turned out, and didn't stir once more until he awoke to the feeling of a hand on his padded backside, pressing the diaper between his cheeks.

Startled, Luke turned around to find James grinning at him.

"You're soaked," he muttered sleepily, to which Luke tried to play it off as both unexpected *and* normal. Being a pretend bedwetter was hard work, but James didn't seem to be observing the fine details. Unexpectedly though, he swung the bed clothes away, exposing both of them to the creeping morning sun, with Luke's fat yellow diaper in clear view- as well as a wide wet patch beside his butt on the sheet.

"Oh dear," James said, concerned, rubbing his eyes. "Does *that* happen often?"

Luke gulped. Apart from knowing he flooded his diaper during the night, he couldn't believe this had happened, and he certainly didn't need an interrogation that required further lies.

"Imagine if you *hadn't* gone to the toilet like I told you to," James mused, wrapping his arm around the stunned diaper boy, "We'd be waking up in that puddle."

James sat up on the bed, ready to get up for the day, but hesitated as both paws pressed down on the mattress. He squeezed it with both palms, and froze. "You haven't got a mattress protector..."

Luke started to sweat. James was obviously a fucking expert in bedwetters; had his stupid charade been seen through now that he wasn't half-drunk?

"That's real silly of you!" James said, turning to face James like a disapproving father. "Do you know how much pee can stain a mattress?"

"Oh yeah, I used to have one, but..." James stammered, secretly relieved.

"Too embarrassed to buy one, huh?" James replied compassionately. "Why don't you go get yourself out of that soaked thing, and I'll try and dig out a link for you."

"Oh, you don't have to, really..." Luke said, removing himself from bed, trying not to fixate on how utterly saturated he now was. This was supposed to be normal, apart from the wet patch...

"It's alright," he smiled, eyeballing the diaper studiously while he dressed himself in last night's clothes, "Your mattress will thank you for it. Besides, I think you need it, and maybe thicker protection too..."

Luke turned beet-red and looked away. Not only had he lied, he'd now falsely established himself as a total soaker of bed sheets.

It seemed like a logical solution to his mess, but the previous night had been so fun that he wouldn't contemplate ceasing communication from here out. He'd just have to find a way out of this bedwetting dilemma eventually, and potentially suffer a plastic bedsheet and bigger diapers before that could happen. It's not like he could have a miraculous recovery... how long did it take for people to stop wetting the bed anyway? He made a mental note to research it.

"Sorry, buddy, I don't mean to make you uncomfortable," James sighed, noticing Luke's obvious embarrassment. "I guess I just revert to feeling like a big brother with this stuff a bit."

"It's fine, really," Luke reassured him. "That was a bad night is all... the diapers I mean! The rest was, was pretty great." At least he didn't have worry about hiding *those* blushes, he smiled to himself.

James smiled bashfully in return, and walked around the bed to hug and softly kiss his date.

"I'm glad you had fun. I had a great time too," he grinned, "But I won't be getting back into that bed for anything less than thicker diapers... I know a good site to get some."

With that, and a pat on Luke's wet behind, James swept away and told the boy to go shower while he found some breakfast for them. As he heard the apartment door shut, Luke untaped the diaper and let it drop to the floor, hitting like a weight. His circumstances had turned upside down. He'd met an amazing guy, and trapped himself in a foolish lie.

Diapers were in danger of becoming more regular thing in his life, especially where James was concerned. But as Luke dwelt on that diapering from the night before, and the thought of that hot, naked body pressed against his diapered butt, he grinned to himself, despite the humiliation. He had some tricky terrain to work with, but as the butterflies swirled in his stomach, he figured a few wet nights would be worth it all in the end.