

April Fooled

April 2024

"Hey, Candace! Welcome, welcome – come on in. No, it's okay, I swear! No buckets of water over the door, no joy buzzers..."

April was laughing, shaking her blonde head in exasperation at the cautious expression on her friend's face. "What, you *really* think I'd prank you? And on my birthday, no less? 'Sides, dousing you with water would just end up soaking that present you brought!" To which Candace only smiled and shrugged, stepping out of her shoes and keeping hold of the sizable gift-wrapped box under her arm. "Well... let's just say once burnt, twice shy."

"Oho, really! But hey, what do you expect?!" April giggled, beckoning her friend into the living room and toward the waiting sofa. "Everyone loves a good prank, right? And c'mon – I'm *literally* born on April Fools, and my folks *literally* named me for it! If *I* don't celebrate it, then who will, right?"

"Mmm-hmm." Candace nodded politely, her hand still resting on the gaily decorated parcel beside her. "Like you did last year, right? That was pretty... memorable." Her tone was offhanded, but a perceptive listener could have discerned a grim note in her voice. "I mean, it's not every day you get to see a stage magician doing their thing, is it?"

"Doing their thing, huh? Yeah!" April chortled, evidently reveling in the memory. "Oh, Candy, you're right – that *was* a good one. I mean, when he did that whole hypnosis thing at the end? And he put you in that, like, trance or whatever? Heh, you were *so* embarrassed about what you said..."

Candace pursed her lips in a tight smile. "Yeah... I try not to think about it, you know-" "Oh, but *I* do! It was a riot!" April enthused, reaching for the steaming pot of chai beside her and pouring herself a large cup. "Hey, want some tea? I swear it's not a trick!"

"No, no," Candace responded wryly, her dark eyes regarding her friend with something like amusement. "I'm fine, really." "Well, suit yourself," April returned, taking a loud slurp and leaning back in her chair. "What was I saying? Oh, yeah – last year! When you told us all your most embarrassing secret? How you were still wetting the bed until you were, what, twelve?!"

"Umm... eleven," Candace corrected, a pink flush coloring her cheeks. "Hey, please – I told you not to tell anyone, okay?" "And I haven't, I swear!" April giggled, sipping at her tea with dancing eyes. "Though every now and then I just, you know... play back the video I took. Fuck, you sounded so weird, hypnotized like that!"

"Can we talk about something else?" Candace begged, shifting in her seat and uncrossing her legs. "Like, I dunno. Oh – how about that latest lo-fi playlist I sent you last month? What did you think of it?"

Mercifully for her, April let the subject drop. The playlist? Yeah, it was pretty cool! It was even more relaxing than the other playlists she'd sent before. She'd been getting pretty damn good sleep every night, just drifting off listening to them... Oh, and about the audio books Candace had ripped and sent her? They were definitely great for the commute every morning. Just letting them play in the background was pretty nice...

Then, it happened. Candace straightened... glanced sharply at her friend... then opened her mouth. "Hey, April? Piddly-Widdly."

April's face froze in sudden incomprehension. Her hand paused, the cup of chai half-lifted to her lips. And then, from between her carelessly splayed legs came the first ominous trickle. A dark patch appeared on the light grey fabric of her yoga pants, spreading with greater and great rapidity as the trickle of urine grew into a full-out flood.

"What the- April, are you *pissing* yourself?!" Candace's tone of shock was almost convincing – if not for the sparkle of fierce merriment in her eyes. "You're literally sitting there and peeing your pants? What the hell is wrong with you?!"

April gulped, her staring eyes swiveling down in horror to the heady stream erupting from her own body. "I- Oh, oh shit-" She sprang forward from her chair as if to run for the bathroom, fumbling to set her chai on the side table even as the rivulets of urine began to snake down her inner thighs. "Fuck, I- I've gotta run-"

"Nummy-Dummy."

The words halted the young woman in her tracks. Up to her face darted one hand – her right hand, thumb first. The mortified protest that was about to escape her lips was stifled into silence. For right there, in full view of her now-grinning friend, April's thumb planted itself firmly and deeply in her already-suckling mouth.

"Aww, what's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" Candace teased, ending the video recording on her phone, then rising from her seat at last and stepping intimately close to her visibly panicking friend. "Let's see now... Wet pants? Thumb-sucking? From what I'm seeing right now, you're far worse than a bedwetter. You're nothing but a big, dumb, *baby!*"

April let out a whimper and, with visible effort, wrested her thumb from her mouth. "No- no, I-! I

don't know-" "Nummy Dummy," Candace ordered again, and once more April's thumb jammed itself into her protesting mouth. Her friend gestured toward the gift-wrapped box and laughed shortly. "Well, well. I think it's high time we open your present then, don't you?"

Her fingers tore into the paper with ease. Open went the cardboard box within. And there, before April's bulging eyes, sat a trio of quite possibly the most humiliating things she could have imagined...

A giant, adult-sized pink baby onesie.

An equally massive pink pacifier.

And a formidably large bundle of adult diapers, grotesquely labeled on the front with the incriminating word: BABY.

It was all so easy, Candace laughed as she pushed her friend to the floor and began forcibly removing her clothes: first the pee-soaked yoga pants and ruined panties, and then even the athletic top from her well-endowed chest. She'd read a great deal about hypnosis since that humiliating ordeal last year. She'd needed to find a way to pay April back. And oh, had she found it: in the form of subliminal messaging, affirmations, and post-hypnotic suggestions. All of these could be ever so neatly bundled up within things like lo-fi audio and relaxing podcasts...

"Hush your whining," she ordered, and now the pacifier was being forced deep between April's trembling lips. "Nummy-Dummy. Let's get you dressed more appropriately... before I say the word and make you pee yourself again, you know!"

Out came the diaper. And shaken as poor April was, all she could do was lie there stark naked, staring up in shame and mortification from behind the pacifier, while her friend hefted her up and began taping the infantile horror around her waist.

"You know, I'm so glad I took the trouble to do this," Candace chuckled, tugging the onesie over April's massive tits and pulling her to her feet so she could snap it closed between her legs. "And so glad I caught your first accident on camera, too! God, that will be so useful to make sure you don't blab..."

"Mhhaabbhhh?!" April managed, and Candace beamed with affected, maternal glee. "That's right, blab! Because, you see... I can make you do all kinds of humiliating things now. With all those lovely triggers buried in your pretty brain, all I have to do is say something like 'Piddly-Widdly' and

you'll pee yourself." A mortified whimper testified to the truth of her words, as April clutched suddenly at the padding between her thighs. "See? So the moment you even *think* about sending that video of me to anyone, or trying to take off these nice new baby clothes... well..." Candace's voice lowered into an almost sadistic purr. "Just know that I'll make sure you come to regret it. Big-time."

"Because..." And here she smiled brightly into April's horrified face. "Just think about it. Who *knows* what other wonderful triggers I've put inside your brain, hmm? Triggers to shit yourself, maybe? Triggers to make you cum wherever you are, like some stupid bimbo? Maybe a trigger that will make you bark like a dog... or cry like the dumb diaper baby you already are?"

April paled. Her eyes filled with tears. But even as the first salty trickles escapes down her face and disappeared behind the muffling shield of her new pacifier, Candace was chuckling and bending close to plant a consoling kiss on her forehead.

"Oh, don't cry, sweetie! It's just a prank, you know? Just a harmless little prank." Her smile was the very definition of schadenfreude as she drew back and cocked her head derisively. "You said it yourself, remember..."

"Everybody *loves* a good prank."