

Locked into Love

May 2024 – Commission

Chapter Three

Thanks to Samantha for commissioning this one! Note to readers and moderators: this story features ageplay, BDSM, and other mature themes. As is the case for ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

"Oh my god, Laura – look at that cosplay! Do those wings actually *move*?! That is so insanely cool!"

Her bestie Julia's voice was vibrating with excitement, and loud enough to be heard over the hubbub of the thousands of con attendees around them. Laura, hand in hand with her fiancé Will, blinked through her fringe of synthetic bangs and followed the motion of Julia's hand. "Wow – yeah, I think they do! Super cool..."

She tried not to let the sound of her own growing trepidation seep into her voice. This anime con was amazing, yeah. She and Will and Julia loved coming here every year: seeing the incredible art, attending the panels, and generally just milling about and feeling that intoxicatingly positive energy vibrate through their cores. Not to mention that she genuinely loved the outfit she'd chosen to wear this year. It was so frilly and cute: a veritable cupcake of a sweet lolita-fashion dress, replete with lace and bows and the cutest, floppiest collar imaginable. It was just that...

Well, she was painfully conscious of something else tucked under her double petticoats. And with it, a growing sense of desperation that she suspected was only going to end one way.

From his place beside her, Will gave her hand a firm squeeze, almost as if reading her very thoughts. "Hey, baby," he murmured softly in her ear, his stubble catching softly on the strands of her blonde wig. "What's the matter? Sure you don't need me to refill your water bottle?"

Oh, she most certainly did not! She glared back at him through her bangs, even as her tummy did a subby little somersault. "No-o," she retorted, striding purposely forward as if to leave him behind. "No, I'm fine – thank you very much!" To which her devious fiancé merely replied with a sly laugh and a knowing glance down at her half-empty water bottle. "You sure? It's only 10:30, you know. We can't have you getting dehydrated on such a big day!"

Before she could find an answer, Julia cut in with her usual naive energy and a loud laugh. "Definitely not! Con headaches are the worst." She took a long pull of her own flask, then gestured at the rows of booths just visible through the milling crowd. "Hey, why don't we head through

artist alley? I see some fucking *amazing* prints already! Come on, Laura – let's go! Time's a-wastin'..."

And into the crowd they plunged. With Laura all the while wincing not only at the rising pressure in her bladder... but at the thick, uneasy bulk of something very embarrassing between her legs. A something that Will had insisted she wear... and which she had reluctantly, blushing, accepted.

"You've peed your pants in front of our friends once already," he'd reminded her that morning in the hotel, while she'd lain uneasily on the bed and watched him prepare to slide the thing beneath her naked ass. "The last thing we need is you making a puddle in the middle of the con – and in front of Julia, no less! How embarrassing would *that* be, hmm? Besides – you don't want to ruin your pretty dress, now, do you?"

Of course she hadn't. And so she'd reluctantly allowed him to lock her away in this impossibly thick disposable diaper: a kind they'd found online after her latest accident, referred to as a "MegaMax." At least it did have one saving grace, she'd rationalized, blushing prettily as she'd tugged her petticoats over it. At least it was pretty pink – almost exactly the same shade as her dress.

Why, oh why had she agreed to wear in public, though? And why had she so unhesitatingly gulped down her cups of juice and coffee down in the hotel lobby? As the minutes ticked past, and as she rustled and shuffled her way through the crowd in Julia's wake, she was growing increasingly furious with herself. Not that it helped, of course. All her self-berating musings did was remind her of what a dork she'd been... and how that, when she would inevitably lose control, it would be 100 percent her own fault.

"Hey... can we take a bathroom break?" It was as if her own brain was calling it out, but no – it was just Julia, pointing over at the massive queue along the far wall. "Jesus, that's a line! But when ya gotta go, ya know?"

Laura opened her mouth, then shut it again as a pink blush blossomed prettily under her makeup. She didn't need – no, wouldn't be able! – to use the bathroom, line or no line. She was padded up now, as Will smilingly called it. She was locked into her cosplay and into her diaper: like some sweet little toddler at a birthday party. But she couldn't just tell Julia that, could she?! She'd have to wait with her... pretend she also wanted to use the bathroom... and then...

"Sure, you two do what you need!" Will cut in, giving his assurance with a sidelong smirk in his fiancée's direction. "I'll be over by the gundams, okay?"

Which is how Laura ended up in an absurd personal hell, largely of her own making. Here she stood in her adorable outfit: hopping gingerly back and forth in line, her straining bladder ready to

burst with urgency. Beside her Julia too was shifting about, loudly complaining that this line had better hurry up if they didn't want to be cleaning up a mess. And all the while, the thick, thirsty padding around her bum and between her legs hugged her close, as if whispering that she could just let go anytime... release... let it all out...

Which she silently, cringingly did at last. Not entirely voluntarily, of course. But once the first little trickle escaped her clenching sphincter... well, she pretty much threw in the towel. And stood there, biting her lip prettily, trying not to let on that she was literally pissing herself in public once again. Just like in some of her hottest and most private fantasies.

"Hey! Earth to Laura? You okay?"

Julia was snapping her fingers, a look of mingled amusement and concern on her face. "You really spaced out there for a bit! You sure you're okay?"

"Uh- yeah! I- uh, I'm good," Laura managed, even as the trickles of urine kept on escaping into her thoroughly warm diaper. It felt so incredibly arousing – and humiliating! And yet, she couldn't really feel any leaks. Unless-? She reached backward, trying to pretend that she was adjusting her petticoats. It was fine, right-?

"Girl – hold on..." Julia was glancing wryly at her, then leaned in furtively. "You *sure* you're okay? You look like you just peed yourself or something!"

Laura blushed once more – beet red this time. She opened her mouth to deny it... then paused. Wait. Was there any point? Here she was, wasting precious con time in line for a bathroom she didn't need. She'd have to keep on doing that for the rest of the entire day if she was to fool Julia. And Julia *was* her bestie...

"Well, umm... I just... I'm okay," she managed, whispering now in shy anxiety. "I, um. I might have just had a little accident... But- but it's okay! I'm okay. I'm wearing something for it..." She floundered on frantically, in search for some legit excuse to answer her friend's quizzical expression. "It's, uh- a little medical thing. Nothing major. Just, you know..."

"Really? Dang, I'm sorry!" Julia seemed surprised, but affably so. And then, she let out a laugh and leaned in again conspiratorially. "Wait, so – you're wearing some kind of, what? Diaper? Damn, I should have thought of that! I actually needed a few of those Depends or whatever after my pregnancy with my kid! Totally should have worn one today – so I wouldn't be stuck in this freakin' line!"

It was a lie, of course. Laura knew it full well. And yeah, it felt pretty icky lying to her bestie. But as she shortly began to realize, it was a lie with unexpectedly blushy and long-reaching consequences.

The first was obvious enough. "Hey," Julia asked her not ten minutes later. "So – just being real here – you don't really need to be waiting right now, huh? If not, would you be okay with going and finding which booths have those BL watercolor posters we saw online?" And off Laura trot-waddled, blushing the entire way at how sordidly humiliating this was. It was something out of her wildest fantasies! For what was more embarrassing than being sent away from the women's bathroom: not because she had no need, but because she had her own well-warmed and soggy bathroom right here under her poofy skirt?

But the gift of her lie kept right on giving. Right from the moment she rejoined him, Will seemed to know what she'd done. He grinned... whispered that she was the best and cutest babygirl in the world... and then reminded her, with a gentle lift of her bottle-carrying arm, that she'd better stay hydrated. Which led to her obediently sucking down more water, while her eyes gazed up into his and she felt a very different kind of wetness begin to blossom between her legs.

Followed an hour later by another rush of urine from her increasingly active bladder.

By five that afternoon, she was soaked. Back to the hotel the tired trio walked, Will and Julia enthusing about all of the incredible things they'd seen. "So, regroup at six for supper together?" Julia called as they headed to their separate rooms, and they both agreed. Which left the blushing Laura waddling heavily behind her fiancé down the hotel corridor, hoping against hope that no one could tell just how wet and diapered she was...

"Oh, my. You really were soaked," Will soothed fifteen minutes later, as the shivering Laura stepped out from her final petticoat and clutched her arms over her naked chest. He nodded and grinned pointedly at the heavily sagging pink bulk between her thighs. "Such a good little baby girl for me, using your diaper so much! I should reward you right now for being such a good, leaky little girl for me all day-"

"But- but we're meeting with Julia soon-" Laura faltered, standing still and allowing the thick bulk to fall free under Will's deft fingers. "Oh, yeah... Julia," Will nodded, reaching for the warm, damp washcloth he'd prepared and rubbing slowly between her naked thighs. "Heh. She must have noticed, surely? What did you tell her, baby?"

"I- um, I said-" Laura hesitated, then plunged on. "I said it was, like, a medical thing-" "Oho, a

medical thing? My poor, sweet fiancée with an embawwassing wittle medical pwoblem? Can't keep her pants dwy anymowe?" Will's voice was growing thicker as he taunted, and now the washcloth was rubbing insistently against her responsive pussy. "Aww, but that's not *really* the truth, is it, baby? I don't want my little sweetheart to lie..."

"No-o," Laura mumbled – but already Will was chuckling and rising, stepping over to the luggage. "Well, never mind whether it's the truth or not, baby," he laughed, and Laura's eyes widened at the sight of a second pink diaper slipping out and unfolding before her. "But I hope you know what that means! Because as long as it's a real medical problem, honey... what do you think will happen if you go without one tonight, hmm? And tomorrow? You've told Julia just how bad this little "medical issue" of yours is. Surely you don't want her seeing you trotting off to the potty, and her to figure out that you *lied*? That would be *super* awkward!"

He grinned and stepped closer, reaching down and rubbing the open, velvety-soft diaper suggestively against her damp vulva. "Because then you'd have to tell her, wouldn't you? You have to confess that actually, you fantasize about being a dumb, helpless baby. That you want nothing more than to be locked away in diapers... right where you know you belong..."

Down onto the bed she sank under his firm hands. Onto her back she settled, face scarlet and screwed up in shame. And obediently her legs parted, baring her aching, needy pussy for Will.

Not that he did anything but laugh, of course. And tug that fresh diaper firmly up between her legs, chuckling all the while that good babies knew exactly what they deserved. Something that most definitely wasn't panties.

So it was that, at five minutes until six, the now-dressed Laura stood blushing and ready to go by the door. Out from the bathroom stepped the neatly attired Will. Down over her lovely dress he swept his gaze. And then he leaned down... planted a hungry kiss on her lips... and reached back under her skirt to give the hidden padding a knowing squeeze.

"Good girl," he murmured into her ear, as her breath caught in rising longing. "Taking such good care of that 'medical issue' of yours. Though something tells me it *just* might keep causing you issues tomorrow as well. And maybe even beyond..."

(To be continued!)