

What's the Matter with Megan?

November 2023 – Commission

Chapter Nine

You know how I said it was the worst possible thing I could have told Megan – that bit about forgetting her pull-ups? Right when she's standing there outside the bathroom with pee streaming down her legs? Yeah... a day later, and I'm more convinced than ever of it. I've really, truly fucked up this time.

Another check out the front window. *Dang, still not back. How long can a visit to the doctor take?*

"Don't worry, Natalie." Dan's words startle me, though his voice is calm and imperturbable as ever. He's smiling gently, and I realize that I've been pacing the room like a guy whose wife is about to give birth. "Look, it's just a physical, okay? She'll be fine!"

"But," I object, giving my shoulders a shake in a vain attempt to compose myself. "But Dan, she doesn't need the doctor at all, right? It's all because of me – me and my stupid mouth! I mean, how the heck was I to know her mom was right around the corner-"

"Hey, breathe," Dan cuts in gently, and I gulp... and obey. "So what?", he continues. "Sure, Megan's accident probably doesn't have anything to do with something medical. But as long as she doesn't want to tell her mom what *really* happened, she'll just have to play along, won't she? And no one ever got hurt from an extra check-up – not even a rushed one on Thanksgiving weekend-"

"Wait, *probably*?" I've ignored the rest of whatever he was saying, hung up on that one little word. "You say it *probably* isn't anything medical? Dude, what the- Waaaitt... You didn't, like, knock up my best friend? *Did you?!*"

"Relax, girl," he laughs softly, shaking his head in quiet amusement. "She's not pregnant, believe me. All I meant was that... well, it's always possible that her bladder's a bit weak, right? I mean, you've seen how often she needs to use the bathroom – and how often those pull-ups of hers get absolutely-"

"Shh!!" I hiss, hoping to god that Megan's dad is still out of earshot in the garage. "You want them to know what you've really been doing? Playing around with, you know... making her hold it, and asking you for permission?" "Well, not if Megan doesn't," he shrugs, his blue eyes gazing meditatively out the window. "It's fine with me if she doesn't want them to know her cute little

secret. You know, that wet pants and pull-ups secretly turn her on..."

The noise of a car engine mercifully interrupts him, and I dart to the window. There they are, the familiar red SUV nosing gently into the driveway. Thank goodness! My heart's beating fast, my head swirling with possibilities. Maybe Megan just said it was an accident, and they scheduled her for a scan or something with a specialist? Or maybe she told them what I did? How it was all my fault, how I deliberately stalled and made her wait until she couldn't take it anymore-

The side door opens. Megan stumbles in, face flushed and reddened eyes downcast, a piece of paper crumpled in her hand. "Hey, babe," Dan welcomes, and into his outstretched arms she sinks. "Everything okay?"

"Well..." It's Megan's mom, an expression of tired concern on her kindly face as she pulls the door shut behind her. "Yeah, the doctor says it's nothing serious – just stress. But just to give her some peace of mind, she thought we, um, well, we should find..."

"Diapers." Megan's voice is muffled in Dan's arms, and she limply waves the piece of paper like a white flag of surrender. "Doctor said I need *diapers*."

And that's how it happens that the three of us – Dan, Megan, and me – end up in his little car on a Saturday afternoon, humming along toward our little city's medical supply store.

"Hey, I'm sorry," I begin once more from the back seat, reaching my hand up to squeeze Megan's shoulder. "It's like I said – I should have gotten out of the bathroom sooner-" "It's fine," Megan mutters, and strangely enough I think she means it. She lifts her gaze and gives a nervous little smile back at me. "Really. You know, I- um... I kinda leaned into it. This morning."

She glances shyly at Dan, who gives her a reassuring smile. "See, I- okay, we all know, right?" she begins, with a shaky intake of breath. "It's pretty fun, you know... and hot... when Dan tells me to hold it? And wear pull-ups? But of *course* I couldn't tell the doctor! I- I just couldn't. So I had to lie a tiny bit... I kinda said I've been dribbling and having accidents for months now..."

"Which you have," Dan smiles knowingly. "Which I have," she agrees, with an adorable blush on her freckled face. "So, um... well, I guess the doctor had no choice but to suggest the, um, diapers? And now... now I guess I don't either... no choice at all..."

She's biting her lip now, shifting shyly in her seat, and I suddenly realize the truth. She's secretly loving this?! The idea of being ordered to wear, not just pull-ups, but adult diapers?! Well, frick me. Is my best friend weirder and kinkier than I thought?

"Nope, not anymore, baby," Dan rumbles, and his hand tightens on her thigh as we ease into the parking lot. "Come on in with me, okay? I just checked online before we got here, and I think they've got some stuff you should see..."

Oh, do they.

I don't suppose it's every day the beaming middle-aged woman behind the counter sees three young folks stroll into her medical supply store, smelling all of disinfectant and plastic, the windows full of crutches and wheelchairs and athletic braces. But she doesn't say anything – just watches us go by. And back in one corner of the store we find what we're after... and so, so much more.

They're diapers, all right – giant, blocky packages of adult diapers. But they're... colorful? With flowers and cartoons and stuff on them? And next to them... a whole rack of giant onesies? Oversized *pacifiers*? Ruffled plastic pants? Even baby bottles with giant teats?!

"Never mind all this," Dan smiles, and as he firmly leads the stunned Megan forward, I can't help but notice the visible bulge of an erection straining within his pants. "It's just adult baby gear. Now, let's see – something nice and pretty and girly, right? And thick enough to handle everything..."

Megan's staring as if she's seen a ghost. "What- are these really... really..." She reaches out gingerly, her fingers dealing a quick, nervous stroke to the soft cotton of one of the onesies hanging before her. "Are these all for- for adults-?"

"Sure are," Dan smiles, hefting a sizable pack from the shelf labeled "Mermaid Tales." "Look, babe – these are pretty cute! All lavender with mermaids and coral and stuff?" "Uhh..." she falters, eyes wide at the pack resting in his strong hands. "I, uh... yeah... cute..."

But even as she speaks, her eyes are swiveling back in seemingly irresistible fascination to the onesies and accessories beside her.

"Heh, you seem to be staring at these things pretty hard!" I interject, with a short laugh aimed at dissolving the tension. "You sure you don't want your Daddy to treat you like a real baby while

you're at it? Give you a baby bottle and a pacifier and everything once you've got your diaper on? Dress you up in one of these onesie thingies? Aww, I know! Maybe read you a bedtime story and put you to bed in a crib?"

Her cheeks are flaming now, but Dan is laughing along. "Well, Megan? That's quite an idea, isn't it? You'd look adorable in a onesie, you know! My cute little babygirl, all wrapped up soft and warm for bed..." He gestured over at the giant pacifiers on the wall. "And with one of *those* in your mouth, you wouldn't even be able to talk back at Daddy, would you?"

"*Daannn...*" she falters, and I can see she's about to self-combust with embarrassment. "No- I mean, it would be so embarrassing-" "Which seems to be precisely the point?" I laugh, and Dan shakes his head in amusement. "You've got a point, Natalie," he grins, tugging another two packs from the shelf. "Well, we'll think about it. In the meantime, though, we've got a couple to try here. Ooh, and some boosters, too – just to handle extra-big accidents..."

"Oh, wow," I enthuse, and it's a genuine enthusiasm: fueled by equal parts curiosity, a desire to reassure my bestie, and a longing to see what Dan will do next. "These ones are so *cute*, Megs! Look, they've got a lion on them, and they're so nice and cute... Aww, I can't wait to see you in one!"

And I genuinely can't. I didn't exactly have "buying oversized baby diapers for my bestie" on my bingo card for this year, true. But weirdly enough, seeing how she's loving to hate this whole thing, and seeing how much Dan is leading her on in their kinky little games...

Well, I want to see these two move forward. And deep, deep down, I kinda want to be a part of it too – somehow. Any way I possibly can.

I don't suppose Dan would want me to call him Daddy too... would he?

(To be continued!)