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Max and Megan

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Max came home later than usual thanks to his detention. He was in a bad mood when he walked through the door and went straight upstairs. Despite often getting in trouble he rarely got detentions. It was a new teacher who didn’t know who Max was, he would learn…

Max walked along the landing towards his bedroom but when he passed his sister’s room he heard the sound of someone quickly getting out of bed and hurrying across the room. The door opened and Megan was standing in her dressing gown, her hair was wet and Max guessed she was recently out of the shower.

“I did it.” Megan said, “I’m officially going to prom with Joey. I already know you held up your end of the plan.”

“You do?” Max replied with a frown.

“The loser actually asked Fiona to the prom.” Megan smirked, “Which is the definition of optimism. The weird thing is I think she would’ve said yes had you not already asked her.”

“How did you get Joey to agree to a date?” Max asked.

“I didn’t give him a choice.” Megan snorted, “I said you’d beat him up if he refused.”

Max chuckled. He wished the nerd had said no. He understood Megan’s need to create something that would be remembered forever, she was like an artist on that front, but Max would’ve been just as happy simply punching Joey’s lights out and walking away.

“Fiona wasn’t a problem then?” Megan continued.

“Nope. I asked her out and she agreed.” Max smiled, “Sometime it helps being just this handsome.”

“In your dreams.” Megan laughed.

Megan stepped back and indicated for Max to come inside. Max walked into his sister’s bedroom and went straight over to the swivel chair in front of her computer desk. Megan sat on the edge of the bed facing him.

“So what’s the plan from here?” Max asked.

“Getting them to the prom was the hard part.” Megan said as she picked up a comb and started putting it through her wet hair, “Next we need to get them voted King and Queen of the prom.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.” Max sighed, “They aren’t even going together.”

“That doesn’t matter as long as they get the votes.” Megan countered, “And getting them up on stage together will give us a prime window to humiliate Joey. No one will forget what we’ll do. We’ll be heroes!”

“Whatever.” Max shrugged, “I just want to get Joey.”

“You should take some pride in your work.” Megan smirked, “Why settle for beating someone up when you can destroy them.”

Max was actually feeling a little worried about his sister as she closed the door with a chuckle. She was acting like an evil villain and whilst Max could get on board with bullying and humiliating people he had never known how far Megan was willing to go.

The week leading up to the prom was spent preparing for it. Max hired a tuxedo, he hated the way he looked in it but Fiona demanded he look smart. It felt weird grooming himself and dressing up, he kept himself clean for the most part but he had never taken that much pride in his appearance that he would spend a couple of hours getting ready for something. If he thought his preparations were overbearing and making him uncomfortable it was nothing compared to his sister who was like a woman possessed.

Megan had bought a very elegant dress using her parents’ money. It was a deep purple and exposed so much of her breasts it was almost obscene. She had stood in front of the mirror modelling the dress on several occasions. If she was going to go to the prom she was going to make sure she stole the show in every way. She had bought some very expensive make-up and perfume for the first time in her life.

More than once Max found his sister practicing her make-up and hair. She had never been very girly and yet now seemed to be spending an inordinate amount of time working on her appearance. Whenever he looked in through her bedroom door she would hurriedly run over and slam it closed with blushing cheeks.

Megan only occasionally spoke with Joey in the intervening week and only did so to give him more instructions as to what to do. She gave him money to hire a nice car and also showed him the exact suit she wanted him to wear. Meanwhile, Max mostly ignored Fiona when she called or texted only talking to her the bare minimum amount he could get away with. He spent most of the week going from person to person and telling them it would very much be in their interests to vote for Fiona and Joey to be prom King and Queen.

On the day of the prom itself both Max and Megan spent most of their time getting ready. Megan in particular felt butterflies and kept running through the plan in her head. When she wasn’t obsessing over the plan herself she was reminding Max about what he needed to be doing.

“I’m serious, Max.” Megan said once they were both sitting in the living room and waiting for their ride, “We have one shot at immortality here. Don’t fuck it up.”

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Joey

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The week before prom felt surreal. Joey hadn’t gone to many parties before and he certainly hadn’t been on a date but he was certain this wasn’t normal. He barely spoke to Megan all week and the only communication was when he received instructions to do things. It was like receiving commandments from upon high. He was told what to wear, which car to rent, what time to pick her up and even tiny details like how he was to address her was spelled out for him.

Joey felt less like he was going on a date and more like he was a servant. In some ways he didn’t care too much because Megan wasn’t exactly his choice for a date but he would’ve still liked a little input. Whilst everyone was excitedly discussing their plans Joey could only do what Megan told him.

The biggest worry in Joey’s mind had nothing to do with the lead up to the prom or even the event itself. Joey was very scared of what would happen after the party had finished. He knew the event was taking place in a hotel and he knew a lot of rooms were booked for afterwards. Joey had no idea what Megan was planning and she was remaining tight-lipped about it. Like any horny young virgin Joey was at least interested in the idea of sex but there was a big crinkly barrier he was terrified she would find.

It wouldn’t even take a trip to a hotel room for Joey’s secret to be found. What if Megan wanted to slow dance? What if she bumped into him in the wrong way? It felt like there was a thousand chances for his diaper to be found.

Joey was sitting in his room quietly with a soaked diaper underneath him. Mandy was coming to change him soon having just got home from work but in the meantime he was left with his thoughts. He wondered, not for the first time, if he should cancel the date but the threat of Max coming for him quickly pushed that thought away. The prom was tomorrow, Joey had to accept he was going.

“Right, you all ready?” Mandy walked through the doorway with the same reassuring smile she always had.

“Yeah.” Joey replied as he laid back on his bed. After thousands of changes it certainly felt like both he and his sister could go through this process whilst blindfolded.

Mandy got the supplies out and laid them on the bed. She hummed happily as she did so whilst Joey stared up at the ceiling. The tapes were pulled away, the front was lowered, wet wipes cleaned his intimate parts and then a new diaper was slipped underneath him all within a minute or so.

“Oh, I haven’t mentioned that I got a call today!” Mandy said as she repositioned the crinkling disposable, “Your school had a chaperone cancel at the last minute. I hope it doesn’t cramp your style but I’m going to be helping out.”

Joey’s eyes went wide. Mandy was smiling like this wasn’t a big deal but to Joey it felt really bad. It felt like the cherry of worry on a cupcake made of anxiety. He stayed silent as he was changed, he prayed that if he was to suffer humiliation his sister wouldn’t see it. With the other students at least there was a good chance he could avoid them forever since school was over but how would he ever look at his sister again after being made a laughing stock?

“Dinner will be soon, OK?” Mandy said as she placed the last tape.

Joey nodded and mustered the closest thing to a smile he could manage in the circumstances. When Mandy left with the used diaper he flopped back down against his bed and just prayed that he could get through the prom without being discovered. He was so close to finishing school with his embarrassing secret remaining just that.

Joey woke up the next day with a sinking feeling. There was no school, just the prom that evening. Joey rolled over to look at his bedside table, his phone was flashing and when he picked it up he saw he already had four text messages from Megan. He put his phone back down with butterflies in his tummy. It took him ten minutes to work up the nerve to get out of bed.

With just a shirt over his torso Joey made his way downstairs. His diaper crinkled though since it was wet it was quieter than it had been the previous night. Judging from the noises in the kitchen Mandy was also up and making breakfast.

“Hey.” Mandy said as she twisted around to see the new entrant, “Thought we’d just have some breakfast before changing you.”

Joey yawned and nodded as he sat down. He reached down to his diaper and adjusted himself whilst he waited for his food. When Mandy put the plate in front of him and then sat down herself Joey licked his lips. Eggs and bacon were his favourite.

“Feeling excited?” Mandy asked as she started tucking in.

“I guess.” Joey replied noncommittally. He would describe himself more as terrified than excited.

“What about this girl?” Mandy said in between mouthfuls of food, “Maureen, was it?”

“Megan.” Joey clarified.

“Megan, right.” Mandy nodded, “So what’s she like? You must really like her to be going to all this trouble. You’ve never been to a school function after all.”

Joey gave a nervous little smile. He couldn’t admit the truth, that he was going on his first date simply because he was too scared to say no. He didn’t want to tell his sister that Megan was a horrible person and just about the last person he would want to be romantically involved with. Thankfully Mandy didn’t press the issue and once breakfast and the diaper change was finished she left the bedroom and closed the door behind her.

Joey involuntarily shivered as the door swung closed. Hanging on the hook was his suit, it certainly looked fancy but Joey wasn’t comfortable wearing it at all. He looked at his clock and watched the seconds tick closer to the prom. He took a deep breath and didn’t move as his mind went back to imagining all the worst possible scenarios. For the whole day he did little but sit and ruminate over all the possible things that could go wrong.

With half an hour left before he was due to leave Joey was starting to get his suit ready. His stomach was fluttering with butterflies and his diaper was wet, he was waiting for Mandy to come in and change him one last time before leaving. He had received a lot of messages from Megan, it felt strange to hear his phone beeping so often without being expected to reply to anything. Megan wasn’t looking for conversation, Joey followed her directions even if they worried him. When Megan reminded him to bring some condoms “just in case” and a winky face Joey almost threw up from nerves.

Once Mandy had changed his diaper for the final time before prom Joey got dressed into his suit. There was nothing left now but to wait for the car to arrive and go. He couldn’t take his eyes off the clock and whilst he was sure all his friends were excitedly waiting for the start of the party Joey was just hoping it would be over as soon as possible.

“The car’s here!” Mandy called up the stairs.

It was right on time and Joey put the finishing touches on his suit. He stood up and walked down the stairs like a condemned man. He saw that his sister had dressed up a bit as well and as he put his shoes on he tried to judge how well hidden his diaper was. It crinkled but not too loudly, he would just have to keep his distance from other people.

Joey led the way outside and as he approached the car he saw the driver get out and walk around to Mandy. The two of them discussed some things and then Mandy signed a piece of paper before receiving the keys. She shook hands with the driver who proceeded to leave.

“Didn’t I tell you?” Mandy asked as she saw Joey’s confused expression, “As well as chaperone I’m also acting as driver. Don’t worry, I’ll have the divider up, you can just pretend I’m not there.”

It didn’t make much difference to Joey and he climbed into the backseat of the large black car. It certainly seemed fancy; the back of the car had a television screen, a minibar and a number of other luxuries.

“Ready to go?” Mandy asked, “We have a few stops to make.”

“Sure.” Joey said. He wasn’t really paying attention as he looked around the back of the vehicle.

Joey didn’t recognize the first stop on their journey. He looked out the window at a semi-detached house not unlike his own. Mandy stepped out and walked up to the door as Joey watched through the tinted windows. After a small delay the front door opened and Joey’s mouth dropped open.

Fiona looked amazing as she stepped out into the front garden. She had a strapless light blue full length dress. She was wearing black shoes with huge heels, Joey had no idea how women stood up in those let alone walk. Her hair was put up in a bun with strands falling either side of her face. She held a small black handbag in her hands and laughed at something Mandy said as they walked to the car together. Mandy opened the door and Joey watched his crush slip inside.

“Hello.” Fiona smiled towards Joey, “I’m glad you managed to find a date after…”

“Yeah.” Joey quickly interrupted before he could be reminded of his rejection.

“Your sister told me you are going with Megan?” Fiona’s smile twitched a little. Whether it was confusion or sympathy Joey didn’t know, “She’s… nice.”

Joey smiled unconvincingly and nodded his head a couple of times. It felt awkward. The person Joey wished he was going to prom with was now sitting next to him as they went to pick up the date he definitely didn’t want. He didn’t know how he would be able to sit there when Max got into the car, he didn’t deserve a lovely woman like Fiona.

There wasn’t much chatting as the car threaded itself through the streets. When it finally came to a stop it was in front of a large mansion. Mandy leaned out of the window at the gate and told the intercom who she was. After a couple of seconds the gate swung open and the car rolled down the gravel drive. Fiona let out a low whistle.

“Swanky place, eh?” Fiona said.

The car stopped at the bottom of a large porch. Mandy opened the door but before she could even take a step the front doors opened and the twins stepped outside. Joey took a deep breath as his anxiety spiked yet again.