



KEVIN HARRIS

THREE
DIAPERS

A BEDWETTING AND DIAPERS STORY

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Chapter One

Alan James Bartholomew lay alone in bed listening intently for the sound he was longing to hear. Torturous minutes passed slowly until he heard the sound of his own front door closing. It was 7:30am and his step-daughter, Melissa had finally left for work.

Nineteen-year-old Melissa Alicia Bartholomew had only recently returned to live with her step-father. Her parent's divorce had been a bitter, spiteful affair and her mother had taken out her vengeance on Alan by using Melissa as a weapon of convenience. It wasn't exactly an original idea. An ex-wife denying a father access to his only child – even a step-child - was par for the course in the ugly world of divorce and child custody. And so it was that Melissa had completely disappeared from her step-father's life a few days before her tenth birthday. He had neither seen nor spoken to her in almost ten years until that fateful phone call three weeks earlier. He had married her mother only months after her birth and considered her his real child even if she had been biologically fathered by another.

Melissa and her mother had been fighting. Badly, and often. And suddenly, it had gotten nasty. The unresolved bitterness in her mother's soul had eaten her from the inside out. The ugliness had finally reached the surface and created horrible scars and holes for all to see. She had flaunted her daughter's secret problem in her face once too often. Melissa had had enough and so took her meagre possessions and left.

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There was of course, only one place for her to go - her father's house. She had long since stopped thinking of him as her 'step father' but rather as her 'father. It made more sense. In truth, there were a few friends or even relatives who would have taken her in, even if grudgingly. But in the final breakup with her mother, she realised that she had allowed her father to be taken away from her and had not even fought it. However, now she was free and her decisions were her own – for good or for ill.

It was deep shock that Alan had felt for a few seconds after answering the phone. The voice was not all that familiar, but the word *daddy* was. Ten seconds of pleasantries passed before Alan was inviting, no *begging*, Melissa to return to the town she had known as a child. He no longer lived in the same house. The financial disaster called divorce had forced him to smaller accommodations, but there were three bedrooms, one of which was spare with an empty bed just waiting for a warm body to turn it into a place called home.

Alan stepped out of bed and stripped off his pyjamas. Stark naked, he walked to Melissa's bedroom door and reverently opened it.

He smelt it as soon as the door was opened. The smell of pee.

His flaccid cock jerked slightly as his nostrils filled with the aroma that his bedwetting daughter had created; a smell that had enticed him every morning since she had returned.

He glanced at the open bed and saw two small wet stains on the white cotton sheets.

Her diaper overflowed! Wonderful!

He stepped over to her bed and reverently placed his face just above the wet stains and inhaled deeply. His cock instantly began to erect as he breathed in the heady aroma of her urine.

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But this was not the only reason he was in her room. There were other treasures to be found there.

Alan went to the foot of her bed and opened the lid to her white plastic diaper pail. A broad smile erupted on his face as he beheld *the treasure*.

He lifted the wet diaper, still inside the clear large plastic pants Melissa had worn over the top of them and noted by the weight, that she had wet very heavily that night. He pulled the sodden diaper out of the plastic pants and excitedly laid it open on her bed. He refolded the diaper a tiny bit larger and then stared longingly at the centre of the sodden material. It was that portion of the diaper that had caressed her pussy for ten hours; that material that had first received her uncontrolled night-time wetting.

Alan was almost jealous of the diaper. It spent all of its useful life up close to the part of his daughter that he had never even seen. He didn't count the two diaper changes he had been conned into when Melissa was not even one year old. His daughter's pussy now haunted him like a dream, just beyond his reach.

He carefully stepped up onto the bed and slowly lowered himself onto the wet diaper. As soon as his backside touched it, his cock went to full length and began to throb. He laid back, picked up two pins and expertly pinned his daughter's diaper onto himself. Grabbing a pair of his own plastic pants, he pulled them up his legs and quickly encased the diaper in their protective grasp. He was too big to fit safely into Melissa's pants; he had torn a pair the first morning after she had arrived.

He was ecstatic as he sat in her urine loaded diaper. Then, with a big smile on his face, he released his own bladder. Piss flooded into the already soaked material, totally filling it and forming a pool in the plastic pants. He leant over and picked up the

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pair of Melissa's worn panties from the top of her laundry basket and held the gusset to his nose and breathed in deeply.

His head swooned as the sweet, erotic smell of his step-daughter's pussy filled his nostrils. The aroma caused his pulse to quicken and his cock to harden.

He turned and laid face down in his daughter's bed. The overfilled diaper leaked immediately and a flood of piss flowed out underneath him and onto the sheets below. The thick plastic protector saved the mattress, but the bed itself was awash. With his face breathing deeply into the panties he began to slowly hump the sodden diaper.

Alan Bartholomew gradually picked up speed as he fucked the wet diaper with long sensuous strokes. As the strong smell of his daughter's pussy aroused him even more, he visualised that it wasn't a diaper he was fucking; rather that it was Melissa's deep silky cunt he was stroking into. He could smell it, he could taste it. But he had never seen, never mind fucked, the pussy he lusted after so badly.

It didn't take long. It never did. After a few minutes of enthusiastic thrusting, Alan's generous sized manhood erupted and splattered the inside of Melissa's diaper with copious squirts of his semen. Orgasmic pleasure rippled throughout his body from his head to his toes. Mere masturbation was never anywhere as near as powerful as it was when he made love to his daughter's diaper and panties. The pleasure was so powerful it overwhelmed him and he just lay there, immobile, waiting for the pleasure to evaporate, lest he move and diminish the magic.

The first time he had performed this ritual – two days after she had arrived – Alan had immediately jumped up, taken the diaper off and sworn he would never repeat his *disgusting act*. But the next morning he repeated it. The drive was just too strong. The

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attraction was far too intense. The sexual desire for the diapers, the damp panties, and most of all, for Melissa's pussy, was just too strong to ignore. This morning, he laid there satisfied and happy for over ten minutes. In his mind he had just made love to his step-daughter in her own wet bed. It was the heady stuff of wishes and dreams, but he knew it would never actually be a reality.

He reluctantly stripped her bed and washed her sheets and diapers, just as he had offered to do the first night she had slept there. He said he just wanted her to feel welcome and accepted. He wanted her to know that he had no problems with her bedwetting and that he would take care of it for her. She never knew that every wet diaper was worn and masturbated into by her father in the mornings. If she had inspected her worn panties more closely she would have seen the dried semen in the crotch of almost every pair. Every afternoon, her father jerked his thick cock onto the gusset of her panties and watched as his cum soaked into the material. He knew it was as close as his cock would ever get to her pussy. His semen would never flood into her as he so often imagined. But compared to the solo sex of the last few years, it was still heaven for Alan and his fertile imagination.

It could be worse. But it could also be so very much better.

On the other side of the country, Alison Wanslea, 42 year old mother of two woke to the sounds of clattering in the kitchen. Her twin sixteen-year-old boys were making a breakfast of sorts before school. They were never discreet or quiet in anything they did. Breakfast was usually a high decibel affair.

Ignoring the din from down the hallway, Alison slipped her left hand inside the band of her pyjama bottoms and touched the top of her plastic pants. She already knew she was wet. She was not often dry.

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Ever since the difficult birth of the twins, Alison had struggled to not wet her bed. Eventually, it was a battle that was lost and a few years later she succumbed to the inevitable and returned to night diapers. At first, it was an abject humiliation to have to tape disposable diapers on in the bathroom and then walk shame-faced to the bedroom in the dark, where she would sleep as far away from her understanding husband as she could. He accepted the diapers, but Alison did not. She felt less of a woman and more like a baby or an incontinent geriatric.

A few months later, something very special and unexpected happened. Alison awoke that morning hot and horny and as usual, soaking wet. Her husband had already risen and was deeply involved in the minutiae of domestic life. Rather than remove the soaked diaper as she usually would, she squeezed her legs tightly together and felt the unusual sensation of the soaking disposable gently squeezing her clitoris. She quickly closed and unclosed her legs, feeling the caress of the garment on her most sensitive areas. She then grabbed the diaper between her legs and pulled it firmly against her body. Desire flooded through her body as she allowed the wet garment to stimulate her in ways she had not expected.

With her heart beating strongly, Alison knew that something new and exciting was happening to her. She didn't know what it was, but she did know that she liked it. Life had been feeling extraordinarily dull of late. It was routine, predictable and borderline boring. Whatever this was, it was exciting.

She lay quietly on the bed for a few moments before her right hand reached underneath the band of her diaper, passed through the thick forest of dark pubic hair and found her clitoris. The moment she touched it, an electric thrill rushed throughout her body. Stunned by the experience, Alison quickly pulled her hand back out again like a young child who just discovered that parts of her body could bring pleasant sensations and thought it was

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somehow wrong. Alison loved sex, but this was more somehow. A part of her body was being triggered that had not previously seen the light of day.

She plunged her hand back under the waist band and her fingers sank easily into her vagina which was dripping wet with more than pee. The tight diaper constricted her hand movements, but not so much that she couldn't rub her clitoris with her own juices. Pleasure radiated out in pulses, flowing along every nerve and fibre of her body. She was oblivious to anybody and anything as she thrashed around on the bed with her hand furiously inside the diaper. Her climax, when it hit her, was furious and violent. She screamed out loud and collapsed, exhausted and panting, barely able to catch her breath.

No climax, no intercourse had ever been as powerful or as exhilarating as what she had just experienced. The combination of her bedwetting, her diapers and her fingers had given her the best orgasm of her life.

From that day on, she was a changed woman. It took a few weeks to become freely comfortable about changing into diapers in front of her husband, but before long, the guilt and shame about her bedwetting was gone. In its place was a secret desire; a longing for the private minutes each morning when she could launch herself into ecstasy and enjoy the stimulation and sensations that nothing else could bring. It brought a spring back into her step and smiles back to her face.

It wasn't long before she experimented with wearing diapers during the day under loose fitting skirts. She found that the simple act of wearing them seemed to render her virtually incontinent – unable to control her pee. Or was it simply unwilling? Either way, she was wet. She was careful that no-one found out her secret desire. She continued to be the picture perfect wife, mother and carefully diapered bed partner. She soon moved to cloth diapers to

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reduce the expense as well as to avoid the explanations of excessive diaper use.

It remained her secret for many years.

Today, some thirteen years since she first donned a night diaper, Alison took her few precious moments and masturbated to a glorious orgasm just as she did most mornings. There was no scream this time; she had long since learned to expect the powerful feelings and emotions that would flood through her. She was in control.

Alison got up, showered and performed her maternal domestic duties with her customary skill. At 8:15am the twins left for school, where they would waste yet another day of private school tuition fees in their half-hearted search for knowledge. Her husband had already put on suit and tie and shuffled off to his mundane, if very well paid, job in the city.

She was alone.

Five minutes later, her dry cloth diaper and milky white plastic pants were pinned tightly around her waist under her skirt and top, as she turned on her computer.

I hope he's online this morning! I want to catch up on all the news! And I wonder what he thinks about my idea

Alison waited patiently as her computer connected to her chat friend.

DIAPERED_FREEDOM: Hi there! I'm so glad you're online. I feel I can't face the day unless I've shared with you something of my night.

Alan looked at the screen and contemplated his reply.

PANTIES_AND_DIAPERS: I'm glad you're here too. I just had an incredible morning. But tell me about yours first.

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DF: I was SO wet this morning. I took your advice and didn't go to the toilet before bed and this morning my diaper was so wet it was starting to leak!

DAP: So was Melissa's! She got her bed wet from the overflow!

DF: That's great! How wet were the sheets?

DAP: Not very wet, but the diaper was totally soaked!

DF: Yum. Like mine was. I came so strong this morning! Best one in a few weeks. I was thinking of you when I orgasmed! Wishing you were there with me!

DAP: I'm flattered!

DF: But I'm guessing you weren't thinking of me when you were in Melissa's bed were you?

DAP: er no!?

DF: You put her wet diaper back on again?

DAP: Yep, and then pissed it some more! It was such a turn-on.

DF: Hard-on?

DAP: You better believe it and her panties were even better today! Stronger smell!

DF: Sounds like you were in heaven!

DAP: I blew so hard into her diapers I nearly passed out. It was so good I can't believe I'm actually doing it! And telling you about it just makes it better!

DF: Still fantasising about fucking her?

DAP: Sigh. Every time I put her wet diaper on I do. And when I sniff her panties I nearly explode.

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DF: Do you think she knows you want her?

DAP: Not a chance! I'm the perfect father around her. Never stare or do anything even remotely obvious.

DF: Not even get an erection around her?

DAP: Well a couple nights ago she came to kiss me goodnight and I saw the top of her diaper and plastic pants out the top of her Pyjamas. I was so horny just by seeing that! Nearly split my pants with my boner.

DF: Did you let her know you were aroused?

DAP: NO!

DF: Why not? Why not let her know she is sexy?

DAP: Because I don't want her to know I wear her diapers or even that I wear my own! I just don't think she'd like me if she found out. And she's only just come back into my life. I don't want to ruin that by exposing my feelings to her.

DF: Do you still want to fuck her?

DAP: Yes, you know I do. But it will never happen and we all know that. I've never even seen her pussy

DF: Maybe that can change?

DAP: I doubt that very much.

DF: Change of subject. Do you want to meet me?

DAP: Meet you?

DF: Yes, in real life.

DAP: Real life? But...

DF: I'm in your city unexpectedly in two days' time for a few days. We know a lot about each other's diaper interests and maybe we could get together and see what happens?

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DAP: You want to meet ME? But you know so much about me...

DF: You're afraid I'm angry about the way you feel about Melissa?

DAP: Sort of. It's one thing to chat about it here all anonymous and like, but in real life it's different.

DF: Why?

DAP: Because you're a mother and...

DF: You don't think a woman can understand or approve of your feelings towards your daughter or at least the step version?

DAP: Well, pretty much, yeah.

DF: Don't be such an idiot! Even though you will probably never get inside her, you are allowed to hope and I'm allowed to understand. Got it? And one more thing. When we meet I will be wearing a diaper. So will you -- Melissa's! Okay?

DAP: I've never worn hers out of her bedroom before.

DF: And I've never met a man wearing his daughter's wet diapers before either. But I LOVE IT! Makes me wish my two terrors wet the bed still

DAP: Really? You wish they wet the bed?

DF: I sure do! If they wet the bed, I would be in them at first opportunity.

DAP: When did they stop bedwetting?

DF: Only four years ago. I can't believe I wasted all those wet beds. I hadn't considered it until I met you!

DAP: Well, that's what I'm here for! To corrupt you! LOL

DF: So... wanting to meet me in the flesh?

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DAP: So you're serious?

DF: Completely

Alan eventually logged off from his chat, once they had finalised their plans and leant back in his chair and whistled.

How did all this happen? I'm supposed to meet this woman who wears diapers FOR REAL, just like I do for fun, and probably have sex while wearing Melissa's wet diapers!

The next two days were going to be hard for him to concentrate on his work. Between dreaming about Melissa's wet diapers and equally wet snatch, he now had Alison and her very real, very wet diapered pussy to probably deal with.

It was a tough job... but somebody had to do it!

Chapter Two

Alan cautiously stepped up to the hotel room and double checked the number. 1152. He had to make sure it was the right one. He knocked three times and waited, his heart pounding in both fear and excitement. The door opened seconds later.

"Hi, I'm Alan," he stammered, as his face reddened slightly.

"Come on in," Alison replied, without a trace of nervousness. "I'm glad you made it!"

Alan stepped into the compact room and immediately spotted the wet diaper sitting conspicuously on the bed. Alison noticed where his eyes had been drawn.

"From last night, in case you are wondering." She sat on the edge of the bed and patted the spot next to her, motioning Alan to come and sit down. "You're more handsome in real life!" she exclaimed.

"You're gorgeous too," answered Alan, his eyes afraid to travel down to her jeans where he could tell from a slight bulge that her diaper lay. His eyes did however betray him just the same with a momentary glance.

"Want to see it?" she asked, with a smile on her face. "I'm pretty wet!"

Alison slowly unzipped her jeans and pulled them down. She then grabbed Alan's hand and placed it on the outside of her disposable diaper. "Feel how warm it is?"

Alan nodded. "You must be quite wet! I can feel it."

"It's your turn now. Are you wearing Melissa's wet ones?"