

At Her Service

Chapter Five

Commission - May 2021

This day is officially the worst.

I'm sitting here in my usual spot in sociology class, crouched in the dilapidated chair against the wall and trying not to meet anyone's gaze. I'm not exactly sure why I'm so scared to be seen. There's a little voice of rationality in the back of my mind whispering that "*come on, nobody can possibly tell that you've got some pretty messed up, freaky stuff under those sweatpants.*" And yeah, I do have to admit it. There's no way that anyone here knows the truth: that right now I've got a freaking pink diaper around my ass, a cage locked on my poor deprived cock, and the memory of my humiliating morning still burning in my mind's eye.

Well, *almost* no one knows. I can't forget that Lena's in this class too... or that she's in the row directly behind me, probably keeping tabs on me at Abby's command.

How the hell did it come to this? I wonder dismally, even as I lift my water bottle to my lips and take another hefty swig. Abby did say I needed to chug that entire gallon bottle today, and, well... I really don't want to find out what she'll do if I don't comply. Then again, this stupid diaper already had to swallow one full bladder's worth earlier this morning, and I'm honestly not sure how much more it can handle before it starts leaking.

But, with my bladder cramping and fit to burst, there's nothing else to do. As the professor drones on, I will myself to relax, stare off into the middle distance, and unwillingly allow another warm flood to leak out into my pants.

I'm shuffling out of class an hour later, trying my best to blend in with the crowd, when I feel the hand on my shoulder. "Hey, pissy-pants," the too-familiar voice warbles in my ear. "How ya doin' with all that water?" I blush and duck, trying not to look full into Lena's mirthful face. "Hey, stop it," I mumble. "I'm- I'm-" "Come on," she snorts, wrapping her arm around my shoulder and steering me back toward the campus center. "Abby said there'd be a good chance you'd want to talk to me – about a change. So come on, let's go make sure you're all good to go before next class!"

My mind is racing as we make our way down the hall and into the gender-neutral restroom. "Wait- She- A change-?" Lena's smirking as she bolts the door and motions me to drop my backpack. "Well, duh! Gave me one of these crazy diapers for you and everything! Or maybe you'd rather just

keep on waddling around in wet pampers all day like a baby?"

"Umm..." I'm speechless, momentarily unsure of which is worse: having Lena see me naked, or going into another long class with a diaper that is probably getting close to leaking. *Ehh, Lena's already in on everything.* "Okay. Shall I just lay on the floor or-"

The floor it is.

Oh, she's snickering as she looks down at my padded crotch, and my face feels as if it must be glowing as brightly as the pink plastic diaper around my waist. "Fuck, I never thought Abby would go through and put you in freaking diapers," she giggles as she rips open the tapes one after the other. "I mean, sure, it makes sense given how you were pissing your pants the other day, but-"

And then it flops open, and I watch her eyebrows shoot up at the sight of my caged little willie.

"Oh-o!" She's openly laughing at me now, poking derisively at the device. "So *that's* why Abby gave me that dinky little key, too! Damn, I guess you really love her being in control of everything, don't you?" I'm scarlet with mortification now, trembling as I beg her to move on. "Please, just change me, Lena. Please-"

"Weeellll..." There's a thoughtful gleam in her eye that I don't like one bit. "How about we work out a deal, Maddie? You've been locked in this thing for weeks by now, huh?" I nod in silence. "And I bet you're super ready to have it off? Super horny?" I nod again, shamefully. "You see, I have this key here," and she dangles it before my eyes on its little ribbon. "I *could* unlock you right here and now, and your darling little willie would be free. But then you'll have to do something for me in return, okay?"

Oh, yes, please- I'm already getting visions of taking this busty brunette back to her place, stripping her naked, bending down to eat her out, feel her shuddering against me- Abby may be the ultimate in female beauty, sure – but Lena's pretty hot too...

"If I unlock you, you're gonna have to wear that diaper a bit longer. That's all!" She's grinning down at me, clearly enjoying my discomfort. "I mean, diapers aren't that bad, right? Definitely not as bad as not being able to jerk off, anyway... So, what? Do we have a deal?"

Fuck me. I mean, maybe it was just the weeks of sexual deprivation. Maybe I'm just an idiot. But in the end, I nod once more... and before I quite know it, my newly-freed little dick is stiffening vainly

against the soggy padding being taped tightly once more around it.

Oh, my god. Now I'm starting to see why Abby loves this so much.

I'm watching the sissy fellow now. He – or should I say, *she* – is sitting here in our stupid calculus class and actually trying to pretend there's absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. Connie and I know better, of course. I mean, even if it wasn't for what Abby told me, I still think I'd notice that there's something off: how often she's gulping down that water, and how her hand keeps dropping down into her lap as if to feel something between those legs...

Oh, yeah. And then once she gets up to leave, there's also those two massive dark stains on her ass.

I'm no expert on fucking diapers, of course. I'm an only kid, so, like, how am I supposed to know? To my eye, these monstrosities Abby found look pretty crazy big, and I bet they can soak up lots more piss than a little baby diaper. But still, I guess it's not terribly surprising – given all the water Abby told her to drink, and thanks to me tricking her into not getting changed earlier – that she's finally leaking.

I signal to Connie, and we steer straight for Maddie in the hallway. "Yo, pissy-pants," I banter, pinching my nose shut in mock disgust. "Sheesh, can't you get your mommy to change you or something? Look, your piss is leaking right out of your diaper and into your pants!"

The hunted, frightened look in Maddie's eyes as she takes us both in is wonderful to see. "Um- I'm sorry- Please, you have to help..." Connie's giggling as I shake my head and waggle my finger as if at a naughty child. "Aww, you're gonna have to ask nicely! Come on now, Maddie. Ask me. Ask Miss Lena nicely..."

"Please, Miss- Miss Lena," comes the stammering response. "Please, will you change me?" "Well, if you really want it!" And then the three of us, Connie walking strategically behind Maddie so as to shield those wet pants from curious stares, are headed to the bathroom. *Thank fuck those new gender neutral bathrooms have such great locks on them!*

Once we're safely inside, I grin and motion Maddie to drop the pee-soaked sweatpants – which she does, blushing revealing the heavily sagging pink diaper I'd retaped only a few hours before. "Aww, you really *are* wearing a diaper, huh?" Connie teases, half-incredulous at the sight before her.

"Sure is," I rejoin, producing the fresh one from the depths of my backpack with a flourish. "Only solution when you can't fucking keep from pissing yourself in class, right?"

And then, as we're pushing the trembling Maddie down once more to the floor, I spring the second trap. "You know, I bet you've really been enjoying being free from that cock cage, huh?" "Wait, a co-" "Yep, to keep Maddie from jerking off," I tell the wondering Connie, who collapses into a new fit of giggles as I smirk down at Maddie's chagrin. "You know, I bet Abby never does *this* to you when you're locked up, does she?" My hand is kneading the swollen front of the diaper, grinding the padding against what I know must be the most sensitive part of this poor sissy's anatomy.

She's moaning softly. "Oh, oh- That's so nice- Please-" "It's been what? A month since you've gotten to cum?" I'm openly mocking Maddie now, giggling at her pathetic whimper when I abruptly stop my well-placed rubbing. "Tell you what," I say with an amused glance at the grinning Connie. "I bet you'd love a handjob from the two of us, wouldn't you?" Maddie's eyes are wide as she vigorously nods. "Yeah? You want it badly enough to, I dunno... stay in that diaper a little bit longer for us?"

A wide-eyed pause... and then those eyes drop shamefully as Maddie nods slowly. "Uh, okay... But you'll change me after I cum, right?" "Oh, of course!" I assure her with a grin – and then set to work. "Come on, why don't you lie back and let Miss Lena and Connie make your hard little wee-wee feel better?"

It's weird, but honestly kind of hot. I'm kneeling over this sissified fellow, grinding my hands rhythmically into that thick, squishy diaper and watching her melt into incoherent whimpering under my touch. Sure, it's kind of gross if I think about how much pee is under my hands. But the feeling of controlling such a pathetic sissy, plus the eager exclamations of Connie in my ear, keep me going. *Come on, let's see how horny and needy you really are- What stupid choices you'll make for getting to jerk off...*

And of course, I stop right when Maddie's just about to spurt into that diaper.

"Hey, no whining!" I reprimand with a sidelong grin at Connie, opening the fresh diaper with a flourish. "We never said anything about letting you *cum*, now, did we? Though we can't exactly let you keep leaking everywhere you go..." And then I'm following Abby's instructions: pulling out a little pocket knife, poking slit after slit in the bulging padding between her legs, and then slipping the new diaper underneath and taping it tightly over the first.

"There!" I crow, laughing openly as Maddie struggles, red-faced and almost on the verge of tears, into a sitting position. "A brand-new diaper for our pissy-pants baby! Now, then. We'd better let you waddle off to class now. Don't want you to be late!"

God, I'm such a stupid, stupid idiot.

Why on earth should I have ever thought those two would help me out? Sure, I guess they did take off that awful cage. But in return I've had to, what? Sit in my own piss all day? Get a second diaper added over the first? I mean, I thought one was bad enough, sure. But now, at the end of a long day of gulping the water Abby like ordered me to, I'm thinking wistfully of how slim and easy to hide the one diaper was in comparison...

As I step in the door, I'm painfully aware of the swollen weight hanging between my legs, the duck-like waddle in my step, how smelly and wet my entire lower half feels. And yet, shameful as it is to admit, I'm also aware of how incredibly horny I am.

Because – news flash! – apparently a warm, soggy diaper feels pretty damn close to a girls' pussy.

"Aww, if it isn't my sweet little Maddie baby!" Abby is standing ready to welcome me in, and she's gone all out: wearing nothing but a dark green bra and a matching thong. "Come on, I've been waiting all day for this! Haven't we, girls?"

Fuck. Lena and Connie are already there, and judging by their own half-dressed appearance they're also hoping to have a bit of a fling tonight.

My heart's pounding as I waddle forward and drop my backpack. *Maybe she won't ask about the water-* But of course she does. "So, I'm sure you drank all your water today, right? Stayed nice and hydrated?" She's zipping open my backpack, and I flush silently as she holds aloft the gallon jug of water, still one-third full. "Oh, my, such a naughty sissy!" she teases, shaking her head. "I suppose we'll just have to find a way to finish it up before night, won't we?"

"Abby, please," I begin, but she cuts me off. "Now, no need to tell me," she smirks with that incredible smile of hers. "Lena and Connie already filled me in, and I know you're not wearing your cage anymore. They even told me how much you liked your diapers, too – how you were getting so excited just by wearing them? God, you really are more of a pathetic loser than I ever thought!"

No, not really- Please, you have to understand, I'm so horny- You're so sexy- I want to protest, to explain, to vindicate myself. But she wouldn't want to hear it, even if I did have the balls to say it to her face.

"So we were talking before you came back," she continues with a grin at the others, who are now similarly stripped to their lingerie. "And we all want you to model your full outfit for us tonight – you know, show us what a good little diapered sissy maid you are. All right?" *No, please, no- Just a change, please, and a bath-* "And if you're very good, and if you do exactly as we say..." Abby pauses dramatically. "Then, I promise that you'll finally get to cum: tonight, with the three of us."

She's- she's promising? And it would really be with them? No tricks?

Deep down, I know it's stupid. But they already have seen me embarrassed so much, and I'm in so deep already, it can't get much worse. Can it?

Fuck it, I don't know. But one minute I'm reluctantly nodding, and the next a trio of scantily-clad young women are giggling and forcibly removing my clothes. "No more silly big boy clothes for this sissy!" "Ooh, nice taping job, Lena!" "Fuck, do you see how much that thing grew?" "Yeah, they really swell, don't they?"

By the time the fake boobs are strapped around me, and the maid outfit has been buttoned up, and they're pulling my brown hair back into some sort of short pigtails, I'm quivering with shame and arousal. It's not just the embarrassment, after all. It's the sight of those gorgeous bodies around me, not to mention the feeling of those feminine hands forcing me along, tugging at me, commanding me and primping me and turning me into something to bring them such dirty amusement...

"Now, then!" Abby smirks, looking me up and down with approval. "Just one more step before we let you cum, okay?" And then she's pulling out her phone and handing it to Connie. "All you need to do is look at Connie there and explain to the camera just how much you love being a pathetic, diapered little sissy for your mistress Abby."

Wha- No, no, no- No, I can't- Not on camera-!

"Come on," she purrs in my ear, pushing me forward with a giggle. "Think about how much this will please me, Maddie. Think about how I'm going to be watching that clip over and over when you're not around... touching myself... getting so horny and wet at the thought of my little sissy..."

And so, voice quivering and face flaming, I step forward and stammer out the incriminating words.

"Now then!" Abby's still giggling as she pats my head approvingly. "You've most definitely earned a jack-off, Maddie. Come on, girls – let's help her out of those diapers." I'm quivering uncontrollably as the trio push me onto the floor and yank open the diapers, one after the other. "What a soggy, soggy sissy!" Lena exclaims, and I find my eyes clenching shut in embarrassment as the first cool fingertips brush against my pee-covered but still stiffening penis. *Just let them do what they want-*

Though I'm not the least bit ready for the first slippery thrust up my ass.

"You didn't drink it," Abby chortles, grinning down into my stunned face and holding aloft what appears to be a bucket and the now-empty water bottle. "And if it's not going in one end, we'll make it go in the other!" It's an enema, I think – and though I've never had one in my life, I can already feel the trickling sensation of the water flooding uncontrollably into my gut through the hose in my ass. *What on earth are they going to-*

"Good! And now a nice little cork!" Hands are busy at my rear, and soon I'm feeling something rubbery and large slipping deep into the place so recently occupied by the enema hose. "Relax, sissy. It's just a nice little butt plug," Abby tells me, as it slides home and I give an involuntary grunt of fear. "I'm sure a sissy like you is gonna love it... trust me."

"Bu- but what about getting to c-" "To cum?" The girls erupt in a chorus of giggles, even as I feel the hated sensation of the clammy, wet diapers being drawn tight over my crotch yet again. "Don't worry, you will!" Abby tells me, her hands straying provocatively over her bulging breasts as she smirks down at me. "It's just that we can't have you jizzing on the floor. And really, you just look so fucking cute in those saggy diapers... You *do* want to look cute for me, baby, don't you?"

And then I'm being pulled onto my knees, then herded, crawling, over to the sofa. My gut is clenching and burbling, my ass full, the weight of my soaked diapers hanging low between my thighs. And yet, I can't help but glance up and finding myself mesmerized by a sight I've dreamed of for countless nights: Abby, stripping for me, lowering her bra and her thong to the floor, then stepping to the sofa and sinking down before me with her thighs open in welcome. "Come on, Maddie," she orders, her voice sultry in arousal. "Why don't you show me how well you can please your mistress?"

My heart's in my throat, but I obey, pulse hammering in my ears as I nuzzle close and taste her sex

on my tongue. Dimly I hear the giggles of the other two, which only sets my own uncaged cock stiffening further into my saturated padding. "Such a good little sissy!" "Aww, now I wish I had one of them! Hope it'll be my turn soon..."

The first spank on my soggy ass is a surprise, but I resist the urge to look back and see who's dealt it. "Harder, Lena," Abby calls, her breath hitching audibly as she leans back in quiet pleasure. "Spank the sissy harder! She fucking likes it..." And then a few moments later: "Connie, make sure you're getting this whole thing. Fuck, I'm gonna love watching this later!"

It's only when she's starting to emit her low, guttural moans of pleasure that I feel the plug spring to life inside me. "Good sissy," she sighs, and I can only guess that she's got the remote. "Keep on going, or I'll turn it off!" Of course I keep on: face smeared with her juices, eyes screwed shut, my entire being groveling at the thought of what I've become. For here I am: a pathetic, sissified plaything, crouching on all fours before three beautiful women in my own soiled diapers, eating one out as the others look on. *They're in control- Abby's in control- She's training me- Forcing me to be a good sissy-*

And so, it finally happens: Abby's hip-bucking, thigh-clenching orgasm that leaves her moaning in delight and me gasping in half-suffocated pleasure. But even more shamefully, my own climax follows soon after: as the first smelly dribbles leak from my plugged ass into my sagging diapers, and as my padded pink ass receives blow after blow from Lena's capable hands. I lose it, spurting my pathetic load of cum at last into the saturated bulk of my diapers, and shuddering as the plug deep inside me forces me to think of what it will feel like to someday have a thick cock deep in my ass...

In that moment, my mind is a muddle of shame and fear and gratitude. But only one coherent thought recurs as the first tinges of post-nut clarity seep into my mind...

Perhaps I'm not really the luckiest guy on campus. But hell, maybe it's not so bad being the luckiest sissy on campus instead.