

On a lazy, rainy day your partner calls you over to watch a movie with her. It's some straight-to-DVD cartoon princess flick. You'd never seen something so girly and babyish. You're a grown man. Why would you ever watch something like that?

Your partner pats the couch cushion next to her. She presents you with a thick, pink princess print diaper. "If you can wear this and keep it dry for the whole movie, I'll do anything you want." But what if you lose? Your partner giggles at the idea. "Are you really going to wet your diaper like a big baby?"

You'd never do such a thing. You use the bathroom like any other adult. Your pride, and your partner's offer, are on the line. You let her tape you into the fluffy pink padding. It's then that she reveals the rest of the bet. She holds a large baby bottle full of milk in her hand. "You didn't think it'd be that easy, did you?"

Before you know it, the bottle is in your mouth. You gulp down the contents at your partner's urging. Milk spills down your chin and onto your shirt. Being bottle fed in a prissy diaper doesn't make you feel manly at all. You're starting to regret taking the bet, but are determined to win.

Fifteen minutes into the movie and you're positively bored out of your mind. How could kids like this drivel? Your partner slips a hand down to your crotch and gives you a diaper check. The act makes you blush. "Still dry, huh?" Of course! You're a man after all, a bottle feeding and a diaper would never change that.

Thirty minutes into the movie and it no longer seems that bad to you. It's cute, but overall pretty 'meh.' The movie is for babies and, after all, you're no baby. You're a big boy that can keep his pampers dry. You ignore the growing pressure in your bladder. The movie will end soon and so too will your time in diapers.

An hour into the movie and you're enjoying it. You giggle at some of the jokes and genuinely enjoy the story. Your partner reaches over and squeezes the crotch of your diaper. You're still dry, but the pressure in your bladder is building. You shift from side to side in a potty dance, your diaper crinkling with each movement.

Twenty minutes later and the film has you completely enthralled. You've never seen a better movie. It has everything you've ever wanted: princesses, ponies, rainbows. It reminds you a lot of your diapers. Wait...why were you wearing them again? Aren't you a big boy?

The movie is nearly over and you're snuggled up to your partner. Your bladder is close to bursting but you hardly notice. The movie is just so good! You find yourself wanting a pretty dress just like the princess in the movie. That's odd, aren't you a grown man? Of course you're not! You're in diapers after all. Why are you even bothering to hold your pee?

You let loose a happy sigh and flood your pampers mere moments before the credits roll. You've lost the bet, but you don't even remember it. Your sopping wet diapers feel wonderful, natural. Why had you ever worn big boy pants? That doesn't make any sense for a silly little girl like you.

"My, my...looks like the baby couldn't hold it." She squeezes the crotch of your diaper. This time it squishes in her hand. The sensation makes you moan around your drool covered thumb. When did you start to suck on it? And where did the rest of your clothes go? Only your partner knows.

She pulls you into your lap and bounces you on her knee. "What a cute little girl you are!" You smile at her praise. You feel a sudden stomach cramp, but ignore it. Why should you care? You're wearing your own personal potty! A second later you grunt and push a massive load out into your diapers.

"Aww! Did someone fudge her huggies?" You find yourself nodding. That's exactly what you did. The knee bounces spread the stinky mush around in your diaper. It's a constant reminder of how much you filled them. It feels so wonderful. The front of your diaper tingles. The padding around your crotch feels tight.

Your partner notices your moans, how you buck your hips on her knee. "Look how much my little girl loves her diapers!" She reaches around you and massages your crotch through the padding. "Go on baby, make stickies for mommy." In a matter of seconds you feel a twitching at your crotch.

A gasp escapes your lips. The crotch of your diaper grows warm as you squirt again and again into your messy diapers. It's incredible. You can't imagine a better way to make stickies. Your mommy is right, you love your diapers. You never want to take them off! "Good girl! You're behaving so much better than my boyfriend. You haven't seen him have you?"

You shake your head. Mommy never had a boyfriend, just a diaper baby pretending to be one. She chuckles. "Guess I'll have to find another one then." The comment doesn't phase you. Why would it? You're a silly little baby. A dumb little pamper pooper that loves humping her mommy's knee. You aren't a real man and never were to begin with.