

A Model Student

April/May 2024 – Commission

Chapter Three

Thanks to RubberDiaperBoy for commissioning this deluxe-length chapter!

The big day was here at last! Though the jury was still out on whether the butterflies currently fluttering in Abigail's stomach were from excitement... or just anxiety.

Her roommate Jalisa hadn't noticed, surely. She'd been out at a party the night before, coming back to the dorm well after midnight. Thus, the heavy breathing coming from her corner of the room had given Abigail just enough confidence to squat hurriedly down beside her bed... reach deep underneath... grab the incriminating bag with its two plastic rectangles of shame...

And scuttle into the comparative safety of the bathroom – where she soon discovered that putting on the adult diaper for her first-ever modeling shoot might actually be harder than a chemistry midterm.

Deafening crinkling. Weird adhesive tapes. A shape that first looked symmetrical, but wasn't. All these things, combined with her own frantic nerves, had kept her on edge the entire time. Then, once she'd finally wrestled the massive thing into place, she'd reached for her usual mini-skirt, shivering at the strange, impossibly thick material between her legs...

And, yeah. Quickly discovered, with a horrified glance in the mirror, that it simply wouldn't do. Because she couldn't even lean forward without the bulging padding of this *thing* peeking out from underneath!

Fuck, fuck, fuck, she'd cursed internally, running frantically through her list of options. She could wear jeans, maybe? No, she always got low-waisted ones, and they'd never cover the white plastic waistband that was literally on a level with her belly button. Maybe she had a longer skirt somewhere – or sweats? No, and no again. Maybe she could take it off and put it on once she got there? Oh, but then Margaret would think she was too embarrassed...

She swallowed hard now, glad to be on her way and safely out of sight from prying eyes on campus. Her hand dropped to her waist, tugging nervously upward at the garment she'd finally chosen. It was a pair of dusty pink yoga pants: stretchy, high-waisted, and more than capable of hiding the white badge of shame beneath. Still, after donning them she hadn't exactly wanted to stare in the mirror at her butt: a butt that most definitely did *not* look like the shapely ass of a twenty-one-

year-old woman.

It was all right, she told herself fiercely as the door of Neverland Enterprises hove into view. This was all about modeling things for people who literally didn't have a choice, right? Surely the embarrassment she felt now was nothing compared to what someone who actually needed them might be feeling. She should use that shame, right? Learn from it. Get to understand what it must be like for people with, erm, incontinence-

And so she gulped once more. Reached for the door. And sheepishly, resolutely, forced her diapered ass forward into her first-ever modeling job.

"Hey, Abigail! Oh my goodness, so good to see you! You're so punctual, aren't you? Heh, you caught me just in the middle of making the coffee! Here, let me get you cup..."

Strange, how Margaret's charming combination of effusive chatter, warm smiles, and tasty coffee could make her feel at ease. Not ten minutes after arriving, Abigail found herself in a diminutive back room that apparently served as a sort of dressing room. On one side of the room was a mirror, while two chairs and a low table stood on the other. And as she dutifully stepped inside, Margaret bustled in behind her and carefully shut the door.

"Now, then! Let's get you all prettied up and ready for the shoot, shall we?" At that Abigail nodded along, hastily dropping her half-empty coffee cup to the table. Of course modeling would involve such things, surely – so she might as well get used to it. "Um, sure! Should I, um- I didn't really do my makeup yet? Because I wasn't sure-" "Oh, never mind makeup," Margaret beamed, her hands already full of what appeared to be a yellow blouse and a nude-colored bra. "Here, let's get these clothes on first. Go on and strip for me, dear?"

"Uhh-! Sure, sure..." And Abigail, heart thudding a trifle more quickly than before, began tugging off her clothes. For a moment her hands paused on the waist of her yoga pants – but Margaret nodded and motioned her to remove them. "Definitely off with those! We need a nice, lovely view of the diaper – which, by the way, I'm so glad to see you brought! Yes, yes, just like that-"

And then she paused, brow furrowing as she took in the sight of the now prettily-blushing Abigail, standing before her with hands over her chest and the crazily-angled tapes of her diaper on full display.

"Mmm... okay, yes. Here, sweetie – do you mind? I see you have a *tiny* bit of a hard time with the tapes, didn't you?" Her fingers were tugging at them even before the now red-faced Abigail nodded.

"Uh, yeah- I'm sorry... I just, you know- I wasn't really sure-"

"Never mind, never mind! Here, let me show you a few tips..." Before Abigail quite knew what was happening, she was staring into the mirror, watching in pink-cheeked, self-conscious interest while Margaret busied about. The side with the tapes was the back, actually. Front and back had to be even, of course. Side symmetrical too. Top tapes first, then bottom...

"Oh, and of course the leak guards need to be nice and tight too! Can't have any leaks, you know. Leaks are like the bane of every diaper-wearer's existence." Margaret chuckled, stepping back at last from her final probing and tugging around Abigail's thighs. "There! See how much more even and smooth that looks? And I guarantee – you won't be leaking out of that anytime soon!"

Abigail hesitated, then nervously joined in the laughter. "Oh- heh heh! Yeah, I guess! Though of course... I mean, I'm not planning on, you know-" But already Margaret was thrusting the bra and blouse into her hands. "Perfect! Now get those on, okay? I'm off to find Dean. That fellow had better have his camera ready to go..."

Which is how it happened that Abigail found herself not five minutes later, following Margaret out from the safety of the changing room and into the large, brightly lit chamber that was unmistakably ready for the shoot. Every step she took seemed to thunder in her ears. Every movement sent the bulky plastic shifting and slipping provocatively between her thighs. And with every second, she was painfully, self-consciously aware that she, Abigail, was walking in wearing nothing but a cute top and probably the least-cute underwear imaginable:

A giant, adult diaper.

Still, it was a fact she'd have to do her best not to ignore... but to accept. Embrace, even. Smiling for Dean – the dark-haired, soft-spoken, goatee-ed man behind the camera – the entire time.

The morning hours slipped by far faster than Abigail had imagined possible. With Dean and Margaret giving her suggestion after suggestion on how to stand, and what to do with her hands, and to relax and act natural... well, she was kept far too busy to do more than react. Thus lunch break came before she knew it – and with it, a welcome chance to sit and munch on surprisingly delicious sandwiches, chips, grapes, and oatmeal raisin cookies. Sipping all the while on a wonderfully tasty soda, too – because, as Margaret said, modeling was very thirsty work!

At some point between downing her lunch and heading back in front of the camera, she was about to head out to find the bathroom. Her coffee-stimulated bladder was beginning to twinge, after all,

and she didn't want to interrupt the shoot. But then Margaret caught her eye and beckoned her over to try on a new set of clothes, and... well, she simply thrust it out of her mind, purposing to hold it as long as necessary.

After all, she had many more things occupying her attention than her silly bladder. Like, for instance, this latest outfit, which was unlike anything she'd ever seen.

"Yeah, it's some of our nightwear and pajama line," Margaret beamed, tugging the incredibly soft, thick cotton garment carefully over Abigail's head. "Now, hold this up for me, dear? I almost forgot the plastic pants!" Into which Abigail dutifully, if somewhat doubtfully, stepped – and which Margaret easily pulled into place around her waist. "Perfect! Oh, those look so nice on you. Now, let's button this up..."

And so began the afternoon shoot: Abigail beaming and smiling and looking natural before Dean's obliging camera, all the while wearing what could only be described as the outfit of an overgrown toddler. A plain white cotton onesie, complete with five snaps between her thighs. The diaper from the morning, snug and crinkly and thick as ever. And over it, of course, the buttery-smooth plastic pants, their tight elastics and full-cut shape making her look more bulgy than ever around her waist and bum.

Minutes ticked by, dragging more and ever more slowly. Abigail found herself struggling to stand still, the pressure from her now-aching bladder urging her into the uncomfortable shuffle of a potty dance. She shifted... bit her lip... smiled once more for the camera. Opened her mouth to ask for a quick bathroom break – then slowly closed it again. She was all dressed up, after all. She'd have to get Margaret's help to get out of it, and it would waste so much time. She could hold it... right? Just a bit longer-

Then a sharper spasm than ever before hit, and she couldn't contain her discomfort any longer. "Uh- excuse me? I, um. I'd like to take a bathroom break? I'm so sorry- It's just that, I really need to go..."

Margaret stepped forward at once. But in place of the irritation Abigail had feared to see on her face, there was only kind, tolerant concern. "Oh! Well... thanks for asking, dear! Though the thing is, this is our last shoot of the day – and it's really pretty important." She turned to the camera and raised her voice. "Hey, Dean? How much longer?"

Dean shrugged, his expression nonchalant as ever. "Maybe... an hour? Two, tops?"

"Ohhh..." Abigail breathed, and Margaret smiled sympathetically at her troubled expression. "Too long to wait, huh? Let me think..." Then, with a polite, yet professional smile, she brightened up.

"Actually, why are we even worried, dear? Listen, maybe this sounds odd, but...just do what you need to do right here. You won't hurt anything, I promise!" She chuckled softly and gave Abigail a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "If anything, it will make the shoot more authentic if you're a bit wet, don't you think?"

Abigail paled under the lights... gulped... drew a shaky breath. "Uhh- wait, really? I- I don't know..." "Oh, but why not? You'll be getting to experience what folks who need these feel, right?" Margaret smiled innocently. "Now then, let's not waste any more time, okay? Just let go whenever you need to. It'll be fine, I promise."

Was it? Abigail wasn't sure – but neither was she sure she could hold out. Indeed, not ten minutes later she felt the resolve of her iron bladder slowly begin to crumble. Even as she posed by the prop railing, staring dreamily off into the green screen, she could feel the first hot dribbles escape. Muscles spasmed – clamped down in panic – quivered reflexively. But a few seconds later, she felt a second wave leak out, stronger and longer than the first. And on and on it went, minute by embarrassing minute... with the soft, warm lining of the diaper between her legs effortlessly absorbing everything it received.

It was a feeling unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. Here she was, literally having an accident in her pants like some silly, potty-trotting toddler! And yet nothing seemed to happen – at least, not visibly. Instead of shameful rivulets of pee down her legs, she was as snug and clean as ever. Only with every spurt, the thick padding between her legs warmed... grew more and more soggy... swelled a tiny bit more...rubbing more and more insistently against the most sensitive and intimate parts of her anatomy...

Not that the mortified Abigail wanted to say anything to Margaret, of course. On with the shoot she went, beaming and posing and gazing over and over as first one hour, then an hour and a half, and then almost two hours ticked past. All the while, her juice- and coffee-fueled bladder kept steadily dribbling into her increasingly heavy diaper. Only once more than two entire hours had passed did Dean finally give the thumbs-up. The lights went down. Abigail drew a relieved breath. And Margaret bustled forward to help her new model undress.

"Here, let's get you out of those things," she began, and off came the onesie with a few brisk pulls. "Oh, actually... wait. Hang on!" Margaret's eyes were scanning approvingly over her now-exposed crotch, and Abigail bit her lip in soft embarrassment as her boss's hand reached down to poke experimentally at the soiled padding. "Aww, you ended up using it after all, huh? No, no, don't apologize! That's what it's there for. In fact, that's actually *perfect*..."

She straightened. Half-turned. Called back to Dean, who was still busy with the camera lenses.

"Hey, Dean! Why don't you come here and get a few close-ups before she goes? You know, I'm thinking for the absorbency guide?"

Which is how Abigail's very first wet diaper since childhood ended up memorialized under Dean's flashing camera. New as she was to the entire concept of modeling, she was too stunned to do more than stand there awkwardly, one arm drawn modestly over her petite breasts, a frozen expression of sheepish embarrassment on her face. But all the while, Margaret was giving her the kindest and most approving encouragement. "Oh, yes – that's perfect! Wouldn't have wanted it to be any better myself. That's precisely what customers need sometimes, you know? To see how a product performs in real life. And you've done such a good job, wetting it so nice and thoroughly for us..."

At last the ordeal was done – after what seemed to the red-faced Abigail like millennia. Dean straightened up with a polite smile and a curt nod, and his effusive wife stepped forward. "That was perfect, dear! You did *amazingly!* Now then, lemme go find your clothes-"

Out she bustled, leaving Abigail standing there in nothing but a tired, blushing smile, a pair of oversized plastic pants... and the same, well-soaked diaper beneath.

Weird as everything had been thus far, a few more topless minutes wouldn't have been the end of the world. That is... if not for the fact that not ten seconds after Margaret had stepped out, the door swung silently open to admit a new visitor. A young man, to be precise – his green eyes widening in shock upon finding the room still occupied.

At the sight, poor Abigail could only let out a strangled bleat of surprise, clutching harder than ever at her chest... and inevitably leaving her mortifying underwear on full display.

(To be continued!)