

Bets and Bake Sales

June 2022 – Commission

"Why, hello there, Mrs. Ashton! It's been awhile, hasn't it? How have you been? And how's Pepper?"

Sandra's tone was as bright and breezy as the day itself – or at least, that was her intent. After all, the more welcoming and friendly she could be, the better it would be for everyone involved here at this bake sale. All these little old ladies would buy up the cookies and tarts and doggie treats laid out before them; the shelter's thousand-dollar goal would be met; and then she, the friendly and enthusiastic volunteer, would be free to go about the rest of her weekend.

And free to do other things, too. Like taunt that sadistic boyfriend of hers with how she would have won the bet they'd made last night. And maybe change into a skirt that wasn't *quite* so short and prone to flying up in this wind.

Though even she had to admit that the bet – and thus the uncomfortable predicament she was currently in – was her own damned fault. "You really think I'm such a pathetic pottypants, huh?" she'd slurred out at Jason over their fourth round of drinks last night, pawing vaguely at the skirt under which she'd hidden her kinky, crinkling secret. "Yeah, I know you get off on seeing me pissing my pants, buddy. But that doesn't mean I *need* them, ya know! Hell, if I really had to I'd cross my legs and keep 'em clean all day, no problem..."

Clean. That was the ill-chosen word that had fucked her over.

She bit back a tiny wince now, willing a saccharine smile back onto her lips for Mrs. Ashton's benefit... even as she felt her lower gut gurgle ominously. "Oh, really? Well, you're just in luck! We've got a couple gluten-free treats down there. Maybe one of these is what you're looking for...?" Yes, that was the trick. She couldn't think too much about the situation she was currently in. She just had to be bubbly. Extroverted. Throw herself into the bake sale and ignore everything else...

But then, as the elderly lady ambled slowly away, Sandra felt a presence looming behind her and heard a growly, amused murmur in her ear. "So how we doing, baby? Enjoying yourself? Staying... *clean*?" It was Jason, of course. Jason: her willing volunteer to help run the bake sale. Jason: her boyfriend, and her loving tormentor.

She flushed as she felt his large, muscly hand ease up underneath her perilously short skirt,

squeezing knowingly at the thick padding beneath. "Dude!" she hissed, half-turning and glaring daggers at him. "We can't let anyone see-" "Aww, but why not?" Jason chortled quietly, with a knowing glance around the mostly deserted tables. "Even if this hot little skirt of yours flies up and shows everyone your pretty little crinkle-butt, I'm sure folks would understand. After all, some little girls just take longer to potty-train than others-"

"Jason!" And off he went to welcome a new customer, still chuckling quietly, while she brushed back her blonde hair and attempted to compose her shaky nerves and churning stomach. He was impossible, that guy. He knew damn well what a risky bet they'd made; after all, he'd been the one helping her dress this morning. He knew exactly how many suppositories were burning away inside her. Hell, he'd even been the one who picked out her plug for the day and gleefully watched her lube it and slip it gingerly in, teasing her all the while that she'd likely need it if she wanted to keep her pampers clean like she'd promised...

Yeah. Jason was clearly loving all this potty play – and he was doing his level best to make it as edgy and embarrassing for her as he possibly could.

Which, it had to be admitted, was exactly the sort of situation Sandra loved to fantasize about. Even now, as she trotted over the refill the tray of brownies and blondies, she was thinking less about those neatly wrapped goodies and more about the depraved, desperate pleadings that she might soon be forced to make. Oh, how hot it was in her mind's eye: having to kneel before him, eyes wide with urgent pleading. How shamelessly she'd beg him to grant her relief, promising to do anything and everything he wanted just so long as he let her run off to the toilet...

But no – she wasn't there yet. Maybe once the sale was over, sure. But for now, she needed to focus on her job. Being friendly... making small talk and change as the minutes ticked slowly and ever more slowly past...

By ten-thirty she was hardly able to stand upright. Beneath her skin-tight crop top – which did a wonderful job of accentuating her respectably curvy figure – her exposed stomach was grumbling and churning more forcefully than ever. Under her skimpy skirt – hidden deep within the cotton-and-plastic bulk of her babyish underwear – her poor bumhole clenched and spasmed around the thick plug, trying unsuccessfully to dislodge the intruder and to expel the nauseating contents of her roiling bowels. Sandra was approaching her limit, and faster than she'd anticipated. So when a welcome lull in customers came, she half-stumbled back to the van – and found Jason there, lounging carelessly against the last two boxes of doggie treats.

"Jason- please, I- I don't think I can do this anymore," she began, her low voice quavering in mingled desperation and quiet embarrassment. "I really, *really* fucking need to go-" She was cut off as he extended his arm and slipped the bite valve of her water bottle between her protesting lips. "Gotta stay hydrated, baby," he smiled, reaching over and tucking back a strand of her windblown, blonde hair behind one ear. "Go on. Suck and gulp for me now. Show me what a good girl you want to be, and maybe I'll consider helping you out..." She flushed, but obediently gulped at the cool water. It was warm, after all, and she was pretty thirsty...

"Now, then." Jason withdrew the bottle and glanced her up and down with cool amusement. "You were saying? Something about needing the big girl potty?" *Jesus, how could such an infuriatingly condescending phrase make her so... tingly?* "No, really," she hissed, trying not to let the rush of guilty pleasure she was feeling show through. "I- honestly, I feel sick. It's this plug- and those, you know..."

"And what do you want me to do about it, exactly? Hmm?" Jason was crossing his brawny arms now, glancing behind her at the empty tables. "You made a bet, baby. You told me you could keep your pampers clean and dry until the bake sale was done. But what *I'm* hearing right now is a pathetic, desperate little crybaby, whining because she doesn't want to hold up her end of the bargain."

Sandra grunted and clutched at her stomach as another wave of cramps gripped her. "Jesus-" she muttered through clenched teeth – then, as it passed, she straightened up and met his mirthful gaze with flaming cheeks. "Please, Jason. Please, I just *really* need to go! You can say I lost the bet, okay? Say I lost, and call it good! And I'll- I'll do anything you want. Just please... let me take out this awful plug-"

"Anything?" Jason was grinning openly now – but before he could continue, he tapped her on the shoulder and pointed toward the tables, where another bevy of middle-aged women was slowly approaching. "Hold that thought, baby. Better go tend to your customers – and in the meantime, I'll be thinking about exactly what I want you to do for me..."

Oh, that was devious. For as she stumbled back and greeted her customers and put on the cheery front of a delightfully wholesome advocate for pet welfare, Sandra's mind was awchirl with anxious fantasies of what Jason would ask of her. He'd ask her to suck him off- no, not just that. Suck him off while naked. While wearing a soaked diaper. While listening to him taunt her for being such a dumb, pissy, potty-pants baby. Or maybe he'd have her try anal again – crouch like a submissive pet while he railed her from behind – squat there and beg him to ride her and fill her dripping holes...

Yeah. Maybe it was for the best that these sweet ladies couldn't read her desperate – and increasingly depraved – thoughts.

When they'd finally gone, she practically fled back to Jason, almost whimpering with the strain and nausea of the cramps gripping her lower gut. "Please- please, Jason, tell me. I'll do anything- just let me go! I don't even care if I end up shitting my pants. I just can't take this anymore..." "Aww, look at you!" he murmured softly, and on his handsome face the trembling Sandra saw that wonderful mixture of compassion and delight and sadistic arousal that always heralded some of their most unforgettably sordid shenanigans. "Look at my desperate, needy little baby doll. So demanding. So eager to please..."

He said it then: the terms of her release. "It's simple, baby. We'll take out that plug right now if you want. But in return, you're going to have to wear that diaper of yours for the rest of the day. All day... until bedtime. Simple as that."

Why was she already agreeing, even as her breath hitched and the humiliating prospect of a thick, swollen, almost certainly filthy diaper filled her vision? Why was she nodding silently and gratefully? Why was she backing toward him, furtively glancing around, lifting her skirt and bending obediently forward to grant her tormentor access to her plugged bum?

She knew why, deep down. It was because she was an incurable submissive: addicted to humiliation, aroused by embarrassment, and desperate to please her man.

The sensation of his hand slipping deep into the thick depths of her diaper... of the prying free of that plug from within her... and of the sudden lift and strange emptiness within her ass... well, it was intoxicating. Liberating, even. For about five seconds.

"There we go!" Jason murmured, reaching into the glovebox and producing a plastic bag into which the pungent plug discreetly disappeared. "Now then, baby! Exactly what you wished for. Don't say I never gave you anything..."

Maybe he said something else, too. Maybe not. But Sandra could no longer say – because she felt her now-freed bowels churn and boil with a sickening rush toward her still-sore sphincter. She was about to- she was going to- No, she *was*-

Bbbphhhpphhmmppphhh. The first explosion, even muffled by the diaper, was loud enough to

send a naughty grin to Jason's lips. "Aww, baby, what's that? I thought you told me you wouldn't have any problem keeping your pants clean! Surely you didn't just-" Another splattering explosion, trailing off into a series of *blarts* and *ppffffs* cut him off, and he shook his head in amusement at the sight of Sandra's beet-red, sweating, and chagrin-filled face. "Goodness, look at you, baby! If I didn't know better, I'd think you actually *wanted* to poop your pants! You *did* beg me to take out that plug, after all..."

But then, before she could straighten up and hiss out the invective-filled rejoinders that even now were on her lips, a voice sounded from the bake sale tables. "Hey- hey there, Sands! Long time, no see! Come on over here and show me what you've got cooking, why don'cha?"

Shit. It was Amelia – one of her best friends from high school. And there was no way on earth she could avoid her.

So it was that, gulping back her trepidation and mortification, Sandra stepped forward. Onto her lips went that bright, artificial smile. Down she tugged her skirt, hoping and praying that the breeze wouldn't betray her secret now. And off she waddled, the hidden, gooey mess of her own excrement smearing and squishing between her thighs with every single step.

"Hey- um, hey! Amelia! I, um, I didn't expect to see you here!"

Jason watched his girlfriend go, a broad smile on his face and one hand stroking surreptitiously at the stiff, tenting erection in the front of his faded jeans. God, this was better than he'd even dared hope. There she went: the beautiful girlfriend of his dreams. His filthy-minded and filthy-bottomed baby. Waddling off with a load in her pampers and a blush in her cheeks. Stammering and awkwardly chuckling in polite desperation, trying frantically to count out the change for her friend while every second she was practically dying with humiliation, praying and hoping against hope that her smelly secret would remain safely hidden...

Yeah, she'd lost the bet, for sure. Whereas Jason... well, judging by appearances he'd won it – and a whole lot more.