

So Fucking Wet

July 2022 – Commission

"Yeah? You like that? You like it like that?" His voice is throaty in my ear, hoarse with sadistic pleasure at the whining moans that are slipping from my lips. His palm descends once more with a *crack* onto my exposed thigh, and I manage to nod and whine out a pathetic, groveling little assent before he continues. "Of course you do! You're my dirty, slutty little girl, Alesha. My wet, slutty little *whore*-"

Oh, fuck! My hands are clenching as if of their own accord, twisting the sheets beneath my naked body as I writhe and whimper beneath my boyfriend's manhandling. It's heaven to be fucked like this: flat on the bed, prostrate and submissive before him, spread wide and defenseless for his pleasure. And Josh's timing...

God, his timing is impeccable! He's the only guy I've been with – and yeah, I've been with a few in my day – who genuinely understands that sex is first and foremost about the brain. He knows about foreplay: how to pin me up against the wall, to grope my breasts and set those strong fingers of his descending down between my legs. He knows how to play for time, teasing me for minutes on end until I'm a limp, hormone-soaked little ragdoll. He knows precisely how to mortify and arouse me, usually by chiding me for being such a wet little slut for him: an all-too-accurate point at which I'm typically nodding dumbly, begging with my eyes for him to haul me onto the bed and fuck me senseless...

"Such a dribbly, wet little baby," he mutters – and with fierce suddenness, I feel his hands forcing aside the well-soaked cotton and plastic of my pull-up. He's baring my pussy, exposing my shameful, urine-covered princess parts and audibly gloating over how wet I am. And then it happens: the sudden thrust, the slippery, latex-covered penetration of his manhood forcing its way into me. He's fucking me at last – from behind, like an animal – and I let out a full-throated moan of delight at the sensation. *Fuck, he's so big! He fills me up- stuffs me full- gorges my needy pussy full of his massive cock-*

"Yeah? Oh, fuck, baby – you feel amazing! So wet- Such a wet, horny little baby doll for me! I bet you were thinking about being fucked like this all day, weren't you? Hopping around in your slutty little outfit in front of everyone... pissing your pull-ups non-stop like the pathetic little baby you are..."

Well, much as I love Josh's dirty talk, he's not 100% right on that last part. I mean, sure, I guess I

did kinda end up- well, you know...

But he's pumping harder and harder now, and I'm moaning and shuddering beneath him, and the now-familiar dissociation of impending orgasmic pleasure sets in. I'm floating, dreaming, my mind slipping helplessly backward to the past. Today's not the first time I've been a naughty little slut wearing pull-ups in public, after all. Not by a long shot...

"Ma'am? Excuse me, could you help me find the couscous?"

Oh. Oh, yes. Of course I can. I blink and nod and smile at the fellow, leading the way down aisle six to the requested item. I'm helpful, after all. I'm a cute, obliging grocery store worker, striding along in my boring uniform top and tiny tennis skirt. Restocking shelves and answering customer questions and being generally useful...

And yes, blushing now and then at the secret little brush and crinkle of the pull-up beneath my tiny skirt. Not to mention the pressure in my bladder that makes me contemplate the idea that I might actually end up *using* it. Because it's been a long shift, and I've deliberately stacked the odds against me, chugging water and deliberately avoiding the bathroom. I'm a needy, increasingly desperate young woman: feeling more and more urgency building under her tiny skirt... and loving every minute of it.

Kksssbhbbh. Oops – that lady accidentally knocked two boxes of stuffing mix onto the floor. And there she goes! It's a hit-and-run, as we call it, and that means I have to be the one to pick them up.

Which means bending over, all the way to the floor. With that couscous guy behind me, too – and thus in all likelihood giving him a full-on view of my butterfly-covered pull-ups beneath this tiny skirt. Something that every reasonable fiber of my being abhors... and yet which every horny, naughty instinct in my omorashi-loving, pull-up-wearing, humiliation-craving self fantasizes about.

God, I really am a stupid, wet little slut, aren't I? And I'm not going to stop anytime soon, either...

"Hi, my name is Alesha, and I'm going to be your hostess today! How's everybody doing? Can I

start you all off with something to drink?"

Here I am now, back in that hell of a restaurant. I've got a bright smile pasted on my face as the manager insisted: not only to cheer up the customers, but to mask the pain of my aching feet and tired brain. Though today, it's also masking something else: my increasingly desperate need to pee.

It's a simple challenge I've set for myself, really. A liter of water before the start of my shift. No toilets allowed. And the only safety net I have is the now-familiar, rustling pressure of my pull-ups. They have to stay dry until I'm home – at least, if I don't want to receive a well-earned spanking from Josh on the weekend.

Dang it, why is this shift so freaking long? I'm crossing my legs discreetly under my skirt, trying not to drum my pen on my tablet as the urgency swells and sets my lower abdomen cramping with need. I'm floating, swimming in fluids, wincing with every gurgling rush of water into the tumblers of the laughing guests before me. But no – I can't lose control now! I have to be strong, to spare my booty from Josh's stern punishment...

"Aww, what's the matter? Is something bugging you, baby?" Josh is taunting me, his voice low and laced with amusement as we make our way through the sunlit park. His arm is around me, and I blush and wince as his hand slips downward from my waist to caress my ass. Is it just me, or can I hear the crinkle of my now ever-present pull-up?

"I- I- I really need to go," I manage, and he chuckles knowingly. "Oh, really? Does my dribbly little girl think she can actually *tell* when she needs to go?" He's guiding me now toward the rear of the park, toward the corner where I know a secluded little bench happens to stand. "Honestly, I don't think you're qualified to tell me when you need to go, honey! Wasn't it just last night that you came home with a red face and a soggy, squishy pull-up between those pretty legs of yours-"

"Josh, please! I'm going to wee myself any minute if you don't-" I'm practically begging – but he only smiles and herds me toward the bench. "Honestly, as little control as you seem to have, I wouldn't be surprised if you're *already* soaked," he chortles, and now he's dropping onto the bench and guiding me to stand before him with twisting hands and sweaty palms. "Here, let me see. Just going to slip my fingers in here... see whether you really are dry after all..."

...Am I actually dry? Shit, I felt a drop just now! No, no, girl, keep it together! That's just sweat-

"Gimme an F! Gimme an O! Gimme an R! Gimme a-" On and on go the cheers, and I'm hopping and spinning and twirling like a pro. Or more accurately, a tired, absolutely desperate-to-pee pro. Because I've been out here cheering all freaking afternoon with two bottles of Gatorade and zero potty breaks... and of course my ever-present pull-up. From the look of things we'll be here for at least another hour – and frankly, I'm about to burst.

I'm wearing a fucking pull-up, okay? I'll just let a little out- just to relieve some pressure. It'll be fine, sure!

And it is. Or at least, the first three dribbles are. It's the fourth – when I'm panting and beaming for the cameras that I know are on me, that my tired bladder muscles no longer seem to work. The dribble turns to a stream, the stream to a flood... and then I'm standing there on the sidelines, suddenly frozen with a frightened grin on my face, feeling my poor pull-up bloat and fill and sag with the unexpectedly heavy weight of my full-to-bursting bladder.

I- I'm losing control! Fuck- I can feel it- it's trickling down my thighs- down my legs-

But as the music and the cheers and the roar of the game continue, oblivious to my catastrophic accident, I realize that no one has noticed... yet. Despite the piss literally running down my legs, I need to prance and cheer just as always – and with any luck, no one will notice. No one but Josh, that is. *Wiggle that booty! Wiggle, wiggle, twerk. Wiggle, twerk-*

"Fu- fuck, Josh- I- I- I'm gonna-"

"You're gonna what, baby?" His tightening hands are clasping my bare, sweating shoulders – his cock thrusting like a jackhammer – his voice strong and confident and oozing with cock-sure control. "You're gonna piss yourself again? Just like you did tonight at the game? Go on, then, baby. Piss yourself for me. Show me what a dirty, wet little slut you are! Show me how you can't control anything-"

"But- I'm gonna- I'm- I'm-" My world has stabilized now: stabilized, and shrunk. No longer am I flitting from memory to fantastically humiliating memory. Now I'm back in the present, and I've become nothing but a wet little cunt, aching with desire, fired with the sordid delight of being

railed nonstop by the giant cock inside me. I can't resist. I can't help but accept my place. I'm a pathetic, wet, dribbling little slut, just like he says. And I belong like this. I deserve this – to be desperate, wet, horny, needy and ever so ready to be used...

And so, like the good little submissive slut I know I am, my orgasm only comes when I hear his low voice growl out the order. "Go on, baby. Cum for me. Show me how much you love being fucked like this. Go on... you wet little *slut!*" That's when it happens at last: I lose control all over again, my muscles melting and contracting and melting once more, the warmth blossoming and exploding between my thighs. My breath is hitching in my panting chest – my lips are faltering and gasping as they struggle to babble the dirtiest and most depraved things imaginable...

When I come to at last, home again from the wild and sordid trip through my memory and fantasies, I realize that I'm lying beneath my boyfriend, whose pace, if anything, has quickened. He's still pumping, his cock squelching and slapping inside my dripping cunt, and I shudder and writhe tiredly beneath him – worn out, and yet unwilling to do anything but submit to his animalistic urges.

The sheets beneath me are sticky and wet, and I find myself wondering absently how much is from my leaky, piss-filled pull-up, and how much is the result of our frenetic love-making. Perhaps I will never know. But as I hear Josh's voice commending me for being such a wet slut for him, my still-heated imagination is more than happy to submit the answer...

Oh, yeah. I hope it's all me. It's all my own piss. Because deep down, I know that there's nothing I crave more than being a humiliated, dribbling, pants-pissing little toy. And maybe, just maybe, someday soon Josh is going to push me even further. Maybe tomorrow he'll declare me fit only for full-on diapers, like an absolute infant. Maybe he'll shop for some with me online. Maybe he'll even force me to click on the order button, enthusiastically cheering me on and applauding me all the while for picking out the pampers I need and deserve so much...

A wet, desperate little slut can dream, right?