

Weekend at Mary's

Mary and I were an item over the past few months. We had met in the middle of our freshman year, and over the last semester, we had seen more and more of each other. Now the university had let out for the summer, and we headed to our respective families. Our homes were two hours apart, not an insurmountable distance, but enough that we wouldn't see as much of each other.

June progressed with IM's and emails and the occasional phone call. One evening the phone rang. It was Mary. "Hi, my parents want to know if you'd like to come up here for the fourth of July weekend." This seemed like a great idea to me; I hadn't seen her in nearly a month. "Great, we have to play it a bit cool, though. My parents are a bit old-fashioned. You can stay in my brother Frankie's room. He's off at a summer internship."

Frankie was Mary's older brother. I'd met him once. He preferred Frank, but his family always called him Frankie, because his father's name also was Frank and that's how mother made the distinction. Sure, this isn't a problem. Hell, my parents are pretty liberal, but I doubt they'd find Mary and me sharing a bed to be something they would accept in their house. I had the long weekend off from my summer job. I'd drive up there Friday evening after work. Saturday was the fourth, and the family had a barbecue planned. The rest of the weekend we'd have to plan ourselves.

I arrived there around 8 PM. Mary's mom, and dad greeted me warmly. Mary's little sister, Liz, just popped in and out giggling. Mary's mom asked if I was hungry and I told her I had eaten on the road on the way up. Mary suggested that there was a band playing at the park and we could go down and watch that. It sounded good to me. Mary told her parents we would be back by eleven, and off we went in my car. We sat on the grass listening to the concert, and I finally had a chance to kiss her, something denied me over the last month. The concert ended, and we made our way back to Mary's house. Once in Mary's mom offered us ice cream which we accepted and then went to our respective rooms.

The next day was great family fun. We had breakfast and got ready for the party. The party was fun, and I liked Mary's family a lot. I did notice that unlike my family there was no beer or any other form of alcohol. Not that I would have drunk any in front of Mary's family anyhow, but I guess she was right about them being a bit straighter than mine. What didn't happen at the barbecue was Mary and me to have any time to ourselves. So as dusk started to fall, Mary suggested that we go off to the park again to watch the fireworks. Mary told her parents that the display shouldn't run too long and we'd be back by ten.

The fireworks were awesome, and we kissed for a while before returning to my car. We got to my car and made out some more. After getting our fill, she said we had better get home. I fired up the car, and she looked at the clock and said, "Gee, it's only 9:30."

I glanced at my watch and said, “No, it’s 10:30, I never set the car clock for daylight time.”

She started to panic, “Shit, shit, shit, let’s go.”

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“We told my parents that we’d be home by ten.”

“So, it’s not that late; we were out to eleven last night.”

“It doesn’t matter; I’m supposed to be home by the agreed time or call. Now I’m in trouble.”

I thought it odd. Here she was having spent a year away at school, and she’s getting all worked up over ten o’clock?

“What will happen.”

“I’m hoping they’ll cut me some slack because you’re here.”

We rushed home. As soon as we entered Mary started apologizing and pleading. I tried to take the blame by telling them it was my fault for not setting the car clock. Mary’s father just stood their stoic. “You know that we are lenient with your curfew time as long as you tell us just when you will be home. I’m sorry, you’ve obviously lost some responsibility while you were away. You will be punished.”

I began to feel real bad for Mary. Mary’s mother who had been standing silent through most of this turned to me and said, “I think you should probably go home now.”

Mary turned to me, “Yes, I’m sorry about the weekend, but you don’t want to see what’s going to happen.”

Suddenly, I felt noble. “Sir,” I said to Mary’s father. “I accept responsibility for my part in this. If you’re going to punish Mary, I’ll stay and take the punishment, too.”

Mary’s father almost looked approving at me. Mary said, “No, Joe, you don’t want to do this.”

Mary’s father said, “No, if he wants to be responsible, we should let him. Frankie’s stuff should fit him. Liz, stop hiding there on the stairs and go get the punishment stuff from Mary and Frankie’s room.”

Mary’s mother said she would go up and get the rooms ready.

“OK, strip!” Mary’s father said. Mary promptly started removing her clothes. I didn’t know exactly what was following, but decided to follow her lead and took mine off as well. Soon we were standing together naked. Of course, we’d seen each other without our clothes on before, but this was somewhat different.

Mary’s father sat down and pointed at his lap. Mary assumed a position across his legs. The spanking began. Hard. About once a second Mary’s father’s hand came down hard on her rear. One, two, three, she started to tear up, four, five, soon she was crying in earnest. I lost count of the strokes. Finally, it stopped. Her buttocks were red from the treatment. She stood back.

Mary’s father looked at me and pointed. I got down over his legs and he pushed me a bit to get me into a better position. I began to regret being noble. Whack, down came the first stroke. I grunted, man did that hurt. They continued. The pain just barely seemed to subside when the next one hit. Finally, I could do nothing to stop myself from crying like a baby. After several more strokes, it was over. I got up and wiped my eyes; my rear was burning.

Mary’s mother reappeared and picked up the items that Liz had brought down. Mary lied down on the floor, and her mother started to work with a piece of cloth. A diaper! The pins were placed in, and then a large pair of plastic pants were pulled over. Mary stood up with the round plastic ball of the heavy diapers around her middle.

“OK, Joe, your turn,” Mary’s mother said. I got down on the floor. She asked me to lift up a bit as she positioned the diaper under me. She pulled it up through my legs and inserted the pins. This was strange beyond belief. Then the plastic pants. I stood up and found I couldn’t bring my legs together. I couldn’t help touching the cloth and plastic mass. This was unbelievable. As I took some waddling steps the cloth against my rear brought the recent spanking back to memory. I winced. I glanced at Mary, and she winked at me.

Mary’s mother led me upstairs to Frankie’s room. It was the same room I had slept in the night before, but now there was a crib there. “Step in,” Mary’s mother instructed. As I did she lowered a lid over it and locked it. “Have a nice night. I’ll be in at 8 to get you ready for church tomorrow. If you haven’t figured it out if you have to go overnight, use the diapers.” The door shut and she was gone. I heard the lid shut on another crib as Mary was obviously being locked into hers.

It took me a while to get to sleep. I couldn’t sleep on my back, my rear still ached. Rolling on my stomach or side didn’t matter, I still felt the thick bulk of the pants and they were starting to get warm. Eventually, I did sleep.

The morning sun came in, and I woke up with the overwhelming need to pee. It was only 6 AM, and I knew I couldn’t wait until 8. It took me a few seconds of trying, but I let loose in the diapers. There was a warm wetness, but most of it did seem to be wicked

away by the cloth. As time went on the warmth turned to cold clamminess. Further, I felt that I would need to poop eventually, but I was holding it well.

Sure enough at 8, Mary's mom came in and opened up the crib. She dropped a had into the plastic pants and felt the diaper. "Good boy, I'll change you now" was all she said. The plastic pants and the wet diaper came off, and she wiped the entire area with a moist cloth. "No poopies?" I shook my head. She had me lie on my stomach, and to my surprise, I felt something being pushed into my ass. She then rolled me over and put on a replacement diaper. While the plastic pants I had on overnight were kind of milky transparent. She replaced them with a pair with an opaque white cloth cover with a slight sheen to it. She went to the closet and pulled out a white dress shirt and handed it to me. I put it on. It was odd it had no tails to it, but otherwise seemed normal. I was given a clip on tie which I put on. She then pulled a jacket out. It was the same fabric as the diaper cover and came down about half way over the cover. White dress shoes and socks followed.

"Good, looks like you and Frankie are the same size exactly." I glanced in the mirror. Here I was some dressed up baby boy. It came me that the reason the cover matched was that I wasn't going to wear any other pants over this getup. "Let's go," she said. As we started down the hall, she called out "Liz, Mary, time to leave." Liz came out of her room wearing a nice dress on. Mary then appeared. She wore a frilly, baby dress. The skirt stood out with the frilly stuff underneath and was not anywhere near enough to cover the lace encrusted diaper cover she was wearing.

We got in the car and Mary's father started to drive. Liz turned to me and with a giggle asked "Did you make poopies?"

"No!" I replied. I turned to Mary.

"You will," she said. "I told you not to stay."

We got to the church, and I had to get out of the car. This was all very strange, and I was embarrassed, saved only by the fact that nobody here knew me. Mary and I walked together, and there was a lot of people noticing. We went inside and sat in a pew near the front. As the service went on, a rumbling started in my bowels. It was then I realized that whatever it was that Mary's mother had stuck in me was designed to make me have to poop. The sermon went on and on, and the pressure grew harder. Finally, he wrapped up. The congregation stood for the Lord's Prayer. We didn't even get to 'hallowed be thy name' when I couldn't hold it any more. A wave of excrement exploded into the diaper. The relief was fleeting when a second wave forced even more out. By the time the prayer was over, I didn't think the diaper would take any more. The congregation sat, I realized I didn't want to be the only one standing, so I gingerly sat down squishing into the pile of my own shit I had made.

Soon the service was over. We walked out to the rear of the church. A couple approached Mary's family. Obviously friends, they exchanged greetings. Mary's

mother turned to introduce me, “This is Joseph, a friend of Mary’s from college who’s visiting us this weekend.” The woman shook my hand. “I see that the two of them seem to have gotten into trouble.” Obviously, this has happened before. I was too embarrassed to say anything. We met several others including the minister and soon made our way to the car.

In the car, I again squished down into the diaper. Liz wrinkled her nose and started chanting “poopie pants, poopie pants.” I turned to Mary and asked what happened. She explained that one poop was required as part of the punishment. Since I hadn’t pooped the night before, mom had helped me along with a suppository. I asked about her, and she said she had been sure to do so first thing this morning.

Great. We stopped off a local breakfast place and had to wait for a table. Mary and I were attracting attention, especially from the children. A small child in a family waiting nearby asked her mother, “Why are those two big kids wearing diapers?” Her mother stammered a bit not really having the answer. Mary’s mother crouched down to the child and said, “That’s my daughter and her friend. They were very bad yesterday and were not acting grown up. In our house, if you don’t act grown up you end up being treated like a baby.”

The small child’s eyes grew even wider. Her mother smiled “Does that work?”

“Oh yes,” Mary’s other continued, “It works well, it’s been a long time since Mary has risked doing anything to warrant it.”

“The outfits are cute. Isn’t getting the diaper off inconvenient for them.”

“Oh, they don’t need to take them off.”

“What if they have to...” she started, then the realization hit.

“They’re probably both wet now, Joseph for sure also dirtied his. I’ll change them when they get home.”

Soon we were seated. Mary’s mother extracted two bibs from a bag I hadn’t realized she was carrying. We got two bowls of oatmeal, and two bottles. All through this kids heads popped up from neighboring tables to watch us.

Finally, it was over, with a lot of care my poopy wet diaper was changed. I was given a t-shirt to wear and the original translucent cover. Mary was dressed appropriately. Finally left alone she said. “I told you not to stay. This is so embarrassing. I never wanted you to find out about this.”

“I can well understand that. How long has this been going on?”

“All my life. All of us kids have diapers and cribs for when we are bad. It doesn’t happen often, but when it does, it happens big. You got the double whammy being here on Sunday, and you got to wear the special Sunday baby clothes to church.”

“Yeah, so what happens now.”

“The rest of the weekend will be uneventful, but we’ll stay diapered. Now that you’ve pooped, you won’t have to do that again if you can avoid it, but you’ll end up having to wet.”

“OK, I can live with that. The pooping was just really gross.”

“I should warn you that you probably will poop. There’s a rebound affect a few hours after the suppository, but it will be brief, and that will be the end of it.”

Sure enough while playing in the back yard a small spasm hit and without even a warning I squirted out a little poop.

At the end of the weekend, I got back into my underwear and clothes and headed home. I made a mental note to always be good around Mary’s.