

Summer School

Jason sat in homeroom daydreaming. Only a few more weeks of school and he'd be free for the summer. He had just gotten his driver's license and dreamed of having a car and heading to the beach. Next year would be his Junior year, and he'd need to bust ass to bolster his chances of getting into the college of his choice, but the summer would be a chance to unwind.

An envelope dropped on his desk to rouse him from his dream. It just bore his name on regular school stationary. He opened it. It was a note from Mrs. Johnson, his guidance counselor. All it said was to drop by at his convenience. Mrs. Johnson had done right by him. He wanted to take Advanced Computing this year and skip the prerequisite which he knew cold. She had gone to bat for him with the teacher.

Jason showed the letter to his teacher, and she dismissed him. He made his way down to the guidance office. He was immediately admitted. She shut the office door behind him. This sounded more serious than he imagined.

"I called you in because I think you're going to want to take a class in summer school," she started.

Summer school? It hit him like a bolt of lightning. That was going to totally change his plans. "What class?" Now he wasn't a straight-A student by any means, but he wasn't failing anything.

"Remedial Toilet Training," Mrs. Johnson said.

Jason paused and then started to laugh. "You're joking," he said. Surely there wasn't any such class.

"I'm afraid not," she said. "Do you remember the incident of May 12th?" she said.

Incident? May 12? Jason thought a minute. Oh, crap. That was the day he was taking a test and had to go badly. By the time he finished and got a pass, he hadn't made it to the toilet in time. He'd gone to the nurse, and she was real understanding and gave him some wipes to clean himself up with and a spare set up underpants that she kept for such emergencies. He thought it was the end of it.

"But, that was just an accident and just this one time. It's not like I go around crapping my pants all the time," Jason pleaded.

"Well, the school administration takes incontinence very seriously these days. This and your prior history of incontinence merits action," Mrs. Johnson explained.

"Prior history?"

Mrs. Johnson looked down at her paperwork. "There were several incidents recorded by a Mrs. Fisher."

Mrs. Fisher? He thought back. That was his second-grade teacher. Yes, he had wet his pants twice that year. "That was the second grade!" he protested.

"It is history," she justified.

“What if I don’t take the class?” Jason asked.

“That’s up to you,” Mrs. Johnson started. “But if you don’t take it, you won’t be able to return to school unless you are wearing a diaper. In fact, I had to lobby the administration hard not to have you wear diapers these last few weeks of school on the promise you’d take the course. You can take it during the school year if you like, but you’ll have to wear diapers until you complete the course. At least in summer school, you can take the class and get it done with.”

Mrs. Johnson slid the paper with the course information. Four weeks. At least it wouldn’t be the whole summer, and it was just the morning. What choice did he have? He certainly didn’t want to be wearing diapers at his age, and the whole concept was preposterous, but what could he do. He reluctantly took the paper and agreed to the course.

CHAPTER 2

The date of the class came. Fortunately, he could drive himself. The school was eerily quiet. There were a few students here, but nothing like the normal hustle and bustle of the school year. He made his way to the classroom listed on his paperwork. There were a few students already seated at desks in the room. The teacher came to him with her roll book. “And your name?”

“Jason Brooks,” he said.

She found his name and led him to an empty desk up front. “Now, just drop your pants and have a seat,” she instructed. Jason stood there confused. Then he looked at the desk. Rather than a normal school chair, it was a potty chair like for a little kid only larger. He looked at the other students already seated. Yes, they had their pants down to their ankles and were seated like toddlers waiting to pee.

Resigned, he unbuttoned his shorts and slid them and his underpants down and took his seat. He carefully tucked his penis behind the little shield at the front of the seat. He felt like he was two years old.

“Oh, you don’t have a diaper on?” the teacher inquired. Jason shook his head. He hadn’t been told to do so. “No problem, we’ll get one for you to wear later. All students must be diapered when they aren’t sitting on the potty.”

Another student soon arrived and soon a girl was taking her place next to him. She slid down a pair of what looked like oversized pullups down and took her seat. She was wearing a short dress which nicely covered her up while she was seated. Jason felt a little exposed.

“The skirt is a good idea. I don’t think I’d be bold enough to wear one,” he said.

“Yeah, there are some advantages to being a girl. I’m Kim,” she said.

“Jason,” he replied.

“I’m Kaitlyn,” a voice said from the other side. Jason turned. A girl on that side who had been seated before his arrival had spoken. She was sitting there with shorts around her ankles as well. “I guess you didn’t get the memo about wearing at least a pull-up to class.”

Jason and Kim introduced themselves to her. “No, I guess I didn’t. I’ve never even thought of wearing a diaper. What landed me here happened so late in the year that my guidance counselor convinced them not to make me wear a diaper so far.”

Kaitlyn smiled. “Lucky you. I’ve been wearing a diaper to school since March. I’m looking forward to getting this done with. What about you,” she said turning to Kim.

Kim blushed. “I’ve been wearing diapers for a long time and probably will after this class is done. My mom thought this would be a good idea, but I can’t see how it will help. I’ve given up hope that I’ll not stop wetting.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ve come to accept it.”

At this point the teacher interrupted. “Welcome students to Remedial Potty Training. Over the next four weeks, we’re going to work on getting you all to be big boys and girls.” The teacher passed out some papers. A syllabus and some other reading. “We’ll have quizzes at the end of each week but of course the big test is whether you can, by the end of the class, keep yourself dry and clean.”

The teacher launched into a lecture about incontinence, the various types, and forms. He was learning something. He understood the difference between urinary and fecal, but he’d not heard the terms stress, urge, overflow, functional, and the like applied to this. As the lecture went on he heard a tinkling sound. It was coming from Kim’s direction. She caught his glance and started to blush and then just smiled and turned away. She was using the potty.

As the lecture went on he became of his need to pee. He raised his hand. The teacher acknowledged him. “Are we going to take a break soon?” The teacher stopped for a second and looked at him squirming. “Oh, um, no. Not at this point in the course. You can just use your potty chair.” There were some giggles.

Jason took a look around. Were people now looking at him? He was self-conscious about peeing in front of everybody else. But Kim had done it. He tried to relax and finally he was able to get the flow going. He looked around, but nobody seemed to be paying him attention. Class went on for hours and finally came to an end.

“Boys and Girls, put your diapers back on and bring your pots to the back of the room. Jason, you come with me.”

Jason looked around as his classmates were pulling their diapers back in place. They were lifting the pan out of their chairs and taking them to the back of the room. Jason did as they did but followed the

teacher. She looked in his pan, "Very good," she said and dumped the contents and placed it aside. She reached into a cupboard and pulled out a diaper. "Drop your pants," she said. He did and she fastened it between his legs. He felt like a baby. "You can put your shorts back on. I'm sorry I don't have any pull-ups. You'll need to get something to wear for tomorrow." She handed him a piece of paper. "This describes what you can wear."

He pulled his shorts up and made his way out to the hall while other students presented their pans for acknowledgment and dumping. He lingered in the hall until Kaitlyn and Kim came out. "I've got a car. Can I give you a lift?" he asked.

Kim shook her head. "My mom's coming to get me today."

"I'll take a ride," Kaitlyn said. They made their way out to the car. "So how did you manage to end up here?" she asked.

Jason related his tale of crapping his pants during the test and the fact he had wet his pants a few times in second grade. He would have been embarrassed, but he knew Kaitlyn must have a similar story.

"Well, I don't like using the bathrooms at school. I try to hold it, but sometimes I can't. Sometimes I let a little pee out hoping nobody would notice. I guess they did. They had me in diapers pretty fast. I'm not sure which is worse, but at least I didn't have to worry about the school bathrooms anymore.

"You've been peeing in the diapers all this time," Jason asked.

Kaitlyn blushed a bit. "Well,...it's really not that bad. Besides, they put me on pass restriction so the teachers wouldn't let me out to go anyhow. I still could go during lunch or passing, but it was easier just to wet them."

"Wow," was all Jason could muster. They arrived at Kaitlyn's house.

"See you tomorrow," she said as she got out of the car.

Jason looked at the paper the teacher had given him. It said he could get the pull-ups at McNeil's Pharmacy. He knew where that was and headed over there. He parked and went inside. He started looking around. A clerk came up and asked if she could help.

"Er, um..., I'm looking for pull-ups," he got out.

"Baby items are in aisle 3."

Jason stammered a little more but just handed her the sheet. She read through it. "For you?" she said. Jason nodded. She led him to an aisle full of plastic bags. She scanned down the aisle and pulled out a bag and looked at it. "What's your waist size?"

"32."

"These should fit," she said handing him the bag.

He looked at it. Protective underwear it proclaimed. At least they didn't call them pull-ups. The "I'm a big boy now" jingle ran through his head. He made his way to the cashier and paid.

"I don't have a bag big enough for these," the cashier told him.

Great, he thought. He carried the bag out to his car and threw it into the back seat. He drove home and took the bag inside.

"How was school?" his mother asked.

"Disgusting," Jason said.

"I'm sure it will get better," his mother suggested. "What do you have there?"

"Pull-ups, I have to wear them to class." He took the bag up to his room and shucked out of the stupid diaper he had on. At least he was safe until tomorrow.

The next morning came too early. He showered and had breakfast. He went back and made sure to use the toilet. He tore open bag of pull-ups. It was like they were made out of crepe paper. He figured out which side was the front and pulled them in place. He got his shorts on and while they weren't as bulky as the diaper he wore home the previous day, they had enough to remind him of his absurd situation.

He got there early, and the teacher invited him to take his seat again. She took note that he was wearing the required pull-up. Sitting there he thought of something. He addressed the teacher, "Why do we sit on the potties? Wouldn't it be better just to wear the pull-ups and then try to get to the bathroom?"

"That will come in time. For now, we want you to overcome any issues of using the potty."

The rest of the class filed in and took their seats. This time, Kaitlyn was also wearing a skirt. "I learned from Kim," she said.

"Maybe I should try one."

"You'd look cute," Kim said.

"I always liked it when girls wore skirts," Jason confided. "But was kind of cute looking at Kaitlyn's bare rear yesterday."

"Yours is cute too," Kaitlyn called out.

The teacher started class. More background about incontinence and what to do about it and the complications that could arise from it. I guess it was to scare us into wanting to be sure we were potty trained. About halfway through the class, she passed around bottles of water. "I want everybody to drink up. A good number of you did pee yesterday, but we need you all to be able to do so before we go forward."

I drank up, not understanding what the point of this was. Class dragged on. I heard someone peeing, and it suggested something to me, and soon I was peeing. Class dragged on, and I heard a large farting noise from behind me, and then I smelled it. I turned around, and a boy behind me shrugged. "I had to go." This was getting ridiculous.

Finally class broke, and we took our potty pots to the back and disposed of them with the teacher noting how well he had done. "My mother isn't picking me up today," Kim announced.

"Great, say want to go to Tony's for lunch," I suggested. The girls agreed.

On the way, I explained to Kim how I had landed in the class. Kaitlyn did the same. Kim explained her situation.

"I mean, I was toilet trained. I remember wearing panties when I was three, but I never really got through the night dry. Mom tried all kinds of things, but nothing worked. She finally resigned herself that I'd need to be put in diapers to bed each night."

"That's so sad," Kaitlyn said.

"It's not too bad. Anyhow, once I started school, I started regressing. If I didn't keep going to the bathroom ever hour, I'd end up wetting myself. More consternation from my mother ensued. Finally, it just happened that I'd have to wear diapers all the time."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Do you ever use the toilet?"

"Yeah, I try not to poop in my diapers unless I can't avoid it. I'll sit and pee at times if I think it will help avoid wetting at an embarrassing time, but it usually doesn't work. Besides, like Kaitlyn, I find the school bathrooms to be a problem. It's hard for me to be inconspicuous at times wearing a diaper."

"Do you change at school?" Kaitlyn asked. "I just try to make it home."

"Yeah," Kim said. "I usually go to the changing room at lunch time."

"Changing room?" I asked.

Kim and Kaitlyn both looked at me surprised and then Kim answered. "Oh yes, I forgot you weren't forced to wear diapers. There's a room near the nurse's office for changing diapers. A lot of the kids using it are the special ed ones, but there are ones like Kaitlyn and me who are just normal but have to wear diapers."

"Wow," I said. "That must be rough. I'm glad my guidance counselor got me out of that."

"Yeah, and hopefully you'll pass this class," Kaitlyn added." We all laughed.

Wednesday came too quickly. Jason put on his pull-up and a pair of shorts and drove over to school. He was just getting ready to take his seat when Kaitlyn came up to him.

“Give me your shorts,” she said.

Jason didn’t know what was up, but he pulled his shorts down and handed them to Kaitlyn. It wasn’t like wasn’t about to drop them to his ankles anyhow. Kaitlyn slid her skirt off and handed it to him. “Put this on.”

Jason smiled. He was game for this. He stepped into them and then slid his pull-up down and took his seat on the potty. Kaitlyn stepped into his shorts and pulled her pull-up down and sat down. “Thanks, you look cuter without the skirt.”

“You look cute with it.”

Kim came in and dropped her pull-ups down and sat down, adjusting the skirt of her dress over the chair and then she turned and noticed what Jason was wearing.

“I like it,” she said.

“I traded with Kaitlyn,” Jason confided.

Today was studying the anatomy of the urinary and digestive system. We actually got pictures and crayons to color with. I hadn’t worried about peeing today before I left home and I just sat there coloring and peeing. I guess there were worse ways to spend the morning.

After class, I pulled up my diaper and let the skirt fall over it and headed to the back of the room to dispose of my potty chair contents. I made it out into the hall and looked around for Kaitlyn. Neither of the girls was anywhere to be found. I looked back into the classroom, but they weren’t there either. Now, what was I going to do? I was going to have to try to make it to my car with the skirt on. Then hope that mom wasn’t home, or I’d have to explain why I was dressed like that.

I started making my way down the hallway. Fortunately, there weren’t too many people in the building. Upon hitting the lobby, I hear some boy comment “Nice legs.” Great, I break into a run and go out and jump into my car. I sat there for a second panting. Then I heard the giggling. I turned around, and both girls were in the back seat laughing.

“Very funny,” I said. “Can I have my shorts back?” Kaitlyn slid my shorts down her legs and held them up. I reached for them, but she snatched them back.

“My skirt,” she said.

I slid the skirt down and held it up to her.

“You sure you don’t want to keep it? You do look cute in it.”

I tossed it to her and snatched my shorts back.

“Do you want me you to bring you one tomorrow?” Kim volunteered.

We all broke into laughter.

Thursday, I got to class early and assumed my usual position, shorts, and diaper down at my ankles, sitting on the potty chair. The teacher came to me, checking her clipboard.

"I see you've not pooped in class yet," she said. I nodded. She set down the clipboard and pulled on rubber gloves. She told me to stand up and spread my legs slightly. Before I could comprehend what was happening, I felt something being pushed up my rear. I noticed that as the other students arrived some got the same treatment.

"You can sit down, try to hold it for at least ten minutes," she said. I wasn't sure what happened, but I got the feeling that it wasn't going to be pleasant. Class started and the teacher set about reviewing what we had discussed so far: anatomy, kinds of incontinence. We'd be quizzed on this tomorrow. As the class continued, I felt a burn in my rear. The sensation got unbearable, and I took a large dump in the potty chair.

I gave furtive glances around to see if anybody caught what I'd just done. Kim just gave me a smile. Kaitlyn seemed absorbed in her work. Then I heard a farting noise from her direction and a bit of a groan. Obviously, Kaitlyn just did the same as me.

Class droned on, and the smell of poopy started to be pervasive. It wasn't just me. I guess everybody who hadn't pooped yet had been given a little assistance to get there's to happen. Class dragged on and finally, I got up and wiped myself and took my stinky pot to the back of the room. I met Kaitlyn and Kim in the hall.

"That was disgusting," I said.

"At least it was in the potty chair and not in a diaper," Kim said.

"Ewww," Kaitlyn and I said together. "You don't really do that?" Kaitlyn asked

Kim looked very sheepish. Obviously, she had.

"I never," said Kaitlyn. "Much as I hate the school bathrooms, I can't see crapping my pants."

I decided to change the subject. "Do you want to get together and study for the quiz?"

"It's not that hard," Kim said.

"I know," I said, "But, I want to see if I can nail an 'A' in this. My GPA could use the boost."

Kim and Kaitlyn nodded. "I'm happy our recorded grade isn't based on whether we succeed in toilet training," Kim said. "I'm still pretty sure this isn't going to work for me."

Kim invited us over to her house to study, and we headed over in my car. Kim's mom seemed nice and asked if we'd want lunch. She also asked if any of us needed a diaper change. Just matter of fact like

that. I guess that's the way it was with Kim. I said that mine was dry, and Kaitlyn said the same thing. Kim and her mother disappeared for a minute, and then Kim came back.

"Mom's making us lunch now," she said.

"Did she just change your diaper?" Kaitlyn asked.

Kim looked sheepish again. "Yes, she insists on doing it if she's around. It's bad enough I gotta wear the diapers, but I am old enough to clean myself up."

We got busy reviewing, and soon Kim's mother showed up with sandwiches and cans of soda. We continued working through lunch. We decided we should have it nailed and decided to break up. Kim's mom asked if we needed a change once more, but we said no. I gave Kaitlyn a ride home.

"It must be hard on Kim wearing diapers all the time, and her mother's not helping," Kaitlyn said.

"Yeah, it's bad enough I have to put these on to go to the class," I said.

"I've worn them for school for a while, but I usually take them off as soon as I get home," Kim said.

"Usually?" I asked.

Now it was Kaitlyn's turn to act sheepish.

"Well, there are times when they are convenient," she admitted.

Friday came, and I took up my position, pants down seated on the potty chair. The teacher handed out the quizzes and tore into them. I knew this cold. I answered each question with confidence. I checked over the paper three times to make sure I hadn't misread any questions or made any stupid mistakes. About half way through I had to pee, but what the hell, I was sitting on a potty. If I had had this during that exam so long ago, I'd not be in this mess. I turned my paper in. The teacher handed me a small plastic wrapped package. "Wear this on Monday," she said.

I got home, and curiosity got the better of me. I peeled open the package, and it was a full-size tape on diaper, like the one she had given me the first day to wear. I guess I could do it again. Monday came around, and I taped it on. It was bulky between my legs as I walked. How did people wear these things? I got to class and noticed our chairs had been replaced with regular chairs. I took my usual seat. The teacher had me remove my shorts which I thought was silly as we weren't going to be peeing in the potties but I complied.

The girls arrived. Kim was wearing a dress. The teacher asked her to hike up the skirt for a second so she could verify the correct diaper. Kaitlyn arrived with a skirt, and the teacher asked her just to remove it. She slid it off and sat down. "I guess I should have just worn shorts," she said.

Our quizzes were passed back. I looked at mine. 100%! I held it up for Kim and Kaitlyn to see. Kim had a 100%, too. Kaitlyn said "I missed one," and held up a 95%. Still pretty good. We smiled.

The teacher began the lecture. This week she was going to be discussing various ways to deal with incontinence. This was less interesting to me as I didn't consider myself incontinent and once I got this course done my "dealing" with it was going to be limited to making sure I knew where the bathroom was.

"This week, rather than wearing training pants and making use of the potty, you'll try various styles of things. We'll be back on the potties next week." The lecture droned on about the various kinds of tape on diapers like the ones we were wearing. Ours were the most absorbent and could handle multiple wettings allegedly. She passed around various other samples, some coated with plastic, some with cloth-like covers. Some had tapes you could open and reseal.

Finally, each of us got another package to take home. "This is a cloth diaper and a plastic panty to go over it." I bristled at the term panty. "There are also two pins. There are instructions provided to help you pin them on."

After class, we got dressed, and I met Kaitlyn and Kim, and we decided to go out to lunch. "Cloth diapers? As if?" Kaitlyn said as we were seated. "Like I'm going to lug extra diapers and plastic pants around and then have to lug home the dirty ones and wash them."

She had a point. Being able to chuck the used diaper in the trash was really convenient.

"They are more comfortable, at least if you're not walking around," Kim said.

Kaitlyn and I turned to her. This was another little revelation. Kim continued, "I wear cloth diapers to bed at night. But when I'm out I wear disposable. Kim's right about it being a pain to have to bring the wet ones back."

Wow, I thought to myself. I'd never really given much thought to the intricacies of actually having to have diapers on all the time. We continued our small talk, and I had the urge to pee. I stood up and excused myself.

"Where are you going?" Kaitlyn asked.

"I gotta go pee," I said.

She reached up and pulled me back down in the chair. "Ahh, stay here and wet your diaper, you haven't had that experience yet. Besides, these we have on don't have refastenable tapes. You'd never get it back on right if you undid it."

She had a point. I also found it difficult. It was one thing sitting on a potty chair but another to be sitting fully clothed, in a restaurant, trying to pee. I closed my eyes and tried to think about something else and finally got the flow going. I opened my eyes to the girls clapping their hands. "Welcome to the club!"

The diaper was warm, but I didn't feel wet. When I stood to leave it felt heavy even supported by my shorts. Of course, it had like a gallon of pee in it. Maybe not that much, but that's what it felt like.

I got home and changed out of it and cleaned up. I thought about putting on a pair of underwear, but my curiosity got the better of me. I got out the package with the cloth diaper.

I looked at the contents. Yep, two diaper pins, a rectangular piece of cloth, and plastic pants. I read the instructions, and it showed how to fold it and fan it out to make it fit like a diaper. I decided to leave experimentation for tomorrow.

That night I got into bed. I tried to get to sleep, but I was thinking of what Kim had said. I thought about her lying in bed with a cloth diaper on. OK, now I was curious. I got the diaper out and pinned it in place. It did feel different, nicer, having cloth against my skin. I pulled the plastic pants up which held everything more snugly. I reached down and felt the plastic over the padding. I drifted off to sleep.

The next thing I knew I was walking down the hallway at school. I had to hurry to get to class. There were more people in the halls today and they were laughing. Laughing at me. I look down. I was wearing the cloth diaper and plastic pants and nothing over them. How had that happened? I concentrated on getting to class. Suddenly Kim was standing in front of me. And she was wearing her diaper with nothing over it. She through her arms around me to comfort me. "There, there, it will be alright. Just wet it and you'll feel fine." This seemed odd advice, but her touch was reassuring. She kissed me long and...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

I was roused by the alarm clock. The whole thing had been just a dream. Well, not the whole thing. I reached down under the covers. I was wearing just the diaper and plastic pants. I peeled the pants off and unpinned the diaper and went into the bathroom to get ready for my day.

Soon I was walking through the school hallway to class. It was back to the usual summer level of sparseness. I looked down to be sure, but I was wearing shorts over the diaper.

I got to class, and Kaitlyn and Kim were there looking cute in their diapers as I slid my pants down. "I had a dream about this last night. I dreamt I was walking through the halls with no pants over my diaper. And Kim was there the same way."

"I've had that same dream," Katelyn admitted. "Only without Kim in it."

We talked a bit, and I explained the fact that I decided to wear the cloth diaper to bed. The two girls looked at each other then broke into a smile. I don't know what that was about. I told the part where Kim told me to wet them, and everything would be OK.

"Well did you wet them?" Katelyn asked.

"That's when I woke up," I said.

“Have you wet them yet?” Kim asked.

“No,” I said.

“You should. How would you know if I’m right if you don’t try,” she said.

Well, I did want to try wetting before I gave these back just for curiosity so I closed my eyes and relaxed. I opened them to find the girls giggling. I guess they figured out what I was doing.

“There,” I said.

Class started, and the teacher started droning on about reusable incontinence products.

At the end of class, we were all handed our product for the next day. I got home and opened mine to find a sample of Depends Fit Right for Men. OK, this I think I had actually seen on TV. I put it away until the next morning.

Wednesday morning came, and I slid on the Depend. I guess it was supposed to be “just like underwear” but it was still thicker than the boxers I was accustomed to wearing and sort of an odd papery feel rather than cloth. But it was thinner than anything I’d worn to class yet.

I got to class and was sitting in my gray brief when the girls arrived. They had what appeared to be beige panties on. This was definitely the most appealing thing I’d seen them wear since I got to see Kaitlyn sitting naked on the potty chair. The teacher talked about these lighter incontinence products and how they varied for men and women. She also said that tomorrow’s product would be drastically different between the sexes.

That night I examined my package for Thursday. It was essentially a condom with a tube fit to the end that ran down to a bag that could be strapped to my leg. Interesting, in the morning I put it on. This could come in handy at football games I thought. At least it wasn’t a diaper, I mused. I got to class and undressed. While it wasn’t a diaper, I was very exposed like this. At least on the potty chair I had my penis hidden between my legs, but now it was out there sheathed in latex for all to see.

The girls arrived and appeared to be wearing the same briefs as the day before. “That’s cute,” Kaitlyn said pointing at my sheathed member. I blushed.

“What do you guys have for today? Looks the same as yesterday.”

“We’ve got pads in our panties,” Kim said. “Normally, you’d wear them with regular underwear, but I guess they figured we might leak.”

Without a pause, Kaitlyn slid her panty down and spread her legs so I could see the stuff in its crotch area. I had to struggle hard not to look at Kaitlyn’s diaper area, but I did and then suddenly I felt something. My penis was growing erect despite being shrouded in rubber. Kaitlyn’s eyes grew wide and then she realized and pulled her panties back up. She dug her elbow into Kim’s side and pointed at my member. Kim looked amazed as well.

Class went on about various sex-specific solutions. Men could use pads as well, the teacher said. They called them guards. There were also things that were similar to a jock strap. The last thing was really weird. Essentially a padded clamp that you put on your penis to keep it from leaking. I heard someone in the back say "Put a chip clip on your weenie." We all laughed.

The girl's discussion was mostly pads and some special tampons which I didn't quite understand. At the end, the teacher said that our last solution would be done tomorrow and try to get in early but we could wear our regular pull-ups to class.

As I was getting dressed, Kaitlyn came to me. "Kim and I want to go shopping. Since you have a car could you drop us at the mall?"

"Sure," I said. I wanted to spend some more time out of class with one or both of these girls, but I figured shopping wasn't really the way to do it. As I pulled up to the curb in front of the mall to let them out, I figured this was my chance. "Would either of you like to go to the movies tomorrow night?" I asked.

The girls looked at each other for a minute. Why was I getting the idea that they were conspiring? "We'll give you an answer tomorrow," Kim said, and the girls bounded off into the mall. I went home to study for Friday's quiz and to dream about going out with the girls.

Friday's class came, and I did arrive fifteen minutes early. There were additional adults in the class which I found out were nurses. The teacher told me to get my pants off and then assigned me to one of the nurses. She had me lie down on a table and started swabbing my penis with some sort of brown liquid? Iodine? The next thing I knew she grabbed it in one hand and with the other started pushing a plastic tube down my pee hole.

Oh, mother. This felt strange and then as she continued to feed it, a bit uncomfortable and then I saw urine flow down the clear tube. She then pushed the plunger on a syringe. "This is to inflate a balloon at the end to hold it in place," She then secured the tubing and attached a leg bag similar to the one I had the day before and I went back to my seat. This burned and I felt like I had to pee, but I couldn't.

Other students came in and were similarly fitted. The girls came by with the tube coming out of their slit and suddenly I was growing erect again, but the burning inside was unpleasant. Kaitlyn and Kim watched this. Kaitlyn even spread her legs a bit I think to try to encourage my further growth.

"This sucks," I said.

"Yeah," Kim said. "You might feel a little discomfort, the nurse said. It hurt, and it still burns."

I saw a quantity of liquid run down my tube and into the leg bag. I didn't even think about it. I guess it was out of control. We sat down and took the tests. Despite the discomfort, I think I did pretty well.

The teacher talked about catheters for a bit afterward, but I was never so happy as to get back to the nurse who deflated the balloon and pulled the thing out of me.

“Drink lots of water so you pee for the rest of the day. It will be uncomfortable at first, but it should go away. If it doesn’t, call me. She handed me a card.”

I got my pull-up back on and hunted up the girls. “Well, that sucked. Have you made a decision?”

“Yes,” Kaitlyn said. “We’ll both go with you on one condition.”

“What’s that,” I asked.

“You have to wear a diaper,” Kaitlyn said.

“What? Why?” I asked.

“Look,” Kaitlyn explained. “Kim has to wear a diaper all the time. I’m going to wear one because I don’t think I can make it all the way through the movie, and I hate to get up and miss anything. It’s only fair that you wear one, too.”

I thought about it. Wearing a diaper other than class was not something I wanted to do, but I did want to spend time with the girls. “OK,” I agreed.

“And not one of those,” Kaitlyn said. Kim reached into her bag and pulled up a full tape on the diaper.

“Here’s one if you don’t have one,” Kim said. I took it and as I dropped them off I agreed to pick them up around seven at Kaitlyn’s house.

Around five, I showered carefully. Brushed my teeth. Combed my hair. Added some hair gel to make sure it stayed in place. I got the diaper out and carefully taped it in place. I tried to put on my jeans, but the diaper was a little too bulky. I had some dockers that fit looser, and I got that on. I found a shirt and looked in the mirror. Not too shabby.

I picked up girls, and we made our way to the mall. Getting out of the car, Kaitlyn felt my rear. “Good, I see you’re appropriately dressed,” she said. We headed into the theater, and I bought the tickets, and we made our way past the ticket taker. “I’ll get the popcorn and drinks,” Kaitlyn offered. “You two go find us three good seats together.”

Kim led me into the theater, and we found three seats down near the front center. “You sit in the middle,” Kim said. Of course, that only made sense. Kaitlyn arrived carrying a tray with a huge bucket of popcorn and three drinks. Two were a reasonable size, but one was enormous.

“The big one is for you,” Kaitlyn said. I quickly figured it out. They wanted to make sure I was going to wet the diaper. Why not. We sat down, and I drank some of the drink, and we shared the popcorn. The lights went down. Both girls leaned in towards me and I felt like I was the luckiest guy in the world to be snuggled between them.

I finished the drink as the movie progressed. I then felt a hand on my crotch. It was Kim. I guess she was checking to see if I had peed yet. I hadn't, but her touch was causing me to become erect. Once she realized that had happened, she pulled her hand away.

As the movie went on, the girls took turns checking my diaper. Finally, I had to go and let the diaper become wet. It was Kim's turn to check me, and she detected the extra warmth in my crotch. Then, unexpected to me, she planted a firm kiss right on my lips. It was like someone shot me with 2000 volts. She pulled back, and then Kaitlyn kissed me. Kaitlyn lingered longer and opened her mouth, and her tongue found her way into my mouth. Oh, my.

She pulled back, and she reached behind me and gave Kim a little slap to the back of the head. I didn't know what that was about, but then Kim kissed me again. This time, her mouth opened. I tried probing her with my tongue, and she didn't object, and we kissed for a minute.

After this, they snuggled back against me, and I put my arms around them, and we watched the rest of the movie. Yes, I was the luckiest guy in the world.

As the movie ended the girls, each gave me another kiss. We chatted and finally I had to ask. "Why did you hit Kim?"

Kaitlyn smiled. "We were going to kiss you just because you wore the diaper. But we made a deal with each other that we'd french you if you wet for us. Kim wimped out on me at first, so I had to 'remind' her."

We were out in the mall now, and I had peed the diaper again. Kim took me by the hand. "You're going to need a change," she said and dragged me off to the family bathroom. The three of us got inside and locked the door. "Up on the table," she said.

I got up, and Kim undid the diaper. Kaitlyn dug in Kim's bag and came up with the package of wipes and handed one to Kim. Kim started to clean me up which again made me very erect. The girls looked at each other and giggled. Another wipe and then another and finally when I wasn't sure I could stand it anymore, they produced a diaper and Kim taped it in place.

"You do that very well," I said.

"I've had years of practice on myself," she said.

We headed back to the car, and I drove them home. I stopped at Kaitlyn's house, and she gave me another long kiss before she got out of the car. I drove Kim home, and she gave me a kiss as well. I asked her, "Am I going to have to choose between you?"

"Do you want to?" she said.

"Actually, I'm kind of enjoying the two on one treatment."

"Good, we want you to. See you on Monday."

Monday morning came, and I was back in the pull-up style diaper. I was walking down the hall to class, and Kim came rushing up to me and threw her arms around me. She whispered in my ear, "Just wet it and you'll feel fine." She pulled back smiling. She was teasing me with my dream of the other night.

Kaitlyn gave me a kiss on the cheek, and we went into class. We got to keep our clothes on. The teacher handed us little books. "These are your elimination diaries." I want you to write down every time you go, the time, whether you made it fully to the toilet or not, etc... We'll use these to work on the next step of your training.

The class went on with getting us on an elimination schedule. As the teacher talked on I had to pee. Kim's words from my dream and from earlier came back to me. "Just wet it and you'll feel fine." I relaxed and peed. Then I got an idea. I quickly filled out the first entry in the diary with the current date and time and held it up so Kim could see it. She smiled.

The teacher pointed out that the potty chairs had been relocated to the back of the room so we should avail ourselves of them whenever we needed during the class. "Too late," I talked to myself.

After class, we decided to have lunch at the mall. Arriving there, Kim asked Kaitlyn if she needed a change and she nodded. Kim reached into her bag and extracted a diaper and a package of wipes and handed them to me. "Kaitlyn and I are going to change. You clean up yourself. Meet you in the food court." The two of them bounded off.

Here I stood holding a diaper in the middle of the mall. I guess having the girls change me again was out of the question. I immediately became self-conscious and held it as close to my body under my arm as I could. It was almost like I was walking around in just a diaper like my dream. I made my way to the rest rooms. The family bathroom door was locked. Of course, the girls must be in there.

I went into the men's room and surveyed the situation. The handicapped stall looked more accommodating, so I went in there and locked the door. I dropped my pants and tore off the wet pull-up. Kim had given me a tape-on a diaper, and I remembered back to last week's lecture. I fanned it out and pinned it between the wall and my back while I pulled it up between my legs. I did up the tapes and pulled up my pants. It was snug, but it fit.

I picked up the wet pull-up and carefully peered out the stall door. There was a man at the urinal, and I moved forward and threw the diaper in the trash. I washed my hands and dried them and threw the paper towel on top of the diaper. I pushed my way out of the men's room. Safe. Now to find the girls.

I caught up with them in the food court. We had lunch and talked. The girls said they had more shopping to do. I was hoping that we could spend some time together, but Kaitlyn said she'd get her mother to come pick them up... Unless I'd want to come back in a few hours and take them to dinner. Of course, I agreed.

The girls chattered on about that Kaitlyn was planning to spend the night at Kim's Friday night. I was hoping to try another movie that night. I blurted out "Sounds fun, can I come?"

The girls looked at each other and giggled. "We'll see," Kaitlyn said. Then they both got up and together kissed me on opposite cheeks and started off. "See you at six, right here."

I returned at six and picked up the girls. Kim bounced up, "I called my mom, and she said you could come to the sleep over." I beamed. We got to the car, and I drove them home. I went to Kim's house first, and she gave me a quick kiss on her way out. I then went to Kaitlyn's. She slid close to me in the car and started a long kiss which I enjoyed.

"I really enjoy this," I started.

"But?" Kaitlyn inserted.

"Are you two girls OK taking turns with me?"

"Are you OK?" she turned the question around.

"I like it," I said. "I'm just concerned that I'll have to choose between you."

"Nah, we're OK with it. Kim calls us the diapered three musketeers. It's fun being a threesome."

"Cool," I said. Kaitlyn gave me another kiss and went inside.

"What should I bring," I asked the girls in class on Friday.

"Just your sleeping bag," Kim said. The girls looked at each other and giggled. "We'll provide everything else."

So, that evening I made it over to Kim's house. She took my sleeping bag and threw it into the basement. Kim's mom had gotten pizzas for us, so we dug in and chatted while we ate. I had the opportunity to watch these two girls. I was so happy that we were together and was really looking forward to this evening.

"Let's get this party started," Kim announced. She and Kaitlyn ran off towards her bedroom. A second later Kim returned and handed something to her mother and then disappeared again.

"I'd like to have a word with you," Kim's mother said leading me down into the basement rec room.

"I had a conversation with your mother," she started. "Suffice it to say; we were a little nervous about the idea of having a boy sleep over with two girls. But I convinced her I'd keep an eye on things. Now take off your clothes."

"What?" I semi vocalized, but she was just standing there with her arms crossed. What could I do? I stripped down. I stopped when I got to my boxers, but she kept waiting, so I pulled those off.

"Lie down," she said. "Don't worry; I do this with Kim constantly."

I laid down on the sofa, and she produced one of the items Kim had given her. I now realized it as a cloth diaper. "Butt up," she said. I arched my back as she slid the diaper beneath me.

"Now I want you to understand that you and the girls are too young to be getting in each other's diapers." An odd term I thought, but I knew what she was getting at. She brought the diaper up through my crotch. "There are very serious implications for sexual activity. If you think changing diapers on yourself is messy. Think about having eighteen years of doing it to someone else."

She smiled. "Not that I'm complaining," she added. "But if I catch you, you can expect things to get very unpleasant. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said trying to be as polite as possible. She had pinned the diaper in place and now was pulling up a pair of plastic pants over them.

She called out, "He's all yours, girls!"

At this point, the two girls entered the room. Each was wearing a pink satin nighty that didn't quite cover pink plastic pants. As they turned, I could see lace ruffles on the rear of the pants. I could feel things growing inside my diaper.

"Put this on," Kim said, handing me something else. I unfolded it and recognized that it was a matching nightie to the ones they were wearing. What the hell. I put it on over my head and stood up and let it fall into place. Glancing at my rear, I realized I had been given matching plastic pants as well.

"I wanted us to all wear diapers tonight," Kaitlyn said. "But we figured Kim's mom wouldn't go for us just tumbling around in a diaper alone. So we bought the nighties, so we'd all match. I swung back and forth feeling the short gown swish around my body. It was an odd sensation. The diaper was thick and I waddled a bit.

"These are my nighttime diapers," Kim explained. "The are a bit harder to walk around in."

"OK, photo time," Kim's mother said.

The girls moved in close to me. "All for one and one for all!" Kim shouted.

The Three Diapered Musketeers. The camera flashed. Kim's mom excused herself saying she'd check on us later.

"Let's play a game," Kim said. We went over to the game console, and TV and Kim started it up. I wasn't familiar with the game. Some fantasy thing I wasn't familiar with. "I'll go first," Kim said. I watched her as she ran through the virtual forest. Leaping up and taking fruit, shooting at other things.

Kaitlyn planed one right on my lips and held me there. She pulled back, "No watching her," she said and continued the kiss me. After a few minutes, I heard the sound of Kim's character dying. "My turn," Kaitlyn said.

Kim immediately took up where Kaitlyn had left off kissing me and keeping me from watching the screen. That turn finished, and I was up. I started slow but started to get the hang of the game. Out of the corner of my eye, I realized that Kim and Kaitlyn were kissing each other. Seriously, open mouth. I heard the disappointing sound of my character being squished. "Hey, I can't concentrate on the game if you are going to do that. It's not fair."

The girls broke into a laugh. "That was the idea!" More laughter.

I had to admit it was a cute trick on their part.

"It's not like we're lezzies," Kaitlyn said. "Kim just had never kissed a guy before you, and I let her practice on me."

"I had, too, kissed a guy."

"Yeah, but you never frenched one," Kaitlyn countered.

This conversation degenerated into discussions of our first kisses. I had to admit I hadn't ever been kissed like the girls did either. I'd kissed girls before, but mostly it was just a quick peck at the end of a date. Kaitlyn regaled us of her past. "Remember Danny Connor?" she said.

"He graduated this year?" I said.

"Yeah, when I was a freshman, and he was a sophomore, let's say I got a lot of practice on him."

We all laughed.

We decided to watch a movie. Kim started the movie, and Kaitlyn turned the lights down. I sat in the center of the sofa with the girls to either side. I reached out and placed a gentle hand on each of their crotches. They each reached over and after some hand slapping found places to rest theirs on mine. I settled back to enjoy the movie.

About half way through, Kim's mom stuck her head in the room and asked if we needed something. I instinctively pulled my hand back from the girls' crotches. Kim took her hand and pulled mine back into position. "No, thanks, mom," We're fine.

I put my hand back in place on Kaitlyn's crotch. It wasn't long until I felt the warmth in Kim's crotch. I figured, when in Rome...I wet mine. The power of suggestion must have been good, as Kaitlyn was soon wetting. "The three wet Musketeers," I joked.

I received kisses from the girls during the closing credits. It was getting late, and we started getting set up for sleeping. "Should we get changed?" I asked.

"These diapers are really thick," Kim said. "I typically go all night with them."

"Oh, OK."

"I have a question to ask," Kaitlyn said very seriously. "Do you think you're going to pass the class?"

"I've got 100% on each of the quizzes so far. I think I'll get an A+," I said.

"No, I mean the continency test. The test that determines if we will wear diapers to school this year."

"Not a chance," Kim said. "I'm not really any better off now than when we started. No way I'd make it."

"I don't think I'll have a problem," I said. "I've never wet myself accidentally, and the thing that got me into the class was a freak thing that only happened once."

"I'm going to fail it," Kaitlyn said.

"Why do you think that? Haven't you been doing your exercises?" Kim asked.

"No, I mean, I'm going to fail it intentionally."

"What?" Kim and I said together.

"I really don't like using public bathrooms. The accidents I had in school were just me trying to hold it until I got home. I had more than anybody knew about, too. I can't just tell my parents I'd rather have diapers. They'd think I was crazy. Besides, they wouldn't let me. But if I failed the class, they'd not have a choice."

"Wow," I thought to myself.

"I think it might not be a bad idea," Kim said. She turned to me. "You should fail it, too."

I thought about it. Much as I like these girls, the idea that I'd spend my senior year in diapers wasn't appealing to me.

"Think about it," Kim said. "We could really be the three diapered Musketeers."

We got into our bags and snuggled together as close as we could squirm them. The girls each gave me a long kiss good night, and I drifted off to sleep.

Monday morning I was back in school. I made my way down the hall towards the classroom and chanced to look down. I was wearing a caped tunic with a ornate cross on the front, the uniform of the King's Musketeers. How odd. I was wearing boots but in between, nothing but a diaper.

Suddenly, Kim and Kaitlyn were by my side. Others in the hallway were laughing at us. We drew our swords. We have swords? We drew our swords and took a defensive posture. "All for one, and wet diapers for all!" I heard someone tease and then they came at us. We fought gallantly with our swords.

“Jason, Jason,” I heard. I opened my eyes. Kim was leaning over me with her arms on my shoulders shaking me gently. “Wake up.”

I realized it was a dream. I looked to the left and Kaitlyn was also watching.

“Bad dream,” I said. “Another one of those wearing only a diaper at school dreams.”

“You were really flailing about in your sleep,” Kaitlyn said.

I told them the whole story of the dream. I’m not sure I could continue to wear diapers to school. These nightmares were getting worse.

Kim’s mother came down when she heard us awake and offered us diaper changes. Kaitlyn went first, and Kim and I took that opportunity to have a little kissing. Kaitlyn returned wearing her day clothes, and it was my turn. I was led to Kim’s bedroom. It was a mix of décor. On one side there was a frilly bed and dresser, probably what Kim dreamed of as a smaller girl. On the walls were posters of the various current rock idols. On one side was a large padded table. Kim’s mother directed me onto it.

She slid the plastic pants off me and undid the sopping diaper. She wiped me up carefully and then fitted me with one of the tapes on diapers like Kim had brought for me to wear to the movies. “You can get dressed and come down for breakfast.”

I saw my clothes on the desk and took off the nightie and got dressed in my normal clothes. In the kitchen, Kim was still looking cute in her nightie, and she and her mother were busy cooking breakfast. As Kaitlyn and I sat down to eat, Kim’s mother took Kim off for her change.

“So did you have fun?” Kaitlyn asked.

“It’s kind of weird being changed by someone I don’t know,” I said.

“No, I mean the sleepover in general,” she said.

“Oh, that I really liked. Other than my nightmare,” I said.

We laughed. Kim was back soon in day clothes as well. We chatted over breakfast and finally got ready to leave. “Think about what I said,” Kaitlyn told me as I was about to go out the door.

“See you Monday,” I told the girls. “Don’t forget your swords.” We all burst into laughter.

Monday morning I was again walking through the hall. I looked down to confirm that I was indeed wearing shorts over my pull-up. We got to class and were given the stuff to drink. The teacher explained, “This week we’re going to be getting you ready for your continency test. We’re going to be drinking a lot and using enemas to work on holding it. Your test will involve one liter of our test solution taken by mouth and a half a liter enema. If you can hold it for two hours, you will have completed it.”

After some rudimentary introductions, the teacher worked from student to student administering the enema. We were starting with a half dose today. We were instructed to hold it as long as we thought we could and then to go to the potty chairs and practice interrupting the flow (with our muscles, not pinching off by hand, boys) while we went. Then things would repeat until it was time to go.

Tuesday was more of the same only we had a full dose. Wednesday and Thursday we would use larger doses to build up our tolerances. It was odd sitting there quaffing large quantities of fluid and having stuff drained into your butt just so you could let it out again, but I guess it was going to help. I was having no problem with this. Only once did I think I might have had to lose my enema early, but I toughed it out.

Thursday, the girls and I headed over to Kaitlyn's for a last minute study session. Kaitlyn's mother made us sandwiches, and we continued to work. I figured that barring some real disaster; I was going to ace this whole thing. Kaitlyn leaned in close.

"Have you thought about what I said?" she asked.

"You mean intentionally failing?" I said. She nodded. "Are you going to do it?"

"Yes, I've made up my mind. If Kim can stand wearing diapers, I can do it."

"I didn't really have any choice," Kim stated. "But it would be good to have a kindred spirit. So what about you, Jason?"

"This whole thing is giving me nightmares," I said. "I'm not sure I could bring myself to do it, and I'm scared about having to wear diapers to school during the normal year. What if someone finds out?"

"That's always a possibility, and I won't say it's pleasant when it happens," Kim said, obviously talking from experience. "But do you want to break up the musketeers?"

"Are you saying you would break up with me if I didn't wear diapers?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not sure I'd go that far, but the fact that we're all in this together is part of the bond between us," Kim said.

"Yeah, if you aren't there, I guess Kim and I will become lezzies," she chuckled. "But really, it won't be the same if we're stuck in diapers, and you're not."

"I'll think about it," I said and made my way home.

The band started into a slow song. Kaitlyn looked lovely in her gown as she snuggled up to my chest and I put my arms around her and we swayed with the music. After a few minutes, Kim came up and tapped her on the shoulder and cut in and I danced with her. The song ended, and we stopped as the MC came to the microphone.

“Introducing our prom king, Brad Trotter,” he announced. A fanfare played and Brad made his way onto the stage. “And boys and girls, our prom queen, Courtney Fox.” More music and she was crowned with a tiara and presented a bouquet of flowers. “And now for the moment you’ve been waiting for, our prom baby, Jason.”

What? A spotlight swung over and hit me squarely. People were cheering and applauding. Unseen hands pushed me up towards the stage. Mounting the steps, I looked down. Below my tux jacket all I had on was a large diaper and shiny plastic pants. On stage, I looked out over the crowd, and the applause turned to laughter. People were pointing and laughing. Even Kim and Kaitlyn were laughing at me.

I felt the diaper grow warm. Good god. “He’s wetting them,” somebody cried out. More laughter. Suddenly, something rumbled in my gut. I couldn’t hold it. I doubled over slightly and expelled out my rear. “He’s dropping a load, too!” I heard someone scream. I just continued to stand there in a soggy, filthy diaper not knowing what to do.

BEEP...BEEP...BEEP.... The sun entered my eyes. My alarm clock was going off. Another nightmare. I wasn’t going to be able to take many more of these. There’s just no way I could keep wearing diapers. I was afraid I was going to have to tell the girls this.

I got dressed, wearing my pull ups for what I hoped was the last time and made my way to the school. Kaitlyn was there already. “You think about what I said?” she asked.

“I had another nightmare. I was on the stage at the prom in just a diaper. I even wet and pooped in front of everybody.”

Kaitlyn stroked my hair. “I’m sorry, baby. It will be alright. Remember, Kim and I will make it worth your while.”

I wasn’t convinced, but I said little. The teacher announced that we should make our last use of the potty chairs if we wanted. I went back and peed a little and then returned and found the bottle of liquid to consume. The teacher was going from student to student administering the enema. I stood and thought about the silly nature of this as the tube went into my rear and I felt the liquid fill me.

“Two hours will be 11:17, I’ll call you when you can go use the potty chair,” the teacher explained as I pulled my pants back up. I started in on the written exam. I was prepared and rushed through it. It only took about a half hour. I checked over my answers carefully. I could feel the pressure in my bladder growing. Towards the middle of the second hour, I felt the rumbling in my gut, but I was holding it well.

As 11:00, came around the teacher started calling for students to head to the potty chairs. I was still doing well. Kim was called, and she smiled at me as she headed back. Kaitlyn was called. As she stood, she turned to me and made a quick grab at her crotch. I knew what it meant. She was wet. She made a kissing face at me as she passed.

Damn it; I wanted these girls. Enough to commit to diapers? Would things really change if I didn't wear diapers? "Jason," I heard the teacher say. I stood. Should I? Shouldn't I? What should I do? I'll do it I thought. I tried to pee but I couldn't. I walked towards the potty chairs. Maybe it wasn't to be. No, I could do something. I gave a little push and felt a small eruption from my rear end. Gosh, I did it. I dropped my pants and sat on the potty chair.

The teacher came by to inspect my pull up. I looked down into it. A large brown spot was clearly evident in the crotch. "I'm sorry, ma'am. I didn't make it," I said.

She handed me a tape-on diaper. "You'll need to wear these to school from now on," she said. I taped it on. I looked over and saw Kaitlyn and Kim smiling at me from the doorway. I pulled my pants up and met them in the hall. "You did it," Kaitlyn said throwing her arms around me and kissing me. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," she said.

Kim took her turn giving me a kiss. "I'm proud of you, Jason. I didn't know if you'd commit to this."

"I didn't either. I hadn't really made up my mind until I stood up at the end. I don't know what I'm going to tell my parents, though."

"Yeah," Kaitlyn said. "That's the one thing I'm not looking forward to. I'm hoping they won't think I did it on purpose."

I thought about it a second. "At least I decided to poop. That's what got me into this, to begin with, so it won't look too suspicious."

But what was I going to tell my parents?

Kim put her hand out. Kaitlyn put hers on top. I put mine on top of that. "All for one and one for all." The three diapered Musketeers were together again.

I tried to put the impending diaper situation out of my mind for the next couple of days. I sent some emails and texts to the girls, but we'd not gotten together. Kim had told her mother she hadn't passed though she hadn't expected to, and nothing changed there. Kaitlyn, like me, was procrastinating. Maybe they weren't serious about making us wear diapers, I hoped.

"There's an envelope from the school for you," my mother said going through the incoming mail.

I opened it. The first thing in the envelope was a report card. Only one course, but I got an A+ on it. I noticed my GPA had nudged over 3.0 as a result. The other thing in the envelope was the letter explaining that since I had been determined to be functionally incontinent, that I'd have to wear a diaper to school. It went on with the details, but there it was in black and white. I'd be diapered all senior year.

“Well?” my mother asked.

“I’ve got some good news and some bad news,” I said timidly. “The good news is I got an A+ in the class; it’s really boosted my GPA.”

“That’s nice,” my mom said. “And the bad news?”

I handed her the second document. She read through it. “Ahh, honey,” she said stroking my hair. “That’s too bad.” I think she was disappointed, but she was trying to avoid showing it to me. “I don’t know how your father is going to take this.”

I didn’t either, and I avoided him when I got home. “Diapers,” I heard him shout. “My son is some kind of baby in diapers?” I guess he wasn’t taking this well. I could hear my mother trying to calm him down. At dinner, all he said to me was “You’ve really done it this time.”

I went to my room and texted the girls. “Mom mostly OK. Dad flipped,” I sent.

“Too bad,” Kim texted back.

“Mom says she’s very disappointed in me,” Kaitlyn said.

“Sorry,” Kim texted.

Anyway, the school wasn’t going to start for another three weeks. I figured I’d make the most of it while I could.

One day my mother said she was going out. A short while later, the doorbell rang. I went to answer it, and it was Kim. I gave her a big kiss and let her in. “My mom’s out,” I explained.

“I know,” Kim says. “She’s over at my house talking to my mom.” Another ring at the door and it was Kaitlyn.

“My mom’s over at Kim’s,” she explained.

“So’s mine,” I said. “What’s going on?”

“I told my mom your parents weren’t taking it well,” Kim explained. “I think she took it upon herself to reach out to your mothers.”

“Oh,” we said together. Hopefully, that would help. “So, what should we do for the rest of the summer?” I asked.

“I want to go to Parkland,” Kaitlyn said. Parkland was the big theme park about an hour away.

“Cool, “ I’ll ask my mom when she comes back.

And so, plans were made. The day came, and I picked up Kim and Kaitlyn, and we headed out on the freeway towards Parkland. As we passed a rest area, Kim told me to pull in. I parked near the

building, and Kim dug into her bag and handed me a diaper. "Go put this on," she said. "Kaitlyn and I already are wearing ours."

I took the diaper, and a bit nervously carried it into the men's room. I took my pants off in the stall and my boxers and put the diaper on. I put my pants back on and made my way to the car.

"Let me have them," Kaitlyn said. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my underwear and gave it to Kaitlyn. She presented it to Kim who stuffed it in her bag. "Now we're ready," Kaitlyn said.

We had a blast of a day. We went on one of the scariest new roller coasters around mid-morning. Coming off the ride Kim said, "Wow that was really scary."

"I think I crapped my pants," said Kaitlyn. We paused for a second and broke into laughter. We ate lunch, and the girls led me to the family bathroom. They had me up on the table and changed in short order. Kaitlyn got on the table. "Now change me, Jason," she said to me.

I slid her shorts down and then opened her diaper. "You didn't really crap your pants," I said. Kaitlyn giggled. Kim was there to hand me wipes and to give me advice.

"Always wipe away from the vagina on girls," she explained. I finished Kaitlyn and then did Kim. Wow, much as I'd never tell the guys that I was wearing diapers and going with girls who were wearing diapers, they'd be amazed if they knew I had these girls pants off and was wiping their privates.

We had more fun that afternoon. We started out for home. When we got to the rest area, I pulled in. "Can I have my underwear back?"

"I don't know," Kim said. But she giggled after a second and handed me my boxers. I went in and ripped the diaper off and put my underwear back on. We drove home, and I kissed each girl as I dropped them off. It was late and I was tired but happy.

I got home and headed to my room. There was something different. The furniture had been rearranged. That and there was a new addition. A changing table was on one wall like the one Kim had in her bedroom.

My mom came into the room. "I've been talking to Kim's mother. She's been very helpful."

"Oh," was all I could say.

"I talked it over with your father, and we want to be as supportive as possible. Get undressed and hop up here," she said pointing to the changing table. I removed my clothes except for my boxers and got on the table. She reached up and slid those down and off. She dropped them in the trash can.

"You won't need these anymore. We decided that it would be best if you were just diapered all the time."

It sunk in. This was it. Nothing but diapers for me for the foreseeable future.

She started rubbing some cream onto my skin. “The woman at the supply store said that you should use a barrier cream if you’re going to have messes in your diapers to keep your skin from being damaged.”

I looked at the container. “Boudreaux’s Butt Paste.” A chubby baby smiled at me from the package. “Prevents diaper rash,” it advertised.

She pulled out a cloth diaper and worked it under my rear. “Kim’s mother says that these are more comfortable for sleeping and that you wore one during the sleepover already.”

I nodded, a little embarrassed at the admission. I was hoping the subject of the matching nightie to the girls didn’t come up. She then slipped a shirt over my head, and I worked my arms into the sleeves. She guided me back down and then she pulled something between my legs and snapped it. I looked down. Not a nightie, but a onesie like a baby.

“There,” she pronounced. “All ready for beddy-bye” I stood up. There I was, a teenage toddler. Mom led me to my bed and pulled back the covers. I got in, and she tucked me in. She gave me a kiss on the forehead. “Good night, baby,” she said sweetly as she left.

I lay there dumbfounded. It had happened. I was going to be diapered from now on. I reached down and felt the bulk in my crotch. I reached up for my phone and texted the girls.

“Mom put a cloth diaper on me,” I sent.

“Me too,” Kaitlyn replied.

“Me too 😊,” Kim sent.

So that’s how it was. The next morning I got up and headed into the bathroom. This was going to be more difficult. I unsnapped the crotch of the onesie pulled down the plastic pants and unpinned one side of the diaper so I could drop that. After using the toilet, I did myself up again. It was hard reaching the crotch snaps, but I got it done.

Coming out of the bathroom, my mother caught me. “You know, it would probably be easier if you just did all that in the diaper. If you’re going to wear them, you might as well use it.”

I got the implication. I was expected to switch to diapers rather than using the toilet at all. “That was your father’s idea,” she added. Great, that made it non-negotiable.

I had breakfast in the onesie. I got a little smirk from my father before he left. I had to pee again, so I just sat there and let loose in the diaper. “Let’s get you dressed,” my mother said. I was back on the changing table getting my diaper changed. One of the disposables replaced the nighttime cloth diaper.

“You don’t have to do this,” I told my mom.

“But I want to,” she explained. “Kim’s mother says it really helps the mother-daughter relationship and I suspect she’s right.”

I was left to put my regular clothes on. “We better get you some new school clothes. We’ll head over to the mall in a few minutes. Don’t forget your diaper bag.”

I looked under the changing table, and sure enough, there was a small backpack, just like the one I’d seen Kim carry all summer. After a morning of clothes shopping, we headed to the food court and Kim and Kaitlyn and their mother’s were there. My day brightened. The mothers chatted, and we chatted and then the three sets went off for diaper changes.

And so it came to pass. The three diapered Musketeers spent our senior year in diapers. School wasn’t as bad as I had imagined. I never ended up walking around in just a diaper though I still had the nightmare from time to time. Kaitlyn, Kim, and I became inseparable. We did just about everything together. We all applied to State and got in. We wondered how we’d handle that, but Kim’s mother got the idea that we could all split an apartment.

Oh yes, and I took both girls to the prom. Kaitlyn wore a shorter, sexy flared dress, while Kim wore a more traditional poofy long gown. I alternated dances with both of them. I wasn’t elected prom baby though a picture of me with both girls ran in the yearbook with the caption “Most likely to.” Perpetually having two girls on my arm gave me a bit of notoriety.

Graduation came, and we looked forward to upcoming college. Kaitlyn and I were free to stop wearing diapers as soon as school finished, but we decided to support Kim and keep the bond going between us. We sat in Kaitlyn’s backyard while her parents cooked burgers on the grill that night. Yes, life was good. The three diapered Musketeers were riding off into the sunset.